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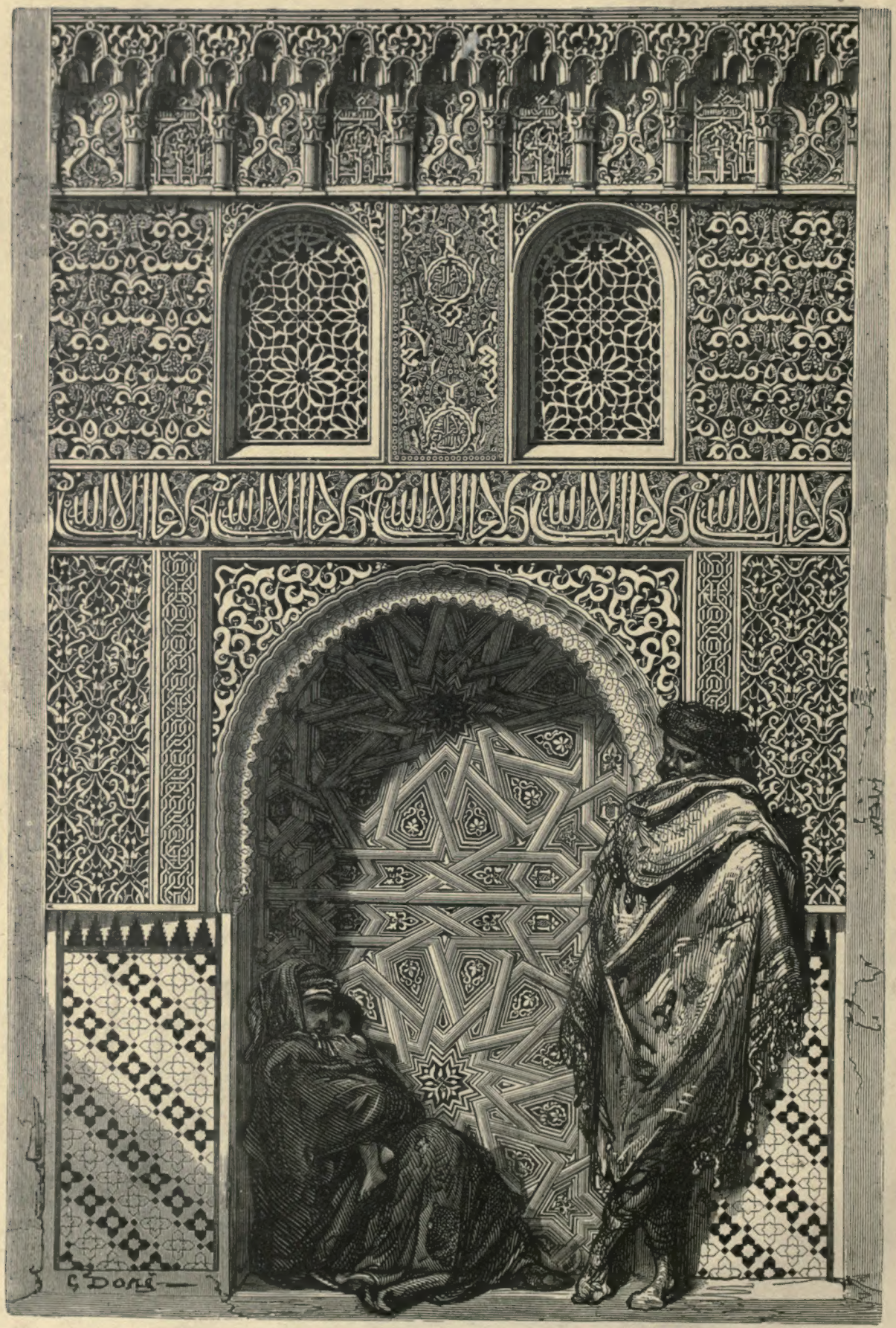
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ENTRANCE TO THE TOWER DE LAS INFANTAS, IN THE ALHAMBRA.

ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS:

A RECORD OF

Discovery, Geography, and Adventure.

EDITED BY

H. W. BATES,

ASSISTANT-SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

WITH

ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS.

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ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

A RECORD OF

DISCOVERY, GEOGRAPHY, AND ADVENTURE.



SAMHÀR PEASANT AT A WELL.

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

I. Introductory.

The story of the late Abyssinian expedition, and of the events which led to it, fulfils, in its thorough completeness, all the conditions of the ancient Greek *epos*. Moreover, around the country itself there was a kind of romantic halo, which was heightened, rather than dispelled, by the few accounts we had had of it from modern travellers. At the beginning of the present century people looked upon the narrative of Bruce as if it had been composed of pages torn out of Sinbad the Sailor or Gulliver; and yet there is scarcely a statement in his work which cannot be corroborated by the evidence of later writers. The best and most trustworthy of these, such as Rüppell and Lefebvre, in consequence of no translation having been made of their works, are scarcely known in England. Had they been, there would certainly not have been shown the amount of ignorance concerning the country that was exhibited when the subject of the expedition was first seriously mooted. Whatever twaddle, however, may have been talked in the newspapers, it is due to the War Office authorities to allow that by the evidence of their published report on the routes in Abyssinia, they had thoroughly sifted the subject, and from varying and often contradictory statements were able to arrive at just conclusions, or, at all events, to afford the Commander-in-Chief the opportunity of doing so. There is no doubt that the route taken by the army under Lord Napier was not merely the most practicable, but the only one which could have

been followed with a view to a successful issue. All available scientific means have been taken to map this route correctly, and thus a great step has been made in the progress of Abyssinian geography, though it is much to be regretted that owing to political reasons, it was impossible to pursue the investigations into the western part of the country, and make some attempt at determining that geographical desideratum, the shape and area of the Tsâna Sea, and at the exploration of the beautiful and fertile districts surrounding it.

The route which was followed by Mr. Rassam and his party, and of which an attempt at description will be made in the following pages, is still less known to the ordinary reader. The desolate wastes of the Samhâr, the oasis of the Anseba, the plains of Báraka and Tâka, and the savannas which stretch for many a league around Kedâref, are little else than *terræ incognitæ*. The same may be said of all the country to the westward of Tsâna, of which Bruce has given the most graphic, if not the only description. Since Burckhardt's time these regions have been visited but by few. Among the travellers in the Egyptian Soudan have been Didier, Lejean, and Munzinger, all men of talent. The narrative of the former is almost as readable as *Eôthen*.

The causes which led to the dispatch of Mr. Rassam's mission are so well known that it is almost needless to recapitulate them here. The barbarous monarch of a far-distant country had ventured to ill-treat and imprison a Consul, and, in the person of her representative, to insult the Queen of England. So much was certain, but the course which Her Majesty's Government had to pursue under these embarrassing circumstances was not equally clear. A line in a short note, which the Consul contrived to send to Massáwa, affirmed, by implication, that it was on account of the non-arrival of an answer to a letter which King Theodore had, some fifteen months before, forwarded to the Queen, that the present *contretemps* had occurred. The line ran, "No release till civil answer to King's letter comes." Acting on this hint, after due deliberation, the Foreign Office determined to dispatch an accredited envoy to the court of King Theodore, with an autograph letter from Her Majesty, and for this duty they selected Mr. Rassam.

Mr. Hormuzd Rassam is a native of Mosul, in Mesopotamia, where he was born about the year 1826. His brother, Mr. Christian Rassam, had filled the post of interpreter to Colonel Chesney during the Euphrates expedition, and, in reward for his valuable services, had been appointed British Vice-Consul at his native town. During Mr. Layard's explorations in the neighbouring ruins of Nineveh, he found the services of Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, then quite a young man, so useful that on his return to England he had no hesitation in recommending him to the authorities at the British Museum as entirely fit to take charge of the works during his absence. Mr. Rassam subsequently visited England, and through the influence of Sir James Outram and Captain W. J. Eastwick, of the Board of Directors, he was appointed interpreter at Aden, where, in the course of a few years, he had shown such zeal and ability in various negotiations, and had so far gained the confidence of his superiors, that at the beginning of 1863 he had risen to the post of First Assistant to the Political Resident.

Mr. Rassam, accompanied by Dr. Blanc, of the Bombay Medical Service, arrived at Massáwa in July, 1864. He lost no time in dispatching a messenger to King Theodore, who was then at Gondar, with a note in which he requested permission to enter the country and present to His Majesty the letter of which he was the bearer. The two months which were considered sufficient time for the receipt of the note and its acknowledgment elapsed, and yet no answer arrived. The same result attended the dispatch of another letter, which was forwarded some time later. At length Earl Russell, who attributed Mr. Rassam's ill success to the mission not being on a sufficient scale, directed that a military officer should be associated with the envoy, and the present writer was selected by Colonel Merewether, the Political Resident at Aden, for this duty.

I arrived at Massáwa on the evening of the 29th of March, 1865, and immediately proceeded to Monkúllú, where Mr. Rassam was then staying. Monkúllú, or more correctly, 'M-kúllú, "the mother of all," is a hamlet about four miles to the N.W. of Massáwa, and is apparently the mother-village of a cluster of kraals which lie within an area of about one square mile. The other hamlets are called Haitúmlú and Zaga; the houses are simply built of dried grass bound with withs, and are generally of a bee-hive shape, square houses being very rare, and the possession of one an evidence of great respectability. I only saw one stone-built house on shore. The house in which Mr. Rassam had taken up his quarters was built by Consul Plowden as a kind of country residence, and being in possession of a well of tolerable water, he had been able to plant a grove of trees around it, which gave it quite a rural appearance in the surrounding expanse of land, in which merely a few mimosæ and cacti had a bare struggle for existence. The inhabitants of these villages are half-reclaimed Bedaween from the interior, and differ little, physically, from the "Oulâd Bâzé," or inhabitants of the island. The men are tall, wiry fellows, inoffensive and harmless in disposition, and gain a scanty livelihood by acting as camel-drivers or porters. Their dress consists merely of a ragged cloth thrown loosely about their persons. The women, like all Africans, in old age are hideous, but the young girls are often extremely pretty, with an expression of great softness in their brown eyes, and with beautiful figures, until age and toil have destroyed their rounded contours. They are especially careful about their hair, which is dressed in an infinite number of small plaits, with tiny ringlets hanging round their faces; and every one adheres to the singular custom of piercing the right nostril, and inserting a plug of wood, or dearer prize still, a mother-'o-pearl shirt-button; amongst the married women of the better class this is usually replaced by a silver stud. A white cotton petticoat or "fota," and a checked cloth thrown over the head like a veil when out of doors, complete their costume. Although unsophisticated as the gazelles which share the desert with them, they are rarely or never immodest in their behaviour, and the open and degraded licentiousness in which their Christian sisters of Abyssinia indulge is quite unheard of here.

I suppose that, considering its size and importance, scarcely an island in the world has been so often described as Massáwa. It is simply a low level rock, two-thirds covered with houses, those of the better sort built of stone or madrepore coral, while the humbler classes are content to dwell in huts of bent-grass; consequently fires occur often enough, and as the inhabitants possess no means of putting them out beyond pulling down a few of the adjacent houses, they usually commit great depredations. Happily, the actual loss of property is small, and, in a hygienic point of view, doubtless these conflagrations act a

highly desirable part. The northern portion of the island is used as a cemetery, and amongst the tombs are found various cisterns which serve as receptacles for the rain which so seldom falls in these arid spots. As a rule, Massáwa is usually supplied with water either by the girls of Monkúllú and Haitúmlú, who daily convey it in "girbas" or leathern skins, or by boat from Harkeeko, at the other end of the bay; that of the latter place is brackish, and proportionately cheap. At the extreme end of the island stands, or stood, a small dilapidated fort, with a few rusty honeycombed guns, which look as if they were warranted to burst at the first discharge, and the Roman Catholic chapel and mission-house, at that time presided over by Father Delmonte, a Lazarist priest, who had for many years resided at Massáwa and its vicinity. This gentleman, and M. Werner Munzinger, since so favourably known in connection with his services during the late campaign, but who was then acting as agent to an Egyptian mercantile house, and endeavouring to extend commerce amongst the tribes of the Soudan, were the only European inhabitants of the place.

The Government of Massáwa and the neighbouring mainland has been, since the days of Sultan Selim, in the hands of the Turks, with the exception of a few years, during which the late Mohammed Ali, of Egypt, ruled over the Pashalic of the Hedjaz, of which Massáwa, with, theoretically, all Abyssinia, is a dependency. But their rule was for centuries passive rather than active, and the real power lay in the hands of the Naïbs of Harkeeko, a family of Tigrê origin, whose tyrannical exactions, which used to place such obstacles in the way of travellers to Abyssinia, must be fresh in the memory of every reader of Bruce and Salt. But those days are long since past, and they are now a very harmless and easy-going set of people, whose principal function appears to be the collection of tribute from the surrounding Bedaween. Harkeeko, or Dohono, as the Abyssinians call it, is a village some few miles towards the southern extremity of the bay, and bears all the appearances of having once seen better days. The Naïb's house is the only decent one in the place, and as the landing is so bad that, to avoid getting wet, it is necessary to be carried at least a hundred yards from the boat to the shore, it seems destined to be blotted out altogether from the map in a few years, especially as the Egyptians, who have again taken over the government of Massáwa, are likely to restrict the powers of the Naïb more than ever.

Shortly after my arrival, Dr. Blanc, who was suffering much from ophthalmia, was obliged to return to Aden for a short time, and, as the thermometer began to average between 95° and 100° Fahr. at two P.M., in the shadiest and coolest part of the house, Mr. Rassam and I determined to try what a trip a few miles inland might effect for us. Mr. Rassam had had time to strike up an acquaintance with most of the neighbouring chiefs, which was fortunate, as it is always necessary to have their assistance and co-operation on occasions like this. The two principal were the Naïb and the Mudeer. The former was at this time engaged in collecting taxes through his nominal territories, but the latter, who governs the lowland country between Harkeeko and the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, was at Massáwa. The reason of his visit was to convey to the Kaïm-Makâm, or Turkish governor, a rebel Dankali chief, who had been committing great atrocities in the neighbourhood of Zulla, especially in torturing and mutilating both men and women. This chief, whose arrival at Massáwa was welcomed with a salute, so anxious had the Turks been to get hold of him, was kept in durance in the open air, in the large square before the Kaïm-Makám's house, and was fastened to the ground by a very heavy chain round his neck, just like a wild beast. It was considered quite *en règle* for every man, woman, or child who passed that way to spit on the wretched captive. I do not know what became of him, as the final orders regarding his disposal had to come from Djidda, and must have arrived after our departure, but he fully deserved everything he was likely to get.

We started on our very pleasant little journey on the 1st of May, intending to make our first halt at Assous, a village about thirty miles to the westward. Our baggage had gone on an hour before we started. Every one knows what travelling in these regions is, and we found we could not manage with less than eight camels, and as we had with us three Turkish Irregular soldiers, who were natives of the country, and a lot of servants, we formed quite a large party. Our mules soon overtook the camels, and we journeyed on for five hours, from four in the afternoon till nine, when we arrived at a small watering-place called Gabza, where we determined to wait until our baggage should come up. The country over which we had passed for twenty miles did not vary much from that in the neighbourhood of Monkúllú. There was, perhaps, a little more sand, a little more scrub, and a good deal more stone. Gabza, however, is situated in a *wadi*, or water-course, on each side of which are precipitous cliffs. We had not been there long before we discovered that we had not the right of prior occupation, and by the shadowy light of the new moon we could discern that the sides of the rock were covered with countless baboons,* and judging from those which stood in relief against the sky, they must have been from four to five feet in height. They evidently regarded us as intruders, and kept up a ceaseless jabbering, till I fired off a barrel of my revolver, when the fear and anger they felt was expressed by every note they were capable of giving vent to, from the deep roar of the patriarch of the herd, down to the tiny squeak of the baby in arms. However, with the exception of a few, they all scampered off, evidently considering us dangerous characters. Shortly afterwards, the camels came up, and as both they and their drivers were weary, we determined to go on a little further, to a spot called Allágemát, where the water was rather better, and there pass the night. After a cup of tea, we turned in *sub divo*. We had scarcely slept a couple of hours, when we were awakened by a great hubbub, and found that a leopard had had the presumption to walk into the midst of us, and was quietly feeding off one of the sheep, which for security we had placed in the centre of the circle we formed. Although driven off, he came again and again, until at last we were thoroughly roused up by his springing over a couple of our men who were lying nearest to the jungle, and then, frightened by the noise all the natives made, he dashed over the foot of my bed and got safely off. In the darkness it was impossible to send a bullet after him. It was then nearly three o'clock, and in another half-hour we resumed our march. We were now at the foot of the first range of hills, of which there are three to cross before arriving at the highland country of Abyssinia. Crossing this one was no joke. We were soon obliged to dismount from our mules, sure-footed as they are, and to pick our way on foot over the immense masses of stone and *débris* brought down by successive

* Cynocephalus Hamadryas.

rains, and this in the uncertain light was very difficult. After a still more toilsome descent, we arrived at the plain of Assous, when we were able to remount our mules. Scrub and sand formed the general characteristics of this plain also, but a clump of trees here and there betokened that we were approaching a more favoured district.

A couple of hours' ride brought us to the village of Assous, but we preferred turning off to the well which supplies the hamlet, and which is three miles distant. It is a curious cha-



DERVISH AND PEASANT WOMAN.

racteristic of these desert-folk that they almost invariably erect their villages at some distance from water, but whether they have some really good reason for it, or whether through natural perversity, I cannot say. Our ride over the plain was very pleasant; it was deliciously cool, the thermometer only showing 68°, and though vegetation was not abundant, still there was a little, while a herd of *agazén* antelopes* always hovering in the distance gave animation to the scene.

We arrived at Abhân, the place at which the well is situated, at six A.M., and were received by Abd-ul-Kereem, the brother of the Naïb of Harkeeko, who was to be our fellow-traveller

* The Koodoo of South Africa.

till we returned to Assous. He is a tall, gaunt fellow, not bad-looking, taciturn in disposition, and a scrupulous Mussulman, but so dirty in his habits that a close intimacy with him is anything but desirable. We had, however, to spend that and many succeeding days with him. We thought ourselves fortunate in finding a grove of trees under which we could pitch our tents, but by noon the heat exceeded that of Monkúllú. Assous is a great place for wild boars*; one magnificent fellow, with tushes about two feet long, walked up coolly to within a hundred yards of our tents; but although attempts were made against his life, he got off scot-free. A little later, my companion was firing into a herd of five, by which he was surrounded, and mistook the direction in which the tents were situated, as they were concealed by a clump of trees; I was within mine, when I was disagreeably roused from my quiet by the whiz of a bullet close to my right ear. The night was again very cool, and we were able to start again before daybreak, quite refreshed. Abd-ul-Kereem had with him his nephew, eight or nine more Irregulars, and some servants, so we now formed quite an imposing cavalcade. Our road took a south-

* Phacochœrus Africanus.



MANGROVES NEAR GHERAR.

westerly direction, and on getting out of the plain we entered a dense jungle, composed, as is usually the case in Abyssinia, of the most thorny plants in existence. These rather retarded our progress, but at length we emerged into a water-course, and at about eight A.M. arrived at Dâgree, our halting-place for the day. This presented quite a different aspect from our camping-ground of the previous day; the sand and scrub had disappeared, and in their stead were green turf, and magnificent sycamores and other forest trees. It was delicious to throw oneself down under the shade of a splendid acacia, and listen to the murmur of a little spring, which bubbled from the *wadi* close at hand. We found, however, by mid-day that there was no coolness to be found even here. It was even hotter than at Assous, 109° being the register of the thermometer in the shade; but the coolness of the night and early morning counterbalances this disadvantage, and one awakes invigorated and prepared to bear the heat of the day. We did not start again till the afternoon of the following day, when we shaped our course to the north-east, and after a twelve miles' journey, and after crossing another range of hills, equally precipitous as the first, we arrived at Sheesharoo.

Sheesharoo possesses greater natural advantages than Dâgree. It is situated beside a running stream, and is surrounded by fine trees. Hills, clothed to the summit with thick foliage, look down on it from every side, and are infested with baboons of the same species as those of Gabza. I was, to my great regret, prevented from exploring the neighbourhood, having severely sprained my ankle in climbing the last range of mountains. Political reasons decided us not to extend our rambles further, and cross over the next range of hills into Hamasên, as we were ignorant how Haïlu, surnamed the One-eyed, the Dedj-azmâtch of that province, and a devoted adherent of King Theodore, might be inclined to treat us. We therefore turned back, and crossing the mountains by a different route, arrived at Assous late on the evening of the 6th. The following day we regained our home at Monkúllú.

The district through which we had been travelling is called Mensa, and is almost entirely inhabited by a nomad population of Bedaween, who in their general characteristics much resemble the Hibâb, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. Assous was the only place we saw deserving the name of a settlement; it is simply composed of grass-built huts, but unlike those further inland, of a square or oblong shape. We often fell in with parties of the Bedaween, travelling like the Brinjáris of India, and driving heavily-laden bullocks before them. While, however, the cattle of the Brinjáris carry grain from one part of the country to another, those of the Bedaween are burdened with their masters' houses. These are merely roughly-tanned hides, fastened on sticks, and when a convenient place is reached, they are stretched until they assume a semi-spheroidal appearance, like large bee-hives. Both sexes are equally dirty in dress and person, and appear to have retained all the ancient prejudices of their Christian ancestors against the use of water. Indeed, they appear to be but Muslims in name, for so recent is their conversion, that the old Sheykh, who was the principal instrument in bringing it about, is said to be still alive, an object of superstitious veneration to all the neighbouring tribes. While the churches, which were once numerous in these parts, have all fallen into ruins, and vestiges of them are becoming rarer every day, not a single mosque has been erected in their place, and I am doubtful whether one Moolla can be found between Massáwa and Hamasên. The diet of these simple pastoral races consists chiefly of milk and its preparations; now and then a cow may be slaughtered with the orthodox Bismillah; but farinaceous food is seldom seen at their feasts, if such they may be called, an occasional cake of juári, a kind of millet (*Holcus sorghum*,) being the only luxury they can indulge in of this description.

Dr. Blanc returned to Massáwa towards the end of May, and as it began to grow unbearably hot at Monkúllú, we took up our quarters in tents at Djerár, or Gherár, as the Bedaween term it. This was on the brink of the sea, just opposite to the town of Massáwa, and close to the bunder, or landing-place. The natives told us that we should find it so hot in tents during the summer, that it would be impossible to remain in them; but the event falsified their prediction, as they formed our only residence during the rest of our stay on the coast. It is true we were often much put out by sand storms, which would sometimes sweep like a tornado over the plain, and render the air so dark that it was impossible to see more than a yard in front of one, but the sea-breeze, which usually set in about 10 A.M., made up for this, and, added to a little philosophy, enabled us to endure our monotonous existence with tolerable resignation. In the middle of June we took a trip to sea in the steamer *Victoria*, for the benefit of our health, and determined to have a look at all the remains of Adulis, which had been unvisited for several centuries, the expedition sent thither by Mr. Salt in 1810 being unable to reach the ruins. Nor were we much more successful. As intimation had been sent by the Kaïm-Makâm of Massáwa to the Sheykh of Zulla, the modern village, on landing we found a couple of mules awaiting our arrival, and the same number of wild-looking Shiho in attendance. We had scarcely gone a couple of miles, when we made the discovery that, through some oversight, we had only brought about a quart of water with us. The day was terribly hot, and the sand atrociously heavy, but although our enthusiasm was considerably slackened, we still tramped on with great determination. We could not all ride, as our party was about a dozen in number, including some sailors and Lascars. Our antiquarian ardour had almost evaporated when we arrived at the ruins, where we could only see a few plinths of columns, composed of a black volcanic stone, and after a very brief inspection, we directed all our energies towards getting back to the ship. Little did we think, as we trudged over that burning plain, that in scarcely two years and a half afterwards more than two hundred vessels would be riding at anchor in that harbour, and a busy colony have sprung up on that arid shore, with a railway stretching fifteen miles into the desert. We steamed to the eastern side of the bay on the following morning, in order to obtain some live-stock, which we found no difficulty in purchasing from the savage Danâkil of the coast, and towards evening shaped our course again to the south-west, and landed in order to examine a hot spring, called Asfât, about half a mile from the shore. It bubbles into a small circular pool, with a bottom of black mud, but its exact depth we were unable to ascertain. The temperature of the water is only 112° Fahr., and as we had no means of making an analysis of it on the spot, some of it was sent to Bombay for that purpose. Myriads of wild birds flock to this spring to quench their thirst, and all around it were unmistakable signs of elephants, but, greatly to our regret, they would not "show" while we were there. This country formed

the stronghold of the robber-chief I have spoken of above, and within a stone's throw of Adulis we came across a village which had been lately sacked by him, and in which there is now not a single living soul.

We left the bay with some hopes of being able to pay a visit to Dhâlak, the largest island in the Red Sea, but unfortunately, on approaching it, could find no anchorage. There is, however, I believe, nothing of any interest to be seen there.



YOUNG BEDAWEEN GIRL.

Wild goats and antelopes form the majority of its inhabitants, and beyond these there are but a few fishermen, who speak no known language. On the following day we returned to Massáwa, having much enjoyed our trip, in spite of the great heat of the weather. In a trip which we shortly afterwards made to Af-Abad, in the Ad-Temâriam country, we covered so much of the ground passed over in our subsequent journey, that I shall reserve my description of it till the following chapter.

It was, however, on the 8th of August, on our way back to Massáwa, that an event occurred which considerably influenced our future fortunes—I mean the receipt of a letter from King Theodore. In order to be fully understood, I must return to the evening of my first arrival at Monkúllú. I then found Mr. Rassam in conversation with a Shiho called Ibraheem, whose only claim to consideration appeared to consist in the fact that he was a cousin of Ayto Samuel, a person who was then attached to the King's Court as Chief Steward,* and was naturally supposed to have much influence with his Majesty. Mr. Rassam, therefore, considered himself fortunate in being able to secure the services of his relative, who, on his part, volunteered to convey another letter to Theodore, and pledged himself to bring back an answer. His terms were acceded to, and after an interval of four months, a reply reached us, conveyed by Ibraheem, who so far had played his brief part in the drama well, and by another of the same family, named Mohammed. The letter was couched in anything but courteous terms; it bore no seal, that necessary evidence of authenticity in the East; and after a very brief preamble, directed Mr. Rassam to enter the country by way of Matemma, should he still wish to visit the Royal Court. To supplement

* Ayto Samuel's principal duty consisted in dispensing the bread and *tedj*, or mead, to the King's household, and in superintending the pages and personal servants of his Majesty.

this Mohammed, the Shiho informed us, with every appearance of truth, that Consul Cameron had been released from his fetters, and was a prisoner at large, but that there was no doubt that when Mr. Rassam saw the king, all the captives, excepting, perhaps, the missionaries, would be freed, and all would go on their way rejoicing.

While this news was quite fresh, the *Victoria* arrived from Aden. She brought intelligence that Mr. W. G. Palgrave, the Arabian traveller, had been commissioned by Government to proceed to Abyssinia, and endeavour to effect the release of the prisoners. This news made Rassam eager to proceed to Egypt at once, as were the two missions to clash, disagreeable results might have been apprehended. We accordingly left Massáwa on the 25th of August, and after having been obliged, through scarcity of coal, to run into that most Oriental of all Oriental cities, Djidda, arrived at Suez on the 5th of the following month. Telegraphic instructions were received at Alexandria, to the effect that Mr. Rassam should proceed at once; and after laying in a stock of provisions, and purchasing several articles as presents on the part of Her Majesty to the King of Abyssinia, we returned to Aden, to complete our preparations and outfit.

On arrival there, we found that we had been most egregiously duped by our doubtless well-meaning friend, Mohammed. It appeared from Cameron's letter, which had reached Colonel Merewether during our absence, that so far from being released, he was more a prisoner than before, having been chained by the hands in addition to the feet. He begged us earnestly to come up, as the only chance of saving their lives. It has never been ascertained who were the persons actually at the bottom of this deception, but there is strong presumption that his Abyssinian Majesty, aided by Samuel, the relative of Mohammed, had a hand in it. At all events, it had the effect of bringing us into the country, to add to the list of Theodore's victims.

We returned to Massáwa on the 8th of October, and passed a week in collecting camels, packing up baggage, and the like. In order not to be dependent on the produce of the country, we had taken care to provide ourselves with a very large quantity—six months' supply, at the very least—of preserved meats and vegetables, and what are usually termed in India "Europe stores." As a hint to travellers, I may say that good living, a tolerable amount of brandy and beer, and a daily dose of quinine, ought to see any one safely through the most deadly countries. Many a night did we bivouac in spots which were the most favoured haunts of malaria, and, thanks to our precautions, passed onwards unscathed.

On the 15th we began our journey, a journey whose limits have been defined by Milton, our starting-place being close to that "utmost port, Ercoco,"* and, unforeseen then by us, never ending until we had reached the spot

> "Where Abassin kings their issue-guard,
> Mount Amara." †

And we began it in buoyant spirits, and in high hopes that ere the lapse of many months we should be retracing our steps in company with our countrymen, before in prison, now in freedom. *Dis aliter visum.* But, at all events, misgiving's shadow but very slightly obscured our way, as we commenced our wanderings over the rarely-trodden paths of the desert.

(*To be continued.*)

* Harkeeko, near Massáwa.—*Paradise Lost*, xi. 397.

† Milton (*Paradise Lost*, iv. 280) refers to Amba Geshen, in the Amhara country, when, after the restoration of the line of Solomon, it was the custom to immure descendants of the royal family. It is about six hours' journey from Magdala.

Passage of the Great Cañon of the Colorado.

BY MAJOR A. R. CALHOUN.

When we consider the country through which flows the river Colorado, to the west of the Rocky Mountains in North America, we are not surprised that so little is known of its course, its wonderful cañons or precipitous chasms, and the 300,000 square miles of desert table-land which it drains. Yet when we read the marvellous accounts of the early Spanish explorers, who visited the Colorado a few years after the conquest of Mexico, we are astonished that the interest thus early excited has not resulted in a thorough exploration of this, the most wonderful river of which we have any knowledge.

The Rio Colorado of the west rises in Idaho territory, near the centre of the North American continent, and flows, with an irregular course, towards the south, finally discharging itself in the Gulf of California. It drains the great elevated plateau basin lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, south of latitude 40°. The mountain ranges east and west of the plains intercept all the moisture drifted towards them from the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, so that the peak-covered plateau is comparatively arid, save where the snow-fed streams cleave their way through it. As they cross this elevated region, the beds of the various rivers gradually deepen, and the water flows through cañons, or narrow ravines, till they join that stupendous chasm, the Valley of the Colorado, where the river, for 600 miles, flows in a bed depressed on an average 3,000 feet below the general surface of the country. The plains stretching on either hand from the surface of the chasms show decided indications of erosion, leading to the belief that the waters of the Colorado and its tributaries once flowed, as most other rivers do, over the surface of the country, fertilising the now dry expanse, and that they have gradually worn their way down to the depth at which they now run. The Great Cañon of this river is a narrow winding part of the chasm, where the waters seem to disappear in the bowels of the earth, for a distance of more than 300 miles.

After leaving the Great Cañon, the Colorado flows south for nearly 600 miles, to the gulf, receiving during that distance but two small tributaries, the "Bill Williams" and the Gila. Occasionally the gravelly "mesas," or perpendicular water-worn walls of rock, devoid of vegetation, infringe on the river, leaving no bottom land; but for the greater part of the distance above stated, the alluvial bottom spreads out into valleys, varying from four to twenty miles in width, bordered by these precipices. These valleys are named after the tribes of Indians living in them, as the Mojaves (Mohavees), the Cheme-



THE EXULTANT INDIANS MUTILATE THE DEAD BODY.—*p.* 11.

huevis, and Yumas. In the month of May the valleys are inundated to a depth of two feet or more, after which the Indians plant maize, wheat, melons, beans, and onions, all of which grow well in the rich alluvial soil. The bed of the river, where not confined by rocky banks, is continually shifting, thus rendering navigation difficult, and frequently washing over, or through, the best portions of the valleys. The water, as the name "colorado" indicates, is red, owing to the large quantities of protoxide of iron which it holds in solution. The immense amount of *débris* carried down annually to the Gulf of California, and deposited in the delta of the river, is having a perceptible effect in silting up the head of the gulf; indeed, there can be no doubt that at no very distant day the gulf extended to Fort Yuma, thirty miles inland. North of Fort Yuma the valley on either side of the river is bounded by serrated hills and mountains, of the most fantastic shapes, devoid of vegetation, save an occasional cactus. The whole landscape has a wild, weird appearance, heightened by the clear, dry atmosphere, through which objects that would not be perceptible at such a distance in moister climates, here stand out with a wonderful distinctness.

Although so remote, and to a great extent barren, yet the valley of the Colorado was visited by the Spaniards before De Soto discovered the Mississippi, and long prior to the first English colonies on the Atlantic coast. Don Joseph de Basconzeles, early in the spring of 1526, crossed Central Arizona towards the Great Cañon; this was ninety-four years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England, and but thirty-four years after the shores of St. Salvador greeted the eyes of Columbus. The adventurous Spaniard and his fol-

lowers were no doubt in search of an El Dorado, but they never returned to tell of the mysterious land. They were slain by some of the fierce tribes that still infest that country, or, equally sad, may have perished amidst the labyrinth of chasms to the north, across which nought living but the bird can successfully pass. In 1539 the Viceroy of New Spain sent a priest, Father Marco de Neça, into the region now known as Arizona, to examine the country, and see what could be done to convert the natives. Father Neça has left a curious narrative of his expedition, and a highly-coloured picture of the country he traversed. His companions were Friar Honoratus, a negro named Stephen, and a few Indians from the province of Culiacan. This strange party passed up the Gila, and relate wonderful stories of the wealth and liberality of the "kingdoms" they travelled through. Friar Honoratus went west as far as the Colorado Chiquito, and Father Neça went to the Indian settlements of Zuñi, 200 miles to the east. The good father beat a hasty retreat from what he termed "the chief city in the kingdom of Cebola." He says, quaintly, "I left it with more fear than victuals, though it be a good city, and the houses builded in order, and the people somewhat white, all of whom do lie in beds. Their weapons are bows. They have emeralds and other jewels. Their apparel is of cotton and ox-hides, and they have vessels of gold and silver." The Spaniards liked to Christianise people who had "jewels" and "silver and gold." So excited were they by the wonderful stories of the priest, that the Captain-General of New Spain sent to Arizona, in the following year, 1540, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado. He visited Zuñi and the Colorado Chiquito (little Colorado), but was, of course, disappointed. He had a fight with the Indians, in which he was twice wounded, and afterwards returned to New Spain.

While Coronado went to Zuñi, two of his captains, Diaz and Cardinas, each with twenty-five men, separated, and according to the orders they had received, travelled, the first due west, the other north-west. Diaz discovered the Great Colorado and followed it to its mouth, and his description would be applicable to the river in the present day. Cardinas reached the pueblas or hill-villages of the Moquis Indians, and obtaining guides he marched for many days across a desert furrowed by deep chasms, finally reaching a river, the banks of which were so high, that "they seemed to be three or four leagues in the air." Some of the party attempted to descend to the water, but after a day spent in clambering down the rocks they returned, saying that "great difficulties stopped them." This was the first, and, for three hundred years, nearly all the information we had about the great Cañon of the Colorado.

After the purchase and annexation of Arizona and New Mexico by the United States, and the subsequent discovery of gold in California, a wagon-road was opened up through southern Arizona, hundreds of miles below the Cañon country. Lieutenants Whipple and Sitgreaves, of the Topographical Engineers, who commanded expeditions sent out by the Government in 1851 and 1854 to examine the region between the Mississippi and Pacific, on certain latitudes, threw much light on this country. Subsequently, in 1857, Lieutenant Ives made a careful examination of the Colorado below the Cañon, in a small steamer, and since then light-draught boats have been successfully navigating its lower portion. The upper source of the river and its tributaries were also carefully examined, still there was a *terra incognita* of hundreds of miles, about which we could only surmise. The Great Cañon remained a myth; its actual length, the character of the stream, the nature of its banks, and the depth of its vertical walls were subjects for speculation, and afforded a fine field for exaggerated description, in which writers called on their imaginations to supply natural bridges, cavernous tunnels, and fearful cataracts, as the prominent and natural adjuncts of this mysterious region.

In 1867–8 the present writer was a member of an exploring expedition sent by the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company to survey a feasible route from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, along the 35th parallel. His connection with this expedition afforded him many opportunities for acquiring geographical knowledge of the unexplored regions of the far West, from original sources not accessible to ordinary map-compilers.

Twenty years ago the trapper and the hunter were the romantic characters of the far West. They still figure in fiction, and there is a fascination about their daring deeds which, in America, makes "Boone" a household name, and throws an air of chivalry around the exploits of such men as Carson, Crockett, and Williams. Nor is the admiration for these hardy men undeserved; they have trapped on every western stream and hunted on every mountain side, despite the opposition of the Indian and the barrier of winter snows. They have formed the skirmish line of the great army of occupation which is daily pushing westward, and they have taught the savage to respect the white man's courage and to fear the white man's power.

While the field for the trapper and hunter has been gradually growing less, another class of adventurers has come into existence—the "prospectors" in search of precious metals. Within the last nineteen years these men have traversed every mountain slope, from the rugged peaks of British Columbia to the rich plateaus of Old Mexico, and have searched the sands of every stream from the Mississippi to the shores of the Pacific, stimulated by the same hope of reward that led the early Spaniards to explore inhospitable wilds in their search for an "El Dorado." Could the varied and adventurous experience of these searchers for gold be written, we should have a record of daring and peril that no fiction could approach, and the very sight of gold would suggest to our minds some story of hair-breadth escape. Could we but gather and set down in proper form the geographical knowledge possessed by these men, we should know as much of the Western wilds, as we now do of the long-settled portions of the American continent.

It has fallen to the lot of one of these "prospectors" to be the hero of an adventure more thrilling than any heretofore recorded, while at the same time he has solved a geographical problem which has long attracted the attention of the learned at home and abroad, who could but theorise, before his journey, as to the length and nature of the stupendous chasms or cañons through which the Colorado cleaves its central course. While on the survey before referred to, and while stopping for a few days at Fort Mojave, Dr. W. A. Bell, Dr. C. C. Parry, and myself, met this man, whose name is James White, and from his lips, the only living man who had actually traversed its formidable depths, we learned the story of the Great Cañon.

James White now lives at Callville, Arizona territory, the present head of navigation on the Colorado River. He is thirty-two years of age, and in person is a good type of the Saxon, being of medium height and heavy build, with light hair and blue eyes. He is a man of average intelligence,

simple and unassuming in his manner and address, and without any of the swagger or bravado peculiar to the majority of frontier men. Like thousands of our young men, well enough off at home, he grew weary of the slow but certain method of earning his bread by regular employment at a stated salary. He had heard of men leaping into wealth at a single bound in the Western gold fields, and for years he yearned to go to the land where Fortune was so lavish of her favours. He readily consented then to be one of a party from his neighbourhood who, in the spring of 1867, started for the plains and the gold fields beyond. When they left Fort Dodger, on the Arkansas River, April 13th, 1867, the party consisted of four men, of whom Captain Baker, an old miner and ex-officer in the Confederate army, was the acknowledged leader. The destination of this little party was the San Juan Valley, west of the Rocky Mountains, about the gold fields of which prospectors spoke in the most extravagant terms, stating that they were deterred from working the rich *placers* of the San Juan only by fear of the Indians. Baker and his companions reached Colorado "city," at the foot of Pike's Peak, in safety. This place was, and is still, the depôt for supplying the miners who work the diggings scattered through the South Park, and is the more important from being situated at the entrance to the Ute Pass, through which there is a wagon-road crossing the Rocky Mountains, and descending to the plateau beyond. The people of Colorado "city" tried to dissuade Baker from what they considered a rash project, but he was determined to carry out his original plan. These representations, however, affected one of the party so much that he left, and the others, Captain Baker, James White, and Henry Strole, completed their outfit for the prospecting tour.

The journey was undertaken on foot, with two pack mules to carry the provisions, mining tools, and the blankets they considered necessary for the expedition. On the 25th of May they left Colorado city, and crossing the Rocky Mountains, through the Ute pass, entered South Park, being still on the Atlantic slope of the continent. After travelling ninety miles across the Park they reached the Upper Arkansas, near the Twin Lakes. They then crossed the Snowy Range, or Sierra Madre, and descended towards the west. Turning southerly, they passed around the head waters of the Rio Grande del Norte, and after a journey of 400 miles from Colorado "city," they reached the "Animas" branch of the San Juan River, which flows into the Great Colorado from the east.

They were now in the land where their hopes centred, and to reach which they had crossed plains and mountains, and forded rapid streams, leaving the nearest abodes of the white man hundreds of miles to the east. Their work of prospecting for gold began in the Animas, and though they were partially successful, the result did not by any means answer their expectations. They therefore moved still further to the west, crossing the Dolores branch of Grand River to the Mancos branch of the San Juan. Following the Mancos to its mouth, they crossed to the left bank of the San Juan, and began their search in the sands. There was gold there, but not in the quantity they expected; so they gradually moved west, along the beautiful valley for 200 miles, when they found the San Juan disappeared between the lofty walls of a deep and gloomy cañon. To avoid this, they again forded the river to the right bank, and struck across a rough, timbered country, directing their course towards the Great Colorado. Having travelled through this rough country for a distance estimated at fifty miles, they reached Grand River, being still above the junction of Green River, the united waters of which two streams form the Colorado proper. At the point where they struck the river, the banks were masses of perpendicular rock, down which they could gaze at the coveted water, dashing and foaming like an agitated white band, 2,000 feet below. Men and animals were now suffering for water; so they pushed up the stream, along the uneven edge of the chasm, hoping to find a place where they could descend to the river. After a day spent in clambering over and around the huge rocks that impeded their advance, they came upon a side cañon, where a tributary joined the main stream, to which they succeeded in descending with their animals, and thus obtained the water of which all stood so much in need.

The night of the 23rd of August they encamped at the bottom of the cañon, where they found plenty of fuel, and grass in abundance for their animals. So they sat around the camp fire, lamenting their failure in the San Juan country, and Strole began to regret that they had undertaken the expedition. But Baker, who was a brave, sanguine fellow, spoke of *placers* up the river about which he had heard, and promised his companions that all their hopes should be realised, and that they would return to their homes to enjoy the gains and laugh at the trials of their trip. So glowingly did he picture the future, that his companions even speculated as to how they should spend their princely fortunes when they returned to the "States." Baker sang songs of home and hope, and the others lent their voices to the chorus, till far in the night, when, unguarded, they sank to sleep, to dream of coming opulence and to rise refreshed for the morrow's journey.

Early next morning they breakfasted, and began the ascent of the side cañon, up the bank opposite to that by which they had entered it. Baker was in advance, with his rifle slung at his back, gaily springing up the rocks, towards the table land above. Behind him came White, and Strole with the mules brought up the rear. Nothing disturbed the stillness of the beautiful summer morning, but the tramping of the mules, and the short, heavy breathing of the climbers. They had ascended about half the distance to the top, when stopping for a moment to rest, suddenly the war-whoop of a band of savages rang out, sounding as if every rock had a demon's voice. Simultaneously, with the first whoop, a shower of arrows and bullets was poured into the little party. With the first fire Baker fell against a rock, but, rallying for a moment, he unslung his rifle and fired at the Indians, who now began to show themselves in large numbers, and then, with the blood flowing from his mouth, he fell to the ground. White, firing at the Indians as he advanced, and followed by Strole, hurried to the aid of his wounded leader. Baker, with an effort, turned to his comrades, and in a voice still strong, said, "Back, boys, back! save yourselves, I am dying." To the credit of White and Strole, be it said, they faced the savages and fought, till the last tremor of the powerful frame told that the gallant Baker was dead. Then slowly they began to retreat, followed by the exultant Indians, who stopping to strip and mutilate the dead body in their path, gave the white men a chance to secure their animals, and retrace their steps into the side cañon, beyond the immediate reach of the

Indians' arrows. Here they held a hurried consultation as to the best course they could pursue. To the east for three hundred miles stretched an uninhabited country, over which, if they attempted escape in that direction, the Indians, like bloodhounds, would follow their track. North, south, and west was the Colorado, with its tributaries, all flowing at the bottom of deep chasms, across which it would be impossible for men or animals to travel. Their deliberations were necessarily short, and resulted in their deciding to abandon their animals, first securing their arms and a small stock of provisions, and the ropes of the mules. Through the side cañon they travelled, due west, for four hours, and emerged at last on a low strip of bottom land on Grand River, above which, for 2,000 feet on either bank, the cold, grey walls rose to block their path, leaving to them but one avenue for escape—the foaming current of the river, flowing along the dark channel through unknown dangers.

They found considerable quantities of drift wood along the banks, from which they collected enough to enable them to construct a raft capable of floating themselves, with their arms and provisions. The raft, when finished, consisted of three sticks of cotton-wood, about ten feet in length and eight inches in diameter, lashed firmly together with the mule ropes. Procuring two stout poles with which to guide the raft, and fastening the bag of provisions to the logs, they waited for midnight and the waning moon, so as to drift off unnoticed by the Indians. They did not consider that even the sun looked down into that chasm for but one short hour in the twenty-four, leaving it for the rest of the day to the angry waters and blackening shadows, and that the faint moonlight reaching the bottom of the cañon would hardly serve to reveal the horror of their situation. Midnight came, according to their calculation of the dark, dreary hours; and then, seizing the poles, they untied the rope that held the raft, which, tossed about by the current, rushed through the yawning cañon, on the adventurous voyage to an unknown landing. Through the long night they clung to the raft, as it dashed against half-concealed rocks, or whirled about like a plaything in some eddy, whose white foam was perceptible even in the intense darkness.

They prayed for the daylight, which came at last, and with it a smoother current and less rugged banks, though the cañon walls appeared to have increased in height. Early in the morning (August 25th) they found a spot where they could make a landing, and went ashore. After eating a little of their water-soaked provisions, they returned, and strengthened their raft by the addition of some light pieces of cedar, which had been lodged in clefts of the rock by recent floods. White estimates the width of the river where they landed at 200 yards, and the current at three miles per hour. After a short stay at this place they again embarked, and during the rest of the day they had no difficulty in avoiding the rocks and whirlpools that met them at every bend of the river.

In the afternoon, and after having floated over a distance estimated at thirty miles from the point of starting, they reached the mouth of Green River, or rather where the Green and the Grand unite to form the Colorado proper. Here the cañons of both streams combined into one of but little greater width, but far surpassing either in the height and grandeur of its walls. At the junction the walls were estimated at 4,000 feet in height, but detached pinnacles rose a thousand feet higher, from amidst huge masses of rock confusedly piled, like grand monuments to commemorate this meeting of the waters. The fugitives felt the sublimity of the scene, and in contemplating its stupendous and unearthly grandeur, they forgot for the time their own sorrows.

The night of the day upon which they entered the great cañon, and indeed on nearly all the subsequent nights of the voyage, the raft was fastened to a loose rock, or hauled up on some narrow strip of beach, where they rested till the daylight of next morning.

As they floated down the cañon, the grey sandstone walls increased in height, the lower section being smooth from the action of floods, and the rugged perpendicular walls rising towards the far-off sky, which seemed to rest on the rugged glistening summits. Here and there a stunted cedar clung to the cliff-side, 2,000 feet overhead, far beyond which the narrow blue streak of sky was perceptible. No living thing was in sight, for even the wing of bird which could pass the chasms above never fanned the dark air in those subterranean depths. Nought to gaze on but their own pale faces, and the cold grey walls that hemmed them in and mocked at their escape. Here and there the raft shot past side cañons, black and forbidding, like cells set in the walls of a mighty prison. Baker had informed his comrades as to the geography of the country, and while floating down they remembered that Callville was at the mouth of the cañon, which could not be far off—"such wonderful walls could not continue much further." Then Hope came, with the prospect of deliverance from their frightful position. A few days would take them to Callville; their provisions could be made to last five days. So these two men, thus shut in from the world, buried as it were in the very bowels of the earth, in the midst of great unknown deserts, began to console themselves, and even to jest at their situation.

Forty miles below their entrance into the great cañon, they reached the mouth of the San Juan River. They attempted to enter it, but its swift current cast them back. The perpendicular walls, high as those of the Colorado, with the water flowing from bank to bank, forbade their abandoning their raft to attempt escape in that direction. So they floated away. At every bend of the river it seemed as if they were descending deeper into the earth; the walls came closer together above them, thickening the black shadows and redoubling the echoes that went up from the foaming waters.

Four days had elapsed since they embarked on the frail raft; it was now August 28th. So far they had been constantly wet, but the water was comparatively warm, and the current more regular than they could have expected. Strole had taken upon himself to steer the raft, and, against the advice of White, he often set one end of the pole against the bank, or some opposing rock, and then leaned, with the other end against his shoulder, to push the raft away. As yet they had seen no natural bridge spanning the chasm above them, nor had fall or cataract prevented their safe advance. But about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th, they heard the deep roar, as of a waterfall in front. They felt the raft agitated, then whirled along with frightful rapidity towards a wall that seemed to bar all further progress. As they approached the cliff, the river made a sharp bend, around which the raft swept, disclosing to them, in a long vista, the water lashed into foam, as it poured through a narrow precipitous gorge, caused by huge masses of rock detached from the main wall. There was no time to



THE RAFT PRECIPITATED OVER A CATARACT IN THE GREAT CANON.

think. The logs strained as if they would break their fastenings. The waves dashed around the men, and the raft was buried in the seething waters. White clung to the logs with the grip of death. His comrade stood up for an instant with the pole in his hands, as if to guide the raft from the rocks against which it was plunging; but he had scarcely straightened himself, before the raft seemed to leap down a chasm, and amid the horrible sounds White heard a shriek that thrilled him. Turning his head, he saw through the mist and spray the form of his comrade tossed for an instant on the water, then sinking out of sight in the whirlpool.

White still clung to the logs, and it was only when the raft seemed to be floating smoothly, and the sound of the rapids was behind, that he dared to look up; then it was to find himself alone, the provisions lost, and the shadows of the black cañon warning him of the approaching night. A feeling of despair seized him, and clasping his hands he prayed for the death he was fleeing from. He was made cognisant of more immediate danger by the shaking of his raft—the logs were separating; then he worked, and succeeded in effecting a landing near some flat rocks, where he made his raft fast for the night. After this he sat down, to spend the long gloomy hours in contemplating the horror of his situation, and the small chance of completing the adventurous voyage he had undertaken. He blamed himself for not having fought the Indians till he had fallen by the side of Baker. He might have escaped through the San Juan valley, and the mountains beyond, to the settlements. Had he done so, he would have returned to his home, and rested satisfied with his experience as a prospector. But when he thought of "home," it called up the strongest inducements for life, and he resolved "to die hard, and like a man."

Gradually the dawn, long perceptible in the upper world, began to creep down into the depths of the chasm, and gave him light to strengthen his raft and launch it again into the treacherous river. As he floated down he remembered the sad fate of Strole, and took the precaution to lash himself firmly to the raft, so as to preclude the possibility of his being separated from it. This forethought subsequently saved his life. His course through the cañon was now down a succession of rapids blocked up by masses of rock, over which his frail raft thumped and whirled, at times wholly submerged in the foaming water. At one of these rapids, in the distance of about a hundred yards he thinks, the river must have fallen between thirty and forty feet. In going over this place the logs composing the raft became separated at the upper end, and, spreading out like a fan, White was thrown into the water. He struggled to the side by means of his rope, and with a desperate strength held the logs together till they floated into calmer water, when he succeeded in re-fastening them.

White's trials were not yet at an end, and in relating the following incident he showed the only sign of emotion exhibited during his long narrative. About four miles below where the raft separated he reached the mouth of a large stream, which he has since learned was the Colorado Chiquito. The cañon, through which it enters the main river, is very much like that of the San Juan, and though it does not discharge so large a body of water, the current is much more rapid and sweeps across the great Colorado, causing, in a deep indentation on the opposite bank, a large and dangerous whirlpool. White saw this and tried to avoid it, but he was too weak for the task. His raft, borne by the current of the Colorado proper, rushed down with such force, that aided by his paddle he hoped to pass the waters that appeared to sweep at right angles across his course from the Chiquito. When he reached the mouth of the latter stream the raft suddenly stopped, and swinging round for an instant as if balanced on a point, it yielded to the current of the Chiquito, and was swept into the whirlpool. White felt now that all further exertion was useless, and dropping his paddle, he clasped his hands and fell upon the raft. He heard the gurgling waters around him, and every moment he felt that he must be plunged into the boiling vortex. He waited, he thinks, for some minutes, when feeling a strange swinging sensation, he looked up to find that he was circling round the whirlpool, sometimes close to the vortex and again thrown back by some invisible cause to the outer edge, only to whirl again towards the centre. Thus borne by the circling waters, he looked up, up, up through the mighty chasm that seemed bending over him as if about to fall in. He saw in the blue belt of sky that hung above him like an ethereal river, the red-tinged clouds floating, and he knew the sun was setting in the upper world. Still around the whirlpool the raft swung like a circular pendulum, measuring the long moments before expected death. He felt a dizzy sensation, and thinks he must have fainted; he knows he was unconscious for a time, for when again he looked up the walls, whose rugged summits towered 3,000 feet above him, the red clouds had changed to black, and the heavy shadows of night had crept down the cañon. Then, for the first time, he remembered that there was a strength greater than that of man, a power that "holds the ocean in the hollow of His hand." "I fell on my knees," he said, "and as the raft swept round in the current, I asked God to aid me. I spoke as if from my very soul, and said, 'O God! if there is a way out of this fearful place, guide me to it.'" Here White's voice became husky, as he narrated the circumstance, and his somewhat heavy features quivered, as he related that he presently felt a different movement in the raft, and turning to look at the whirlpool, saw it was some distance behind, and that he was floating down the smoothest current he had yet seen in the cañon.

Below the mouth of the Colorado Chiquito the current was very slow, and White felt what he subsequently found to be the case—viz., that the rapids were passed, though he was not equally fortunate in guessing his proximity to Callville. The course of the river below this he describes as exceedingly "crooked, with short sharp turns," the view on every side being shut in by flat precipitous walls of "white sand-rock." These walls presented smooth perpendicular surfaces as far as the high-water level, which left a distinct mark about forty feet above the stage of the month of August. The highest part of the cañon, White thinks, is between the San Juan and the Colorado Chiquito, where he thinks the wall is more than 5,000 feet in perpendicular height, and at a few points far exceeding this. Dr. Newberry, the geologist of Lieutenant Ives' expedition, thinks that for a long distance the altitude is near 7,000 feet. Correct altitudes, however, can only be obtained by a careful instrumental examination.

The current bore White from the Colorado Chiquito slowly down the main river. One, two, three, four days had slowly passed since he tasted food, and still the current bore him through the towering walls of the Cañon. Hunger maddened him. His thoughts were of food, food, food; and his sleeping moments were filled with Tantalus-like dreams. Once he

raised his arm to open some vein and draw nutriment from his own blood, but its shrivelled, blistered condition frightened him. For hours, as he floated down, he would sit looking into the water, yet lacking courage to make the contemplated plunge that would rid him of all earthly pain. The morning of the fifth day since he had tasted food he saw a flat strip of shore with bushes growing on it, and by a superhuman effort he succeeded in reaching it with his raft. He devoured the few green pods and the leaves of the bushes, but they only increased his desire for more. The journey was resumed, and he remembers two more days of unbroken cañon wall.

On the afternoon of the eleventh day of his extraordinary voyage he was roused by hearing the sound of human voices, and, looking towards the shore, he saw men beckoning to him. A momentary strength came to his arms, and, grasping the paddle, he urged the raft to the bank. On reaching it he found himself surrounded by a band of Yampais Indians, who for many years have lived on a low strip of alluvial land along the bottom of the cañon, and the trail to which from the summit of the plateau is only known to themselves. One of the Indians made fast the raft, while another seized White roughly and dragged him up the bank. He could not remonstrate; his tongue refused to give a sound, so he pointed to his mouth and made signs for food. The fiend that pulled him up the bank, tore from his blistered shoulders the shreds that had once been a shirt, and was proceeding to strip him entirely, when, to the credit of the savage be it said, one of the Indians interfered, and pushed back his companion. He gave White some meat, and roasted mezquite beans to eat, which the famished man devoured, and after a little rest he made signs that he wanted to go to the nearest dwellings of the white men. The Indians told him he could reach them in "two suns" in his raft. Early the next morning he tottered to the bank, and again pushed into the current. Three more long days of hope and dread passed slowly by, and still no sign of friends. Reason tottered, and White stretched himself on the raft, all his energies exhausted; life and death were to him alike indifferent.

Late in the evening of the third day after leaving the Indians, and fourteen days from the time of starting on this perilous voyage, White again heard voices, accompanied by the rapid dash of oars. He understood the words, but could make no reply. He felt a strong arm thrown around him, and he was lifted into a boat, to see manly bearded faces looking down upon him with pity.

In short, Callville was reached at last. The people of this Mormon settlement had warm, generous hearts, and, like good Samaritans, lavishly bestowed every care on the unfortunate man so miraculously thrown into their midst from the bowels of the unknown cañon. His constitution, naturally strong, soon recovered its terrible shock, and he told his new-found friends his wonderful story, the first recital of which led them to doubt his sanity.

Notes on Spain.—I.

LAS ESPAÑAS—INFLUENCE OF FRENCH CUSTOMS IN SPAIN—MODERN CHANGES OF NATIONAL COSTUME—RAILWAYS—HIGHWAYS AND CROSS-ROADS—SPANISH VEHICLES—THE DILIGENCIA—EFFECTS OF RAILWAYS ON SPANISH LIFE AND HABITS—THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS.

THE first scrap of Spanish that usually meets the eye of the traveller bound for Spain is very significant of the country with which he is about to form an acquaintance. As he changes his money, or receives his change after his first pecuniary transaction on Spanish soil, he naturally inspects the coinage in which his future payments are to be made, and on it he reads—and for some time, no doubt, will read—"Isabel II. por la gracia de Dios y la Const. Reina *de las Españas*." In the last three words he has a hint which he will do well to perpend. The country he is in is not Spain; it is "the Spains;" and the fact is one which should be always borne in mind. Historically and politically there is a deep significance in the phrase "Las Españas," and perhaps at no period of Spanish history or politics was it more significant than just now. What amount of cohesion does it imply, and how long will that cohesion bear the strain now thrown upon it? Will Castile and Andalusia accommodate their paces to one another? Will Catalan republicanism effect a compromise with Biscayan legitimism? These, and a few more of the same sort, are in the very front rank of that formidable army of questions which those sorely-perplexed men, the Spanish statesmen of 1868, have now to face. But, apart from politics, the title "Las Españas" is very instructive to the traveller. It suggests, or ought to suggest, that here, rolled into one, are several countries differing widely in climate, character, productions, ethnology, and even language, and that he is not to say in his haste that all men are liars because he cannot recognise in Arragon any one of the features usually attributed to Andalusia. Besides this, from another point of view, there is a plurality of Spains. Probably no two travellers ever enter the country with precisely the same preconceived notions, or with their attention fixed on precisely the same set of objects. Spain is a land fertile in its claims on the interest of the pilgrim. To one it will be the "renowned, romantic land," the Spain of the ballads, the Cid, and the Moors. To another it will have that kind of half-melancholy interest which attaches to a richly-chased and rust-eaten suit of knightly armour hanging up among the implements of modern warfare. Then there is picturesque Spain; artistic Spain; architectural Spain; hidalgo Spain, and gitano Spain; the Spain of Don Quixote, and the Spain of George Borrow; old Spain, "viejo y rancio;" young Spain, somewhat French-polished; primitive and uneuropeanised Spain; cigarette-smoking, guitar-twanging, lounging Spain; religious and irreligious Spain; Spain "with its vast internal resources:"—these and their sub-divisions are some of the "Españas" which, under the general head of Spain, are before the traveller as he crosses the frontier, and which, jointly and severally, may present themselves to him as he proceeds, and as he uses his powers of observation.

It is true that the mosaic character—as it may be called—of Spain is not, at the outset, very apparent to the traveller of

these later days, and if perceived at all it is probably only dimly perceived by the mere tourist who follows in the wake of other tourists—halting where they halt, rushing where they rush, and in all things conforming to the strict letter of tourist tradition. To such a traveller there will naturally appear but little change in passing from one end of Spain to the other. From the railway carriage window he may, indeed, remark pines in one part and palms in another; and he may observe, perhaps, that whereas the children in Castile, who persecuted him with the monotonous chant of "Un cuartito, señorito," wore rags, more or less abundant, the small brown urchins of Cadiz frequently transact that business of life, in entire comfort to themselves, with nothing but a string round their loins. But with the exception of a few differences of that sort, he will not see much to distinguish north from south. Nay, more than this, at the end of his month in the Peninsula he may possibly be heard to complain that really, after all, in spite of all the fuss that has been made about it, Spain, on the whole, is wonderfully like other countries, and that it is doubtful whether it is worth while going so far to see so little that is new, or striking, or that cannot be seen just as well elsewhere. And it is very likely he *has* had no experiences that at all tally with his expectations. All through, perhaps, he has been steadily disappointed. At Irun, being then a couple of hundred yards deep in the country, he proceeds to make his first experiment in Spanish cookery, the Spanish language, Spanish ways—Spanish life, in fact—at the Fonda (as he is pleased to observe it is called) at the railway station. He has vague visions before him of ollas, guisados, gazpacho, and other things he has read of in "Ford." Bringing into actual service one of the phrases he has been studying all the way down from Bordeaux, he asks of a waiter—who is by no means as like a Spaniard as he could have wished—"Que hay para comer?" and the waiter promptly replies, "Pardon, m'sieu', vot' chapeau: il y a du——" and then treats him to a burst of unpunctuated gastronomy quite in the style of the Palais Royal. At Burgos, where, according to routine, he makes his next halt, things look rather better, though, as far as his inn is concerned, they are much cleaner, and more comfortable and commonplace, than is consistent with his idea of Spain. But it is something to perceive that the people do not understand French—for that matter they don't appear always to understand his Spanish, but that, probably, is their provincialism—and certainly the town and its inhabitants are, in many respects, unlike anything in Italy, Germany, or France. But Madrid is a sad blow. There, for one object, sight, or sound to remind him he is in Spain, there are ten to make him fancy himself back in France: French costumes in the streets, French goods in the shops, French books—not many, to be sure—in the windows, and the Hôtel de Paris lording it over the Puerta del Sol, the very heart of modern Spain, and stronghold of Spanish opinion. It is perhaps some hours before he comes across a fan or a mantilla, and he leaves without having seen a capa. To be sure, he does see some things peculiar to Spain. Following his instructions, he religiously "does" his bull-fight at Madrid or Seville, according as he spends his Sabbath in one or other of those cities, and thereby qualifies himself to lay down the law on all occasions about the character and taste of the nation, and the tardy progress of civilisation in a country which can tolerate, nay, enjoy, &c. &c.; and at Seville or Granada he has, for a consideration, the good fortune to see those samples of the gipsy race that are kept on view for the improvement of strangers. But in respect of other cosas de España which cannot so easily be got at through the medium of the hotel commissionaire, he has been curiously unlucky. He has never seen a genuine majo got up in that style in which painters and other fortunate people see him, nor has he ever encountered that well-known group of the young Andalusian peasant with his querida behind him, trotting into town on an exceedingly plump horse, though it must be a pretty common one, for they have it modelled in coloured terra-cotta in every second shop-window in the Calle de las Sierpes at Seville. Brigands he hardly counted on, but contrabandistas seem to be much more scarce, or more undistinguishable from the rest of the population, than he had been led to believe. The only one he has seen, to know him, was the waiter of his hotel, who offered him a rare chance of genuine Gibraltar cigars at two reals a-piece. And, above all, though he has been constantly on the look-out for it, he has never once seen an instance of the original use of the cuchillo or navaja, or observed that national weapon employed for any purpose except slitting up melons, or slicing bread and sausages; and therefore he feels he has been, to some extent, taken in by the hawker who induced him to buy one of those knives when the train stopped at Albacete.

This kind of disappointment may be easily accounted for. The fact is, Spain is now in a transition state. We do not, of course, allude to the events which have recently made Spanish news one of our regular items of daily intelligence, though there is a close connection between those events and the transition in question. But that change which Ford foresaw, and over which he used to grow half pathetic at times as he foresaw it, has already commenced. The old saying that Africa began at the Pyrenees is no longer true, except in a physico-geographical sense. Spain is becoming Europeanised, and, all things considered, the process is going on with remarkable rapidity. The national peculiarities and characteristics are every day losing their sharpness of definition and outline; and "españolismo" of every sort is growing less decided and pronounced. As straws will show which way the wind sets, so a matter as trifling as costume may serve to indicate the direction of a movement of this kind. The disappearance of the mantilla has been of late frequently deplored by writers of travels in Spain, but the mantilla is an article of dress, the preservation of which depends on a portion of the community, in dress matters always the reverse of conservative, the women—that is to say, the ladies—of the middle and upper classes. It would ere this have disappeared *in toto*, to make way for bonnets of the newest Paris môde, but for Church protection, which made it an essential part of the "go-to-meetin's" of decorous Spanish dames, helped, it may be, in some degree by an instinctive feeling that it was rather becoming. A fairer case is that of the original sombrero, the black velvet hat with the turned-up brim, of which our once fashionable "pork-pie" was a feeble and cockney imitation—the hat which, with certain variations of crown and brim, was the ordinary hat of central and southern Spain. It is everywhere rapidly giving way to the cosmopolitan felt wide-awake. Even within the last twelve months any one studying the heads of the people might have remarked a decided change in this respect. Not long ago, at a fair in a remote village of Andalusia, we noticed the booth of an itinerant sombrerero. For one of the old-fashioned hats he seemed to have at least two of the wide-awake species in stock. The wide-awake is found to be far cheaper, more



A DILIGENCE ON THE ROAD TO GRANADA.

durable, and probably more comfortable, and so—alas! for the picturesque—it takes the place of the distinctive national head-dress.

It would be difficult to overrate railways as agents in effecting changes of this sort. Their action is illustrated in this case of the wide-awake; not only do they introduce the new article itself, but they introduce also the wearers of it, practical illustrations of its use, and, by familiarising the eye with the new fashion, sap the prejudice in favour of the old. The traveller, therefore, who follows the railway lines in quest of the Spain he has so often read of, seen painted, and heard described, does very much the same thing as one who wanted to see forest scenery and followed in the track of a tornado. The storm has smoothed the way for him admirably; thanks to it, he gets on much more quickly and easily than he otherwise could have done; but the worst of it is, it has swept away the very things he came to see. In no country of Europe could the operation of railways in this way be more decisive and unmistakable than in Spain. It is not merely that they have, in effect, done away with the Pyrenees: for now there is some truth in the saying, "Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées." Spain is seamed all over with internal chains of Pyrenees, natural and artificial, and these the ruthless railway is tunnelling and levelling in every direction, with its usual disregard of the picturesque and the æsthetic, of sentiment and artistic feeling. A glance at the conditions under which traffic and locomotion flourished in Spain before railways came into operation, may help to convey some idea of the revolution which must necessarily be effected by them. In the first place, as to the roads. Of these there are several grades in Spain, beginning with the Caminos Reales, or great arterial highways, which, for the most part, branch from Madrid as from a centre. These, as far as they go, are generally excellent roads; no expense has been spared upon them, in construction at least, for they are well engineered and well made, and wherever they fail it is from parsimony in the matter of repairs. But though they go far in one sense, they are so few in number that they go a very little way towards opening up so vast a country as Spain. The cross-roads are generally infamous. Most of them are what may be called self-made roads, whose only merit is that they present no insuperable obstacle to the passage of a stoutly-made country cart. Of late years, in the south especially, a few good cross-roads have been laid down, and some finished in as good style as the Caminos Reales, but many a one that begins fairly ends foully, and, *formosa superne*, tails off somewhat in the manner described by the poet. These are the roads proper, distinguished by the Spaniards by the general title of *carretéra*, a track that may, can, or might be followed by things on wheels. For the rest, and by a good deal the larger portion of the surface of the Peninsula, mere mule-paths are the connecting links between point and point, and when a Spanish peasant, in answer to a question about the way, says there is a camino, "*pero no carretéra*," the traveller of any experience in the ways of Spain knows that, in all probability, it will tax his eyesight to distinguish his road from the bare plain or the rough mountain-side which it crosses. The vehicles, of course, are governed by the roads. In pre-locomotive Spain, the greater part of the transport of person and property was done on horse or mule-back, as a considerable part still is, particularly in the south, for the arriero has not yet gone the way of the stage-coachman and waggoner, and he, and his long gun, and his string of mules, with towering packs that make them look like camels in the twilight, are still common objects on the byways of Andalusia. On the carretéra there is the carro, a clumsy country cart, with a tilt of reeds, which conveys goods of all kinds, and frequently a traveller or two of the poorer sort. For the better class of travellers, where the demand is sufficient, there are galeras and gondolas, vehicles which are generally something like a cross-breed between an omnibus and a waggon, the features of one parent or the other predominating, according to circumstances, and which in some instances ply regularly, in others, start, "God willing," like the Hawes Fly in "The Antiquary," or as soon as a sufficient load of passengers has turned up. These prevail rather in Andalusia and the south generally. In Estremadura, Leon, and Gallicia, their place is supplied by public conveyances of various builds, vaguely called "coches;" but coches, gondolas, or galeras all agree in going at the slowest rate that can be called a pace, and doing all that in them lies to keep those people at home who are not forced to travel by inexorable necessity.

But the vehicle, *par excellence*, of Spain is the Diligencia, which answers to our stage coach and the French diligence. Answered, we ought to say, for, like its prototypes, it is now all but extinct. It lingers, indeed, in all its old form on some few roads, as, for instance, on the road between Oviedo and Leon, on the great north-western road between Astorga and Lugo and Coruña, and (somewhat modified and Gallicised) on the road between Gerona and Perpignan. But the railway is following hard upon its wheels, and it will have become a thing of the past long before the song of the arriero has died out among the hills of Spain. Peace go with it when it does go; of all public vehicles that ran upon wheels, it was the one that gave least peace to those who entrusted their persons to its conveyance. In build it is on the same principle as the French diligence, with a difference, however. The French diligence is not a carriage remarkable for comfort, but in all the particulars in which the French diligence makes an attempt in that direction, the Spanish is wholly inactive, besides being fertile in discomforts which are all its own. The windows either will not let down, or cannot be persuaded to stay up; wherever it is possible to insert a bolt, nut, screw, or other metal projection, in such a manner that it shall on every opportunity, at every jolt, and every time the passenger gets in or out, catch him on some tender portion of his frame, kneecap, shin, or elbow, and inflict sharp anguish, or, at least, tear his clothes—there the coachbuilder has unerringly inserted it. Where the human anatomy requires depressions there are knobs, and hollows where support is needed. The berlina, the coupé of the French diligence, has places for three, and is just endurable for two passengers, and the coupé, which corresponds to the banquette, and is the only place affording a chance of a view, fresh air, and freedom from dust, requires a special education to climb to, and get in or out of it. The apron in front is almost always a rigid and immovable structure, and the roof descends so low that the traveller has to slip himself in horizontally and edgeways, as if he were posting himself in a letter-box. When in, he can neither stretch out his legs nor yet bend them at any angle consistent with what is usually considered to be a sitting position, and his faculties are absorbed in the struggle to keep his skull from being dashed against the frame of the folding window, which hangs within about an inch of his forehead. It is under such circumstances that the scenery of Spain has been contemplated, *in transitu*, by many English travellers. As to the other compartments.

the rotonda and interior, travelling in them is simply a process of slow cookery, wherein you are baked, stewed, and plentifully dusted, as if for the table of some fanciful ogre. Being the popular portions, they are usually packed to the extreme limit of packing, and indeed, as a general rule, the load of a Spanish diligence is like an honest measure of periwinkles, just as many as can be got into it and heaped on it without falling off. This, though it may seem disagreeable with the thermometer verging on ninety degrees, is really an advantage, as it counteracts the bumps, jolts, and bounds of the vehicle: especially when an incident happens which is not altogether uncommon in Spain. Among the many wise proverbs which Spaniards repeat, but do not always act upon, is one nearly equivalent to our "Stitch in time" saw: "Quien no adoba gotera adoba casa entera"—"He who won't repair the gutter will have to repair the whole house." Now and then, for the want of a little timely repair, ruts deepen into holes, and holes spread into quags, and the road becomes so hopelessly bad and impracticable that the diligence is forced to leave it altogether, and make to itself a provisional road at one side, along which it jogs as best it may, trusting to its strength of constitution and materials to escape being shaken to pieces. It will be observed that this kind of casualty is not confined to roads and diligences.

The Spanish diligence is on the whole a queer, wild, uncouth sort of conveyance, but not without certain elements of the picturesque about it. The team consists of from eight to a dozen horses and mules mixed, the latter generally predominating, with, perhaps, in the case of a steep ascent or stiff mountain pass, a yoke or so of oxen added on. The direction is in the hands of a mayoral, who sits on the box and holds the ribbons, which are in fact ropes, and of a postillion, the "adelantero," which title may be translated, and, in one sense, cannot be better translated than by "goer-ahead," for he does indeed go ahead. He is generally a boy, an imp of imps, and he has the faculty of eating, drinking, smoking, sleeping (if, indeed, he ever does sleep) in the saddle, at a hand-gallop, and all the while keeping up a steady flow of bad language. In the best-regulated diligences these two officers are assisted by a third, who is of the diligence rather than on it, and performs nine-tenths of the journey on foot. His business is to race alongside of the team and encourage, by oaths and blows, those animals whose middle position protects them from the whip of the adelantero at one end, and of the mayoral at the other. His qualifications are speed, wind, endurance, and agility, the last especially, for all diligence mules make a point of lashing out at his head the moment they catch sight of him; and he is called "el zagal," an Arabic term meaning "the active youth." When the administration is not able to afford the salary of this supernumerary, the mayoral has nothing for it but at every halt to form a small geological museum of broken stone, which he keeps on the foot-board, and out of which he deals, with unerring aim, stimulants at the heads and quarters of those animals that seem to require them. But these are not the only stimulants he relies on. From the time he takes his seat till he quits it he is never, not even for a second, silent. An unceasing stream of exhortation flows from his lips, and from those of his subordinates. Every horse or mule has a name, and by that name each is appealed to, from time to time, by each of the officials, in tones that range from mild remonstrance upwards, interspersed with ejaculations more or less intelligible. Thus, from morning till night, or from night till morning—for much of the Spanish diligence-travelling is done by night—there goes on a continual cry, without stops or pauses, of "Granadina Granadina Grana-deena anda anda anda an-daa idda idda idda idda," with a good deal more which cannot be imitated, reproduced, or translated. For diligence language deals freely with the more recondite expletives of Spanish, and is in this respect only inferior to the language of the ordinary Spanish peasant, which, even in the bosom of his family, is often so curiously and grotesquely filthy, that it is but charitable to suppose that the real meaning has become obliterated by constant use, like the inscription on an old coin.

Such is—or, alas! we may now almost say was—the diligencia of Spain: to the lover of things wild, picturesque, bizarre, and semi-barbarous, a most charming vehicle, as it speeds along in its mad career over mountain and plain, now spinning giddily down the zigzags of the wild sierra road, now sending a gleam from its one lamp over the bare, treeless, houseless steppes; now lighting up the sharp spears of the aloes and fantastic forms of the cactuses on the roadside, and presenting uncouth bandits to the imaginations of timid travellers; now tearing up the narrow street of the little town, with apparently not more than six inches to spare on each side, on to the plaza and the parador, where, with much congratulatory whinnying, the smoking team hurries in through the archway, and the drowsy muleteers, wrapped in their mantas, shake themselves together, and grumble something about the coche being in early to-night.

But to persons devoid of a strong feeling for the picturesque, or an indomitable passion for travelling—and your Spaniard is of all men the least liable to these weaknesses—the diligencia is undeniably a conveyance that holds out slight inducements to gadding about; and when it is considered that until late years this was the best, most comfortable, and most civilised means of locomotion open to the inhabitants of the Peninsula, it is not difficult to understand why they saw but little of one another or of the rest of the world.

In any country the stride from road to rail is necessarily great, but from such a system as that we have been endeavouring to describe, to a railway system even as defective as that of Spain, it is immense. The Spanish railway system does not, indeed, make a very splendid show compared with those of England, France, Germany, or Belgium, but it is extensive, considering the disadvantages under which it labours, and it has made remarkable progress towards completeness within the last four or five years. Of all the towns of the first importance, Granada is now the only one which has not an unbroken railway communication with the capital and with Europe; and this it probably would have had, but for the ill-judged partiality of Narvaez, who supported the impracticable scheme of a line to pass through his native town of Loja, in preference to the natural and direct one through Jaen. Salamanca will soon be joined with the Great Northern line at Medina del Campo. Oviedo, cut off by the vast barriers of the Asturian Pyrenees, whose lowest passes are about 6,000 feet in height, may have to wait some years. But the railroad has already reached the foot of the western spurs that separate Leon from Gallicia, and before long Lugo, Vigo, Pontevedra, and Coruña, at present about the most out-of-the-way places in Europe, will be on the great high road to anywhere, and perhaps the most fertile, thickly populated, and industrious

part of Spain will be thoroughly opened up, to its own advantage and that of the rest of the Peninsula.

It is notorious that, so far, Spanish railways are failures commercially, and, indeed, it would be strange if they were successes. What we have already said about the roads and means of communication in Spain will account for one of the difficulties with which they have to contend. They are starved for the want of feeders. This alone would be enough to explain the fact that they do not pay; but to this must be added a number of other considerations, such as the unsettled state of the country; the want of confidence; the slackness of business; the very novelty of such things as railways, and the want of preparation for them; so that, on the whole, it is wonderful, not that they cannot produce dividends, but that they can maintain an existence. Fortunately, however, for the interests of the travelling public, owners of railway property are like men on the treadmill—they must keep the thing going; and it is—for the present, at least—to this necessity that Spain is indebted for the keeping up of a tolerably effective railway system. That Spanish railways will pay in time is as little doubtful as that there are in the country the forces to make them pay. How long it may be before these forces are brought to bear is another matter. For the present the Spanish railway shareholder must content himself with the consolatory axiom of "Live horse and you'll get grass."

But here we have to do not so much with the prospects of railways in Spain as commercial speculations, as with their effects on Spanish life, Spanish ways and habits. That these effects are already marked has been shown above; that they are not even more so is due to the causes to which we have just referred. Few of the lines can afford to run more than two trains daily each way, except on short lengths, such as between Madrid and Aranjuez, Barcelona and Martorell, or Valencia and Jativa. The small country stations in many places have already a semi-ruinous look, and the service is frequently on starvation allowance in way of an adequate staff of officials. The trains are, however, in general, tolerably regular; the pace, all things considered, reasonably good; and the carriages, though sometimes a trifle out of repair, are tor



POSTILLIONS.

the most quite as comfortable as those on any continental railway, and, of course, twice as comfortable as English carriages. But, in truth, England always excepted, railways are much the same everywhere; and railway travellers partake in a considerable degree of the sameness of the conveyance. First class is simply first class all the world over, nor do the seconds of one country differ much from the seconds of another. In Spain, it is not till we come to the third class that there is anything very peculiar to be observed in the composition of the cargo of passengers carried by a railway train. The first thing that will strike the stranger is the large proportion, far larger than in any other country, of third class passengers. This is perhaps natural in a country of small incomes, but still it is remarkable that the Spanish peasant should, in so short a time, have taken so kindly to the railway, and adapted himself so thoroughly to its ways. He has even caught up its peculiar language. He talks quite naturally now of "el misto," "el express," "el descendente," "el cinco cuarenta-cinco," &c., precisely in the style of an Iberian Bradshaw. This may, perhaps, argue an advance in the direction of cosmopolitanism, but the Spanish third class is still sufficiently Spanish and racy of the soil to make it worth the occasional study of the traveller. No tourist in Spain who wants to see the people should omit making a third class journey or two; that is, unless he has an insuperable objection to noise and crowding, for on these he may safely calculate. In Andalusia two out of every three of his travelling companions will be provided with guitars, and all will be addicted to singing, or rather droning the monotonous chant which passes for singing with the Spaniard of the south. There will be—no one ever saw a Spanish third class without it—a batch of soldiers on furlough; merry, good-tempered young fellows, no doubt, but very much given to horse-play and making a row. Then, some of the third class ways are not conducive to comfort. The Spanish third class traveller always has the strongest possible objection to entrusting to the luggage-van any impedimenta he may carry, and may be seen sometimes, regardless of a frantic public behind him, trying to squeeze through the door of the carriage a bale which looks suspiciously like a bed. Thus, a quantity of miscellaneous property, and a number of incongruous articles, which form most undesirable travelling companions, find their way into a third class compartment. Then, whether to save time or to kill it, the third class, no matter how short the journey may be, treats it as a favourable opportunity for making a meal. No sooner is the train off than out comes the fiambrera—the round tin box without which no Spanish peasant ever travels—and, with the courteous invitation of "gustan ustedes" to the company, an odour of stockfish, oil, and garlic is let out, so strong, that a score of cigarettes, all going together, can make no impression on it. These may be drawbacks, but still the experiment is worth making. To the tourist doing the beaten round of Spain—living in hotels, dining at table-d'hôtes, and taking his walks abroad under the guidance of a commissionaire—it is about the only chance he has of seeing the people *pur et simple*, and it will probably serve to correct some of his preconceived notions about them. One it will be pretty sure to modify. He has probably been told that the Spaniard is habitually staid and dignified, solemn and taciturn. The chances are that he will hear more merriment, more chatter, more jokes—some a trifle coarse, it may be—and, altogether, more noise in a Spanish third class railway carriage in half an hour, than he would have heard in a week's travelling on the other side of the Pyrenees.



INTERIOR OF THIRD CLASS RAILWAY CARRIAGE IN SPAIN.



TRAVELLING IN MADAGASCAR: THE TACON.

A Bird's-eye View of Madagascar.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. D. CHARNAY.

CHAPTER I.

MADAGASCAR — TAMATAVE — HOVAS AND MADEGASSES — HISTORICAL RETROSPECT — RAMAR AND RASOLO — JULIETTE FICHE — WALK THROUGH TAMATAVE—MARMITES—MADAGASCAR HOUSES.

THE traveller who has passed along the beautiful shores of Mauritius and Bourbon, shadowed by the basaltic rocks of the Peter-Botte mountain and the lofty summits of the Sallazes, is but slightly impressed by the aspect of Madagascar at Tamatave. Seen from a distance, the coast presents the appearance of a flat expanse of white sand, dotted here and there with the peculiar vegetation of the *Pandani*, or screw pines. Driven by the east winds, the sea breaks with loud roar on the beach, and the blue line of the Tananarivo mountains is scarcely visible on the horizon.

On a nearer approach the panorama opens out; the tops of palm trees waving in the breeze and the roofs of the taller houses emerge into view, and at last the numerous cottages which compose the city of Tamatave stand out clearly before the gaze of the traveller.

Situated to the south-east of the continent of Africa, from which it is separated by the Mozambique Channel, Madagascar stretches from the 12th to the 26th degrees of south latitude, and from the 44th to the 51st degrees of east longitude, extending about 900 miles in length, with a maximum breadth of 280 miles. Its superficial area is at least equal to that of France, while its population appears, from recent computations, not to exceed 2,000,000—it is, in fact, almost a desert.

The history of the island may be dismissed in a few words. Madagascar was discovered by the Portuguese in 1506, but immediately abandoned. Subsequently the French visited it, and since the time when Louis XIII. granted a charter to the Indian company, the great African island has been the object of many French expeditions. Attempts were made under successive monarchs to colonise it; the Republic pursued the same course; the First Empire was equally interested in this project; during the Restoration, and in the reign of Louis-Philippe, governors, soldiers, and sailors were sent out; there was, in short, a continual occupation by the French, which seems to leave no doubt in their minds as to their right of possession. Madagascar, however, never entirely passed under French dominion; and though the names of Saint Laurent, Dauphine, and Eastern France were successively bestowed upon the island, it has finally resumed that of Madagascar. Its first explorers described its inhabitants as a gay and happy people, delighting in games and dances, and every village resounding with songs and laughter. The native was *then* free; he rejoiced in the

fact of existence, and in the simple and easy condition of life in which he was placed. Even now, in spite of forty years of oppression, he endeavours to smile—he still sings and dances in his brief intervals of respite from the persecution of the conquering race, the Hovas.

We must devote a few lines to an account of these conquerors. Madagascar is peopled by two distinct races, the Madegasses or natives, and the Hovas. The former, whether Sakalave, Betsimsaraka, or Antankara, are black, more or less modified by mixture with Caffres, the natives of the Mozambique, and the immigrant Arabs. Tall, strong, and savage, they have been able in the south and south-east to preserve their independence. On the east coast the Betsimsaraka, gentler, more devoted to pleasure, and slighter in form, were the first to lose their liberty. In the north the Antankara, robust, strongly built, and more resembling the natives of Mozambique, still continue the struggle for liberty, and seek in inaccessible parts of the interior, or in the islands on the coast, a refuge from the tyranny of the Hovas. The latter, who are of Malay origin, arrived on the eastern coast of the island at a very early period, and having been driven into the interior by the natives, established themselves on the central plateau of Emerina. The fate of this colony was remarkable. At first, regarded by the Madegasses as an outcast race, everything they touched was considered impure, and the cottage which a Hova had slept in was burned. Isolated in their wild retreat, the outcasts transformed the magnificent plain of Emerina into a desert, fired the forests which might otherwise have afforded concealment to an enemy, and to be secure from surprise, erected their villages on hillocks in the plain. Subsequently, however, as an overture to a peace which they so much required, and as a tribute to the Madegasses, whom they acknowledged as masters, the Hovas brought rice, maize, and other products of their industry to the boundary of the forests, whither the others came to receive them. These years of oppression had an injurious effect upon the character of the Hova; he became sullen, suspicious, cunning, cruel, and treacherous, and when, towards the end of the last century, a man named Andrianamponine invited them to shake off the yoke, he found it only necessary to collect the various tribes into an army. The desire of power and thirst for revenge had made them already soldiers in heart. It is now thirty years since the Hovas became masters of a portion of Madagascar. During these thirty years they have decimated the unfortunate natives, and exercised without pity the rights of conquest. Tamatave is the chief seat of their power on the east coast; there they exercise unlimited authority over the black population, but are less overbearing towards the whites with whom they come in contact.

Immediately on our arrival a canoe paddled by blacks came alongside our vessel, containing the official visitors, namely, Ramar, the chief of police, accompanied by two subordinates. This personage presented a most absurd appearance; his costume was composed of an old fireman's coat, surmounted by a pair of enormous naval epaulettes, dark-coloured pantaloons with gold stripes, and on his head a general's plumed hat. From the fit of the garments we easily perceived that they had been purchased at some second-hand dealer's in Tamatave. The Hova chief carried, moreover, in one hand an old curved sabre, and in the other flourished a rather dirty checked handkerchief, evidently intended rather for ornament than use. His aides-de-camp were distinguished by immense gold epaulettes and caps which had belonged to officers in the English navy. The visit was of short duration. Ramar, left alone on deck, became quite furious at the laughter excited by his extraordinary appearance, and hastily re-embarked in his canoe. Rasolo, aide-de-camp of the governor of Tamatave, also paid us a visit dressed in similar grotesque costume.

On the afternoon of the same day, August 2nd, 1863, we landed, and went to pay our respects to Juliette Fiche, a Madegasse by birth, and lately become a Hova princess. She was then about fifty years of age, tall, and proportionally stout, with intelligent and expressive eyes, and a pleasing smile, which disclosed a set of teeth of pearly whiteness. Regarded as the special patroness of the French at Tamatave, her benevolence and charity obtained her the honour of a medal from the French Emperor. She received us in her cottage with much kindness. It is the nearest house to the shore, and is visited by all new comers. Her conversation is even more striking than her appearance, and it is truly surprising to meet, so far from all literary circles, with a coloured lady capable of conversing with ease and intelligence, in remarkably correct language, on literary as well as political subjects.

Tamatave has the appearance of a large village, and consisting merely of an agglomeration of huts, is quite unworthy to be called a town. We commenced by exploring the principal street, which is a long and narrow avenue, bordered with slight wooden stakes, forming enclosures round the houses scattered along each side. We were sheltered at intervals from the heat of the sun by the large leaves of the palm tree, or by mulberry trees laden with ripe fruit. On the right the English flag waves over the Consulate, and a little further, on the same side, we come to a high wooden building, the residence of the Madegasse Rothschild, the agent of the Hovas for the sale of cattle. Passing several eating houses, we arrived at the Madegasse quarter, where the style of the houses is quite different from that of the rest of the town. The buildings, which all appear neat and clean, are entirely constructed of the bark and leaves of the Ravenal *(Urania speciosa)*. A number of pretty girls were smiling and showing their beautiful teeth, while the men uttered cries of "Marmites, marmites," which means in English, "Do you want a porter?" Now and then a Hova, passing with uncertain steps, sidelong glance, and sinister smile, wished us a good morning. The heterogeneous contents of the modest shops were displayed upon the thresholds. They consisted of large baskets of dried locusts, empty bottles, a few English printed cottons, some diminutive fish, blue-headed parrots, black, white, and ringtailed lemur monkeys, large black parroquets, immense bundles of leaves used as table-cloths, fruits, sweet potatoes, yams and bananas, mats, and finally the eternal casks of *betsabetza*, which is a liquor made of the fermented juice of the sugar-cane, mixed with bitter herbs. We thought it detestable, but the Madegasses consider it delicious. The increasing animation of the streets showed us that we were gradually approaching the market or bazaar.

A hideous Chinaman, addressing us in barbarous French, enticed us into his shop, which was a perfect chaos, and of which the owner himself was the most remarkable object. He was much astonished at our not purchasing any of his

wares; we exchanged, however, several piastres for small silver pieces. The only coins of the country are small portions of five-franc pieces, which they weigh with extraordinary accuracy. We then went on to the bazaar, where, under sheds of a very dirty appearance and only a few feet raised from the ground, were collected the aristocratic shops of the conquerors —in fact nearly all the shopkeepers were Hovas. They sit cross-legged, like Turks, and conduct the sale of the various articles spread out before them, weights and scales, salt, stuffs, old cutlery, meat, &c. The atmosphere is tainted by the carcases of animals slaughtered upon the spot, which, becoming putrefied by the heat, attract clouds of flies. We continued our way along the street which opened into the country, passing the modest establishment of the Jesuit fathers, which on this side marks the boundary of Tamatave. Opposite is the battery or fortress, with its flagstaff, from which floats the white pennant of the reigning monarch, bearing the inscription, "Rasuaherina, panjaka ny Madagascar" (Rasuaherina, Queen of Madagascar). Below it is the residence of the commandant, his Excellency Andrian-Mandrosso, formerly cowherd, and now a Hova prince.

The country around seems a perfect desert, interspersed with swamps, and even in the centre of the town there are large pools of stagnant water, which spread a poisonous miasma through the neighbourhood. We now thought it time to return, and turning to the left, traversed the entire town, passing along a sort of suburb in which the houses were smaller and meaner in appearance than those we had hitherto seen, and so placed as to form a labyrinth, from which we had some difficulty in extricating ourselves. We were anxious to leave this quarter as quickly as possible, on account of the equivocal appearance of its inhabitants, and at about three o'clock we reached the residence of one of our new friends.

The house inhabited by Mr. B. is one of the most elegant in Tamatave. Built in the Madegasse style, of which it is an excellent specimen, it is situated in the middle of a court covered with fine sand, and shaded by evergreen mangoes, and a number of orange trees fill the air with their delightful perfume. Around the enclosure there are some smaller cottages for the use of friends, besides the kitchen and sleeping-rooms for the servants and slaves. The house itself is built on posts, which raise it about twelve inches from the ground; the walls are composed of bamboos lashed together, the floor and roof of planks of *rafia* tree, and the latter is covered with a light thatch of ravenal leaves. The interior, like most Madegasse houses, is divided into two compartments, each of which is hung with leaves for tapestry, while the floor is covered with rush mats, always clean and fresh. It is altogether a charming retreat, and we fully enjoyed the rest it afforded us after our long and fatiguing walk.

CHAPTER II.

THE TACON—THE BAY OF YVONDROU—THE SEA COAST—A STORM—THE FORESTS—VISIT TO CLEMENT LABORDE—A MADEGASSE BREAKFAST—APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY—NATIVE DANCES.

THE following day we were to visit M. Clement Laborde, whose house is situated on a range of hills running along the coast, about eight miles from Tamatave. Rising at an early hour, we found the sky black with clouds; the rain was falling in torrents, and the hut shook under the gusts of wind. In spite of these obstacles, we determined to set out, and distributed our luggage amongst the marmites (porters) who were to convey it. There is only one vehicle, called a *tacon*, used in Madagascar. It consists of a chair placed on a litter, and is so light that four men can easily carry it on their shoulders, unless the traveller be unusually heavy. As there are no roads in Madagascar, it would be impossible for a carriage to penetrate into the interior—in fact, the Madegasses have no quadrupeds except oxen, and look on a horse as a curiosity. For a long journey one requires quite an army of porters. Twelve are allowed to each tacon, and twenty-five or thirty more to carry the traveller's luggage and provisions, so that a party of ten would have at least four hundred natives in their train. Our excursion being a short one, we had only eight men each.

We set out, wrapped in mackintosh cloaks, and with our hats drawn down over our eyes, to keep out the blinding rain. Our porters trotted along without minding it in the least, beating time with their steps, and at intervals uttering strange cries, which were answered by the others. We soon came on the shore of the little bay of Yvondrou. Here the wind redoubled its violence, and the sea was magnificent, rolling in mountain-high, breaking furiously on the coral rocks of Point Hastie, and finally spending itself in white foam. Its fearful roar drowned our voices, while our bearers were covered with spray and sand. Leaving with regret this splendid sight, which made us forget for a moment the discomforts of our position, we turned to the right, and went towards the interior, passing over downs covered with the curious vegetation of the vacoas (*Pandanus utilis*), a plant belonging to the palm family, and known by the English term of "screw-pine." Its appearance is peculiar. The trunk, which is covered with a smooth bark, generally divides into three branches at a height of about six to seven feet, and each branch dividing again near the top forms a large head, from which hangs, like dishevelled hair, huge fleshy leaves split down the middle. These leaves supply a strong thread, and are used, when split, for making bags. The vacoa does not exceed thirty feet in height.

The storm now ceased, the rain cleared off, and was succeeded by bright sunshine, and we exemplified the truth of the fable of "the sun and the wind," by raising our battered hats, throwing off our heavy cloaks, and enjoying the genial warmth of the sun. Nature awoke fresh and beautiful, the grass and shrubs threw off the wet which weighed down their leaves, numberless flowers opened their petals to the sun, and the lemon trees shed a delightful perfume around our path.

An undulating plain spread out before us, intersected by streams and marshes, through which our bearers waded, splashing the water and uttering wild cries. They scarcely seemed to feel the weight of our light *tacons*, and hastened along at a rapid pace in hopes of receiving a reward in the shape of rum or betza-betza. We soon reached the commencement of the woods through which our path lay, and had some difficulty in forcing our way through the luxuriant vegetation. The vacoa raises its conical head above the dwarf palms; the mahogany-coloured *Nath* mingles its branches with those of the white-barked copal-tree and the red-wooded *Indramena*. The plaintive note of a species of cuckoo was the only sound which



RAVENAL TREES.

disturbed the silence. Presently we emerged again upon the plain, which in this part is covered with long thick grass that nearly covered our bearers. As we advanced, the swamps became wider and deeper, and we felt far from comfortable on our unsteady seats, which were sometimes raised above the heads of our bearers, as they sank up to the shoulders in the muddy liquid, and it was only by great care and skilfulness that they succeeded in bringing us safely through. We reached at last the commencement of the hills, and about 12 o'clock we came to M. Laborde's house, which is on a plateau commanding an extensive view of the country. In front was a wide belt of forest, beyond which lay the sandy plain of Tamatave, with the sea in the distance. Towards the interior a succession of hills and mounds, not unlike monstrous beaver-huts, separated from each other by ponds or marshes, gradually rise till they join the central chain. A few blackened trunks, which have escaped the conflagrations, give a melancholy air to the country. We noticed the same appearance of silence and desolation in every part of the island under the rule of the Hovas. Near the house, however, all was life and movement; slaves were pounding and winnowing rice, bright fires were burning in the kitchen, and a number of pretty servant-girls in gay-coloured dresses were running about laughing and shouting while they prepared the dishes.

Our host conducted us into the principal room in the house, where breakfast was prepared in the Madagascar fashion. Large round leaves of a bright green were arranged in the shape of a square, round which we seated ourselves. In the middle of the table, on a plateau also covered with ravenal leaves, there was a smoking pyramid of snow-white rice, which the Madegasses use as bread. We had square pieces of leaves for plates, and other leaves did duty for forks and glasses. It would be difficult to explain how a leaf can be applied to so many different purposes, but the natives make use of them in these and many other ways besides.

The Ravenal, or "traveller's tree," is one of the most valuable vegetable productions of Madagascar. Its leaves, as we have just observed, are used for table-cloths on which to serve the rice, for spoons to eat it with, and for cups to contain liquids; in addition to which they also use them for scoops to bale out their canoes. When split, the leaves make an excellent thatch, the walls of the huts are composed of the bark, and the trunk of the tree furnishes the posts which support the building. The name of "traveller's tree" is given to it on the supposition that it is an invaluable resource to the thirsty wayfarer; but as it generally grows close to the water, where the traveller can find an ample supply to quench his thirst, this epithet appears to me somewhat misplaced. But to return to the breakfast, the second course was served in European fashion, and we exchanged our primitive cups and plates for English china and champagne glasses, which our native cup-bearer filled with the sparkling beverage of Moet.

There was a general holiday in honour of our arrival. An allowance of rum was distributed amongst the slaves, domestics, and bearers, who impatiently awaited the signal to commence their dances, striking the bamboo instruments which they carried in their hands. At a sign from their master, they entered the hall where we were seated, and squatted down in a circle, leaving a space clear for the dancers. First came a woman, neither fair nor pretty, but her black eyes sparkled with joyous animation, and a broad smile covered her face with dimples and displayed a row of pearly teeth. Her robust but not inelegant figure was well displayed by her costume, which consisted of a blue bodice and a full white skirt with showy yellow flowers; between the two a strip of her bronze skin was visible. The Madegasses began by singing in chorus; some accompanied themselves on bamboos, and others beat time with their hands, and the dancer commenced a "bird dance." She first advanced with her body bent forward and her arms extended like an ancient sibyl, and striking the ground with her feet. Then she waved her arms backwards and forwards, up and down, and seemed to make an attempt to fly. The accompaniment now became louder, the voices rose, and the hands were beaten more vigorously. The dancer redoubled her efforts, her body remained quiet while she waved her arms like wings; then, apparently in a fit of impatience, she ran panting round the circle, stamping violently, and her arms, hands, and fingers seeming to twist convulsively. At last she stopped, overcome, amid our loud applause. A male performer now rose to exhibit the rice dance, but as this required more space, we enlarged the circle. The dancer was almost naked; a long strip of white calico artistically wound round his loins was his only clothing. He was a handsome, vigorous-looking man, with an elegant and muscular frame, full of natural grace. He was accompanied in the same primitive manner by the hands and voices of his companions.

We must remind our readers that in Madagascar, as well as in some parts of America, the natives burn down the forests in order to plant rice or maize, which they do not scatter, but drop into holes in the ground, and there leave them till harvest.

In Madagascar they finish the seed-sowing by an invocation, which we will now describe. In the middle of the piece of ground which has been sown they place a portion of cooked meat on a round leaf, also a little money, and some bamboos filled with betza-betza. The head of the family, surrounded by his relations, then advances and invokes, one by one, the spirits of their deceased relatives (who have died a natural death), often to the number of five or six hundred, and finishes his prayer in these words: "If I have made any omission, I pray those whom I have forgotten to pardon me, and I beg them to come and partake of the offering which I have made to the good spirits, for I call only on them; and I trust in the support of Zanahar-be (the great spirit) to assist me and mine, for he only is our master."

The dancer commenced his performance by representing the cutting down of the woods—the crash of the hatchet and the falling of the trees—in a pantomime which we understood perfectly. Next came the burning of the fallen forest—the crackling of the wood, the roaring of the flame, while the dancer kept time with the music. He then proceeded to the planting of the rice, running round the circle with regular bounds, equal to the distance which the sower leaves between each hole. He afterwards appeared to bury the grain, and cover it up, and, returning to the middle of the circle, addressed his invocation to the spirits. The performer was applauded during the progress of the dance, and at its conclusion there was another distribution of rum, and M. Clement Laborde brought the day's entertainment to a close by a *pas seul* of his own, which he had performed at Tananarivo before poor Radama II.

CHAPTER III.

YVONDROU—FERDINAND FICHE—THE BETSIMSARAKAS AND BETANIMENES—THE LAKES—AMBAVARANO—THE KABAR—MADAGASCAR HOSPITALITY—THE YOUNG GIRLS.

Our second expedition was to Yvondrou, a village which was formerly of some importance, situated about ten miles south of Tamatave, and on the river of the same name. It was the ancient residence of a Madagascar prince, and commands the entrance of the lakes, which extend upwards of 200 miles to the south, as well as the road to the capital, Tananarivo, on which it forms the first stage. Our host and guide, Ferdinand Fiche, is the son of Prince Fiche and Juliette, of whom we have already spoken. He was educated at Paris, and is, undoubtedly, the best educated man in Madagascar. His manner is rather sombre, and it is necessary to know him in order to appreciate the amiability of his character. Mme. Ida Pfeiffer has represented him as an ill-bred bear, but she did not understand the peculiarities of his disposition, nor make allowance for the sufferings endured by a man of education humiliated by the vile tyranny of the Hovas. In fact, the only fault I found in Ferdinand Fiche, was the very rare one of too great modesty, which made him appear to disadvantage before strangers, often much his inferiors.

Our tacons had brought us to the edge of the little bay on which the village stands, and having breakfasted there, we embarked in canoes, which Ferdinand had placed at our disposal, intending to explore the lakes, and, if time permitted, to push on as far as Andevorande. Our three beautiful canoes had each sixteen paddlers, and were supplied in princely style with every requisite for a voyage of several days. We had all kinds of provisions, champagne, French wines, English beer, &c. We were also provided with guns, and the canoes were covered with awnings, in case of bad weather. Our departure was very gay, and we set out delighted with the appearance of the country and the kindness of our host's reception, and hoping at every step to gain information about this strange and interesting country, almost new to the eyes of European travellers. It requires a certain amount of skill to navigate a canoe. It is so light that it is necessary for every one to be careful in maintaining an equilibrium, and at first we felt a little uneasy as the wind agitated the surface of the water; but our rowers moved in perfect unison, and we flew along like the wind. We soon reached the middle of the river, where Ferdinand pointed out to us a tongue of reddish earth, which had been the scene of one of the little dramas of their modern history. "You know," said he, "that the inhabitants of Madagascar bear the general name of Sakalaves; as to the appellation of Betsimsaraka, which belongs to us who live on the coast, it is a compound word, signifying a vast union of tribes, *be* meaning much, *tsi*, not, *msarak*, divided. The natives who live in the country and till the ground, we call Ambanvoulas, and we have, besides, the Betanimenes, a revolted tribe, who gained this epithet from a disgraceful defeat upon this tongue of land which we have just passed. The word Betanimène is derived from *be*, much; *tani*, earth; *mène*, red. For this tribe having been driven to this promontory, were pelted by their enemies with balls of red earth, and made objects of derision." This little anecdote explained to me why so many call themselves Betsimsarakas, and so few Betanimenes.

We now left the river Yvondrou, and entered the canal which joins it to the lakes. The vegetation of these marshy regions consists of the ravenal and rafia palm trees, and a species of gigantic salvia, which forms a line of dark verdure along the shore. On our right rose an elevated plain covered with magnificent forests. A number of ducks of all colours rose before our canoes, alarmed by the songs of the rowers; water-hens glided among the reeds; and noisy black parrots flew past in couples towards the forests. The scenery, however, is much less striking than that of the American lakes. There is nothing majestic about it, but the novelty of the peculiar vegetation, almost entirely herbaceous, excites a certain degree of admiration. The gay songs of our rowers, the sound of the canoe rustling through masses of nenufar (water-lilies), the large white and yellow flowers which enamelled the surface of the water, the joyful note of the vorontsaranony (a kind of king-fisher about the size of a humming bird, and of the same beautiful emerald and sapphire hues), all united to throw a veil of poetry over the scene.

When we were near Ambavarano, a little village built on a hill at the entrance of the lake Nossi-be (the lake of the islands), we sent onward one of the canoes to make preparations for us. On our arrival we found the place in a state of excitement, and one of the houses was being hastily cleared out for our reception. As soon as we were installed in it the chief men of the village came to welcome us, accompanied by several women, each carrying heaps of snow-white rice on ravenal leaves, and some dozens of fish. As they all seated themselves the little cottage was soon full, and we took part for the first time in a "kabar" (every kind of assembly is called a kabar, whether for the purposes of conversation or deliberation, or merely a reception, and nothing is done in Madagascar without this preliminary meeting). When all were arranged there was a minute's pause, and then the chief, mixing the rice and fish which the women had placed before him, addressed us in the following words:—"O Vasas (white men), you are welcome to our village. The cottage which shelters you is yours, and we are at your disposal. We are poor, O Vasas, but our offerings are from the heart; accept then, willingly, this rice which we have planted, and, these fishes, which come from our lakes, they are all we have to offer." Ferdinand, who had interpreted this little harangue, translated our answer also. He told them that we were much gratified by their generous hospitality, and presenting them with a dollar, some fish-hooks, and a few other trifles on a ravenal leaf, he added that we did not intend them as a return for their offerings, but begged them to accept these trifles in remembrance of our visit. We also gave them some glasses of arrack, in which they drank our health. Then recovering their gravity, one of them said—"We thank the noble strangers for their courtesy and for these presents they have made us. We are not accustomed to see either our masters, the Hovas, or the Vasa travellers treat us with so much kindness. We thank them, therefore, with all our hearts. When they leave the cottage which they have consecrated by their presence we will show their munificent gifts to our wives and children. Their kindness will never be forgotten by us, and tradition will hand down the remembrance of it to our descendants." We were really touched by the kindness and amiability of these poor people. The Hovas must have had easy work in subduing such a docile population, and the ferocity which they display on the slightest suspicion of rebellion can only be attributed to pure barbarity.

While Ferdinand's slaves were preparing supper we separated, some of our party going to explore the woods, while the others beat the reed-brakes on the shores of the lakes in search of ducks. We were not very successful, however. We found that the pintado, which we had heard was very common, is only to be found in the more remote forests, and we brought back nothing but some black parrots about the size of a fowl, which make an excellent stew, a few thrushes, and plenty of small paroquets about the size of sparrows. As to the makis (or lemur monkeys), we could not find one. There are but few large trees in these woods, the arboreal vegetation being choked by immense parasitical plants, many of which are exceedingly beautiful in form and colour. On our way back to the village we joined a party of young girls returning from the fountain. They were laden with enormous bamboos which contained a supply of fresh pure water; but the manner in which they carried them was very ungraceful. All in vain did we try to imagine a resemblance between the charming picture which antiquity presents to us of Rebecca and her companions with their graceful pitchers, and these Madegasse damsels carrying these reeds on their shoulders like a slave's burden. These women were dressed in coarse cloth, and looked poor and



A MADEGASSE WIDOW.

miserable. This is to be attributed to the frequent visits which the Hovas pay this village, which is on the high road to Tananarivo. The inhabitants are kept in constant fear of being plundered by their masters, and are subject to all kinds of exactions. If they build pretty huts they are burned down, and their stores of clothing and provisions taken from them, so that at last they have given themselves up to a gloomy despair, and no longer attempt to provide themselves with anything beyond the necessaries of life.



THE VACOA, OR SCREW-PINE, OF MADAGASCAR.

The climate of the coast of Madagascar near Tamatave is by no means pleasant. The country does not deserve the eulogium which have been lavished on its temperature and fertility; nor does it, on the other hand, merit the terrible surname of the Europeans' tomb, with which timid travellers have stigmatised it. The climate is damp and rainy, and, by turns, cold and burning hot. As to the dreadful fever, represented as a pitiless minotaur devouring the enterprising colonist or tourist, we must confess that in our frequent excursions, alternately exposed to the sun and rain, and often wet to the skin, none of us ever experienced the least symptom of it. Even at Tamatave, where there are upwards of three hundred European inhabitants, we were assured there had not been a single fatal case within the last two years.

Gold-Fields of South Africa.

THE discovery, or rather the re-discovery, of gold-diggings in the interior of Southern Africa is likely to produce the effect of adding greatly to our knowledge of a part of the continent hitherto very little known. Already numerous parties have left England—adventurous young men, anxious to try their fortune, and ready to battle with the enormous difficulties of a long march, over mountain and desert, to the remote spot where the precious metal has been seen for miles glittering in the quartz rock. The locality of the gold is the interior region lying between the Zambesi, west of Tete, and the middle course of the Limpopo River; the distance of the nearest point, by road from Natal, being about 700 miles, and from the Portuguese settlement of Sofala about 350 miles. Port Elizabeth, in Cape Colony, is spoken of also as a good starting-point, but the distance from this place is about 900 miles, and the road lies through desert tracts scantily supplied with grass and water.

The discovery of gold was made on the 27th July, 1866, by Mr. Hartley, an elephant hunter, and Mr. Carl Mauch, a German scientific traveller, who was journeying in company with Mr. Hartley, and under his protection. These gentlemen, when hunting elephants a little beyond the north-western bend of the Limpopo, accidentally came upon a number of holes artificially excavated in a mass of quartz rock, and containing broken implements of a rude description, used by former unknown miners. Belts of glistening white quartz rock extended over the desolate table-land, and Mauch, with his geological hammer, detached pieces of stone from the mass, impregnated with the precious metal. The sandy margins of rivulets flowing through the region were also found to contain particles of gold. The journey was afterwards extended, in a north-easterly direction, to a point about 160 miles distant from the Portuguese settlement of Tete on the Zambesi, gold-bearing quartz being occasionally found cropping up from the surface along their line of march. The travellers then returned to Potchefstrom, in the territory of the Trans-Vaal Republic; and Mauch subsequently proceeded to Natal and exhibited his specimens.

The country in which the gold is found is an elevated table-land, rising in its highest part to the height of 7,000 feet above the sea-level; and is chiefly occupied by the Matabele section of the Caffres, a warlike tribe, governed by the redoubtable chief Mosilikatse; but the most southern gold-field lies out of his territory, and very near to the north-western frontier of the Trans-Vaal Republic. The high land of the interior in south-eastern Africa ends for the most part abruptly, at a short distance from the shores of the Indian Ocean, leaving a tract of lower land clothed with rank vegetation, and having a humid climate. On this account it is doubtful if Sofala (the nearest point on the coast) can be made available as a starting-point to the gold-fields, owing to the unhealthiness of the coast-land and the difficulties of land-travel.

Some eminent authorities believe that the Ophir of Solomon has been at length found in the country of these re-discovered gold-mines; and the opinion is confirmed by accounts given by the natives of the unexplored tract along the lower Limpopo, of the ruins of an ancient city still existing near the banks of this river, with colossal stone walls, columns, and sphinxes. A tradition of a great city existed on the coast when first visited by the Portuguese at the end of the fifteenth century.

It seems probable, however, that the mines discovered by Hartley and Mauch were those known to the Portuguese as long ago as the seventeenth century, and since abandoned. News has been lately received of the return, from the southern field, of the first party of pioneers, with a waggon-load of gold-bearing quartz.

Exploration of the Himalayas.

A PROJECT has been set on foot in India for the establishment of an association to be called the Himalayan Society, the objects of which are the exploration of the vast mountain chain stretching from Assam on the east, to the frontiers of Persia on the west. The society is to be something more than an Alpine club, for, besides the ascent of peaks, it proposes to investigate the geology, zoology, botany, and ethnology of the Himalayan region; enlisting in its service the hundreds of Indian officers who, with their rifles and sketch-books, visit every summer the upper valleys and passes of Kashmir and Thibet, bringing back their quotas of information, which, for want of facilities of publication, at present remain unknown to the world. The task before the society is a prodigious one, and the field of investigation its organisers have chosen may be said to be inexhaustible. The range of the Himalaya, with its parallel or branching chains of the Karakorum and the Kuen-lun, is 400 miles broad in its narrowest part, and the space includes every conceivable variety of mountain scenery—snowy peaks nearly twice the height of Mont Blanc; plateaus stretching for several days' journey, at an average elevation of 15,000 feet above the sea-level; and glaciers fifty miles in length, giving birth, from huge ice-caverns at their extremities, to the mountain torrents which flow through precipitous valleys on their course to the Indus and the Ganges. The prospectus of the society calls attention to the discoveries that may be expected to be made in ethnology and philology in this region, which contains, perhaps, the key to some of the most absorbing and difficult questions of the day. Here, in the extreme north-west of the Himalayas, the great Aryan race, the common ancestors of the nations of Western Europe, Greece, Persia, and India, had probably its origin; and among these valleys, where the Katoch Rajpoots recount the succession of 470 kings, may yet be found the remains of the primitive tongue from which Sanskrit and its sister languages have alike descended.

Manchuria.

THIS remote part of Asia, the original seat of the dynasty which at present rules the Chinese empire, has been recently traversed, for the first time, by an English traveller, an outline only of whose narrative has at present reached England. The traveller is the Rev. Alexander Williamson, who is stated to be an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and to be still occupied in China in prosecution of his mission. His account, which was read at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, and excited much interest, shows him to be an intelligent observer, intent on gaining information of various kinds, relating to the country he has had the courage and good fortune to explore, for the benefit of the world in general.

Manchuria is described as situated, with regard to China, in a similar way to Canada with regard to the United States of America. Its climate resembles that of Canada in the contrasts of temperature offered in the different seasons: the summer heat being almost tropical, varying from 70° to 80° of Fahrenheit, and the winter cold, generally severe, ranging from 45° above, to 10° below, zero. The country lies to the north-east of China Proper, between 39° and 49° of latitude; its position, therefore, coincides with that of the finest portions of Europe, from Southern Italy, or the centre of Spain, to the north of France; but being on the eastern side of the continent, and deprived of the moderating influence of warm currents from the south on its coasts, the climate is much more rigorous than its geographical position would indicate—the eastern coasts of Asia being similarly situated in this respect to the eastern coasts of North America, which, as is well known, have a much severer climate than the countries of western Europe, in corresponding latitudes. Grand mountain chains traverse the region from south to north, particularly the Shan-Alin range on its eastern side, whose peaks rise to a height of 12,000 feet, and are covered with perpetual snow. The hilly country is extremely picturesque—ever-changing views, bounding torrents, fountains bubbling forth from the mountain-sides, and a luxuriant vegetation delight the eyes of the traveller. The slope of the country is towards the west and north; in this latter direction flow the two great navigable rivers of the region, the Usuri and the Sungari, both tributaries of the Amur, which latter stream forms the northern boundary of the country, separating it from Eastern Siberia. In the southern part there is also a tract of level country, round the head of the Gulf of Liau-tung. Here, at the mouth of the Liau-ho River, is a flourishing sea-port where there is a foreign settlement. The rivers and ports on the coast of the gulf, which forms the northern arm of the Gulf of Pechili, enjoy a milder climate, and are open to vessels all the year round. The whole country extends about 800 miles in length NE. to SW., and 500 miles in breadth. Notwithstanding the coldness of the winter, its climate, according to Mr. Williamson, is most enjoyable, especially in spring and autumn; a glorious, clear blue sky extends overhead; the valleys are well cultivated; and large villages, with their clusters of trees and busy population, everywhere enliven the scene. Under the genial summer sun the crops rapidly ripen, and by the end of October every kind of produce is safely housed. The population of the whole country is estimated at about 15,000,000.

So desirable a country, extending towards the sunny South from the bleak domain of Siberia, has not escaped the attention of the Russians, ever striving to extend their frontier in the direction of more genial climes. The possession of the Amur river, one of the great streams of the earth, having a course of upwards of 2,000 miles through a varied region, was of little advantage to them so long as they had no outlet to the seas of China and Japan. For the fact of its trending northward, after a long southern bend to the confines of Manchuria, and opening to the sea in a latitude so far north that the navigation is closed by ice for five months in the year, was fatal to its utility as a means of communication between the Russian empire and the outer world. The port of Nicolayevsk, at the mouth of the Amur, has made but very little progress since its establishment, chiefly on account of the severity of the climate—all ships having to quit the harbour before the end of October, on pain of being frozen up until the following April. The diplomacy of the Russians, exercised during many years, was rewarded with success at the conclusion of the last Chinese war, when they obtained a slice of the Manchurian coast to the south of the Amur, and entered in possession of it after the treaty of Tien-Tsin, in 1858. The tract of country thus acquired extends just so far southward as to include a harbour that is open to vessels all the year round. This lies in latitude 42° 40′, within a deep indentation of the coast now called Possiette Bay. A little further up the coast, in Victoria Bay, a second town has been built, named Vladivostock. Further north there are very few harbours on the coast, and none that is not frozen up for a longer or shorter period during the winter. The width of the strip of territory thus gained at the expense of Manchuria, is, on the average, a hundred and fifty miles—its western boundary being the river Usuri, which runs from south to north. It is creditable to the enterprise of the Russians that the electric telegraph has already been extended from the Siberian settlements to the southernmost point in their Manchurian possessions, and that they have established steamboat navigation on the Usuri, from the Amur to Lake Khinka—a large lake connected by another river, and a short portage, with the sea-port Vladivostock.

Mr. Williamson does not record that he met with any obstacles either from the government or natives during his many journeys in the country, and he appears to have freely disseminated copies of the Scriptures and other books, translated into Chinese, among the people. His first journey was in 1864, and his last and longest during the early part of the present year. In his first journey he travelled all round the shores of the Liau-tung Gulf, and along the coast as far as the frontier of Korea. In subsequent excursions he visited the city of Moukden, and in the present year set out on his more important and longer journey northward, in which he reached San-Sing, on the Sungari River, the last town of the Chinese towards the north, and on his way passed over the western frontier of Manchuria into Mongolia. He appears to have found no difficulty in getting along, wherever there were practicable roads and modes of conveyance. Most of the large towns he describes as well-built, and wearing an air of comfort and cleanliness which attract the traveller. Moukden, the capital, is a fine city, with streets full of good shops, and thronged with a well-to-do population. Fur shops, full of fine furs, were found in great numbers in "Great East Street" and "West Street." There were also several large booksellers' shops, speaking well for the literary tastes of the people. Kirin, the chief town of Central Manchuria, is most beautifully situated on the banks of the Sungari, here flowing as a majestic stream nearly 600 miles distant from its junction with the Amur. The town lies at the foot of a range of picturesque hills, forming a semicircle round it, and the river, 300 yards broad, and placid as a lake, with waters blue as the sky above them, sweeps past in its northerly course through the valley. The inhabitants would appear to be not wanting in refinement in this remote place; Mr. Williamson says that the frontages of the squares occupied by merchants' warehouses were tastefully ornamented, and in some places flowers from the south, such as roses, geraniums, and camellias, were ranged in tiers one above another on the sides of the houses.

The Manchus, or native inhabitants of this promising region, differ but little from the Chinese in features, dress, and manners. They are chiefly devoted to agriculture, and are fast losing their peculiarities, under the influence of the Chinese immigrants, who have of late years been encouraged to settle in the country, from the northern provinces of China, by liberal grants of land. The Manchus of pure descent are now in a minority. They are of a rather more robust build than the Chinese, and their language is more guttural. But it seems likely that the Manchu language will soon be superseded altogether; boys in all the public schools now acquire the rudiments of knowledge through Chinese books and the Chinese written characters. Nomadic Manchus Mr. Williamson neither saw nor heard anything of, and is inclined to think the migratory propensity has died out.

It is satisfactory to think that this magnificent country has a promising future before it. It is rich in coal and iron—coal-beds extending over vast districts, and being of good quality. In the eastern part gold is found, our traveller having passed over a district full of gold-diggings, forty miles in length by ten in breadth. It has a vast extent of fertile country along the valleys of its great streams, and, besides the produce of temperate countries, yields cotton, tobacco, indigo, and silk. Game abounds in the hilly districts, and in the meadows familiar European flowers, such as daisies, dandelions, bluebells, tulips, foxgloves, wild geraniums, the pimpernel, and many others, please the eye of the wanderer from the West. Mr. Williamson sums up his account of the country in the following words:—"Possessed of a good climate, fertile soil, and mineral resources, and good harbours, with a vast area of land as yet unoccupied, who can doubt that a great future is before it? One thing is evident—it is intended to receive and support the overflow of the population of the north of China for many years to come; and when it is properly opened up, and attention is directed to its minerals, it must rise into one of the most important districts of Asia, and play an important part in the history of the world."

Progress of Dr. Livingstone.

According to a letter communicated to the public a few weeks ago by Sir Roderick Murchison, our great traveller has been heard of from the Cazembe country, in the interior of Africa, as late as the month of December, 1867. No letter had arrived from him direct to England, but he had sent despatches to Zanzibar by an Arab trader. He was in good health and spirits, and intended, on the termination of a native war in that district, to continue his journey northward to the town of Ujiji, which is situated on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, not very far from its northern end. Thus his course is steadily northward, towards the sources of the Nile, the settlement of which was one of the great objects of his present expedition.

Already his journey has been as long and as full of difficulties as the first great enterprise which rendered him so famous, when he marched from the missionary stations north of Cape Colony to St. Paulo de Loanda, and back again across the continent to the mouth of the Zambesi. Entering, in March, 1866, at Mikindany (on the east coast, a little north of Cape Delgado), he first advanced towards the eastern side of Lake Nyassa; then, about September in the same year, he doubled the southern end of this lake, and commenced the ascent of the great interior table-lands, where, in a cool and humid climate, extensive forests cover the face of the country, and the negro tribes, out of the reach of the slave-trader, live in peace and independence, building substantial mud dwellings to keep out the cold. Advancing north-westwardly, and then northerly, he traversed an entirely new country, and reached a place called Bemba (10° 10′ south latitude), whence, at the beginning of February, 1867, he found means to send letters to the coast. From Bemba, he appears to have marched straight to the southern shore of Lake Tanganyika, for he arrived there in the month of August or September, 1867, and continued exploring the rivers and lakes of this previously unknown region down to the end of the year. He found here the warmest hospitality among a party of Arab traders, who are not slavers, but carry on a legitimate commerce with the powerful chiefs of this remote part of Africa. With the help of these people, he anticipated no difficulty, when he should be ready, in continuing his journey northward to Ujiji, where a supply of stores, medicines, books, and so forth, had been sent to meet him by Dr. Kirk of Zanzibar.

According to a telegram from Trincomalee, in Ceylon, dated October 3rd, which appeared in the daily papers on the 5th of the same month, news had reached that place from East Africa, to the effect that Livingstone was within a week's march of Zanzibar, returning from Tanganyika. Allowing for the time occupied by a steamer between Zanzibar and Ceylon, this would convey the intelligence that our traveller was approaching the coast early in September. This would not have been at all impossible, if Livingstone had settled the problem of the Nile sources by navigating the great fresh-water sea of Tanganyika to its northern end, and discovering that it had no communication with the more northerly Albert Nyanza and the Nile. The lake is about 300 miles in length, and the Arabs who had proved such good friends to our traveller have several trading *Dhows* upon it. In the nine months from December, 1867, to September, 1868, he would have been able not only to visit its northern extremity, but also to discover in which direction it discharged its surplus waters, if not to the Nile; and thus, having fulfilled his mission, he would return to Zanzibar, a march of about 700 miles, along the arduous trade-route traversed twelve years ago by Captains Burton and Speke, in about the time indicated by the telegram. It now appears, however, that this news, like many others from Africa, was false. Letters have since been received from Dr. Kirk, of Zanzibar, and read at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, written so recently as the 14th of October, in which no mention whatever is made of the near approach of Livingstone to the coast. On the contrary, he was still reported to be in the far interior, making his way to the northward along the great lakes. The hope that was at one time expressed of our seeing the greatest of our African explorers at home before Christmas, has thus not been fulfilled. It is satisfactory, however, to know that he was in good hands, travelling with the friendly Arab traders, who are so powerful among the interior tribes, and approaching the very core of the African mystery, where he cannot fail of making great discoveries.



LA RAMBLA, AT BARCELONA.

Notes on Spain.—II.

SPANISH COSTUMES—THE CAPA AND MANTILLA—CLEANLINESS—HEAD-DRESS—THE SOMBRERO—DISTINCT PEOPLES IN SPAIN, THE MARAGATOS, THE BASQUES, AND THE GITANOS OR GIPSIES—BEGGARS—THE BLIND WOMAN OF MANZANARES.

A COMMON source of disappointment to travellers is their unreasonable expectation of finding a country peopled with painters' models. Nowhere are they so likely to be disappointed in this way as in Spain; for of no country in Europe are the preconceptions in the minds of foreigners to so great an extent based upon the labours of the artist. It is not by any means that the legion of painters who have dealt with things Spanish are untrue to the facts of Spain; it is simply because it is their happy privilege to deal with select facts only. The artist's world is one chosen, arranged, and posed by himself. His people are a picked people, and wear their holiday clothes, or their most picturesque garments; his buildings show themselves from their very best point of view; and even ugliness, poverty, rags, and ruins are so ordered, as to be charming in his pleasant dominions. He is bound by no necessity to admit anything mean, commonplace, uninteresting, or vulgar; whereas the traveller has to take the world as he finds it, and while he enjoys its beauties and varieties, he has to endure a certain amount of dead levels and monotonies, which the more fortunate painter turns his back upon. Even in central China there is no doubt many a tract of very ordinary landscape where there are no perpendicular lakes, hanging islands, steep bridges, curly-tailed birds making love in mid-air, trees with a foliage of Dutch cheeses, or any other features to remind the tourist that he is in the land of the willow-pattern plate. Go where we may there is always a certain proportion of commonplace to dilute the elements of interest; and in Spain the percentage is by no means inconsiderable. Next to Switzerland, Spain is the most mountainous of European countries; but it is also, next to Russia, perhaps, the country which has the greatest extent of dreary, eye-wearying flats; and as it is with the scenery, so it is with most other things. The apricot cheek and glossy blue-black hair, the pencilled eyebrow and delicately pert nose, the thousand and one charms that have made the world in love with Phillips' pictures, are indeed to be seen in Spain, but they are no more the prevailing accompaniments of every mantilla, than the scenery of the Pyrenees or Sierra Nevada is the prevailing scenery of the Peninsula. It is the same with costume. The picturesque, characteristic, and distinctive, are not wanting, but a commonplace nondescript cosmopolitanism is the rule.

The preservation of costume in a country generally depends on isolation, or on some conservative sentiment in the inhabitants, or on some special adaptation to circumstances. The costumes of the Swiss cantons are illustrations of the second cause; those of the Tyrol of all three perhaps, but certainly of the last. It would be impossible to invent a better garb for a mountaineer than the loose jacket and belt, and short breeches leaving the knee entirely free and unconfined. In Spain these causes operate but feebly. Spain, as we have already said, is no longer the remote, outlying region it used to be, with but little communication internally, and, if possible, still less with the rest of the world. The upper and middle classes, so far from having any conservatism in matters of this sort, are remarkable for a positive

shyness of all things distinctively Spanish; and, as a sentiment, the feeling has no existence among the peasantry; while as to the third cause, but few of the peculiarities of Spanish dress depend upon it. The two most peculiar garments of the Peninsula are, indeed, in some degree the creatures of climate. The climate of Spain, except along the seaboard, is not, like ours, variable, but, owing to the elevation of the surface and the dryness of the atmosphere, it is one of great extremes, passing, in the course of twenty-four hours, from a burning heat, almost tropical in its intensity, to a searching cold that pierces in to the very bone. In England conversation is barometrical; in Spain it is the thermometer that gives the cue. "*Que frio! que calor!*" are the most frequently uttered exclamations. In such a climate a "wrap" of some sort—something that can be closely folded round the body, or quickly thrown aside, as the occasion demands—is an absolute necessity; and of this there are two forms in vogue, in Spain, the capa and the manta. The capa is essentially Castilian. It is the envelope of the Castiles, Leon, Estremadura—all that region, in fact, which is, and always has been the very core of Spain; and there is a certain special adaptation in the garment to the locality where it is the mode. It is simply an ample cloak with a cape, made of some dark cloth, brown being the most common colour, and its peculiarity as a piece of costume lies in the way in which it is worn. The right side is brought forward and thrown over the left shoulder, while the corresponding flap of the cape is drawn across the mouth and lower part of the face. It thus forms a mass of drapery which gives a peculiarly grave, reserved, hidalgoish air to the figure. It is the very thing for a people who hate to be hurried. A man so wrapped up cannot possibly commit himself by any undignified briskness or alertness of motion, but must be in all things slow and deliberate. When new, and handsomely trimmed with black velvet, as it ought to be, it is full of sober dignity; and be it ever so threadbare and shabby, there is still a certain severe respectability about it. To a gentleman in difficulties with his tailor, and desirous of keeping up appearances, it is an invaluable friend. It masks all shortcomings. The highest praise Sancho could give to sleep was to call it "the capa which covers all human thoughts." It is, moreover, an admirable protection against the cutting blasts that sweep over the bleak plains of Castile; and, for an embodiment and personification of mystery and chilliness combined, it would be difficult to find anything so perfect as the caballero, muffled to the eyes in his capa, that one encounters on a sharp autumn morning in the streets of one of the genuine old-fashioned towns of central Spain, such as Avila, Segovia, Valladolid, or Salamanca. The manta is altogether a different kind of garment. It is plebeian rather than aristocratic, and free and easy rather than dignified or stately. In form and use it is something like the Scotch plaid, the chief difference being that it is folded lengthwise and sewn together at one end, so as to make a sort of half-pocket, which serves on the road for stowing away odds and ends, or for a hood in case of rain. The manta is the wrapper of Celtiberian Spain, all that portion which lies to the east of the backbone of the Peninsula, comprising Arragon and the Mediterranean provinces, Catalonia, Valencia, and Murcia. In Andalusia, which is a kind of neutral ground, both manta and capa may be seen, but neither can be said to be in any way a part of the costume of the country. In mountainous stormy Arragon, the manta is a sober, substantial article, in tint and texture closely resembling the maud of the Scottish shepherd; but towards the coast and the south, under the influence of sunny sky and laughing sea, it grows a lighter and brighter affair, breaking out in stripes of brilliant colour, and tags, tassels, and fringes of all sorts, until, at Valencia, it becomes as gay as the Huerta itself in its summer dress. No piece of Spanish costume shows the influence of Moorish taste so distinctly as the manta of Valencia. The colours are the favourite Moorish ones—red, white, and blue—and are arranged in simple transverse bands of various breadths, relieved here and there by narrow lines of black, and if any extra ornament is indulged in, it is in the form of bars of some zig-zag or diamond pattern. Nothing can be simpler, nothing more grateful to the eye, or effective as a piece of colour, and nothing, it need scarcely be said, in stronger contrast to an article turned out by an English manufacturer. The texture is generally coarse and rough, but the taste is always irreproachable. There are none of those signs of skill and mechanism so evident in an English piece of goods; but on the other hand, there is none of that sort of vulgarity which displays itself in tawdry sprawling roses and dahlias, and those misplaced attempts at imitating or improving upon nature, which Gothic taste seems to consider the highest efforts in decorative art. The contrast is one that may be observed on the spot, for the irrepressible cotton prints of England have to a considerable extent found favour with the peasant women in Spain, and may be frequently seen competing with the manta in giving colour to a Valencian market-place.

One use of the manta and capa there is which must not be passed over here, though it is one of which the ordinary traveller is by no means likely to see an illustration. In the case of a difference of opinion requiring to be settled by the knife, each disputant wraps his manta or capa round his left arm to serve as a shield against the thrusts or slashes of his adversary. It is to the credit of the Spaniards, however, that such encounters—if they ever were in truth at all common—are now at least very rare; and the tourist who finds himself assisting at such a debate as that depicted by M. Doré, must consider himself to be travelling under the guidance of some peculiarly quarrelsome star.

There is not much variety or singularity about the rest of the male costume. The short jacket—the national garb of Spain—is still the most usual wear, though the sensible and comfortable, but not remarkably picturesque, English shooting-coat, seems to be acquiring a certain degree of popularity with the middle classes; and the upper have long since taken to themselves tails, after the fashion of their kind all over Europe. Now and then, it is true, at Madrid or some of the fashionable watering-places on the Biscay coast, a member of the "upper ten thousand" may be seen got up in the true national style—black velvet jacket; dark trousers, accurately cut, and fitting tight; waistcoat buttoning low, so as to show as much as possible of the embroidered shirt front; black velvet sombrero, very much turned up at the brim; neatly-trimmed whiskers, of that order which used to be known as the "mutton-chop," and hair cropped short, except at the occiput, where it is plaited into a most charming little pigtail, the end of which is tucked in behind the collar of the jacket, so that it looks rather like the handle of a small black teapot. But

such an exhibition of severely conservative dandyism is not very common, and excites observation even among Spaniards themselves.

Sombre tints are the rule in Spanish costume. The peasants' jacket and trousers, all through the central and western provinces, are made of the paño pardo, the "vellorí" with which Don Quixote adorned himself on week-days—a dark, rusty-grey stuff, something like the Irish frieze. In Andalusia a black cloth with a long curly nap is much affected, perhaps as a cheap imitation of the dyed lambskin, which used to be a favourite material for the zamarra or jacket. Where trans-Pyrenean fashions have not asserted themselves, black is the prevailing hue in genteel life. Almost the only bits of bright colour about the ordinary costume of Spain are the manta above mentioned and the faja—the sash which nearly everyone wears in this land of sudden heats and chills. Like the manta, the faja is essentially Moorish. The usual colour is scarlet, with bars of blue, yellow, and white, and it is worn swathed loosely round the waist, so as to serve, besides its primary purpose, as a receptacle for purse, knife, or tobacco-pouch. The prevailing sobriety of tone of the Spaniard's dress is also somewhat relieved by his weakness for fine linen. Even in a third-class railway carriage the majority of the shirt-fronts are elaborately wrought and liberally displayed. Nor is the display so objectionable as the Englishman, with his preconceived notions about the unwashing habits of all who are not English, may imagine. Uncleanliness, either in dress or in person, is certainly not one of the sins of the Spaniard even of the lowest class. He does not perform his ablutions, perhaps, with altogether the zeal of an Oriental, but he has a decent and healthy appreciation of the virtues of water—when he can get it. In the interior it is far too scarce and valuable an article to be frittered away in mere personal purification; but where it is abundant it is always taken advantage of, and along the sea coast and the banks of the larger rivers bathing goes on pretty nearly from morning till night. Furthermore, it seems to be always washing-day in Spain; a large proportion of the female population appear to be constantly employed in getting up linen, and the first sight that meets the eye on approaching a town or village is that which the page in "Don Quixote" observed at the entrance to Argamasilla, "a bevy of women washing in a brook." This, perhaps, may account for the very distinguished place which soap holds among the manufactures of Spain. Even in the very poorest posada, too, the sheets, if there are any, are snowy white, however coarse they may be. But—"nimium ne crede colori"—let not the traveller build his hopes of an untroubled night too confidently upon their spotless purity.

The gaiters of embroidered yellow leather, made familiar to us by painters of Spanish scenes, are peculiar to lower Andalusia, and are almost the only relics of the handicraft of the former cordwainers of Cordova. The white kilt-like garment and the short loose linen drawers are also purely local, belonging to the peasants and fishermen of Murcia and Valencia. The national chaussure of Spain is the alpargata, a stout canvas shoe with a hempen sole—for a hot and dry climate the coolest, lightest, and pleasantest covering for the foot ever invented. It varies, however, in form; for, while in the south it preserves the ordinary shoe shape more or less, in Catalonia and Arragon it becomes a simple sandal, a mere sole with a toe-cap, secured by broad blue tapes across the instep and round the ancle in classical fashion.

Of the head-dresses worn in Spain we have already alluded to that which is the most common, the "sombrero"—*par excellence*, the regular Spanish hat—the general appearance of which every exhibition-goer must know well. It also varies somewhat according to circumstances. No doubt the parent form was the hat in which Vandyke's cavaliers sat to him—a form which, like the bars in the tail of the domestic pigeon, breaks out occasionally in the hats of Andalusia, where shade is the chief consideration. But on the windy plains of the Castiles the struggle for existence would naturally be severe to a broad spreading brim, and frequently, we may imagine, it was found necessary to turn it up, the better to encounter the blasts sweeping down from the Guadarrama mountains. This is probably the origin of the peculiar shape which the sombrero of Spain has taken—a shape full of a kind of picturesque sauciness, but not easy to account for on any utilitarian theory; unless, indeed, it be that the deep groove between brim and crown was meant to serve, as in fact it does sometimes, for a supplemental pocket in which light articles, such as cigarettes, or books of cigarette paper, might be carried. It is obvious that a hat of this construction could only flourish in a dry climate. In a wet country a man might as well carry a small tank on his head as an article so admirably adapted for collecting rain water as the sombrero. It is therefore confined almost exclusively to Andalusia, the high and dry plateaus of central Spain, the Castiles, Leon, and Estremadura. In the moist regions bordering on the Atlantic—the Asturias and Galicia—the most common head covering is that ugliest of caps, the montera, a clumsy, conical affair, of dark cloth, with ear flaps, which give it a certain resemblance to the cap worn by the Fool of the middle ages. The simplest but most singular head-dress of Spain is that of the Arragonese peasant, consisting merely of a small silk handkerchief bound round the head like a fillet, which makes the wearer look as if he had slipped through his neckerchief as far as the ears. In Catalonia the lower orders wear the gorro, a long scarlet or purple jelly bag, which, folded on the top of the head, gives the Catalan a peculiarly rakish air. In Valencia the coloured handkerchief appears again, but it is worn in a more rational way than in Arragon, and makes some pretence of being a covering for the head.

Of the female costume in Spain there is not much to be said. The only really distinctive article of dress is the mantilla, with the appearance of which most of our readers are probably familiar. In its simplest form, it is merely a black silk scarf edged with velvet, worn hitched on to the top of the head, and falling down over the shoulders, the ends being brought forward and crossed over the bosom. The high tortoise-shell comb, from which the mantilla used to depend, is now almost obsolete, and consequently a good deal of that peculiarly piquant air, which was one of its charms, is now lost to the costume of the Spanish lady. The more showy variety has a deep black-lace border. The white mantilla is now scarcely ever seen; indeed, the mantilla altogether would no doubt have been extinct by this time—belonging, as it does, exclusively to the upper and middle classes, who are much more given to introducing French than to preserving Spanish fashions—were it not that it is part of the regulation dress for church, and that church-going is one of the principal occupations of the ladies of Spain.

Owing to the spread of cottons and calicoes, and cheap shawls and handkerchiefs, a commonplace sameness has infected the dress of the Spanish peasant women nearly everywhere. It is only in the remoter regions, such as Estremadura, that the native stuffs hold their own, and the peasant girls still wear the national saya—the bright red, green, or yellow petticoat—which is their proper and becoming costume. For head-dress, when any is worn, the most common is simply a gay handkerchief, or pañuelo, artfully and coquettishly tied round the head or twined with the hair. Bonnets, of course, are to be seen wherever French fashions have taken root; but it is a mistake to suppose this article wholly un-Spanish and exotic; strange varieties of it may sometimes be observed in out-of-the-way parts of the country. A very curious thing in bonnets, for instance, prevails about Placencia—a scuttle-shaped structure in straw, with a small looking-glass attached to the front of the crown the most naïvely feminine article of apparel it is possible to conceive. But the true head-dress of the women of Spain is of Nature's providing. To the Spanish woman, above all others, her hair is a covering and a glory; plaited, rolled, or twisted in thick coils, and secured by all manner of pins and skewers, and bodkins of barbaric mould, it forms in most cases her sole head-gear, and the dressing of it is a part of the business of her life, and occupies apparently a large portion of her time. No one, probably, ever passed up a street in a Spanish provincial town without seeing at least one instance of what M. Doré's pencil has here sketched for us.



PEASANT OF ORIHUELA.

We ought, perhaps, to include the fan as an essential part, if not of the dress, at least of the paraphernalia of the Spanish woman. But, in truth, the whole virtue of the fan lies in the handling of it. *Per se*, it has nothing characteristic about it, being for the most part a Brummagem, tawdry, gingerbread article, ornamented in the lowest and most debased style of art. No traveller who wishes to convey a favourable idea of the taste of the Spanish ladies ought to bring home one of their fans as a specimen.

Spain, more than any European country perhaps, is remarkable for the number of distinct peoples to be found within its limits, living apart, neither marrying nor mixing to any extent with their neighbours, and preserving, in many cases, a peculiar dialect and peculiar customs. Such are the Maragatos, the Vaqueros of the Asturian Pyrenees, the Basques, the Gitanos, and the Patones. Here one might expect to find a source of distinctive costume. But in general it is not so. In most cases there is little or nothing in the way of dress to distinguish these people from their immediate neighbours. The Gitanos, common enough in Andalusia and in the Sierra Morena, are only to be recognised as such by the peculiar gipsy features and expression, which are sufficiently unmistakable to any one who has seen them, or, what amounts to the same thing, who has read Borrow. Nor do the Basques differ much to the eye from the other inhabitants of the northern seaboard of the peninsula. The exception is that of the Maragatos. Who or what the Maragatos are, is perhaps the greatest puzzle in Spanish ethnology, an ethnology rich in puzzles. Whether they are the descendants of "Mauri capti," Moors taken in battle, according to one explanation; or of Gothic Moors, *i.e.*, Goths who became naturalised, or rather adopted, Moorish subjects, according to another:—this much at least is certain that as far as they can be traced backward, they seem to have been, as they are now, a people studiously keeping themselves distinct from the surrounding population, by every contrivance of exclusive marriage, custom, and ceremonial. If they have among them any tradition as to their origin, they keep it, like everything else, strictly to themselves. They are localised in the city of Astorga in Leon, and in its immediate neighbourhood; but, as a large portion of the carrying business of that part of Spain is in their hands, they are to be met with almost everywhere through the north-western provinces, and even in Madrid they may be occasionally seen about those busy, old-fashioned streets in the neighbourhood of the Plaza Mayor. They are obviously, on the whole, a well-to-do people. In some instances they attain to very considerable wealth; and they probably stand by one another in distress, as members of small and distinct communities do, for no one ever saw a Maragato in rags or begging. In appearance the Maragatos certainly encourage the Gothic theory as to their origin. Of all the peoples of Spain, they are the most intensely



TOILET OF GIPSY GIRL AT DIEZMA.

Teutonic in form and feature. They are generally tall, squarely and powerfully built, with broad, massive, and rather heavy features, and an expression that gives an idea of slowness, determination, and honesty. Their costume is in keeping with their general bearing. Borrow, indeed, detects in it many traces of Moorish influence; but to most eyes, we imagine, it would rather suggest ideas of northern Europe. Indeed, we venture to say that most people put before a faithful portrait of a Maragato in full costume, and called upon to specify the nationality of the original, would unhesitatingly say, "Dutch, of course." It consists of a black cloth jacket reaching to the hips; very wide, baggy black breeches gathered in at the knee; gaiters; a broad black leather belt, sometimes curiously ornamented with silver; and a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, very much like that which appears in the portraits of the Puritan worthies of the seventeenth century. On the whole, however, a Maragato in full dress resembles more closely than anything else a Dutchman as he used to be represented in caricatures and in the old-fashioned geographies.

There is in Spain one other people to be noticed before we quit the subject of peculiar peoples and costumes. A people which, although having its own peculiar manners and customs, does not by any means keep aloof from or avoid the rest of society, but, on the contrary, always endeavours to cultivate the acquaintance of its neighbours, and is always most persevering in its efforts to encourage liberality of feeling; a people, moreover, whose claims to the possession of a distinctive costume, or indeed to any costume at all, are of the very slightest nature, but which, nevertheless, has always had the strongest attractions for the painter and lover of the picturesque. The beggars are indeed one of the peoples of Spain. Spain is perhaps the last stronghold in Europe of the regular old traditional beggar, the typical beggar of song, tale, and ballad; the beggar who is a beggar pure and simple, and stands upon unadulterated mendicancy, without a claim, prospective or retrospective, to any other position in society; who has not been reduced by any unmerited misfortunes, who has never had any "little all" to lose by any unforeseen calamity, and who makes no pretence whatever of desiring to earn his bread honestly by any other calling than that of begging; who begs without any explanation, excuse, or apology, but simply as one exercising his *métier*, and a member of an established, recognised, and on the whole honourable fraternity. Hitherto this sort of beggar has abounded and flourished in Spain. The church has always been distinctly on his side, and, as a matter of fact, he is always to be found on the side of the church—that side especially which is the sunniest, and in which the most frequented entrance is situated. He is also favoured by the climate, by the abundance of the common necessaries of life, by the natural kindly disposition of the people—"El dar limosna nunca mengua la bolsa:" "To give alms never lightens the purse," says the proverb—but, more than all, by that peculiar species of social equality which is the offspring of the old-fashioned Spanish courtesy. Beggar as he is, he is none the less a recognised member of society, and his right to the common courtesies of life is as freely admitted as that of the most unmistakable hidalgo. Even railway porters, curtest and gruffest (when untipped) of mankind, do not call upon him to "get out of that." If he is blocking up the way he is requested to give place with a "con su licencia, caballero," like any other gentleman. A good deal, no doubt, is owing to the broad and somewhat sympathetic view which is naturally taken of his calling. In a country like Spain, where the moral dignity of labour, however earnestly it may be preached in the press, is not much appreciated in practice, there is no necessary stigma attached to the profession of mendicancy. There is no wide gulf fixed between him and the industrial classes, as in countries where severer principles of political economy influence public opinion. Hence, in Spain, the regular professional beggar has a dignity and a bearing rarely seen elsewhere. He never whines or cringes, or condescends to such artifices as moaning or shivering. He simply begs—"Una limosnita, caballero, por Dios"—"A little alms, for the sake of God." If you put him off with the customary form, "Let your worship excuse me, for God's sake," his strong sense of professional etiquette, and the dignity of his calling, will not allow him to make a further application. If you bestow the alms, you will observe he does not thank you. "Dios lo te pagará"—"God will repay thee," is all he says. He gives you a quittance. You have met a claim, and you have your voucher—to be acknowledged in the proper quarter and at the proper time.

Not that there are not in Spain plenty of the more painful sort of beggars—the maimed, the halt, and the blind. Horrible objects, afflicted with every sort of sore and every kind of deformity; cripples crawling on their knees and elbows, mutilated trunks that roll along the pavement, creatures with limbs like the branches of writhen trees, swarm in every market-place, on every church-step, at every inn-door—wherever there is a chance of extracting a few cuartos from pity or loathing. Blindness, too, is sadly common in Spain. The fierce heats, the sharp winds, the dust, and the glare of a treeless, grassless landscape, naturally have their results in ophthalmia and other affections of the eye. It is wonderful the number of "tuertos"—one-eyed people—one meets in Spain; and of the totally blind the proportion certainly seems to be far in excess of that in most other populations. Spain is not rich in blind asylums, or industrial refuges for the blind, and all that is left to them—the sole resource open to them—

"Is only for to beg."

On all these poor creatures Progress, the rapid improvement of the country, the development of her internal resources, and all the other favourable phenomena observable in modern Spain, bear hardly. No member of the guild, probably, is so well known in Spain and out of it as "The blind woman of Manzanares." She is that "Manchegan prophetess" met just thirty years ago by Borrow, who, in "The Bible in Spain," gives one of his own peculiarly graphic descriptions of her appearance, and his conversation with her, first in Gitano and then in Latin—"truly excellent Latin." Another accomplishment she has, of which she does not appear to have given him a sample, but to which Mr. Clark, the author of "Gazpacho," and M. Théophile Gautier bear testimony. She is an improvisatrice of no mean ability, and can carry on, on any topic, and apparently to any length, in a strain which is not exactly poetry perhaps, but which, with the facilities afforded by Spanish assonance, is something better than mere doggerel. In the old diligence days she was a well-known character on the Great South Road. La Ciega de Manzanares was an institution, and at the coach-door or in the eating-room of the parador, she spouted her Latin, or strung her verses,

sure of a response in applause and reals. But the railway came, and the diligence went, and since then, La Ciega, poor soul, has been driven from post to pillar. For some time the rail stopped short at Venta de Cardenas, at the foot of the Sierra Morena, and travellers bound to Andalusia took diligence there for Cordova or Granada. To meet their requirements an hotel and restaurant of shingle, and of that order of architecture which seems to have prevailed at Ballarat and San Francisco in the early digging days, was erected on a bank adjoining the railway-station. The hostelry and its accommodations are mentioned in the book of the Lamentations of Miss Eyre. Here, for a while, the blind woman tried to set up her Latin and her rhymes; but the house, though friendly, was not like the honest old coaching-house up the road, nor were the customers altogether the same as the diligence passengers of yore, who never were so pressed for time that they could not find a couple of reals more for another couplet. But even this, makeshift as it was, did not last. In the autumn of 1866, the bridges and tunnels being at last finished, the long-expected line through the Despeña-perrors pass was opened, and the train took to passing Venta de Cardenas with no further recognition than a snort, a minute's halt, and a whistle. The last time we saw the blind woman of Manzanares it was on the platform at Manzanares station. All places had become alike to her now, as far as concerned her poor vocation, and she had come home. The train was late, the whole station was in a fuss, and she was in everybody's way. Hurried porters, with trucks and trunks, ran against her; thirsty passengers, rushing after refreshments, jostled her; nervous passengers, fearful of losing their seats, ran foul of her. She might just as well have tried to address recitations to a storming-party mounting a breach. Her little guide—a girl of nine or ten—was just as much stupefied by the bustle and confusion as she was. What a mystery it must be to her—that engine, that inexplicable enemy of hers that has come shrieking and thundering across her life and broken it up, scattering her old friends, sweeping away the friendly old inn and its kindly ways, and leaving all behind it a muddle!



AT ALICANTE.



BEGGARS IN CATHEDRAL OF BARCELONA

A Visit to Paraguay during the War.

BY THOMAS J. HUTCHINSON, F.R.G.S., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE RIO DE LA PLATA — THE PARANÁ — SEASONS AT ROSARIO — MOSQUITOES—SANTA FE—THE GRAN CHACO—ARRIVAL AT CORRIENTES.

THE voyage to South America can be so easily accomplished now-a-days on board any of the fast and commodious steamers plying thither from many parts of Europe, that such a journey necessarily loses much of the romance which accompanied the explorations of our early geographers.

When Don Juan de Solis, in A.D. 1515, entered a large basin of muddy water on the south-eastern coast of this continent, he gave to it his own name, and ordered the anchors of his three caravels to be cast contiguous to the northern point of what is now known as Maldonado. Down to the bank came the Churrua Indians in thousands, no doubt surprised at the sight of his ships. The savages coaxed him ashore by leaving their presents on the beach and returning to the woods. To reciprocate the confidence, De Solis proceeded to land with a single boat, and unarmed. He had not been many minutes on the newly-discovered territory when he was fallen upon by the Indians, in sight of his companions on board the vessels, murdered, and, as some historians say, eaten.

Twelve years afterwards, or in A.D. 1527, came Sebastian Cabot to the bay of fresh water discovered by De Solis. He proceeded up the river, and met with some Guarani Indians, to whom he administered a sound thrashing. On account of the massive silver ornaments worn by several of these people was given the name, which the river basin holds to the present day, the Rio de la Plata—river of silver, or river Plate.

It is very difficult for the stranger, who enters these waters for the first time, to realise the idea of a river at the estuary of La Plata. From the northern shore at this point, called Santa Maria, to the southern, at San Antonio, the breadth of the stream is 150 miles. Land is rarely visible in the usual channel until you approach Maldonado, distant thirty miles from the proper embouchure, the first tract of *terra firma* which is sighted being the island of Lobos, at a distance of fourteen miles from the mainland. On this island stood a lighthouse until 1849, when it was removed to Maldonado Point by a decree of the Government, in consequence of its being supposed to have done material injury to a valuable seal fishery in the neighbourhood.

In the vicinity of Lobos the pilot comes on board the inward bound vessel. The channel hence to Monte Video—a course of 100 miles—lies within sight of the Banda Oriental, the eastern or Uruguayan shore, which stretches to the right, as the vessel proceeds; but in all this passage no land is to be seen on the opposite or western side. The Oriental coast appears as a series of bluff headlands, alternating with large patches of sandy beach, and this appearance it preserves as far as Monte Video. From this city, a voyage up the river and to the opposite side brings you, after eighty miles steaming, to Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic. When anchored in this port, the view across the river towards the Uruguayan territory is an apparently boundless expanse of water.

Eighteen miles above Buenos Ayres, when bound for the interior and the inland state of Paraguay, you enter the delta of the Paraná, described by Captain Page, the American naval surveyor, as extending to an apex at Diamante, which gives a length of 178 miles, and by river course 242 miles. The breadth of its base is fifty miles. The delta is, therefore, one of the largest in the world, the length of the Nile delta being about 80 geographical miles, and that of the Mississippi 180.

Ascending by either of three mouths—the Paraná Guazu, Paraná de las Palmas, or the Lujan—the traveller finds himself amid a labyrinth of islands and channels. These were all inhabited by the Guarani Indians in ancient times, and were subsequently cultivated by the Jesuits. Several of the islands are of recent formation—accumulations of the detritus washed down by the great stream. To the present day the market gardeners of Buenos Ayres, who have their establishments in these fertile spots, make use of Guarani words to designate the plants and animals of the neighbourhood. Not a few islands have little or no vegetation save rushes or sedgy grass, and many of them are overflown at high tides; but the greater number, to a distance of forty miles above Buenos Ayres, support groves of orange, pear, apple, pomegranate, and acacia trees.

Skirting along the province of Buenos Ayres, if the steamer ascends by the Palmas channel, or keeping near the centre of the delta, if the Guazu be chosen, there is little or no variety noticed in the landscape. In the voyage upwards, past Zarate, San Pedro, Los Dos Hermanos, San Nicholas, and Puerto de las Piedras, to the city of Rosario, two classes of scenery present themselves: One, characteristic of the shores of the mainland, along the western channel, where a cliff about 150 feet high extends for miles, presenting an escarped face of red clay to the river; the other peculiar to the low islands of the delta, where alluvial land, generally wooded, accompanies the tedious journey along the winding channels. Approaching Rosario the trees on the islands become scarcer, and the traveller is conscious of a change in the climate from the cooler latitude of the La Plata estuary. The temperature indeed at Rosario may be said to vary only from cool to warm in the winter time, and from hot to stifling in summer. If the traveller arrive here in the last-mentioned season, it is more than probable his first acquaintance will be with the mosquitoes—the great drawback to the pleasure of a cruise on the Paraná. The width of the bed occupied by channels and alluvial islands between Rosario and Entre Rios is not less than thirty miles—a capacious nursery for these terrible pests.

Sydney Smith, in one of his essays—namely, the "Review of Waterton's Wanderings in South America," thus writes:—"Insects are the curse of tropical climates. The *bête rouge* lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks; chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few minutes. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate

ulcer, and has his own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose; you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes get into the bed; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you in the foot. Everything bites, stings, or bruises. Every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam or Merian. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup; a caterpillar, with several dozen eyes in his belly, is hastening over your bread and butter. All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological hosts to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such are the tropics. All this reconciles us to our dews, fogs, vapours, and drizzles; to our apothecaries rushing about with tinctures and gargles; to our old British constitutional coughs, sore throats, and swelled faces."

Now, although we in the Argentine Republic are from eight to ten degrees outside the Tropic of Capricorn, and, therefore, in a temperate climate, we have *satis superque* of such delectabilities as the foregoing. But they are all cast in the shade by mosquitoes, of which, by the way, the satirist says nothing.

I suffered most severely from this plague on the first night of my voyage to the seat of war in Paraguay, on board the fast and commodious steamer, *Whiteinch*, of Glasgow, on which I embarked, at Rosario, on the 23rd of March, 1866. We had before us a river voyage of more than 600 miles, nearly due north, from the temperate towards the tropical zone, to reach the head-quarters of the allied armies, at the junction of the Paraguay river.

At our first halting-place the steamer was anchored near the convent of San Lorenzo, and the whole night was spent by crew and passengers in walking to and fro on the deck; for sleep was impossible. A pig, which lay in a small house forward, passed the hours grunting most piteously, from the torture of the insatiable blood-suckers; a young dog belonging to the wife of the commander kept up one dismal howl the night long; whilst the fowls in the coops betrayed, by clutterring and incessant fidgets, a like consciousness of their proper roosting-time being intruded on by a remorseless enemy.

But in justice to the Paraná and its pretty river scenery I must acknowledge that mosquito monster meetings of this kind do not take place here oftener than from about twelve to fifteen nights during the year. From the end of April to September—being our winter months—we have little or none of them.



INDIAN GIRL—PARAGUAY.

In the course of our voyage up the river we made a short stay at each of the two cities of Paraná and Santa Fé. The former, in the province of Entre Rios, on the left side of the river, from which it takes its name, enjoyed the honour, from 1854 to 1861, of being the capital of the Argentine Confederation. Santa Fé is the chief town and seat of Government of the province of the same name, and is situated at a distance of about five leagues from Paraná, but on the opposite side of the stream.

The bank of the river near Paraná is formed by a line of calcareous cliffs, composed of masses of oyster shells, along which we sail in passing into the roadstead. From these cliffs lime is made for domestic purposes, and this is the only manufacture the place boasts of. The cliffs are a marine formation of probably recent geological age. On entering the city the want of animation and absence of all signs of a busy community at once strike the observer. The road leading up to the city is as rugged as an Alpine pass, being traversed by large gullies, and encumbered with huge paving-stones, lying all loose in admirable disorder. About midway on the road, or say half a mile from the beach, stands a great square pile of walls, with a dome at one end, but no roof save the covering of a small cupola, and vacant spaces for about thirty large windows; the unfinished edifice was intended at some former period for the church of San Pablo (St. Paul). In the city another monument of former greatness and present decline is seen in the theatre, a large edifice in which there has been no performance for many years past. A really elegant suite of buildings, in the principal square, constitutes the Government house, having the melancholy aspect of a deserted mansion; a well-constructed and neatly-fitted "Camara," or Parliament Hall, wherein the Senators and Deputies held alternate sittings whilst the National Government was here; a president's palace, opposite the Government house, now occupied by the bishop of the diocese; three churches, a well-kept cemetery in the suburbs; these constitute the principal features of the place. I must, however, not forget that there is a market-place, in which excellent beef and mutton can be bought at from three-farthings to a penny per pound. The few people whom one meets have on their faces a lack of expression, and a lazy sauntering manner which betoken the inanity of existence in this dreary place.

By law all the offices in Santa Fé, as well as shops for the sale of merchandise, are ordered to be opened from eleven A.M. to three P.M., yet from half-past eleven to one o'clock is,

in fact, the only time of day in which access to them is other than problematical. If your business be with a notary public, and nothing more than his signature is required, ten chances to one he will gaze at you over his *Maté* cup, from which he is sucking Yerba tea, and tell you to call "mănăna" (to-morrow). Stopping at an hotel, no surprise will be felt or expressed at your coming in during any hour of the night, or up to five o'clock in the morning. But if you leave your bed between six and seven A.M., with the intention of taking a morning walk, you are set down as a madman. And this, too, notwithstanding that the time of day just mentioned is the most salutary as well as agreeable for out-of-door exercise. As early as half-past seven o'clock the Indian and negro servants, with the washerwomen, go to mass to the Jesuits' chapel. A like ceremonial at nine, in the same place of worship, is attended by the more indolent and aristocratic, chiefly the female portion of the community. Breakfast continues from ten to eleven A.M., or a little after, when something almost too dreamy to be called business is begun. This is terminated at one o'clock, when, after a "Maté," every person takes siesta. During this period, which lasts from one till four P.M., no one is supposed to be out in the sun. Siesta time being over, in summer especially, nearly half the city's population go to bathe in a pellucid branch of the Paraná, having a sandy bottom, that flows at the distance of about 300 yards from the principal plaza. At five o'clock comes dinner-time, and at seven P.M. another service in the Jesuits' chapel. To this succeed lotteries, tertulias (dancing parties), more imbibing from a maté-cup, cigarrita smoking, with, perhaps, a little strolling about for visiting purposes. The dancing parties are often kept up until daybreak, and these may be said to constitute the chief features of Paraná liveliness. Even the clock of the matriz (parish) church partakes of the general somnolence, for when it comes to the meridian or midnight, from five to ten minutes seem to the unaccustomed ear as being occupied in striking out the hour.

Re-embarking in the steamer, and ascending the river, the appearance of San Pablo church, as viewed from the deck, is somewhat imposing—its pillared portico and dome having quite an attractive aspect. We coast along by high cliffs, pass the Saladero (beef-salting station) of Senor Carbo, and skirt the mouth of Las Conchas river, which falls into the Paraná at a distance of about five leagues above our starting point this morning. Then we pass more high cliffs, on the level ground adjacent to which I recognise some houses of the residents in the German colony of Villa de Urquiza.

A remarkable difference in the scenery of the river banks is observed as we go along. In Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé provinces, where we have lofty banks, they are invariably perpendicular; whereas in Entre Rios, by which we are now passing, they are bluff, sloping, and furrowed by ravines. As we proceed, the country, where visible behind the declivities, is glistening with verdant plains, alternating with luxuriant woods. But no sign of humanity, of cows, horses, sheep, or other living thing, biped or quadruped, is present anywhere.

Ten leagues above Paraná city we come to a small bight in the river, and hence can be seen the house (a large whitewashed one) on an estancia, called "El Cerrito (the little hill)." This is a farm of thirty-six leagues in extent, which belonged to some Englishman, of whose name I am ignorant, who died a few years ago in Monte Video. The district of Antonio Thomas is passed at eighteen leagues from Paraná. Plenty of cattle are here seen on the plains; for we are now entering the milk and cheese districts. Washed clothes, drying on shrubs near the few houses, give evidence of our being still within the bounds of civilisation; for the institution of washing is not yet appreciated by the Indian or Gaucho population on the banks of the Paraná.

To-day (25th March) we met and passed one of the floating rafts of timber, called in Spanish *balsas*, and in the Guarani language *anguda*, with a family of men, women, children, and dogs on board. These rafts consist chiefly of timber destined for corrals, or cattle enclosures, and firewood—being sold at Paraná, Rosario, San Nicholas, and other towns lower down the river. At three leagues south of La Paz there is a small stream, Arroyo Seco (the dry rivulet), which at this point debouches into the Paraná. No variety of vegetation or of landscape features can be seen as we ascend; but autumn-tints are everywhere.

La Paz has the appearance of a good-sized comfortable town, as we approach. It is built on a slope, the summit of which, in the background, is about 200 feet above the level of the river. The first thing that attracts one's notice here, is a large, square, walled-in cemetery. As there were neither ships, steamers, nor boats in the roadstead when we passed, one must infer that the trade of this district is rather limited.

One league higher up is a small island, dotted over with crosses, that mark the graves of many Brazilian soldiers and sailors who died and were buried here about six months previously, when their squadron, then on its way to fight the Paraguayans, was anchored near it. Further on we pass many sailing vessels, the majority of them aground, laden with coals and other supplies for the allied armies at the seat of war. We found the river here unusually low for this season of the year.

Steaming along, we pass by the Espinillo, or Guaiquiraro river, that separates the province of Entre Rios from that of Corrientes. At the mouth of this stream is an island named after Garibaldi, who, some thirty years ago, had a great fight near the spot, with the celebrated Admiral Brown. The Admiral, although an Irishman, was at the time in the service of Buenos Ayres. Garibaldi's schooner was aground, when he was attacked by Brown with three vessels, and although having but one ship against such unequal odds, he fought during the best part of a day, cutting up his chains for shot, when this latter was expended; but all his ammunition becoming exhausted, he could no longer continue the fight. As night came on, therefore, he, with all his crew, retreated to the town of Esquina, in Corrientes province, and about ten leagues above the embouchure of the Guaiquiraro.

On the evening of the day that we passed Garibaldi's island, our steamer was anchored opposite Esquina. All communication from the Paraná to the town, a league distant, is made by the river Corrientes, which here enters the main stream, after a long course through the province from its fountain-head in the great lake Ybera. At the lower angle of the Corrientes there is a small wooden house, erected on wooden piles, which serves as a waiting-room for passengers bound to or from Esquina, and up or down the river by packet steamers.

Every night since we started the mosquito plague comes on as regularly as the sun goes down. I am told by Captain Lablache, the commander of the vessel, that up this river there

is a species of bat or nocturnal bird, called the mosquito hawk, which often comes in hundreds round a ship to feed on these tormenting insects. How I should welcome a countless army of those deliverers now! In several of the river craft, either at anchor or fastened to trees on the islands, I can see the sailors sleeping for protection in extemporised hammocks up in the rigging, tied by arms and legs to the cross-trees of their vessels, for in no other way can they escape the buzzing serenade and torment of these incurable plagues.

From La Paz to Goya, a distance of 135 miles, our voyage is continued amongst low marshy islands, on some of which, however, lofty trees abound. But the silence and desolation of these places are appalling. No noise of bird, or beast, or living thing; so that the war scream of a wild Indian, or the howl of a tiger, would be almost a relief to the oppressive listlessness of the long day. Bright yellow and scarlet flowers are frequently seen, glittering, as it were, on the vivid green network of climbing convolvuli that clothe the tree trunks.

Now and then a lazy carpincha,* a sort of colossal amphibious guinea-pig, with coarse bristly hair, casts a sleepy glance at us from the bank of some islet, as the sound of our paddle-wheels disturbs his slumbers; whilst a screaming parrot, a crane, or a carancha,† is the only sign of bird life that is visible. And these few manifestations of life serve but to make the solitude more oppressive. The sun pours down its fiercest rays on the muddy waters, unruffled, save by the steamer's motion. On several of the islands are skeleton trees, stripped of their leaves, bark, and branches, by the fetid ejectamenta of a bird called the bigma,† which roosts on them at night. Bunches of tall guinea-grass seem at a distance to resemble white houses; but as we approach and recognise what they are, we have in the disappointment a culmination of the distressing influences which the whole scenery is calculated to produce.



MARKET PEOPLE—ON THE PARANÁ.

On the night of the 27th of March our steamer anchored opposite the lower mouth of the San Geronimo branch of the Paraná, and close to the Yaguarate district of the Gran Chaco.

A few years ago I had occasion to travel some hundred miles through the solitudes of this vast unreclaimed tract of

* The carpincha or cahiai, is the *Hydrochærus capybara* of Linnæus.

* The vulture hawk, or *Falco Braziliensis*.

† This is some kind of carrion crow, or turkey buzzard.

Argentine territory. The Gran Chaco lies to the west of the Paraná and Paraguay rivers, and is nearly twice the size of France. Its surface consists of woods, alternating with plains and dry river-beds, with occasional salt lakes. The Indian in his wild state is as yet its only human inhabitant, but so little able is he to profit by his splendid domain that his numbers have gradually decreased under the influence of wars and famine, and several tribes have disappeared since the country has been known. I was told by General Don Antonio Taboada, that the fighting Indians of the Gran Chaco do not now exceed 300 in number, and that these are gradually sinking under misery and disease.



INDIANS OF THE GRAN CHACO.

Although no striking scenes of picturesque beauty are to be met with in the Gran Chaco, still there are associations connected with my visit thereto that will make it live in my memory. First, is the feeling of being an intruder on the territory of wild Indians, and with it a consciousness, whereof the bravest cannot divest himself, that at any time in the day or night he may hear the Indian war-whoop, and be scalped by those merciless savages before he has time to defend himself. Everything speaks of the savagery of the place, and tends to scare one. The relics of toldas—Indian huts—seen here, there, and everywhere; the troops of wild horses; the frequent flitting by of flocks of American ostriches (*Rhea Americana*); the screams of the parrot and the carancha; the nocturnal chirping of millions of insects; the glaring appearance of its large white plains of salt or saltpetre, deposited by water that has evaporated under long-continued drought, or the diversion of the river-beds; and the absence of anything like a purling stream—these are its chief noticeable characteristics.

One of the old Spanish writers, describing the Indians of the Gran Chaco, gives a very curious account of the marriage ceremonies and marriage laws observed by the Mocovi tribe, whose head-quarters are not far from Yaguarate.

The preliminary business in the important event of a wedding is very simple. The young Indian being smitten, proposes to the father of his charmer—for she has no voice or will in the matter. If he be accepted, the suitor is invited to stop during the night succeeding the asking at the house of his intended bride. Next morning he is sent off to kill or catch alive a deer, ostrich, or wild pig, which he is to bring to his lady love, as a proof that he is expert in the chase, and as an assurance that he is capable of providing for the material wants of his future household. On his return with the game, the mother of his charmer takes the bridle and recado (saddle) from his horse, and deposits them on the spot where he is expected to construct his rancho (dwelling), and the marriage settlement is concluded.

On the first night the newly-wedded pair sleep on a horse's or mare's skin, with their heads towards the west; and the marriage is not considered as perfectly ratified until the sun shines on their feet the following morning.

Cases, however, will present themselves, even in unsophisticated Indian life, where the marriage tie becomes irksome. After regrets, incompatibility of temper, and other causes, lead to coolness and inconstancy, and the faithless husband goes wooing elsewhere. Hence arises the necessity of a divorce court and laws to meet the contingency. The problem is solved by the Indian with originality and extreme simplicity. The restoration of nuptial harmony with the original wife being difficult, the peccant swain is admitted as a member of his new father-in-law's family, and security is required that he abandons his first wife altogether, to obviate the continuance of the double bond. This proposal is looked upon as a declaration of war between the families of the two ladies. A council of Caçiques is summoned, but only to legalise the form of giving their august sanction to a single combat between the two women. The truant who is the cause of all stands by as a spectator, with folded arms, and is obliged, according to the established law, to take for his wife ever after whomsoever becomes the victor.

All the women amongst the Chaco Indians ride horses straddle-leg fashion as men do, and carry behind them a large plume of ostrich feathers, fastened round the loins. This presents a curious appearance when their horses are at full gallop over the breezy plains.

Some of the islands past which we steam on the fifth day of our voyage (March 28th) are perfect masses of arborescence. As we are now rapidly approaching the tropic of Capricorn vegetation becomes more luxuriant, and palm trees are noticeable amongst the rounded outlines of the forest. The mosquitoes have been entirely absent for the last two nights, but in their stead we have in abundance a species of fly with dark green body and small black head, which settles upon any exposed part of one's body, and if undisturbed, drives its sucking apparatus into the flesh and imbibes its fill. Their heads are bent down to the task, whilst their tails are elevated, and they are thoroughly absorbed in their work. They have no further resemblance to mosquitoes, and belong to the species classed by naturalists under the genus *Simulium*.

On one of the islands in this passage the trees are filled with the nests of a species of troupial, a gregarious bird, which resembles in its habits our familiar rooks at home. As we sailed past I fancied myself back again amongst boyhood's scenes, with crows cawing and caracolling over some old rookery. Thus, reminiscences and associations connected with the distant northern land are unexpectedly stirred up in one's mind in the remote streams of South America!

A Journey in Alaska, formerly Russian America.

BY FREDERICK WHYMPER.

THE rapid progress of the Pacific coasts of America is one of the events of our time. Only the other day the United States Government purchased from the Russians a semi-arctic country, for which it would have been nearly impossible to obtain a bid ten years ago. Yet "Alaska"—as Russian America is in future to be entitled—will, in the hands of its new and more energetic owners, add one more resource of importance to the many which are fast building up San Francisco as the "metropolis of the Pacific."

Less than a hundred years ago, so little was known of the coast of Alaska that the long peninsula (Aliaska) from which it derives its name was laid down on published maps as an island. Yet its history goes back earlier in some respects than does that of the neighbouring British and American territories. There was a Russian settlement on Kodiak four years before there were any whites on Vancouver Island; and Sitka, the present capital, was founded nearly a dozen years before Astoria. Immediately after the voyages of the unfortunate Behring and his companions—who, by-the-by, showed no great desire to remain in Russian America—many Russian merchants of Siberia fitted out trading expeditions, and, in "ten years," says Coxe, their historian, "more important discoveries were made by these individuals, at their own private cost, than had been hitherto effected by all the expensive efforts of the Crown." Our naval explorers—from Cook and Vancouver to Moore, Kellet, Collinson, and McClure—have all done more or less towards the exploration of its coasts; while Zagoskin, of the Russian Imperial navy, Lisiansky, Kotzebue, and Lütke, have all assisted in clearing away the mists which encompassed the country. Russia, in fact, cared little for her colony, and virtually gave it into the hands of the Russian American Fur Company, who held it precisely as our Hudson's Bay Company held their vast territories.

The announcement of the recent transfer of Alaska to the United States Government gave rise to almost as much surprise among the American people as it did in Europe, and it met with much opposition and ridicule. Still, there is a large and growing belief in the United States that, sooner or later, the northern continent must become one vast republic, and the purchase eventually acquired some favour as seen from that point of view. The comic journals,

and, indeed, the daily newspapers, would not for a long time let it alone. Such illustrations as Mr. "Excelsior," with the national banner

"Still clinging to his hand of ice,"

and mounting the North Pole, a white bear waiting at the bottom of it for that enthusiastic explorer; allusions to the possibility of deriving some benefit from the purchase, by towing ice-bergs to San Francisco! mock advertisements, purporting to come from the Secretary of State, offering the highest price for "waste lands and worn-out colonies," "submerged and undiscovered islands," "polar bears, volcanoes, and earthquakes—provided they should not shake the confidence of the State Department"—were common enough for some time. The country was often styled "Walrus-sia—the *Fur* Nor'-West." But much of this has passed away; and the Americans have already commenced to develope the resources of the country. The fur trade, of course, falls into their hands; and, as the purchase includes all the Aleutian Islands, and particularly the Island of St. Paul's, in Behring Sea, which, latterly, was more profitable to the Fur Company than any other part of their possessions, they have at once something definite for their money. Kodiak, to the south-east of the Peninsula of Aliaska, which yields the ice used in California and adjacent coasts, is a part of the acquisition. The cod fishery banks off the Aleutian Isles, the salmon of all its rivers, and the coal known to exist, are all thrown into the bargain.

Sitka, or New Archangel—formerly the head-quarters of the Russian American Fur Company—is the present capital, and in truth is the only town in the country. It is situated on the thickly-wooded, mountainous Baranoff Island, and has a fairly sheltered harbour. The (late) governor's house is on a rocky height overlooking the town, and the antiquated wooden buildings, the oriental style of the Greek church, and the old hulks, used as magazines, propped up by the rocks on the bay, combine to give it an original and picturesque appearance. On an island facing Sitka is a large extinct volcano—Mount Edgcumbe—a prominent landmark for the port. Sitka has a terrible climate. "Rain ceases only when there is a good prospect of snow." But the thermometer rarely falls below 20° Fahrenheit at this southern part of the coast. The larger part of the territory boasts a truly arctic climate.

The grand natural highway—the main artery for the whole of Alaska—is the Yukon River, a stream upwards of 2,000 miles in length. If the reader will glance at any good recent map of North America, he will observe in its north-west corner a large river, indicated and known as the Kwichpak, which, by means of many straggling, wide-spread mouths, falls into Behring Sea. Further in the interior he will find a stream marked as the Pelly, or Yukon, one which, not so very long ago, was believed to fall into the Arctic Ocean; and again, between the former and the latter, he will probably discover, laid down in dotted lines, "Supposed course of the Yukon." The Russo-American Telegraph Expedition, on which the writer recently served, made some important explorations in that district, and he was enabled to travel over 1,200 miles of its course, besides visiting a part of the neighbouring territory. It is necessary to be thus particular in indicating its locality, as some have supposed the Yukon was, from its name, a Chinese river.

We were landed from our vessels on the 30th of September, 1866, at the Russian post of St. Michael's (situated on an island of volcanic origin in Norton Sound, Behring Sea), and immediately proceeded by sea to a second post in the same locality, and about sixty miles north of the former. From the latter there is a land route direct to the Yukon. Over this we travelled with dog-sledges, walking ourselves on snow-shoes, and having much trouble with the sledges on the recently-fallen snow. Although the temperature was frequently below zero, we managed to make ourselves fairly comfortable in our evening camps, where, after clearing a space in the snow, we spread a layer of fragrant fir-brush, and raised an immense log fire. The whole of this portion of Alaska, excepting only the coasts, is more or less wooded with spruce, birch, or willow. On many occasions we camped in the natives' underground houses, and were several times glad of their shelter, in spite of their dirt, smoke, and unpleasant odours. We reached the Yukon on the 9th of November. About noon on that day we could see, from a slight eminence—where we had halted to give our dogs and selves breathing-time—a streak of blue over the forest, in advance of us. We travelled hard to reach it, and, just as the sun was sinking below the horizon—bathing even that frigid scene in a flood of glory—we emerged from the woods, shot down a bank, and found ourselves standing on an immense snow-clad field of ice—the mighty Yukon! Hardly a patch of clear ice was to be seen; all was covered by a spotless wintry mantle, and only an occasional short space of water still open showed us that it *was* a river at all. Here and there fields of hummocks, forced on the surface before the stream had become so fixedly frozen, were strewed wildly and irregularly around. So large a river is the Yukon that we instinctively compared it with the Mississippi. At that moment it was a great, unbroken highway of ice and snow for 2,000 miles. At the point where we first saw it it was not less than a mile wide from bank to bank; while, as we afterwards discovered, it opens out into lagoons four or five miles in width. Its tributaries would be large rivers in Europe; and there is some excuse for the proud boast of a native of its banks, speaking of his people—"*We* are not savages, we are Yukon Indians."

At Nulato, the most northern and interior of all the Russian posts, we spent the remainder of the winter. During our stay there the thermometer registered as low as *minus* 58° Fahr., or *ninety degrees below* freezing. Yet at that time nature was in perfect repose; no wind blew nor snow fell. We did not feel the cold so much as on other occasions. The wind, when accompanied by great cold, is man's worst enemy in all arctic climates. The Russians at St. Michael's, once, during the prevalence of a terrible wind storm, were horrified at the arrival of a dead Indian sitting erect on his sledge. Unable to stop his dogs, the poor fellow had evidently jumped on, and had probably become frozen to death in a few minutes. Such incidents are rare, though we met many Indians with faces badly seared, and minus parts of their ears and noses.

An ingenious mode of fishing is adopted on the Yukon. Fish-traps are let down under the ice, through holes in the frozen surface of the river, kept open by frequent breaking. It is also a common thing to see the Indians, early in the season, seated by a small hole on the ice, pulling up the fish by dozens with a line and hook.

The duration of winter in Northern Alaska is about two-thirds of the year, if one counts the period during which the rivers are frozen up and the ground is snow-covered. Yet,

early in April, the thermometer rose above freezing-point, and, of course, the snow commenced to thaw. Later, it again got colder. The Yukon did not break up till late in May. Its smaller tributaries were the first to move, and some of them ran out on the icy surface of the greater river. On the 19th of May the first real break-up of the Yukon commenced, and for days afterwards we could see and hear from our station the ice grinding and crashing on its way; now piling up into mountains as it met with some obstacle; now breaking all bounds, carrying trees and banks before it, on its passage to the sea. The river rose some fourteen feet above its winter level.

On the 26th of May, Mr. Dall—my companion for this journey—and myself started, with some Indians, to ascend the stream. We were accompanied, for part of the trip, by the Russian traders of Nulato. Our crafts were two "baidarres," or skin canoes. The river was still full of floating ice and logs, and we soon found that we had embarked on a dangerous enterprise. It was specially difficult to get round the bends and angles of the river: great natural rafts, of trees, branches, ice, and *débris*, came whirling and sweeping along at six or seven knots an hour, nor could we ever reckon on their course. One man of our number always stood in the bows of the canoe, armed with a pole, to push off these floating masses. We *saw* large trees pass under the Russians' canoe, and lift it momentarily out of the water; we *felt* the same under our own. It was not "a plank" between us and destruction, but simply a piece of seal-skin. The Russians once gave in, completely beaten. We, however, steered through the cumbersome masses of ice and logs, now having to paddle for dear life, now stopping and drifting down, to let some floating tangle of trees, with their long roots sticking up in the air, pass on their way. But, though we had many a close shave, we were enabled to cross the stream, where it was at least a mile wide, and get into quieter water. Our Muscovite friends would not attempt it that day at all.

The Yukon might fairly be called the "River of a thousand islands." Some of the smaller ones were at this early season entirely submerged; we floated over some of the lesser tree-tops. The lower part of the river abounds in low islands, sand-banks, and long stretches of flat country; the upper Yukon passes through gorges with castellated crags and rocky bluffs. There the stream is much more narrow, is deeper, and more rapid. As soon as the water had fallen sufficiently, we "tracked" from the banks, or even from the shallow water, making our Indians act as tow-horses. Occasionally we were enabled to sail, but it took a decided breeze to give us any advantage against the strong downward current. Our journey from Nulato to Fort Yukon—a distance of 600 miles—occupied us twenty-six days, ascending the stream. We returned down the same part of the river in less than a fourth of that time; and our trip from Fort Yukon down the entire length of the river to its mouths, and round by the sea-coast to St. Michael's—a distance of nearly 1,300 miles—was made by us in fifteen days and a half.

The Indians of the Yukon are, perhaps, the most unsophisticated of any yet remaining on the globe. They paint their faces in stripes and patterns, wear elaborately worked belts, fire-bags, &c., and very commonly adopt a garment with a double tail, one hanging down in front of the belly, the other —where a tail ought to be! Long ornaments, made of the "hya-qua" shell, worn running through the nose, are frequently seen. On the lower part of the river the women use such; on the Upper Yukon it is the men exclusively who follow the same mode. Among the natives of the Tanana (a tributary of the Yukon) it is very fashionable to wear large patches of clay covered with small fluffy feathers, at the back of their long matted hair, and a large feather is frequently stuck in the same. The larger part of the Yukon tribes differ very considerably from the coast peoples of North Alaska. The latter may be briefly described as "large Esquimaux." "Medicine-making" is practised among the former tribes. At Newicargut, an Indian village on the great river, we had an opportunity of seeing it performed over a sick man. A circle of natives surrounded the invalid, and kept up a monotonous chorus, while the operator himself, singing a kind of weird, unearthly recitative, attitudinised, gesticulated, groaned, and frothed at the mouth. Now he appeared to draw the evil spirit from the sick man, and wrestling with it throw it violently on a fire, which burnt on the ground in the centre of the group; now it had possession of him, and he ran wildly about, as though but recently escaped from a lunatic asylum. But he had chosen a good time for his exhibition; it was twilight; the overhanging trees, the solemn chorus, the dim fire, and the fantastic forms of the savages thrown out into deep shade on one side, with the fitful reflections from the flames on their painted animal faces on the other, made a thoroughly sensational affair of what would, otherwise, have appeared a farce. At length the chorus grew louder and livelier, the performance generally assumed a gayer tinge; the man was supposed to be dispossessed, and he hobbled from the scene.

We found by experience that night and early morning were the best times to travel during the brief but very warm summer of these latitudes. We had the thermometer ranging as high as 80° Fahr. in the shade, on the Yukon, and mosquitoes—a greater curse than the cold of winter—were out in full force; even the natives have to keep small fires burning in all directions round their camps, and commonly take bowls full of smouldering ashes or smoking sticks in their canoes to keep them off. There is, however, one compensating advantage. The moose-deer, an animal abundant on the river, unable to stand the mosquitoes' inflictions, flies from the woods, plunges into the rivers, where it can keep little but its nose out of water—and not always that—and becomes consequently a prey to the first hunter who appears upon the scene. The natives often manage to stab moose in the water from their birch bark canoes. We shot several. The nose of a moose, when cleaned and gently stewed, is most delicious.

The limits of this article will not permit of any allusion to the Russian and Hudson's Bay Company's posts, the fur trade, and many kindred subjects. But this is of small consequence; any account of such would only appear a repetition of an oft-told tale. I live in hopes that the Yukon, and many other large rivers of Russian America, may receive a complete investigation at the hands of the United States Government. The interior of Russian America is a new and a fresh field for the geographer, naturalist, and ethnologist, and on thorough exploration it will very likely be found that the country is not inferior to the neighbouring territory of British Columbia in mineral wealth.



RICE-POUNDING.

A Bird's-eye View of Madagascar.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. D. CHARNAY.

CHAPTER IV.

LAKE NOSSI-BE—NOSSI-MALAZA—THE VILLAGE CHIEF AND HIS FAMILY—A MADEGASSE INTERIOR—MANNERS OF THE INHABITANTS.

Lake Nossi-Be, which we had now to cross, is from six to eight miles in length, but somewhat less in breadth, so that both sides are in sight when travelling along it. The fresh south-east wind raises a heavy sea on its surface, and the passage in canoes is not without risk. The native often sees his light skiff, with its cargo of rice, sink to the bottom, while he is fortunate if he can escape the jaws of the crocodile, and swim safely to land. The size of our boats prevented our feeling any danger, but our journey across was most disagreeable, and we were drenched with rain, and in a miserable plight, when we reached the island of Nossi-Malaza (the Island of Delight).

This island is near the southern extremity of the lake, and at about equal distance from either bank. It is not far from twelve hundred yards in length, and several hundred feet in width. The village stands in the centre. To the north of it there is a large tract of meadow land, at the end of which lies the burial-place of the inhabitants. The south-east part of the island is beautifully wooded. Our reception here was similar to that at Ambavarano, the same simple ceremonies, the kabar, the interchange of presents, and the speeches. But the huts are larger and better, the women much handsomer and more graceful, and the general appearance of comfort and ease formed an agreeable contrast to the wretched picture we had seen on the previous evening.

We will now give our readers some idea of the manners and mode of life of the natives. The Madegasse of the coast is of a gentle and timid disposition, faithful and devoted. As a matter of course, he acknowledges the superiority of the white man—the *Vasa* appears to him as a master who is entitled to obedience. Full of admiration as they are of our knowledge and power, we cannot but feel surprised that we have made so little progress amongst a people so well disposed to receive us. The Madegasse willingly accepts the yoke of servitude. The varied and light tasks of domestic life suit his tastes, and he is very grateful for the little favours which he receives from his master in their daily intercourse. Delighting in active life, and indefatigable in any employment that suits him, he will paddle a canoe the whole day, in sunshine or rain, without apparent fatigue; he particularly enjoys the motion of the tacon, and will carry you from daybreak till evening, and then, forgetting his fatigue, will join his companions in choruses, when the wild music of their bamboo instruments seems to invigorate his bronzed frame. But he cannot endure regular labour, accustomed as he is to supply his simple wants without forethought or difficulty. The Madegasse is gracefully and

almost femininely formed, his face is beardless, and he wears his long hair in braids, like the women, and when seated basking in the sun, clad in his *lamba*, it is difficult to distinguish him from a woman. The women, without possessing absolute beauty, which is rare everywhere, have a pleasing physiognomy, and are generally well-made. We give an illustration on page 52 of a woman of Tamatave with her children which may be considered a fair representation of the ladies of the place. The Madegasse women all dress in much the same way. The hair is divided into regular squares, and carefully plaited, which gives a very neat appearance to the head, very unlike its natural condition of a great tûft of frizzled hair. The petticoat or skirt worn by the rich is of muslin—amongst the poorer class it is of common cloth; the body, which is of different material, is called a *canezou*—a native term—and the loose drapery wrapped round the shoulders is called the *simbou*, which is of cotton or silk, according to the social position of the wearer. The older children wear trousers, in imitation of the European custom; the younger wear only the *lamba*, a kind of cotton shawl, with a coloured fringe, which is the usual dress of the men. When travelling, the native takes off this garment, which he carries in a bundle, and wears only the *langouti*, which is merely a small piece of stuff fastened round the loins. The manufactures of Madagascar are of a very simple character. The natives weave various kinds of stuffs from palm leaves; the coarsest is used for making bags, packages, &c.; the finest, which is really a superior material, is worn by the women, and makes excellent hats, but it is only to be seen in small quantities. They plait mats of rushes, with which they carpet their rooms. A few of these, ornamented with elegant patterns, are exported as curiosities.

With regard to agriculture, the Madegasse understands nothing but the cultivation of rice; and in spite of his laziness and the little encouragement which he meets with, the east coast, within a distance of a hundred leagues, from Mananzari in the south to Maranzet in the north, annually exports 4,300 tons of rice. When we come to the subject of the Hovas, we shall describe the native produce of Madagascar adapted to commerce.

As regards morals, the Madegasses have really none. Being under no civil regulations, and their religion being confined to a few peculiar superstitions, we can scarcely apply the name of marriage to their unions, which are unauthorised by either Church or State, and are formed and broken at pleasure. In the north there are some traces of Arab customs, and a more developed religious system. Amongst these islanders plurality of wives is a rule. Each chief has at least three—first, the *vadé-be*, the legitimate wife, whose children are his heirs; second, the *vadé-massaye*, whom the husband repudiates when she is past the prime of her youth and beauty; and the *vadé-sindrangnon*, a slave, who receives her freedom when she becomes a mother. The younger sisters of these three wives also belong to the husband until they are themselves married. When a woman passes to another home, she leaves her children, who are treated by her successor with the same affection as her own. This seems natural in a country where adoption often takes the place of paternity. Jealousy is unknown, and though they have not the same degree of paternal affection usual amongst us, still family ties are strongly felt by them. I have seen a woman in violent paroxysms of grief because her adopted daughter had been poisoned by *tanghin* fruit, and attempt to seize some of it herself, exclaiming that she wished to die with her child.

If one of the members of a family fall ill, all work for the time is suspended. Every one busies himself—some in seeking for herbs, others in looking into the nature and cause of the malady, and endeavouring to effect a cure; and, in the meantime, the friends occupy themselves in attending to the household affairs. If the invalid becomes worse, the relatives and friends come to condole with the family. This display of affectionate grief extends even to the slaves, who consider themselves as children of the house. They eat at the same table, and are treated in every respect as members of the family; it is even difficult for a stranger to distinguish between them, as in their language they call the master and mistress of the house "father" and "mother."

Here, as in all other parts of the world, sterility in a woman is looked upon as a reproach to her, and it appears to me to be very common amongst the Madegasses, no doubt on account of the prevalence of polygamy. If a woman wishes for children, and is afraid of not having any, she consults sorcerers, invokes spirits, or has recourse to the following superstition:—She chooses a stone of a peculiar shape, which can be easily distinguished from others, and places it on the road to the village, in some spot favoured by the spirits. If this stone, after a fixed time, is found in the same spot and position in which it was placed by the inquirer, it is considered a sign that her wishes have been favourably answered. This innocent practice is constantly followed in Madagascar, and one sometimes meets with great piles of these stones.

The occasional cruel treatment of their offspring forms a frightful contrast to the quiet and gentle manners of the Madegasses, and, above all, to this craving after maternity. When children are born under a bad influence, they are abandoned; or, in order to redeem their lives, as it is thought, they must submit to such frightful ordeals as in nearly all cases prove fatal. Circumcision is practised at Madagascar, but was originally borrowed from the Arabs. The date of this important ceremony is perpetuated by the Madegasses by means of a wooden stake, surmounted by a number of ox-skulls, furnished with horns. Nearly every village possesses one of these monuments. Each skull commemorates a fête. It is the custom to kill an ox on the circumcision-day, and, as the people are poor, and an ox for each operation would be a heavy expense, they wait till several children have attained the necessary age, in order to circumcise a batch of young Madegasses.

The ox is considered the animal of animals in Madagascar. It is the most highly esteemed present amongst friends, and is the kind of property most easily turned into money. The flesh, at least by some persons, is considered sacred. The king and the nobles alone have the right to eat the tail. The hump, an equally choice morsel, enjoys a proverbial reputation, and is, in polite language, employed as one of the most earnest tokens of friendship. A Madegasse will often say, "I wish you may always have an ox-hump in your mouth." The ox forms a necessary part of all fêtes—on the occasion of a death as well as of a birth in the household; his head falls in sign of sorrowing or rejoicing, and if it be mourning for a noble, the sacrifices become hecatombs. It is said that at the death of M. Delastelle, a French merchant in favour at the Hova Court, eight hundred oxen were slaughtered; and at the death of one of the kings upwards of three thousand were immolated, the ground

from the palace to the queen's tomb being literally covered with carcasses, which it was impossible to avoid walking upon.

The worship of the dead appears to be the most characteristic trait in the Madegasse religion. When a man dies, the women make frightful lamentation. They shriek and tear their hair, and roll about as in an agony of despair, while the men remain calm. There is a funeral dance appropriate to the occasion, and the ceremony, begun in tears, soon degenerates (thanks to fermented liquors) into a sacrilegious orgie. The corpse, however, is carried with every sign of respect to its last home. At Nossi Malaza, the cemetery occupies the northern portion of the island. The sepulchre of the chiefs is separated from that of the common people. They all consist of the bark of a tree, in which the body of the deceased is enveloped, after which the whole is enclosed in a trunk of hard wood, cut in the form of a coffin. The pious affection of the survivors places before each tomb expiatory offerings, consisting of a plate of rice, a cup of betzabetza, chickens' feet, or the feathers of birds. It appears from this, that the Madegasses believe in the existence of the soul.

However, the grief of the Madegasses, though very violent, is not of long duration. They consider death as an inevitable fate, and therefore forget quickly, judging tears to be useless since the evil is without remedy. Relations, nevertheless, rigorously go into mourning for the dead, from which they can only be released by a public ceremony. This mourning lasts a month or more, according to the grief of the family. It consists in letting the hair grow. During the time of mourning, women neither dress nor comb their hair, while men abstain alike from shaving and washing themselves. Both sexes present in this state anything but an attractive appearance.

In the north, in the district of Vohemaro, the Antankaras add to a great respect for the dead a belief in metempsychosis. According to this creed, the souls of the chiefs pass into the bodies of crocodiles, while those of ordinary mortals are transferred to bats. This superstition explains the incredible number of crocodiles, which certainly multiply in the places where this belief is prevalent. In these localities the rivers swarm with them, and it is dangerous to frequent the banks towards evening. At night the inhabitants are frequently obliged to barricade their huts to guard against the attacks of these monsters. Like the Betsimsarakas, they have a mixture of revelling and lamentation at their funerals, but they do not at once inter the corpse. Placing it upon a wooden bench, they preserve it by means of aromatics and charcoal, frequently renewed. After several days of this treatment, the decomposition of the flesh produces a putrescent liquid, which they carefully gather into vases placed beneath the bench; and each person present, in memory of the dead, rubs himself over with this liquid. When the body is dried up, the relatives wrap it round with bandages, and then carry it to the place of sepulture. This disgusting custom engenders terrible skin diseases, such as the itch, leprosy, and other filthy disorders. It is with difficulty, however, that the intervention of Europeans has in some measure induced them to give up this horrible practice.

The Madegasse is clever by nature, and has very remarkable literary instincts, or rather, I should say he had formerly, for the Hova conquest, like all tyrannies, has left nothing but debasement and desolation. The Betsimsarakas are passionately fond of talking, dancing, and singing. Their dances are wild, without fixed rule, and apparently guided by the inspiration of the moment; the rice dance, of which I have already spoken, being the only one of definite character. Their music is poor, and their instruments primitive. There is first the bamboo, which they strike with small sticks, and accompany with clapping of the hands. The *dzé-dzé* is an instrument which has but a single chord, and yields a monotonous sound, but the *valia*, in skilful hands, produces a pretty effect. The valia is made of bamboo, the outer fibres of the hard tube being separated from the wood, and stretched over bridges of bark; it is, in fact, a sort of circular guitar, ascending from the lowest to the highest notes. As for their songs, the first subject which enters their minds answers the purpose. They take a word or phrase, and repeat it to a wearisome extent, with an improvised chorus. Their chief delight is in chatting together. They will talk for ever so long on the most frivolous subject, and at a pinch utter the purest nonsense. An orator of any talent, however, is sure to find a delighted audience. When tired of this, they ungraciously start an enigma, or a charade. An example of one such will explain the nature of the performance better than any description. "Three men, one carrying white rice, another some fire-wood, and the third a porridge-pot, all coming from different directions, meet near a fountain in a barren spot, remote from any habitation. It is noon, and none of them having yet eaten anything, each is desirous of preparing a meal, but they know not how to accomplish it, since the owner of the rice is not owner of the wood, nor could he claim the use of the porridge-pot. However, they each contributed their share, and the rice was soon boiled. But, the moment the repast was ready, each claimed the entire breakfast for himself. Which of them had the best right to the boiled rice?" The Madegasse auditors are undecided, each of the three appearing to have an equal claim to the breakfast. Here then is a fine theme for talk. They call these discussions or disputes *faka-faka*, and each speaker has on such occasions a fair opportunity for displaying his oratorical talents.

The native traditions abound with fables, tales (*angano*), proverbs (*ohabolana*), charades and enigmas (*fa mantatra*), sonnets and love-songs (*rahamilahatra*). Their tales are generally intermingled with songs, and each successive narrator adds a little of his own. Children invariably commence with the following prologue:—"*Tsikotonenineny, tsy zaho nametzy fa olombé taloha nametzy, tanny mahy, k'omba fitsiako kosa anao*" ("I do not wish to tell lies, but since grown persons have told lies to me, allow me also to tell lies to you.")

Some of these fables are connected with their religious beliefs. The following may serve as fair examples of the different kinds.

The First Man and the First Woman.

"God formed a man and a woman, and let them fall from heaven all complete. The woman tempted the man and brought forth a child.

"God then appeared to them, and said, 'Hitherto you have been fed only upon herbs and fruits, like the wild beasts; but, if you will let me kill your child, I will create with his blood a plant from which you will gain more strength.'

"The man and woman spent the night weeping and consulting. The woman said to her husband, 'I would rather



A MADEGASSE WOMAN AND HER CHILDREN.

God took my life than that of my child.' The man was gloomy and absorbed, and said nothing.

"When morning came, God appeared with a very sharp knife, and asked what was their decision.

"The woman, seeing this formidable weapon, sharp as a new *sagaie*, and brilliant as a flash of lightning, exclaimed, 'Oh, God, take my child.'

"But the man, on the contrary, pressed his child to his heart, returned it to the mother, and, kneeling with his breast uncovered, said to God, 'Kill me, but let my child live.'

"Then God, to prove him, brandished the knife which he held in his hand, and said to the man, 'You are going to die. Reflect, then, before I strike.' 'Strike,' replied the man; and he neither murmured nor trembled while God flashed the poniard in his eyes; but he only gave him a slight wound on the neck, which drew a few drops of blood.



MADAGASCAR DWARF PALMS.

"God took this blood, and scattered it on the ground, which caused rice to grow. He then told the man to weed it three times before it arrived at maturity, to gather only the ears, and to dry them in the sun and preserve them in granaries; to thresh them, in order to shake out the grains; to peel them, in order to get rid of the husks; and to eat only the grain, and give the husks to the domestic animals. He then further taught him how to cook and eat it.

"Then God said to the woman, 'The man shall be the master of the child, because he preferred the life of the child to his own, and thou must submit to him.'

"This is the way that the father became the head of the family, and men learned to eat rice."

We may probably recognise in this the Arab influence, and a remembrance of the sacrifice of Abraham. The name of Nossi-Ibrahim, or isle of Abraham, given to the little island of Sainte-Marie, affords some foundation for this hypothesis.

Here is another fable:

THE WILD BOAR AND THE CAYMAN.

"A wild boar was exploring the steep banks of a river, where an enormous alligator amused himself searching for prey. Warned by the grunting of the boar, the alligator moved quickly towards him.

"'Good morning,' said he to him.

"'Finaritria! Finaritria!' answered the boar.

"'Is it you of whom they speak so much on the land?' asked the alligator.

"'I am he,' replied the boar. 'And is it you who devastate these peaceful shores?'

"'It is I,' said the alligator.

"'I should like to try your strength.'

"'At your pleasure. Immediately, if you wish.'

"'You will not stand long against my tusks.'

"'Beware of my long teeth.'

"'But, tell me,' said the alligator, 'what is it they call you?'

"'I call myself the father of those who strike without a hatchet and dig without spades; the prince of destruction. And you, can you tell me what is your name?'

"'I am one who swells not in the water, eat if I am given anything, and, if not, eat all the same.'

"'Very well. But which of us is the elder?'

"'I am,' said the alligator, 'because I am the biggest and the strongest."

"'Wait; we shall see that.' Saying these words, the boar, with a sudden stroke of his tusks, hurled an enormous piece of earth at the head of the alligator, who was stunned by the blow.

"'You are strong,' said he, as soon as he recovered. 'But take that in return.' And, flinging a water-spout at the wild boar, who was taken by surprise, sent him staggering far from the river.

"'I admit you to be my senior,' said the boar, getting up again; 'and I burn with impatience to measure my strength with yours.'

"'Come down, then,' said the alligator.

"'Come up a little, and I will come down.'

"'Very well.'

"By common consent, they proceeded to a promontory of land, where there was only water enough to cover half the alligator's body. The wild boar then gave a bound, turned round opened his formidable jaws, and, seizing a favourable moment, opened his enemy's belly from head to tail. The alligator, gathering all his strength for one great effort, and profiting by the moment when the wild boar passed before his gaping mouth, seized him by the neck, held him fast by his teeth, and strangled him. So they both died, leaving undecided the question of their comparative strength. It was from a bat, who was present at the combat, that these details have been obtained."

Another story reminds one, in some degree, of "The Fox and the Crow." It is entitled—

THE ADDER AND THE FROG.

"A frog was surprised in his frolics by his enemy the adder, who seized him by the legs.

"'Are you content?' asked the frog.

"'Quite content,' replied the adder, closing his teeth.

"'But when one is content, one opens the mouth, thus, and says, "Content"' (in Madegasse, *kavo*).

"'Content,' cried the adder, opening his mouth.

"The frog, finding himself free, took flight."

The moral is, that by presence of mind one can escape danger.

We have said that the village of Nossi-Malaza lies at some distance from the road to Tananarivo, and, being farther from the reach of the Hovas, enjoys a certain degree of prosperity. The men have a well-to-do air which delighted me, and when I visited the hut of the chief I was astonished at the abundance which reigned there. The hut contained a bed, furnished with fine mats. On one side of it were piles of clothes, and pieces of stuffs for mending them; and, on the other, a large store of rice for the use of the family. The hearth, and the various cooking utensils, were all in one corner.

I remained three days with these amiable people, surrounded by every care and attention. We were soon on the most affectionate terms, and when I left they all accompanied me to the shore. The oldest woman of the tribe, the wife of the old chief, blessed me, and, as the rising waves threatened my poor canoe, she extended her arms like a prophetess, praying Heaven to appease the winds, and to bring the *vasa* in safety to his country and his home. This was no got-up scene. It was an unrehearsed farewell. The touching invocation of the old woman, her prayers and vows, proved that she spoke from her heart; and mine responded. The recollection of that scene will never be effaced from my memory.

CHAPTER V.

THE MONEY-BOX OF THE GIANT ARAFIF—FERDINAND FICHE AND THE HOVA SUPPER—A NIGHT IN THE PLANTATION—THE SLAVES.

QUITTING Nossi-Malaza, we traversed several channels, some of which were so narrow that one could with difficulty pass through them, whilst others were as broad as a river; all were barred by hurdles composed of reeds, forming fish preserves for the sustenance of the inhabitants. We visited the islands dispersed here and there. Some of them were covered with evergreen mango-trees, surrounding the country-houses of the rich inhabitants of Tamatave. In one of these islands, Ferdinand showed us the money-box of the giant Arafif. This money-box is of a

round shape, thirty-six inches in diameter, furnished with a small opening, and was left (the legend says) in this place by the giant Aafif, a powerful king of the North, to whom is attributed a multitude of mighty deeds. It is very old, and was probably left on these shores by pirates. Be that as it may, the credulity of the natives has converted a venerable relic into an object of sanctity, and the spot where it lies has become a place of pilgrimage. Every person passing in the neighbourhood used to go out of his way in order to place an offering in the sacred money-box. The treasure thus gradually increased, and when the fetish contained within its sides a tolerable sum of money, the sacrilegious Hovas broke open the box and took possession of its contents. At the present day it lies disembowelled, like a dried pumpkin. The faithful still come, however, on pilgrimage, lavishing upon their violated fetish newer and more innocent offerings. The ground all around is strewed with the feet of fowls, the horns of oxen, little morsels of cloth, and joints of reeds full of betzabetza. These valueless offerings are not of sufficient worth to tempt the cupidity of unbelievers, and so lie scattered about near the money-box, imparting to the spot an air of desolation. We piously picked up one of these offerings, to keep as a remembrance of the inconstancy of man, and the frailty of their belief.

From the isle of Papay, where we found the money-box, we passed into the river Yvondrou, which we had quitted some days before, and which it was necessary to ascend again in order to reach Soamandrakisai. The banks of this river are flat, and devoid of vegetation. The heat was oppressive. A five days' journey quite exhausted us, and we arrived eager for rest. Soamandrakisai is a large establishment for the manufacture of aguardiente, originally established by M. Delastelle, and of which Ferdinand Fiche is now the director. As by the Hova laws, and the decree of Ranavalo, no stranger can possess any land in Madagascar, the business was made a sort of partnership between M. Delastelle and the Queen. The Queen found the ground, five hundred slaves, and the materials; M. Delastelle gave his time and labour. The manufactory is protected by a military station, commanded by a Hova officer styled a "twelfth honour," who keeps a watch over the sale of the products, and the conduct of the manager. The unfortunate Ferdinand, owing to the incessant interference with his smallest actions, is, in fact, more a slave than any of his own subordinates.

The establishment, situated at the foot of the first range of hills, extends from the high grounds to the banks of the river. It is composed of a steam distillery, with large sheds for making casks, carpenters' and locksmiths' workshops, and a beautiful house, with numerous smaller dependencies. The slaves inhabit a village near the distillery, and the huts of the Hovas are so close that nothing can escape their jealous eyes. Ferdinand conducted us to the neighbouring height, where we saw the tomb of M. Delastelle, which had been erected to his memory by his friend Juliette Fiche. He rests under the shade of orange and citron trees, on the soil of a country which he tried to civilise, and which he endowed with several commercial establishments and three prosperous manufactories. The scenery around us was wild and bold. On the east, the sea broke in white foam on the sands; to the south, the lakes shone like mirrors; and, following with the eye the winding course of the Yvondrou, we could discern on the horizon the mountains of Tananarivo, far in the interior. On the north the hills, stripped by fire of their natural mantle of forests, allowed the eye to wander over an undulating country of a bright green hue, in the midst of which appeared, here and there a few skeletons of trees, blackened by the fire, the last traces of the vegetation which formerly covered its surface; whilst at our feet extended one of those immense morasses which are indescribably picturesque and sad.

The vegetation here is wonderfully luxuriant; gigantic salvias, ravenals, and dwarf palm-trees mingle their strange foliage, and the great crowns of the Vacoa, resembling our funereal cypress, give to the place the appearance of a deserted burying-ground. These marshes are infested with serpents and crocodiles, to the great terror of the neighbouring inhabitants, who are obliged to cross the little streams of water, with which they are intersected. Domestic animals have a very remarkable instinct in guarding against the attacks of the crocodiles. Dogs, for instance, make use of a very successful stratagem, so ingenious that instinct is scarcely sufficient to explain it. When a dog wants to cross a river to look for his master, or in search of prey, he stops on the bank of the river, moans, barks, and howls with all his might. The reason is very simple; he thinks that on hearing this noise the crocodile will hasten towards the spot from which the sound proceeds, and that others at a great distance will leave their retreat, and endeavour to seize the silly animal. The dog continues to bark and howl, and the comedy lasts as long as he thinks it necessary to draw together his enemies; then, when they are all collected in the thickets close by, anticipating a delicious morsel, the dog darts off like an arrow, passes the river quite safely a quarter of a mile off, and goes on his way barking with joy and defiance.

On our arrival at the house, Ferdinand had prepared a surprise for us. He had arranged a dinner-party, to which two Hova chiefs of the place were invited. It was not for the honour of their company, but for the opportunity of studying their singular manners, that we thanked our host. The Hovas, whatever else they may be, are very fond of eating and drinking, so that our two chiefs did not require much pressing to accept Ferdinand's invitation. They kept us waiting, however, some time before they appeared; but this was excusable, in consideration of their having to dress themselves in the European style. They would not for the world have appeared at this dinner, to which our presence imparted in their eyes an official character, clothed in their national costume.

The wife of the Hova Commandant was to accompany her husband, and I suppose that there was in the household a great discussion on the subject of fashions and all the et-ceteras which, in Madagascar as well as in other parts of the world, constitute the toilette of a woman.

It was eight o'clock when the company arrived. They were preceded by his Excellency's band, consisting of a frightful trumpet and a tambourine—and accompanied by a squad of five privates and a corporal, the whole strength of the garrison. They all marched in military step, with a comic gravity which reminded one of the marching of mock soldiers on the stage. The corporal, who was very proud of his men, commanded in a loud voice their manœuvres; and, when at last they stopped, under the verandah, they all uttered the most hideous cries, which, we were told, formed some salutation in honour of us.

The Commandant and his aide-de-camp were tall, thin personages, but with intelligent faces. The Commandant endeavoured to look grave, as became a man of his importance. The other, less burdened by a sense of his honours, gave the rein to his fancy, and he and I soon became good friends. Both of them watched us with close attention, copying our manners and gestures, apparently in the belief that, if they followed our example, they would quite surpass in polite ceremonial all their acquaintances. They wore full-dress suits: black coats—rather old-fashioned, it is true—antediluvian waistcoats, and trousers of a wonderful greyish black, which betrayed their ancient origin. They managed their pocket-handkerchiefs with the skill of a dandy, at first flourishing them with a seductive grace, and then, quite at a loss to know what to do with them, sitting down upon them, being ignorant of the use of a pocket.

Madame la Commandante, who sat next to me, was a large woman, of the colour of a withered apple, and looking awkward in her ill-fitting dress. Her manners did not encourage me much, for she responded to my advances by a stupid look, which meant nothing, and contented herself with emptying her plate methodically, which I refilled at each course. Ferdinand explained that I had offended against Madegasse etiquette in helping madame first; and that it was my other neighbour to whom I should have first addressed myself, Madegasse politeness requiring the men to be helped first. Women are thought nothing of, being regarded as inferior creatures. Whereupon I devoted myself to the "twelfth honour," who sat on the other side, and who, on his part, spared no pains to make himself agreeable. He copied me with such persistence that his fork kept time with mine; when I ate, he ate, when I drank, he drank, and when I stopped, he stopped. Certainly, this man was endowed with a rare talent of imitation, and had it not been for the gravity of the occasion, I should have tried putting my fork to my ear, to see if he would do the same. My neighbour drank his wine undiluted, but he thought wine insipid, and preferred vermuth with a very strong flavour, which he took in glassfuls, so that in a few minutes he became on the most touchingly familiar terms with me. On the slightest occasion, he would slap me on the stomach, which attention, I was assured, was highly flattering; he swore that he was my friend, as I well deserved to be; and finally plunged his hands into my plate, in the idea that two such friends ought to have everything in common. At this new mark of favour I coloured at first, and then took a fit of laughing, which delighted him. I then left him the remainder of the plateful he had touched, giving him to understand that so it would be done in the best society of Europe.



GOVERNOR OF TAMATAVE.

The gentlemen continued their pleasantries (which for some time had become rather tiresome) till a late hour. Although they bore the wine very well, they began to be rather incoherent in their conversation. We therefore rose, but as no Madegasse dinner ever terminates without toasts, we were obliged to re-seat ourselves. Their custom is to drink the health of each guest, beginning with the humblest in rank and finishing off with the Queen. Enthusiastic individuals drink also to the relatives of their hosts, their children, and grandchildren, &c. Fancy our position! We commenced. When it came to the Queen, a manœuvre was executed under the verandah by the garrison, the voice of the corporal sounding like thunder. Our guests staggered to their feet, and, turning their faces in the direction of Tananarivo, the capital, drained their goblets to the incomparable glory of Rasuaherina pangaka ny Madagascar. When it came to our turn to propose the health of the Emperor, the anxiety of the Hovas was great. They gave the signal for the manœuvre to be repeated outside; but, as they did not know where Paris lay, they hesitated as to the point of the horizon. They tried turning to the north; but the difficulty increased when they came to pronounce the name of Napoleon III., and it was only after numerous false starts that they succeeded in drinking this last toast. We then dismissed them, and it was quite time to do so, for it may be well imagined that we were feeling rather the worse for drinking so many healths.

We had a horrible night, tormented with bugs, enormous rats, and mosquitoes. We had hardly closed our eyes, when the sound of a cracked bell, like a death knell, made us sit up in our beds. We were asking each other what meant these lugubrious sounds, when a noise of chains heavily dragged along increased our alarm. Were we, then, in some haunted

bitation? I could endure it no longer, and rushing out, witnessed a horrible spectacle. The doleful bell was an enormous old saucepan, which was struck with a steel bar, to call the slaves to work. In the middle of the court was a long column of slaves, chained in couples, their legs bound with heavy rings, causing them to move with pain. In walking they had to turn them, so that each step they took was only the length of their feet. These poor creatures were covered with hideous rags—some of them had nothing but a piece of matting, black with filth. Their faces, brutalised by suffering, had lost the appearance of human beings. I had often seen slaves, but never had I witnessed a spectacle of such abject misery and dejection. These, then, thought I, are the slaves belonging to the Queen! How different from the patriarchal form of servitude which I had witnessed in other parts of the island, in the houses of the wealthier natives! Ferdinand explained to me that these slaves were rebels and fugitives, and that this horrible cruelty was inflicted upon them as a punishment. Some of these wretches had been lingering in this way for months, some of them for several years. We asked our host, as a favour, and as a remembrance of our sojourn in his house, to pardon one of them. He granted our request, and the poor creature, who was immediately set at liberty, came trembling to thank us. Towards noon we took leave of Ferdinand, and set out for Tamatave.

On our return to the coast we found a note, couched in the highest terms of Hova courtesy, addressed to us by the governor of the province, and inviting us to be present at the ceremony of the coronation of the new Queen, which was to take place in the interior of the fort of Tamatave. We were to share the honour of being present at the spectacle with the whole population of the sea-port, for they had all been invited. I cannot say that I anticipated any pleasure in taking part in more of these Hova festivities; for all I had seen in Madagascar had given me cause to dislike the dominant race for their acts of oppression, their cruelty, and their empty show of civilisation. We accepted, however, the invitation, in the hope of learning something more of the customs of the people.

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

II.—From Massáwa to Kássala.

On the 15th of October, 1865, we considered that we had completed all our preparations for our onward march. The farewell dinner was eaten on board the *Victoria*, the last adieux were spoken, and we leapt ashore from the boat, hoping to exchange, that night, the stifling atmosphere, the never-ceasing chaffering and huckstering, of the Massáwa pier, for the free and open air of the desert. Circumstances, however, decided differently, for we had no sooner landed, and made our way to the place where our camels were assembled, all kneeling and roaring at the prospect of being loaded, through every note of their pitiful gamut, than we discovered that the drivers had come totally unprovided with ropes to tie the baggage on their beasts, and we were consequently obliged to stop at Monkúllú till the necessary gear was obtained. Cholera at this time was raging at Massáwa and its neighbourhood, and the next morning one of our muleteers was attacked with it in its severest form. Dr. Blanc used all his skill on behalf of the man, and although, at the time we left him, he was hovering between life and death, we heard that he subsequently recovered. While waiting till the cool of the evening will enable us to make our start, we have leisure to become acquainted with our *compagnons de voyage*.

M. Michael Marcopoli deserves the first place, I think. Sciote by birth, but cosmopolitan by tastes, he had come to Massáwa, a few months previously, as a kind of sub-agent to the mercantile house to which M. Munzinger was attached, and he proved a most valuable addition to our narrow circle of acquaintances. He boasted of Italian ancestry, and had such a contempt for the majority of his fellow-subjects, that beyond the epithet, "*un vrai Grec*," his force of vituperation could no further go. He was a most pleasant and accommodating companion, and it was with much pleasure that we acceded to his request to be permitted to take advantage of our escort as far as Matamma, whither he was bound on high commercial emprise. We were fortunate in having with us two capital interpreters, who had been with Mr. Rassam nearly the whole of his stay at Massáwa. The eldest, Omar Ali, was but a mere youth, but, with the natural linguistic facility of the African, he had already acquired several languages, and had a fair knowledge of French, with the exception that he had never been able to master the intricacies of gender, and, with much lack of courtesy, invariably gave the preference to the masculine, whatever might be the object to which his remarks referred. As he had accompanied a French gentleman as far as Berber, on the Nile, he had some claim to be considered a traveller. The second lad, Dasta, was the son of a mighty hunter of Tigré, called Gabra Georgis, who was well known to many European travellers in the country, being able, unlike most of his compatriots, to handle a rifle with considerable skill. The boy, his son, was a marvel of pride and precocity, and a most acute and intelligent interpreter in at least four languages. The rest of the cavalcade was made up of our personal servants, muleteers, and camel-drivers, while our old friend, 'Abd-ul-Kereem, with his nephew, Ahmed, and a score of ruffianly fellows with worn-out matchlocks, considered it conducive either to his own dignity or to ours to accompany us—to what good end I cannot say.

At last everything was really ready. The camels had ceased their roaring, and the drivers their cursing, and the cry of "Yallah! yallah!" was no longer to be heard. At 4 p.m. the long train emerged finally from the compound of the house

we were so glad to get away from, and took a north-westerly course, we following at our leisure. The road as far as Dissyet, where we arrived after three hours' march, led us through a country exactly similar to that in the vicinity of Monkúllú, almost a dead level of sand, with a stunted mimosa here and there, and occasionally a hillock of volcanic stone. Dissyet, which, in the Amharic language, signifies "an island," is a narrow strip lying between two *wâdis*, and possesses a few trees of larger growth than we had hitherto met with. A stony plain brought us to Amba, where we arrived at half-past nine, in capital time to have a comfortable supper and rest. The first care of a traveller in these regions is about his water: we were fortunate enough to find a good supply in a stream which ran close to our encampment. I looked about everywhere for the conical, flat-topped hill from which Amba should derive its name, but, although it has been spoken of by a modern French traveller, could nowhere discover it. The *wâdi* does, however, run through an amphitheatre of low hills, some of which have a castellated appearance; and as "Amba" signifies any fortified height, the derivation of its name may come from these. It is a scorching place; a hot, dry wind seems to blow from every direction, and at this and the next station we could only stave off its effects by keeping our heads constantly bound up in cloths, which we continually moistened in the water of the brook. At a quarter past four we resumed our march, and after passing another *wâdi* four miles distant, called Kamfar, where, though water was obtainable by digging in the sandy bottom of the dried-up stream, it was found to be of an indifferent description, we entered the desert of Sha'ab, which extends as far as 'Ain. Until it became dark, nothing but a sea of sand was visible around us, without a sign of vegetation; and we travelled on till nightfall, when we bivouacked beneath Mount Ghehenab, which stands like a monument to solitude in the midst of the waste. There is nought of human interest here. Even the roving Bedaween fear this thirsty wilderness; and beyond the cry of the leopard, as he prowls amidst the brushwood at the foot of the hill, not a sound breaks the stillness of the night. We started refreshed, at half-past four the following morning, and came to a place called Noor Habebai, where the sand gives place to volcanic *débris*. The country was so flat, that we had a prospect for miles around us, and, turning round, we could see flashing, where two rocks parted like half-opened lips, the *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα* (to use the words of old Æschylus, for I know none better) of the far-away Erythræan.

Shortly after passing a large cemetery called Zara, near which was encamped a kraal of Bedaween shepherds, we arrived at the green and lovely valley of 'Ain, through which the Lebka runs. It was necessary to go a short way up the stream before a suitable halting-place could be found, as the banks are so thickly wooded that it is hard to find an open space. This is one of those oases that remain green as themselves in the mind of the traveller long accustomed, as we had been, to sand and sea alone. The Lebka, which waters this beautiful vale, debouches into the Red Sea, a little above the sixteenth degree of north latitude, and rises among the hills of Ad-Temâriam, although it appears to be connected by affluents with the much larger river Anseba. Up to this time we had been pursuing a north-westerly course, but on starting the following afternoon, we took the stream, which flows nearly due west and east, as our road, and travelled for three hours to the westward, having found the predictions of our guides, with regard to the shifting nature of the sand so soon after the rainy season, perfectly fallacious. The Lebka, when flooded, is a most picturesque stream. For a considerable part of its course it flows between tall rocks of columnar basalt, fringed with various shrubs, with here and there an acacia or tamarind-tree lending a richer green to the scene. At one part I went over a low hill by its side, where I found an ancient cemetery called Momba Arâd, where two sheikhs of distinguished piety repose within large stone-built tombs. At a quarter to nine in the evening, we arrived at a spot called Gadarait, where the main road to the Hibâb country branches off from the Lebka.

It may not be out of place here to give some notes of a very short trip made in the previous summer to this country, which is undoubtedly the seat of a most ancient Christian community, now utterly perverted through the apathy and indifference of their own proper teachers, and the proselytising zeal of their Muslim neighbours.

Leaving the Lebka, a north-westerly route was followed until, after crossing a low but precipitous hill, which severely taxed the strength and sure-footedness of our camels, we reached a valley called Maga Maiatât (*Between the Waters*)—a most palpable misnomer, as water, and that of a bad quality, is only found at one spring. We arrived here at noon on the 29th of July, and found already encamped a large clan of Bedaween, whose sheikh soon paid us a visit, and complained most bitterly of his Christian neighbours, who last year had appropriated three hundred out of his herd of cattle, which altogether only numbered five hundred head. The houses these people were living in were wonderful to behold. A cabin scarcely larger than a moderate-sized beehive, and averaging three feet in height and ten or twelve in circumference, sufficed for a whole family. Maga Maiatât is situated within a gorge of portentous darkness, and has a renown for lions. The very night we were there the whole camp was thrown into confusion by one of these animals, who made an onslaught, and almost walked off with our Portuguese cook, who had incautiously slept at too great a distance from the fires. The next morning (30th) we started at half-past five, and after crossing another hill, came to a beautiful valley abounding in guinea-fowl and bustard. We then passed another village called Aïdé, and three hours after beginning our march, arrived at a shady spot called Râroo, where we halted and breakfasted, pic-nic fashion, under a tree. Resuming our progress at a quarter-past nine, half an hour brought us to the large village of Af-Abad, which we had decided on as the limit of our journey. According, however, to the incomprehensible custom of these people, no water was to be obtained near the village, and we had to go on three miles farther, to a watercourse called Háuzat, which we found nearly dry. It was near eleven o'clock when we arrived, and we had scarcely selected a suitable place for encamping, and begun to pitch our tents, when down came the rain, the first that had fallen for many days. We remained at Af-Abad, the capital of the Ad-Temâriam district, for three days; and though the weather was certainly nice and cool, rain fell every day, and made the ground surrounding our tents marshy and malarious, and I believe it was only our daily dose of quinine and sherry that preserved us from bad fevers. Game is far from numerous in the neighbourhood, and consists of guinea-fowl, another sort of fowl (very gamey) called by the Arabs

"the cock of the valley," gazelles (*Beni Azraïl*), antelopes (*Bohur*), and wild pig, but none in large numbers. Elephants are numerous here in the cold season, but had at this time of the year gone to the higher ranges of hills. The larger *feræ* of course abound. I think only one night passed that we had not a visit from a lion, and we lost one of our camels in this way. Leopards and hyenas are found, of course, everywhere, and the latter are especially very annoying. I forgot to mention hares and bustards, which are found in small numbers. The latter bird is as good as turkey, and very similar to it.

Af-Abad was found, by barometric measurement, to be 2,529 feet above the sea-level; so, in December or January, it would doubtless be a delightful retreat, but in the summer we found the mercury rise even higher than at Monkúllú. The country above 'Ain is called by the natives Sihé; it is bounded on the south by the Lebka, and on the east by the Red Sea: the other boundaries vary much, as the population are chiefly nomads. Tradition tells us that it was first colonised by a refugee Tigré chief, named Asgaddee, and that he pitched his tent on a hill further to the northward, which is called Asgaddee-Bakla, or "The Mule of Asgaddee," to this day. To this patriarch were born three sons, the *heroës eponymi* of the Hibâb tribes. The Ad-Temâriam,* within whose confines Af-Abad is situated, inhabit the southern district; the Ad-Teklês, the western; and the Ad-Hibdês, the northern. In outward appearance the three tribes are indistinguishable one from another; the same dress (or rather, want of it), the same heavy curls, and the same, generally speaking, handsome European features characterise them all. Like all the tribes to the north and west of Abyssinia, they are armed with a straight two-edged cross-handled sword—a singular contrast to the curved reaping-hooks of their Christian neighbours. Their language is the Lower Tigré, a kind of mixture of Arabic and Geëz, with a sprinkling of Amharic. I have heard that, with the exception of the dialect of Guarâgué, in the south of Abyssinia, it is more like the ancient Ethiopic than any other tongue spoken in those regions. The chief of the Ad-Temâriam, Sheikh Shookr, was at Af-Abad at the time of our visit. I cannot give him a good character. From his very limited knowledge of Europeans, he evidently placed us in the same category with the Turkish soldiers whom he is accustomed to see collecting revenue, and he was extremely averse to letting us have any sheep or provisions, evidently distrusting either our inclination or power to pay him. The only wealth of these people consists in their flocks and herds, and they are pillaged on one side by the Massáwa, or Harkeeko, authorities, under the name of revenue collections, and on the other by the neighbouring Abyssinians. Ever since they renounced Christianity (towards the end of last century) they have been subject to the Nayîb of Harkeeko, who is answerable for the revenue to the Turkish Government, keeping ten per cent. for himself. Sheikh Shookr pays 2,000 dollars annually for Ad-Temâriam.

Resuming the route to Kássala, on the 20th of October, at half-past four in the morning, we had to follow the course of the Lebka, and after passing a most difficult defile, in which all the powers of our camels were put to the test, we arrived at Mahaber at a quarter-past nine. The Lebka had assumed, after the pass, quite a different appearance. Instead of the basaltic rocks with which it had been walled in lower down, we saw on each side of us extensive plains, except in one spot, where, on a craggy eminence, legions of baboons seemed inclined to dispute the way with us. The bed of the river was nearly dry; in fact, only a pool here and there was to be found, the rest of the road being through heavy sand. We were obliged to stop three days at Mahaber, in consequence of finding no camels there. Sheikh Shookr, of the Ad-Temâriam, had, a fortnight before, been informed of our wish for a change of cattle at this place; but whether his influence was not commensurate with his wishes, or what not, we could not obtain them till after a deal of palavering. I can see the old fellow before me now, with his bushy locks floating behind him like a wig of the Charles II. era, brandishing his spear as he tramps down the road, and vows by his prophet that he has not another camel to spare, and when this is found, there is not another saddle, and so on *ad nauseam*. However, at length we did obtain everything we required, and at half-past three on the afternoon of the 23rd we started, and after a pleasant ride for three hours along the sandy course of the Lebka, arrived at Kelâmet. This, unfortunately, we found to be a marsh, and Dr. Blanc and I, since we had not time to pitch our tents, carried our bedsteads up to a neighbouring eminence, above, as we hoped, the reach of the miasmata. That, however, we had undesirable neighbours, was proved shortly before daybreak, for, our fire being out, and a pipe and a nip of brandy (to keep out the malaria) just finished, within a hundred yards or so a lion sung out in a way calculated to alarm the strongest nerves. This was doubtless the opportunity for displaying their prowess for which 'Abd-ul-Kereem and his brave soldiers had been waiting so long. Keeping at a safe distance down below, they fired off their pieces, and taking especial care to hit nothing, they managed to send off the unwelcome visitor, whose discontented grumblings at his extrusion from a valley of which he evidently considered himself sole proprietor, we heard for a long time in the distance.

At half-past seven we were off again, and passing along a tributary of the Lebka to the south-west, arrived at Kudbat at ten, where we took an *al fresco* breakfast amongst the tangled glades of a wood. Mounting again at four, we passed along watercourses, still offshoots of the Lebka, and fell in with numerous herds of large and beautiful antelopes at Kokai, where the surrounding hills are covered with thick foliage to their summits. Here we stopped for a few minutes, and after three hours' most difficult marching, up hill and down dale, arrived at a large meadow, with beautiful hay in it averaging a foot in height, and here we passed the night. The next morning we were early up, and after a longer time than usual passed in loading those troublesome beasts, camels, who are only too demonstrative in telling us their griefs, started off at seven.

We soon came to an 'akaba, or pass, the crossing of which occupied a good hour, and in which every moment I dreaded a disastrous end to some of our cherished packages. However, all crossed without an accident, except a few bottles broken. On arriving at the foot of this pass we left Ad-Temâriam, in which we had been journeying from 'Ain, and entered the district of Anseba, or Beit-Takue, as it is marked on some maps. For the first time in this country I saw fields of juwárri,* and other signs of a higher state of civilisation; but the fact is that this district is tributary to Haïlu the One-eyed,

* *Ad* signifies "country," or "tribe," in Lower Tigré.

* *Holcus sorghum.*

Dedj-azmâtch of Hamasain, and is therefore a portion of Abyssinia. Passing the juwárri fields, which are at Mas-haleet, we arrived at the banks of the Anseba in good time for breakfast, and settled ourselves under a large mulberry-tree. A heavy shower of rain in the afternoon made it rather problematical if we should be able to proceed on our journey; but, fortunately, it cleared up, and at half-past four we were in our saddles again, and down the Anseba, a beautiful river, though dry, or nearly so, at that time. Fringed on each side with spreading trees in full foliage, with here and there a stretch of greensward extending into the dark depths of the jungle beyond, in the general features of its scenery it bore a strong resemblance to the river Dart, in Devonshire. It is, however, not more than an eighth of the width, and was thus, perhaps, all the better adapted for gratifying us with those lovely peeps into natural beauty which a break in the foliage often displayed.

The great drawback to unalloyed pleasure was the depth of the wet sand, which rendered the road so heavy that the mules sunk fetlock deep at every step they took. It enabled us, however, to see that we were in hot chase of a herd of elephants, who had passed a few hours back, but we were not fortunate enough to fall in with them. At half-past seven we arrived at our halting-place, Heboob, where we pitched our camp on a commanding spot, as far removed as possible from the vapours of the Biyan, the tributary of the Anseba, near which we were.



BENI-'AMIR ARAB.

Our friend, M. Marcopoli, had left us at Mahaber, to go to Keren, in Bogos, on some business, and as our own road was shorter, we were the first to arrive at Heboob. He returned the morning following our arrival, accompanied by an Abyssinian chief and his suite, who had caused him much trouble of mind by their antics on the road. From the chief we learnt that, had we gone to Keren, as was our first intention, we should have been received in style by the Abyssinian authorities. Two hundred soldiers were to meet us, and hecatombs

of beeves were to have been slain in our honour, while cattle were provided for us along the road. This, at all events, implied that, as guests of the king, it was the wish of his subjects to show us respect. The chief, after having succeeded in selling us an excessively bad mule, received some presents on his side, and went on his way rejoicing.

We left Heboob at 7.20 A.M., on the 27th, our road leading us for the first two hours through a sort of tangled brake, through which it was at times most difficult to force our way. At the expiration of that time we arrived at the top of the pass of Gebei Iskoom, which separates the Anseba district from that of Báraka, or "Robber Land." The two hours and a half which the camels occupied in going down were passed by us in the discussion of our breakfast, until at noon news was brought that the descent had been safely accomplished, and we then began it ourselves. To us who followed after, it was matter of great wonderment that animals such as camels, formed by nature for travelling on soft sandy ground, should have achieved such a feat as descending in perfect safety, and without a single smash, such a precipitous pass as the one in question, which, at a rough guess, measures about 1,500 feet. We had then a long ride through the sun along a succession of stony *wâdis* until we arrived at our halting-place, Medjlel, on a watercourse called Shelâb. We reached this spot at half-past four in the afternoon, having been on the march more than nine hours. The shrubs, grass, and underwood were so thick on all sides that we were obliged to pitch in the *wâdi* itself. Our friends the elephants were of great service to us here. We had often availed ourselves of their skill in road-making, but on this occasion they saved us a great deal of trouble by providing us with quantities of water. Scarcity of this most necessary element is the great bane of African travelling, and when found it is often half composed of mineral or vegetable organic matter. At 'Ain, for instance, we placed a few grains of alum in a bottle of water, and the precipitate that it formed took up fully half of the vessel. In these *wâdis*, generally speaking, it is necessary to dig a few feet beneath the sand for water, but here the elephants, by the exercise of their own sagacity, saved us a good deal of hard labour. By working their trunks round, in fact screwing into the sand, they manage to burrow a hole, and at the bottom beautifully clear water is found; for they are the daintiest animals alive, and will only drink of the best, spurning some running water a little further up. Two paid us a visit that evening, doubtless to receive our thanks.

At Medjlel we passed a terribly hot day, the mercury rising to 106 degrees (Fahr.) in our small tent. However, at 4 P.M., we were again on the move, and marched without ceasing (so far as the camels were concerned) for more than eight hours, till we arrived at a broad watercourse called Adertee. We were thoroughly worn out, and too tired even to pitch our tents. Our road, too, offered nothing to interest us. First of all the Shelâb, then an interminable plain, covered with dry, prickly grass and thorny shrubs, and then the Adertee, here about 150 yards in width. The country, at the time we passed through it, was overgrown with luxuriant grass, owing to a feud existing between the Abyssinians, the Hibâb and the Báraka tribes, to whom ordinarily it forms a common pasture ground. The Christians, so far as plundering is concerned, are not a whit better than their Muslim and barbarous neighbours. Every day we heard stories of young girls and women being seized and sold into slavery, and the Christians seem to be quite as expert at this game as the others. This, of course, leads to retaliation, and the consequence is, that a country of the highest natural fertility is abandoned, and where there might be peaceful homesteads and smiling fields of corn, nothing is to be seen but a desolate jungle.

We left Ba'at, as our station on the River Adertee was called, at a quarter to four on the evening of the 29th, and pursued a road leading through the *wâdi* till we arrived at Kâr-Obel. There was nothing interesting to note along the road, except that we found ourselves gradually leaving the hills behind us, and approaching a more level country. We got to Kâr-Obel at 9.10 P.M., and slept in the middle of the watercourse, which was perfectly dry, till dawn saw us again on our road.

It was just sunrise when we emerged from the *wâdi* on to a broad and undulating savanna, covered with short grass, with an occasional dwarfish tree breaking the monotony of the scene. As we proceeded, however, these increased in size and number, and in some places we passed through thick groves, in which the doom-palm formed a graceful and prominent feature. Crossing another watercourse, we found ourselves at eight o'clock on the banks of a large sedgy lake, or rather marsh, as the water probably did not in any part exceed the depth of a foot or two. Surrounded with dense underwood, and with its surface covered with large water-lilies in full flower, this piece of water presented a picturesque appearance; but aware as we were of the danger of encamping too near these beautiful but treacherous spots, we pitched our tents at a considerable distance. The name of the place is Jâgee, and here we stayed till evening, passing an intensely hot day. Five o'clock saw us on our way again, and we travelled across country, through a plain abounding in thorny shrubs and a terribly annoying species of barbed grass, till we came to another *wâdi* at 9 P.M. All these watercourses formed part of a large river called the Báraka or Barka, but it is the custom to name every few miles of the stream differently, thereby perplexing travellers to no small extent. From the spot where we entered the nullah to our halting-place was called Soleeb; we then entered on the strip called Takrureet; here we slept.*

We were now in the territory occupied by a very large and powerful tribe, called the Beni 'Amir. They possess the whole of Báraka, and a considerable strip of country stretching towards Souakin. An encampment belonging to a subdivision of the tribe, the Ali Bakeet, was stationed close to us at Takrureet, and during the day two of the chiefs paid us a visit. They did not, however, seem inclined to afford us any assistance in the way of getting camels, a fresh supply of which we stood much in need of. In other respects they were courteous and obliging enough.

At 5.40 P.M. we started for Zaga, at the present time the head-quarters of the tribe. Hearing that there was a better route across country, we left the camels to follow the course of the nullah where the sand was too heavy for the mules, and pursued a path which led us through a beautiful country, very much resembling the scenery of an English park. An

* I only mention these names, which possess no interest, in case the reader should wish to follow our route upon a map. The only one which gives any idea of the country is by M. Werner Munzinger, in his *Ost-Africanische Studien: Schaffhausen*, 1864.

hour's ride brought us to a temporary village of the Ali Bakeet, where we stayed for some time, and refreshed ourselves with the milk that the hospitality of the sheikh provided for us. From this place, Aher, we travelled on through extensive and level plains covered with short grass scorched to a hay tint by the fervid rays of the sun, but grateful to the feet after the heavy sand of the watercourse. Beyond five or six villages, of a similar character to the first, we saw nothing and met no one, though the roars which resounded around us made an encounter with one of the lords of the forest no improbable occurrence. We did not reach our destination till a quarter to four the following morning, and finding our camels had not yet arrived, we spread out the dressed hides, with which we were never unprovided, on the ground, and with the growls of a couple of lions which were drinking at a pool a short distance off for our lullaby, we endeavoured to snatch sleep for an hour or two.

Day broke, but brought with it no signs of the camels. Having fixed on an eligible site for our camp, on an elevated spot within a reasonable distance from the river-bed, Blanc, Marcopoli, and myself took a stroll in the direction of the village. Passing by the well, where, by our doubtless uncanny aspect, we were the objects of mingled interest and alarm to several damsels who were employed in drawing water, we clambered over a slight eminence, and found ourselves close to the metropolis. We found it very extensive, and occupied by about 50,000 camels, but, unfortunately, nearly all of them females and young ones. Words cannot give an idea of the number of horned cattle in possession of this tribe, it being entirely a pastoral one, and, I believe, not cultivating an inch of the extensive territory which belongs to it. Nearly every house of the village was built of mats, and in the same beehive style of architecture as those of the Hibâb, to whom these people bear a considerable resemblance. All the tribes in these parts assert that they are descended from Arabs of the Hedjâz, disclaiming any connection in blood with the children of Ham; and their physiognomy does not belie their pretensions. The chiefs and upper classes shave their heads, and wear a skull-cap or turban, and generally rejoice in a gaudily-embroidered silk *sadareeyah*, or vest, of Egyptian manufacture; but the common people wear only a dirty rag, and delight in allowing their locks to fall in thick ringlets of considerable length, well smeared with mutton-tallow, and kept in order with a short, pointed, and often beautifully-carved stick, which is fastened at all times to the hair, and answers the purposes of a comb. The females, young and old, have usually little beyond a leathern petticoat and a necklace of beads to set off their dusky charms.

As we were passing one of the very few grass-built huts in the place, a person whom we judged, from his air, to be of some importance, came out to meet us, and invited us inside his dwelling, where we were regaled with the usual coffee, served in very tolerable style for the desert. We afterwards found out that this was Sheikh Ahmed, chief of the Beni 'Amir, and one of the most powerful vassals dependent on the Egyptian Government, as at any time he can bring 10,000 horsemen into the field. In the course of the day he returned our visit, with several of his relatives and retainers. We found him a very gentlemanly fellow, and more civilised than any of the chiefs we had fallen in with. Together with all his following, he took the greatest interest in Blanc's small galvanic battery, and showed much pluck in enduring the unexpected shocks, which, of course, he set down to our having a most powerful Sheitân in our possession. He could, however, afford us no assistance towards solving the camel difficulty, and so we had to proceed as we were.

We found the day intensely hot, the thermometer showing 107 degrees at one time. The night, however, was pleasant and cool, and our slumbers were only broken by the lions, which insisted on thrusting their unwelcome presence everywhere. Two of the villagers had been carried off the previous night, when we had been sleeping outside; and the people here, with the hospitality of their forefathers, anxious that no harm should happen to us during our sojourn amongst them, wanted us all to pass the night in one tent, surrounded by a cordon of soldiers. This did not exactly meet our views, although I have no doubt that we were carefully looked after through the night.

We had intended leaving Zaga early in the afternoon the next day, but our camel-drivers had—purposely, as we were all convinced—allowed their charges to stray too far, and they were not loaded and ready to start till past eight o'clock. It was, fortunately, a lovely moonlight night, and our road lay through a tract of country exhibiting the same park-like scenery I have before noticed. As, with our large cavalcade, it was impossible for us to carry sufficient water for our requirements, we were forced to push on until we found some, and in doing so the whole night was consumed. It was not till past sunrise the following morning that we reached our halting-place, on the banks of a water-course called Howâshait, and here we selected a cool spot for encamping, beneath the shade of some fine trees. At 4 P.M. we were obliged to be off again, and marched on for nearly five hours, when we thought it advisable to rest for the night, men and beasts being both terribly fatigued. The moon, however, had not yet sunk the following morning when we were again on our journey, and we had to proceed for four hours before the stage was finished. Owing to a scarcity of water on the direct route, we had to make rather a *détour*, and halt at a place called Idrees-Dâr, at the time occupied by a party belonging to a large tribe called Hadendoa, which extends from here as far as Souakin. Of similar origin to the Beni 'Amir, they exhibit the same external characteristics, and are notorious for being great freebooters; but being armed with swords and spears only, they did not venture to molest us. Bad water and an intensely hot sun did not tempt us to remain here long, and towards evening we resumed our march. The country we now entered, Tâka, is of a more hilly character than Báraka, but the general nature of the soil and vegetation undergoes little change. Nine hours' marching led us into a *wâdi*, at the entrance of which the leading camels of the caravan were attacked by lions; but the matchlocks of the gallant escort were sufficient to drive off the invaders, who are anything but the noble, courageous beasts romance has pictured them. We ourselves had ridden some way ahead, up a gorge, situated between two precipitous cliffs, which, narrowing as we advanced, conducted us to several wells, dug deeply in the sand. On arrival here, we were saluted by the barking of hundreds of dogs, which seemed to issue forth from every part of the rugged heights by which we were surrounded; but it was two o'clock in the morning, and so dark, that it was impossible to discover

anything but a soft spot to lay our bedding on. On awaking, we found we were between a couple of villages, which clustered up the sides of the hills like cells in a beehive; in fact, there was not a projecting slab of rock which did not serve as the ground, or rather, only floor of a tiny cabin. Although small, the houses were of a much superior character to those we had hitherto fallen in with. They were all circular in shape, and built of rubble, with well-thatched roofs. As for ourselves, we found a pleasant grove of date-trees to rest under during the day, and in the cool of the evening climbed up to the eyries of the inhabitants, who received us hospitably.

The name of these people and their villages is Sabderât. One hamlet is only a stone's-throw from the other, and yet there is a blood-feud between them. It appears that some years ago the whole valley was ruled by an ancient sheikh, who died leaving several sons, the eldest of whom succeeded in due course to the chiefdom. These secluded spots, it seems, form no exception to the rest of the world, and the worst of human passions rage as strongly in them as in the most crowded haunts of men. Jealousy entered the heart of one of the younger brothers, who inveigled the sheikh to a lonely place, and then stabbed him to the heart. He did not, however, live to profit by his treachery long. Rumour, with its thousand tongues, soon brought the news of the assassination to the ears of the daughter of the murdered man, who denounced her uncle to the Egyptian authorities. He was seized and carried to Kássala, and after a trial, sentenced to death. Pardon could only be accorded on one condition. The daughter must forgive the murder of her father, and intercede for his assassin. This she refused to do, and he was hanged. The valley was split into two rival factions; the descendants of murdered and murderer rule each one side, and it is no matter of surprise if they are on something less than speaking terms with each other.

We left Sabderât at five o'clock in the evening, and arriving at a convenient spot in the desert, passed the night there. From our last halting-place Mr. Rassam had sent on Ahmed of Harkeeko with letters for the Mudeer, or Governor of Kássala, and for M. Yanni Kotzika, a well-known Greek merchant of the town, who had always shown much hospitality to Europeans journeying in these remote regions. We were up betimes the next morning, and soon found that the authorities of Kássala were determined to do us honour. A couple of hundred Bashi-Bazouks and a regiment of Nizam infantry met us at the distance of a mile from the town, and we entered the gates amid much flourish of trumpets and beating of kettle-drums. M. Yanni was absent, but we were received most kindly by his brother, M. Panayoti Kotzika, and his partner, Achilles Kassisoglou, and beneath their hospitable roof, in the enjoyment of a bath and a breakfast, soon forgot the hardships attendant on our long and tedious journey.



YOUNG GIRLS OF TAKA.

Lower California.

When the United States obtained the cession of a large slice of North Mexican territory, after the conclusion of the Mexican war, the boundary line was drawn about fifty miles to the northward of the head of the Gulf of California, thus leaving the whole of that remarkable prolongation of land, the Californian peninsula, or Lower California, in the hands of its former owners. Since then, Upper California, as a State of the American Union, has risen to the position of one of the most prosperous countries in the world; whilst the contiguous southern territory, although so full of promise from its geographical position and climate, has remained in the same neglected condition in which the whole of this magnificent region had lain for centuries. The inhabitants of the peninsula are estimated at present to number not more than 6,000, the entire population of a tract of land 540 miles in length, by 50 in average breadth. They are chiefly half-castes, in whom Indian blood predominates. Mines of silver have long been worked near the southern end of the peninsula; but with regard to the resources, mineral or otherwise, of the remainder of the country, nothing was known until very recently.

The peninsula—at least, all except its northern and southern extremities—is now the property of a trading company, which has its central offices in New York. It was purchased of the republican chief, Juarez, in 1866, during the time the Mexican Empire was nominally under the sway of the unfortunate Maximilian; and the enterprise of the Anglo-Saxon has done more in a few months for the exploration of the country than Spanish-Americans accomplished during the centuries it was in their possession. On the completion of the bargain, the first step taken was the despatch of a scientific expedition to explore the territory throughout its whole length, to map its topographical features, and examine its geological structure and natural productions. The exploring party consisted of Mr. J. Ross Brown, Mr. W. M. Gabb, and Dr. Ferdinand Loehr—all men of reputation on the Pacific coast as mineralogists and geographers—and the work was commenced early in the year 1867.

One of the most interesting results of the investigations of these gentlemen, has been to modify the generally received notion as to the physical conformation of the peninsula. On all maps, a chain of hills or mountains is represented as running along the centre, forming, as it were, its back-bone, and appearing to be a continuation of the coast range of Upper California. Such a mountain range does not exist; the land gradually slopes, or forms a succession of plateaus, from the shores of the Pacific to within a few miles of the eastern coast, where it terminates in abrupt precipices, from 3,000 to 4,000 feet in height, facing the Gulf of California. This singular conformation suggests the idea that the peninsula forms only the half of a mountain range, divided longitudinally, of which the corresponding or eastern half has disappeared along the depression, where now roll the waters of the gulf. The narrow tract between the foot of the high escarpment and the shores of the gulf is broken into ridges and valleys, forming a kind of "undercliff," and clothed with a luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation. A fertile soil, yielding, with but little labour, most of the vegetable productions of warm climates, lies here at the service of the happy communities which will soon be established on the shores of the harbours and streams.

The rocks which form the slope of this long mountain ridge are of modern geological date, being of the tertiary period, here and there overlaid by thinner strata of still more recent formation. This is the condition of the central, and by far the greater part of the peninsula; the southern and northern portions are differently constituted, the slope and escarpment disappearing, and a chain of granitic mountains taking their place. In the south the Peak of St. Lazaro rises to an elevation of about 6,000 feet, being the highest point. Most of the central part is bare of trees; the fertile districts lying in the narrow valleys of the small rivers, which flow deep below the general surface of the land in their course to the Pacific. Towards the southern end of the territory belonging to the American Company, and on the Pacific coast, is a noble harbour, called Magdalena Bay, said to be equal to the bay of San Francisco in its accommodation for vessels. One half the population of the peninsula is concentrated in the picturesque valleys of the granitic range in the south, where the flourishing silver mines of Triumfo are situated. There are here three or four small towns; but in the rest of the territory only small scattered villages and mission stations are to be met with.

Survey of Sinai.

The survey of the Sinaitic peninsula, which is now in operation, has been undertaken chiefly with a view to establish a firm basis—by mapping out the topography of the intricate mountain system and labyrinth of valleys—for setting at rest the much debated question of the route of the Israelites and the events of sacred history connected with it. The project was set on foot by the Rev. Pierce Butler, who intended to have accompanied the expedition, but died before his cherished object was realised. At his death the subject was taken up by Sir Henry James, Director of the Ordnance Survey, and other gentlemen, by whose exertions the necessary funds were obtained, the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society each contributing £50, on the ground of the scientific results expected to accrue from an accurate survey. The expenses being thus provided for, the authorities of the War Office granted permission for the detachment on this duty of a party of officers and men of the Royal Engineers, and they proceeded on their mission in October last. A valuable accession to the party was obtained in the Rev. F. W. Holland, a gentleman who had already made three journeys in Sinai, and travelled on foot over hill and valley for weeks together, accompanied by an Arab guide, endeavouring to clear up the difficulties of its history and topography. As an example of the uncertainties attaching to these points may be mentioned the fact that Mr. Holland has found reason for doubting the hitherto accepted identification of Mount Sinai itself; he finds another mountain, called Jebel Um Alowee, a few miles north-east of the present Mount Sinai, to meet the requirements of the biblical narrative much more satisfactorily. It may be added that whilst investigating the topography of the country other branches of science will not be neglected; archæology, geology, natural history, and meteorology are entered on the programme of the expedition. According to the last accounts from Captain Palmer, the leader of the party, they were, on the 26th November, 1868, encamped at the foot of Jebel Musa, all in excellent health and spirits, and proceeding with their work.



DUEL WITH THE NAVAJA.

Notes on Spain.—III.

SPANISH INNS—THE POSADA AND VENTA—COOKERY—PUCHERO AND OLLA—THE NAVAJA.

THE "picturesque barbarisms" which pervade the land have always been a strong attraction and a favourite theme with travellers in Spain, and consequently they are the points on which the modern Spaniard—of the upper classes, at least—is sorest, for his highest ambition is to be undistinguishable from the rest of the civilised world. They are therefore assailed at once from within and from without, by native sensitiveness and by the importation of foreign ideas. Some there are, however, which promise to die hard. The inns of Spain have from time immemorial served as illustrations of the primitive simplicity which is the rule in the Peninsula, and they serve now equally well as illustrations of the mode in which the assimilating process works. Inns have always held a prominent place in Spanish literature and books relating to Spain. Every reader of "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas" knows what capital the authors make of the ways and humours, and motley company of the road-side inn; and from the days of William Lithgow downwards, there is hardly a trans-Pyrenean traveller who has not had his fling at the discomforts and the deficiencies, the shortcomings and the short commons of the hostelries of Spain. Nor are these aspersions merely the *ex-officio* complaints of a class which always makes the most of its sufferings abroad in order to impress friends at home. Even Ford, with all his affection for and sympathy with everything Spanish, cannot bring himself to say a word in commendation of the Spanish inns. He divides them into three classes: the bad, the worse, and the worst; the last class being by far the largest. From what has been already said in these pages about Spanish travelling as it used to be, it will be seen that the wants and comforts of travellers were not very likely to be more carefully considered off the road than on it. But this was not all. The diligence, with all its inconveniences, was still an improvement introduced into and adopted by Spain. In principle and design it was French; in its discomforts and general uncouthness it was Spanish. But the inn was everywhere, from foundation to chimney-pot, an institution wholly and entirely Spanish, and therefore a thing unchanged and unchanging, preserving unimpaired down to the nineteenth century the ways and habits, luxuries and comforts, of the time of King Wamba. The old Spanish inn was a fine example of the way in which the virtue of patience operates in Spain. The large infusion of patience present in the Spanish character is, indeed, the key to at least half of the anomalies included under the term *cosas de España*. Every one who has ever travelled with Spaniards must have been struck by the uncomplaining resignation with which the Spaniard will endure annoyances and discomforts that would at once raise a spirit of revolt in any other man. It is not that he is insensible to them, nor is it wholly from an indolence which prevents him from taking any trouble to abate the nuisance. It is rather, one is led to fancy, that drop of Moorish blood which flows in Spanish veins, asserting itself in true Oriental fashion under circumstances of suffering. Where the impatient Northern would set himself to devise and enforce a remedy, the Spaniard quotes a proverb, and it must be a rare emergency which cannot be met by some apt and

sententious scrap of current Spanish philosophy. If there is none sufficiently appropriate and conclusive, he rolls and lights a cigarette, which action is in itself a practical proverb at once philosophical and consolatory. It is this quality, joined with an inborn spirit of obedience and respect for authority, that has made the Spanish the easiest governed, and therefore the worst governed, nation in Europe. As every rider knows, it is better that the horse should bear a little on the bridle. A too easy mouth begets a careless hand, and then some day there comes a rough bit of road and a stumble, broken knees, an empty saddle, and a cracked crown.

In the matter of inns Spain would have continued to tolerate to the end of the nineteenth century the sort of accommodation that prevailed in the seventeenth, had it not been for foreign influence, and it is remarkable how the march of improvement in this respect marks the track of the foreigner. The first establishments deserving the names of hotels were at the seaports, places like Barcelona, Valencia, Malaga, and Cadiz, and date from the period when steamboat communication began to operate along the coast; the inland towns for a long time made no sign, with the exception, perhaps, of Seville, which is, after all, a sort of seaport. In 1855, in his last edition of the "Hand-book for Spain," Ford describes the Madrid hotels as among the worst in Europe, and only mentions one, and that with a recommendation which reads like a warning. The rapid spread of railways since that time has, however, made a great change; now, not only at Madrid, but at almost every large town, there are hotels, not, perhaps, as well appointed as the best in Paris, but on the whole as good as those in most civilised parts of Europe, and, at any rate, good enough to satisfy all but the extremely fastidious. Recent tourists have, indeed, in some instances inveighed bitterly against Spanish hotels, but it is impossible not to suspect that these complaints are due, not so much to experience, as to tourist tradition and guide-book instruction, according to which it is a principle that all hotels in Spain must be bad, and that it is the correct thing to abuse them. The fact is, that in nine cases out of ten the hotels to which tourists go in Spain are no more Spanish than Mivart's or Meurice's. It is one of the peculiarities of Spanish progress that the propelling power is generally foreign. The railways are in French hands, the mines in English, the literature is worked by the Germans, and the hotel department has been taken charge of by the Italians. To the Spaniard is left the part of complacent proprietor, a part which he looks and acts to admiration. As he does not attach the idea of dignity to labour, though he is quite able to appreciate its effects, the sight of foreign industry on his behalf is pleasant to him. It is gratifying that he should have his bondmen "of the heathen that are round about him," and though the labour is theirs yet the soil they work on is his: *es siempre España;* it belongs to Spain, and Spain belongs to him, and so he can regard the result with entire self-satisfaction.

For the real Spanish inn it is necessary to go farther afield, to leave the beaten tracks, or on the beaten tracks to try some unvisited town, such as Avila for instance, at which the foreigner does not stop because it is not the fashion to stop. There the curious in such matters will find the unadulterated national hostelry, whatever title it may assume for the nonce; for it is to be noted that if Spain is above all countries naturally poor in inn accommodation, the Spanish language is the richest of all languages in words to express that idea. "Hotel" has been recently naturalised, and of indigenous terms there are "fonda," "parador," "meson," "posada," "hosteria," "venta," "ventorillo," "taberna;" to which list may be added "hostal," which, however, is pure Catalan, and "casa de huespedes," and "casa de pupilos," though the last are more strictly the equivalents of "pension" or "boarding-house." This variety in nomenclature indicates, however, distinction rather than difference. The fonda (a title which is now adopted also by the buffets on the railways) is, or makes a pretence of being, the sort of thing which would in other countries be called a hotel; but as one recedes from the great highways the distinguishing features become fainter and fainter, until, in the very remote districts, the name, when it does appear, ceases to imply any superiority or difference worth mentioning. The parador is the analogue of our old coaching inn; it is the place *donde para la diligencia*—where the diligence stops—whether to dine, breakfast, sleep, or discharge its load. It varies of course with the quantity and quality of the passenger traffic on the road, in some cases boasting a *mesa redonda* (table d'hôte), and an attempt at a cuisine. The meson and the posada are both town inns, the chief difference being that the former is rather a bigger and more bustling kind of establishment, and more properly a sort of house of call for carriers, arrieros, muleteers, and business travellers of that description, while the posada is the inn, pure and simple, of city, town, or village, the place, as the name implies, *donde se posa*—where one reposes: such, at least, is the theory. Hosteria is a vague term, which means anything, or very frequently nothing, in the way of entertainment for man and beast. The venta is the roadside inn, the caravanserai, far from the haunts of man, to which the traveller looks forward as the place where he may break the weary journey between town and town, bait his steeds, cool his parched clay with a deep draught from the perspiring porous water-jar, and, if the house be one of good repute and large business, recruit himself with more substantial refreshment. The ventorillo is the diminutive of the venta, a half-way house, of bothie or "shebeen" order, just capable of supplying water for the mules, and fire-water—aguardiente—for their masters. This and the taberna are the lowest depths of Spanish entertainment. This latter is simply the wine-shop of the mountain hamlet, and has seldom much more to offer the wanderer who is forced to seek its shelter than black bread, clean straw, and *vino de pasto*—not the light dry sherry-like wine which monopolises that name in this country, but simply the *vin ordinaire* of the district. The taberna is, however, almost confined to the mountains of Gallicia, Leon, and the Asturias, where the un-Spanish practice of calling a spade a spade prevails to some extent. In grandiloquent Castile, or imaginative Andalusia, a house offering the same degree of accommodation would not have the least scruple in calling itself a posada.

The posada and the venta are the two most typical and characteristic of all these. They are, indeed, things of Spain, wholly peculiar to, and in every sense redolent of Spain. Of course they vary considerably; some posadas there are which the traveller will always hold in grateful remembrance for their excellent, homely fare, cosy lodging, and kindly ways. Many, most perhaps, will have a place in his memory solely from their

discomforts and humours, and the semi-barbarous originality pervading the entire establishment. To the traveller who, setting forth from Madrid or Seville, or some other civilised starting-point, plunges into the wilds of Spain, as he may do in most cases immediately on passing the gates of the city, his first posada affords nearly as complete a change as could be obtained by dropping from a balloon into the middle of Chinese Tartary. However posadas may differ in internal arrangements and comforts, they always agree in one point, they are, externally, strictly honest; they make no illusory outside promises about neat wines, beds, chops and steaks, or anything corresponding to those luxuries. They preserve an uncommunicative, unpromising, and even forbidding front, without a sign to guide the hungry pilgrim, or any indication of their calling except the name of the hostelry, Posada of the Sun, or of the Souls, or of Juan the Gallego, painted on the wall within a black border, like a mortuary inscription, and, perhaps, a withered branch—that bush which good wine needs not, according to the proverb — hanging over the entrance. This last is usually a gateway, lofty and wide, for through it must pass all that seek the shelter of the house—men, horses, mules, or wagons. Inside will generally be found a huge, barn-like apartment, with, at one end, an open hearth, or else a raised cooking altar, where some culinary rite or other seems to be always in progress. At the other, a wooden staircase, or rather, a ladder that has taken to a settled life, leads to an upper region, where are certain cells called quartos, which, on demand, will be furnished with a truckle-bed for the luxurious traveller. In posada etiquette, the securing of one of these chambers establishes beyond a question a right to the title caballero, which, otherwise, would be allowed only by courtesy. The muleteers, carriers, and general customers, unless very flush of cash, rarely avail themselves of such a luxury; but, wrapped up in their mantas, stow themselves away under the carts, or in the stable, or on a sort of bench which, in well-found posadas and ventas, is built for their convenience round the lower chamber. A second archway—the counterpart of that opening on the street or road—leads to the yard, and to ranges of stables sufficient for a regiment of cavalry. This, or something of this sort, is the most common arrangement; but there are endless differences in matters of detail. The front gateway is the regular post of "el amo," which must be translated "landlord;" though that title, as we understand it, gives but a faint idea of the character. He is by no means the man to come out smirking and bowing to meet the guest that descends or dismounts at his door; his demeanour is rather that of a prince permitting foreigners to enter his dominions. The stranger, new to posada ways, before he resents the undemonstrative dignity with which he is received, will do well to study the conduct of his fellow guests as they arrive. The arriero, as he comes up with his string of laden mules, just nods to the amo, who, cigarette in mouth, sits lolling against the door-post, and without further ado passes in with his beasts, takes off and puts away the packs, and stables the animals like one who is quite at home and looks for no help. As he re-appears from the stables the amo rises, unlocks the store where the fodder is kept, gives out the necessary supplies, and returns to his seat and cigarette. The new-comer, having seen his beasts at their supper, proceeds to see about his own at the upper end, where the womankind and cookery reign, and ascertains when the olla, or puchero, or guisado, as the case may be, will be ready. Business being now finished, he makes a cigarette, takes a stool, and sits down in the gateway opposite the landlord, who then, for the first time, breaks silence with "Que tal?" to which the guest replies with the latest "novidades" of the last town he has been in. This is the usual, and the best plan. Help yourself as far as you can; take the good the gods provide, or in default thereof, such things as the cooks, and he who sends cooks, may have furnished, and refrain from making idle inquiries as to what you can have, or useless statements as to what you would like to have. As the evening wears on the group in the gateway grows larger and larger, until the shades and chills of night, aided by hunger, bring about an adjournment to the hearth inside, where it re-forms, and contemplates the simmering pans with a warm interest. Then sundry low tables, very straddle-legged, as having to stand on a rough paved floor, are set out, forks and spoons are distributed, at least to any recognised caballeros



THE NAVAJA.

(as for knives, every man is expected to produce his own—some ten or twelve inches of knife—out of his breeches pocket or the folds of his faja), and the glazed earthenware pans are transfefred, just as they are, from the hearth to the table, exactly as Cervantes describes: "trujo el huesped la olla asi como estaba." By the way, the dialogue between Sancho and the host, in the beginning of that chapter of "Don Quixote" (Part II., chap. lix.) is to this day true to life, and illustrates what we have already said about the uselessness of asking for or ordering anything in a posada or venta. Now, as then, the gravity with which a landlord, who has nothing in the house, and no chance of getting anything outside, will ask, "Que quiere usted?" (What would your worship like?) is amazing. Plates are not in vogue at a genuine posada or venta supper. Every one works away at the common dish, harpooning his food with the point of his knife, or, if a man of refinement, with his fork, and falling back on the use of the spoon for the broth and the garbanzos. The concession of a plate, however, will always be made to the weakness of a caballero and a foreigner, and a similar consideration for the uncivilised ways of the outer barbarian will perhaps be shown in granting him a tumbler, or drinking glass, as his awkwardness will not permit him to drink in the correct way, by shooting a thin stream of wine down his throat from the leathern bota which passes round from hand to hand, or from the porron, a squat glass flask, with a long curved spout like a curlew's bill.



HOW A SPANIARD DRINKS.

The posada, its ways and scenes, company and surroundings, have rather a Gil Blas flavour. The venta, on the other hand, reminds one more of Don Quixote. The venta is, indeed, "the inn" of Quixotic story, and one, at least, of those mentioned can be identified in the Venta de Quesada, a couple of leagues north of Manzanares, on the Madrid road.



COMPANY IN A SPANISH INN.

This is clearly the inn Cervantes had in his eye when he described the Don's first sally, and how he was dubbed a knight by the innkeeper. Tradition says it, and topography confirms it. The "great yard that lay neere unto one side of the inne," where the hero watched his armour, and the "cistern neer unto a well" on which he placed it, are still in existence, and have a positive historic value in the eyes of the Manchegans. By the way, Shelton and his successors would have done better in translating "pila" literally by "trough," which would have been more consistent with fact, as well as with the spirit of incongruity which pervades the humour of the whole scene. There are better specimens, however, of the Don Quixote inn than the Venta de Quesada. On the long, straight, dreary roads of La Mancha and Andalusia may be seen, at intervals, the very counterpart of that famous inn, in which are laid so many of the scenes of the first part—a bare, staring, white-walled, red-roofed building, big enough, and self-assertive enough, at least, to pass for a castle. For leagues there is no other house "to mark the level waste, the rounding gray." All the features described by the novelist are there, even to the corral where they tossed poor Sancho in the blanket, and the huge skins of red wine with which the Don did battle. The company, too, is much the same as of yore. Officers of the Holy Brotherhood, ladies in disguise, and escaped captives from Barbary no longer travel the roads; but the barber and the priest, cloth-workers of Segovia and needle-makers of Cordova, pedlars, arrieros, and caballeros may still be found grouped together, by the levelling influence of venta accommodation.

Any remarks about ventas and posadas would be incomplete without a word on the fare and cookery of the Spanish inn. In the civilised hotels and fondas of the large towns, the cuisine is simply continental — that is to say, French, or quasi-French. Spain asserts herself at the table only in a certain leathery and pitchy twang in the wine, and in a feeble imitation of the puchero, which is one of the courses of every table d'hôte. The parador, too, in these days very frequently shows signs of foreign influence; but the meson, the posada, and the venta are true to Spanish cookery and Spanish dishes. About these there is a good deal of misconception. The olla and the puchero, for instance, are generally spoken of as if they were definite works of culinary art, and quite distinct one from the other. Practically they are the same, olla being the term in vogue in Andalusia and the south, puchero, in the Castiles and the north generally; and each meaning, like our "dish," not the contents, but the receptacle—the brown glazed earthenware pan or bowl in which the mass is cooked and, generally, served. In each case the composition and ingredients depend entirely on the supplies within reach. They are, in fact, stews or messes, into which anything edible that is at hand may enter with propriety. There are, however, certain ingredients more or less necessary. As the proverbs say, "Olla sin tocino, sermon sin Agustino"—an olla without bacon is as poor an affair as a sermon without a flavouring from St. Augustine, and as flat as a "boda sin tamborino," a wedding without music; and as bacon is about the one thing which is never wanting in Spain, bacon is always there to give an unctuous mellowness to the mass; also there should be chorizos, the peculiar highly-spiced rusty-flavoured sausages of Spain, and likewise scraps of beef. As a bed for these more solid ingredients there should be plenty of cabbage, and garbanzos or chick-peas, to which may be added any fancy vegetable the season permits and the district produces. The same rule holds good with respect to the meat element. The recognised members are those mentioned above; but mutton, fowl, goat, or any chance game picked up on the road—hare, partridge, quail, rabbit, plover, magpie, all are admissible; and then, as the cookery-book would say, let the whole simmer gently over a slow fire, for "olla que mucho hierve sabor pierde"—the olla allowed to boil too much loses flavour. The guisado, also an eminent posada dish, is a stew of another sort, simpler as regards its composition, but more elaborate as regards its sauce. In the north-west of Spain, and where the potato flourishes, the guisado occasionally developes a family likeness to the "Irish stew," and when really well cooked, is a dish to set before a king, not to say a hungry traveller. Another favourite posada dish is chicken and rice, which is something like curried fowl, with the part of curry left out, or, to be more correct, undertaken by saffron. The tortilla and the gazpacho, sometimes alluded to in books about Spain, are not properly posada or venta dishes; the former, a substantial kind of pancake with slices of potato embedded in it, being rather a merienda or luncheon refection, to be eaten *in transitu;* the latter, a something between a soup and a salad consumed by the peasants and labradors in the fields. The true posada soup, or sopa, is simply bread saturated into a pulp with caldo—the water in which meat has been boiled. Condiments of various sorts are largely used in posada cookery. The commonest are tomato, pimientos or peppers, red and green, and saffron; to which must be added those two bugbears of the foreign traveller, oil and garlic. As to the accusations brought against the former, a true bill must be found in most cases. It is generally execrable, so strong and rancid that "you shall nose it as you go up the stairs into the lobby," but there is rather more fuss made about garlic than it deserves. The Spanish garlic, like the Spanish onion, is a much milder and less overpowering article than that produced further north. Every one who has mixed much in peasant society in Spain must have remarked that, although quite as much addicted to the use of garlic as that of the south of France, it is by no means so objectionable on the same score. It is even possible for a Northerner to become in time quite tolerant of garlic, but it is a terrible moment when he first perceives that he has ceased to regard it with that abhorrence which a person of properly constituted senses ought to feel. He becomes the victim of a horrible self-suspicion somewhat like that of a man thrown among cannibals, who found that their mode of dining was beginning to be less revolting to him than it had been at first. The dessert of a Spanish dinner ought, considering the climate, to be well furnished. But the Spaniards are not, like the Moors, skilful and careful gardeners, and fruit in Spain is generally poor, the oranges, grapes, and, perhaps, the figs, excepted. The smaller fruits have scarcely any existence. The strawberry is all but unknown, except in a wild state. Melons, to be sure, are abundant, and large enough for Gargantua's mouth, but they are rather insipid. The apples are sometimes fair to look at, but seldom worth further attention. The pears are very much like those stone fruits sold at bazaars for chimney ornaments, and about as soft and succulent; and as to the peaches, they are generally nothing better than pretentious turnips in velvet jackets.

What has been already said about the ways of the posada will throw some light on one of the minor barbarisms with which

Spain is frequently charged. It has been urged as an ugly fact against the nation that every male, of the lower orders at least, should always carry about him such a murderous weapon as the "navaja," the Spanish knife about which so much has been written, and it is assumed that an instrument of that form can only be retained for homicidal purposes. The navaja is, indeed, the national weapon of the Spanish peasant, as the long Toledo blade was that of the hidalgo, and in that capacity it has many a time done effective service in the guerillas of Spain, as many a poor French picket has found to his cost. Very likely it would come into play again should an occasion arise; but at present, and in these latter days, it is, appearances notwithstanding, nearly as harmless a tool as a court-sword. Those frightful combats and scenes of slashing and stabbing with which Spanish life is so generally accredited, are in reality of the very rarest occurrence, now at least, whatever they may have been. There is not, perhaps, a less quarrelsome people naturally than the Spanish, nor are they by any means the fiery, hot-tempered set, prone to shed blood on the smallest provocation, that those who are fond of generalisation represent them to be. A fight of any sort, even in the back slums of the great cities, is the most uncommon of sights, and there are probably more of what are called "knife cases" in a week in England than in Spain in a twelvemonth. Better police regulations, too, have helped to make serious frays impossible. The professional bully, for instance, mentioned by Ford, and portrayed by M. Doré, cannot well levy black-mail on the card-players with the same impunity as in days gone by. The navaja is carried more from force of habit than anything else. It is the old trusty companion of the Spaniard, a weapon abroad, a knife at board; and, though fighting may have gone out, dining still remains in fashion, and he clings to the old tool.

Still, however, it must be admitted, appearances are against the navaja, and, being so, every tourist will, of course, buy a specimen, to serve as an illustration of the manners and customs of Spain. With the traveller who means to put up at ventas and posadas it is, indeed, a matter of necessity. A knife of some sort he must have, as has been already shown, and he had better provide himself with one of those of the country, for if he produces a more civilised implement of foreign manufacture, he will find that its attractions as a curiosity are so great that it will be in any hands but his own at meal times. The Albacete cutlery is the most esteemed; but Santa Cruz de Mudela, Saragossa, and one or two other towns, turn out business-like articles. Barbarous, indeed, in every way is the navaja. The blade, sharp at the point as a needle, varies from three inches to three feet in length. Knives of the latter dimensions are not, to be sure, generally carried in the breeches pocket, but they are to be seen in the cutlers' windows. From eight to ten inches is a convenient length for general society, but twelve or fourteen is not considered ungenteel. Nothing can be ruder than the ornamentation, workmanship, and finish; in fact, the whole affair rather looks like the uncouth weapon of some scalping, weasand-slitting, stomach-ripping savage, than the peaceful companion of a European Christian. Still, the elasticity of British manufacture, which on the one hand can surpass the blades of Damascus and Toledo, and on the other descend to meet the tastes of the Malay and the Red Indian in creeses and tomahawks, is equal to the task of producing a navaja which can compete successfully with the native article. There is a form of knife, bearing the name of a Sheffield firm, which is now becoming very popular in Andalusia on account of its durability, lightness, and cheapness, and it is curious to observe how the traditions and tastes of the country have been consulted in its construction. It is certainly, in appearance, a less bloodthirsty instrument than the original navaja, and inclines rather to cutting than to stabbing as the true province of a pocket-knife; but it is studiously and carefully rough and rude in make, and, beside a common jack-knife, which does not cost half its price, it looks like the product of some savage workshop. This is the small end of the wedge; it will be for some hardware Darwin of the future to trace the features of the old national navaja in the improved cutlery of Spain.

A Visit to Paraguay during the War.

BY THOMAS J. HUTCHINSON, F.R.G.S., ETC.

CHAPTER II.

BATTLE OF RIACHUELO—NOISES IN SOUTH AMERICAN TOWNS—CITY OF CORRIENTES—CHACO INDIANS—BONPLAND THE BOTANIST—MIRACLE OF THE CROSS—LAKE OF YBERA—FLOATING ISLANDS—THE VICTORIA REGIA—THE PARANA ABOVE CORRIENTES—ITAPIRU FORT—THE BRAZILIAN FLEET—THE PARAGUAYAN CHATA.

March 30th.—Passing the Sombrero and Sombrerito points, we enter the bay opposite the Riachuelo, where was fought the great naval battle, already alluded to, between the Paraguayan and Brazilian squadrons, on the 11th of June, 1865. Vessels ascending the river and entering this harbour have to contend against a very rapid current sweeping round the point; and the Paraguayans, availing themselves of this advantage, erected a battery at the place to aid their fleet. Into the centre of the river bight flows the small river Riachuelo, and at the upper end, as the only reminder of the battle, we see projecting out of the water the three masts of the large Brazilian iron steamer, the *Jequitinhonha*, which grounded on a bank during the fight. I hope to be excused giving any details of this contest, when I state the fact that both sides claim the victory on the occasion, and that medals to commemorate it were struck respectively at Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, and at Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil.

Rounding the point of El Pelado (the treeless), and skirting along the Isla de Palomeras (the island of bleak points), anchor is dropped in Corrientes roadstead at ten o'clock on Good Friday morning.

In nearly all South American towns the first noises which attract the attention of a stranger are the sounding of bugles and the ringing of bells. It occurs to me that the latter practice may owe its origin to the dogmas of Frater Johannes Drabicius, who, in his book, "De Cœlo et Cœlesti Statu," printed at Mentz in A.D. 1718, employs 425 pages to prove

that the occupation of the blessed in the world to come will be the perpetual ringing of bells. Before sunrise bells and bugles are now vibrating at Corrientes, whilst during the whole day long the music of both is repeated at intervals—too often, I regret to say, in most distressing tones of discordance.

I had been informed, previous to my visit to this place, that there were some old ladies here whose notions of what Captain Maury calls the "Geography of the Sea" were so limited, that even after steamers began to ply in this direction, they believed the mail and passenger vessels came out from England in the same fashion as the river craft effected their voyages from Buenos Ayres to Corrientes — namely, by lying every night alongside an island, to which their ship was made fast by a rope secured to a tree.

I was agreeably disappointed with my first view of Corrientes from the roadstead. Two venerable-looking churches—the Matriz (or parish chapel) and the San Francisco—with the Moorish-looking tower of the Cabildo (town hall), first attracted my attention, producing a pleasant Old-World appearance. Then a number of brown sloping roofs—a very unusual thing in Spanish South American towns, where all the house-tops are flat—gave an air of quaintness to the place. On the beach, at the southern end, are half-a-dozen tanneries; the leather which is manufactured here constituting one of the chief articles of export, together with dry and wet hides, timber of various kinds, and oranges in their season.



INDIAN OF PARAGUAY.

My earliest visit on shore was paid to His Excellency the Governor. In the Government House are comprised the governor's and the minister's office, as well as the offices of the customs, the bank, and the war department. The building was originally erected as a college by the Jesuits. Its chief front faces Tucuman Street, and over the main door are the arms of the Argentine Republic. This block of buildings covers a square (*cuadra*) of ground (150 yards on each side), and inside the quadrangle is a smooth greensward of the finest grass. Everywhere in the streets of Corrientes this herbage, styled *gramilla* or *pasto tierne*, is seen growing. Between the offices and the grass a corridor runs along on each side, clinging to the pillars of which grow scarlet and vari-coloured convolvuli, intermingled with white and red roses. In two squares which adjoin we find the commissariat's offices, busy with the troops and stores now in daily preparation for the campaign in Paraguay.

The ground on which the city is built is undulating like that of Paraná. In the same street as the post-office, and nearly opposite to it, is the theatre, of which I saw little except broken windows, and observed that the light of heaven penetrated very distinctly through the greater part of its wooden roof. The streets in one respect bear a resemblance to those of the city of Cordova, in being sandy, which is attended with this advantage, that in wet weather there can be little or no mud. Occasionally we see blocks of basalt cropping up in these sandy roads. Almost every house has an orange-garden attached to it, and the fragrant odours of the blossoms and the golden fruit, when in season, make up for many deficiencies in the place in other respects. The produce in oranges is so abundant that, as I have before said, they constitute part of the exports of the city.

In the principal *plaza* are situated the two churches of the Merced and Matriz, whilst between them and the river is the church of San Francisco. This square is very spacious, but the town-hall, a statue of Liberty in the centre, and a few private houses, constitute all its architectural features. Opposite the Cabildo (or town-hall), and on the other side of the square is a large, gloomy, prison-looking residence, with a small entrance-door painted a very bright green, where resides Doctor Santiago Derqui, who was president of the Argentine Confederation on the fall of Urquiza. A few palm-trees, not of very vigorous growth, are planted here and there. The statue of Liberty has at each corner of the base of the column, and overtopping the pediment, the figure of a human bust. One of these represents Belgrano, another San Martin, a third Alvear, and the fourth Lavallol—all

heroes of the war of independence waged by the Argentines against Spain.

In the Matriz there are some fine paintings by the old Spanish masters. The organ of this church was made by a priest, assisted by a native blacksmith.

I mounted the tower of the Cabildo, in order to have a view of the city and surrounding country. This edifice, the town-hall of the place, was erected in 1812 by Deputy-Governor Lazuriage, and has always been used for offices by the judges of criminal, of civil, and of commercial causes, as well as by the *Gefe Politico*. This last-named functionary is, in all Argentine towns, equivalent to the mayor or chief magistrate. From the summit of the tower the eye ranges across the river to the illimitable wilds of the Gran Chaco territory; but the most attractive object is a very imposing church, with enormous dome, covered with blue and white porcelain tiles, situated in the north-eastern part of the city, at a distance of about a mile and a half from where we stood. This sacred building was dedicated to our Lady of Rosario; but, although commenced ten years ago, it is still unfinished, and surrounded by scaffolding. Towards the borders of the town, on the south-east, we can see the chapel of El Milagro de la Cruz (The Miracle of the Cross), and adjoining this lies the public cemetery. Seen from this height, Corrientes might be styled the "city of orange groves," so abundant are the orchards of this beautiful fruit.



SERGEANT GONZALES—PARAGUAYAN SOLDIER.

Descending from the Cabildo, I strolled up to the market-house, which is nothing but a *galpon*, or shed, resembling an African palaver-house, in being open at both ends. It is about fifty yards long. Among the articles offered for sale by the dark-skinned market-gardeners and costermongers were heaps of Indian corn, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, melons, gourds, and a curious sort of lumpy saccharine confectionery that resembled too much the colour of the sellers to encourage me to try its flavour. As I walked through the town I was able to notice more attentively the brown roofs of the houses, which had so curious an appearance from the deck of our steamer. They are constructed of the trunks of palm-trees, the cylindrical stems being split down the middle, and so arranged in juxtaposition as to have their convex sides upwards. Attached to the majority of houses with this style of roof, and facing the street, are wide verandahs, beneath which one can sit at any time of the day, and be protected from the scorching sun.

Amongst the motley crowd of natives and foreigners to be met with here at this time, were occasional specimens of the Mocovi and Guaicaru Indians from the Gran Chaco. These people come across from their wild woods to sell grass for cattle, there being no alfalfa (South American clover), on which horses are fed elsewhere in this country, cultivated near Corrientes. The Chaco grass is extremely coarse, being almost as thick as wheat-straw. It is, nevertheless, said to be very nutritious, and the horses feed on it with great avidity.

During our stay at Corrientes the crew of the steamer caught in the river a large quantity of fish, some of them resembling in taste the English salmon. Two of the kinds taken were the dorado and the pekaré, both excellent eating. The latter is said, by its presence, to be the invariable precursor of the water rising—a change very much needed at the time of my visit. The dorado, as its name indicates, is of a golden colour; whilst both species are plump and fat. These two kinds of fish are plentiful in all parts of the river, from Monte Video upwards.

Whilst at Corrientes I made inquiries respecting the distinguished French botanist, M. Amadée Bonpland—a man who once enjoyed great fame as the companion and worthy fellow-labourer of the illustrious Humboldt, in his world-renowned journeys across the Cordilleras of the northern part of the South American continent. Bonpland died in 1858, at his estancia, or plantation, in the territory of Missiones, near a town called Mercedes, at the distance of about fifty leagues

east from Corrientes city. To me it was a subject of saddening reflection to find that the name of this celebrated *savant* was already almost forgotten in the country of his adoption. In spite of the splendid career which lay open to a man of his great attainments in Europe, after his travels, he left the centres of Old-World civilisation, and came to the banks of the Plata to do what he could towards the spread of enlightenment in the New World. A grant of land, four leagues in extent, was given to him at the time that Don Juan Pujol was governor of this province in 1854. At this last-mentioned period, being then interested in the establishment of the agricultural colony of Santa Anna, where he temporarily resided, Bonpland was appointed by Governor Pujol to be director-in-chief of a museum of the natural products of the province of Corrientes, just created in the capital. His reply, accepting the post, seems to be worthy of being preserved. It is dated Santa Anna, the 27th of October, 1854, and is addressed to the governor in the following words:—

"I should wish to be younger, as well as more worthy to fill the situation of director-in-chief of the museum, or permanent provincial exhibition, that your Excellency has deigned to offer me. Although I am now three months beyond eighty years of age, I accept with gratitude the honourable position placed at my disposal; and I pledge myself to employ all my powers in fulfilling the numerous duties exacted by an institution calculated to be so useful to the people of Corrientes, to whom, as well as to your Excellency, the honoured founder of this museum, I owe numberless obligations.

"The chief riches of this province, as far as we know at present, consist in its vegetable productions. In the Argentine Republic, together with Paraguay and the Banda Oriental, I have collected a herbarium of more than three thousand species of plants, and I have studied their properties with the most careful attention. This work, in which I have been employed since 1816, will be very useful when I come to arrange our vegetable collection; and I hope in a short time to place in the museum of Corrientes a herbarium that will be as useful as your Excellency need desire, in encouraging in the minds of your fellow-citizens an ambition to study the natural products of their country.

"As to the mineral kingdom, there is no doubt that with the advance of time our mines of silver and gold will be worked with much advantage, when we have a more numerous population, and labour is carried on according to better rules than those which now exist. Although quicksilver has been discovered, many years ago, in the neighbourhood of La Cruz, still the predecessors of your Excellency have neglected the glory of utilising this metal, which is so useful for amalgamation with gold and silver. It would seem expedient to me to explore as soon as possible the three small hills which overtop the town of La Cruz, for it is there that may be discovered the chief deposit of this quicksilver. If, as I hope, we can ascertain with accuracy the position of this mine, it will prove an invaluable treasure to serve for the amalgamation of the numerous ores of gold and silver, that are at the present time being worked with so much zeal all through the Argentine Republic.

"The animal kingdom is well represented in the province, but as yet we have only a superficial knowledge of it. Therefore much interesting information can be elicited, as well as a good collection formed, by an assiduous study of this branch of knowledge. God bless your Excellency, &c. &c.

"AMADÉE BONPLAND."

The statements in the foregoing letter, that the writer was eighty years and three months old when he accepted the post of director-in-chief of the Corrientes Museum, and that he had made a collection of more than three thousand species of plants, made me very anxious to know something of the result of his labours in this interior province. I found that his name is remembered, and that is all. No one in Corrientes of whom I inquired knew even where the museum had formerly stood, although it was only twelve years since it was established; and of the whereabouts of Bonpland's botanical collection they were equally ignorant. Such is scientific fame in South America!

Young as these South American countries are, the city of Corrientes boasts a miraculous legend concerning its foundation. It is thus related by the historian, Dr. Vicente G. Quesada:—

"In the year 1588, Don Juan Torres de Vera and Arragon was Adelantador, or Governor of Paraguay. He sent his nephew, Don Alonzo de Vera, with eighty soldiers, to found a city in some advantageous position, lower down the river than the capital of Asuncion. In the report of Don Alonzo on the place which he selected, he describes it as 'a beautiful situation, not only with a charming perspective, but possessing manifest advantages for agriculture and the rearing of cattle.' On the 3rd of April, 1588, they mounted the banks, which in this place are not more than from ten to twelve feet above the water, and pitched their tents in a small bramble wood, called Arazatary. The custom of the Spaniards in those times was, in the first place, to make a cross, which they planted, as a signal of their having taken possession in the name of the Spanish sovereign. At this epoch the Guarani Indians inhabited this part of the country in large multitudes, and they knew, from sad experience, how dreadful was the tyranny of the white man, under whose bondage their brethren were then suffering in Paraguay; so that, at sight of the Spaniards, they prepared to defend their soil and their liberties against these invaders. The new-comers, having erected the cross, constructed a wooden palisading, inside of which they placed themselves for defence against six thousand Guaranis, who came at once to attack them, and who were commanded by three famous caciques, named Canindeyu, Payaguari, and Aguará Coemba. The Guaranis poured in on the besieged a shower of arrows, against which the palisading was but a miserable defence. Previous to returning the assault with their arquebuses, although these were charged, the Spaniards knelt down before the cross, and offered up in loud voices the most fervent prayers to heaven for protection. The Indians, observing the curious cries and movements of those who had knelt down before the symbol of their faith, believed that it contained some charm which would prevent their overcoming such a handful of soldiers whilst it existed; therefore, as the cross was placed at the entrance to the palisading, they piled around it a quantity of dry branches of wood, a quantity of scorched-up grass, and anything of a combustible nature which they could pick up. Then they set fire to the mass, amidst yelling and dancing, for they calculated on certain victory when the cross should be consumed. But their surprise was very great when, after an hour's burning, the sacred symbol

was observed in the midst of the ashes perfectly uninjured. With chagrin and disappointment, they returned to apply fire again, when, as one of the Indians approached to stir up the smouldering embers, he was struck dead upon the spot. Some say this was done by a flash of lightning, sent down from heaven to punish his impiety; but others, less credulous, believe he received his death-blow by a shot from one of the Spanish arquebuses. The Indians, at all events, at sound of the detonation, and on seeing the dead body of their brother, took this as a signal mark of displeasure from above; then the six thousand Guaranis, with their caciques, women, and children, bowed their heads to the yoke of their eighty Spanish conquerors."

Having obtained a horse through the kindness of Dr. Newkirk, I rode out on one morning of my stay here to see the pillar which is erected on the spot where the cross was originally planted; for, although a chapel was the first edifice built in Corrientes directly upon the place where stood the holy symbol, that chapel, with its prized memorial, was reconstructed on the 10th of March, 1736, and again rebuilt on the 30th of March, 1808, on the site where it now stands. The existing La Capilla de la Cruz is very near the town, whereas the first one was more than a mile distant.

The column, which is erected about 500 yards from the river's bank, to commemorate "La Cruz de los Milagros" (The Cross of the Miracles), was completed, and its opening celebrated by a grand religious festival, on the 4th of May, 1828, "as a testimony of the people's veneration for their religious traditions." It is a simple stone pillar, plastered over with mortar; and at the time of my visit there was a bird's nest on the top of it. The height does not exceed fifteen feet, and it has about six feet square of metal railings at the base. On two sides of its base are inscriptions in Spanish, that nearest the river being, "The people of Corrientes erect this monument as a testimony of their gratitude to the sovereign Author of omens, with which His omnipotent right hand deigned to work in favour of their Fathers on the memorable 3rd of April, 1588;" whilst that on the side facing the city runs, "The same people of Corrientes, in homage of the memory of their twenty-eight illustrious ancestors, on the 3rd of April, 1588."

Although the first great miracle is believed to have occurred on the date just mentioned, its celebration was changed to the 3rd of May by the Bishop of Paraguay, Dr. Don Benito Line, when he visited the place (at that time forming part of his diocese) in 1805. For a considerable number of years after this the Governor, the House of Representatives, the civil and military bodies, were accustomed to hold a grand festival in the neighbourhood of the column on the 3rd of May. During the day all kinds of Gaucho games were celebrated, and many features of carnival times were presented, whilst the night was passed in singing, dancing, and playing the guitar. But now there is little more in Corrientes than the desolation which war brings everywhere.

The city of Corrientes was named "Taragui" by the Guarani Indians. This word, in their language, signifies a "lizard," and they gave the appellative from the fact of the walls, roofs, and patios (court-yards) of the houses abounding with these reptiles, shortly after the city was founded. The original title given by the Spanish founders was "San Juan de las Siete Corrientes" (Saint John of the Seven Currents), from the circumstance that, a short distance above the city, the river Paraná breaks on some points of rocks, which cause so many back-waters (*i.e.*, seven), and consequent eddies, each having an opposite tendency. The coat of arms of the province represents seven points of land, with a cross in the middle enveloped in flames.

Corrientes province is divided into twenty departments, including the capital. These are territorial divisions, somewhat after the style of parishes in England, for each possesses so many justices of peace, who are distributed more in proportion to the position and population of a department than to its extent of land. The boundaries of this province seem to be very difficult to be defined, as for many centuries there have been disputed limits between the Argentine Republic, Brazil, and Paraguay, chiefly in reference to the district of Missiones, which forms the north-eastern line between the Republics and the dominions of Brazil.

The most remarkable natural feature in the province is the laguna, or lake of Ybera. According to Dean Funes, the Indian tribes of Caracaras, Capasalos, Mepenses, and Galquilaros inhabited many of the islands in this lake. We are told by M. De Moussy that the greater part of its immense extent of 700 square leagues is covered with wood and aquatic plants, and that it swarms with boa constrictors and alligators. Its waters rise and fall with the increase and lowering of the river Paraná, although there is no visible communication between them, except by the channels of Corrientes, Batel, Santa Lucia, Ambrosio, and San Lorenzo —all which run out of the lake, flow in a south-westerly direction, and empty themselves into the Paraná. At the opposite side, the river Mirañay touches it, and, following a south-easterly course, debouches into the river Uruguay. The last-named river divides the Brazilian province of Rio Grande from the Republic of Banda Oriental. The Ybera lake presents great variety throughout its vast extent, being composed of clear waterpools, marshes, terra firma, bramble-beds, and quagmires. The last-named have a very deceptive appearance, and are sometimes difficult to be recognised, on account of the number of aquatic plants which cover the surface and impede the passage, the thick growth of aquatic vegetation rendering it often necessary to explore with canoes for several days in order to discover the navigable channels. To me it appears that the title, laguna (lake), is misapplied in the case of this basin; for swamp or morass would seem a more appropriate name. A true bog is said by physical geographers to exist nowhere in so low a latitude, and in so warm a climate, as that in which lake Ybera lies, the rapid decomposition and volatilisation of vegetable matters in a country of high temperature not admitting of the formation of bog, which this lake-swamp seems to resemble. In parts of it there are large sheets of water traversed by floating islands, often changed in their position by strong winds. On these, as well as on other lakes in the province of Corrientes, we find growing the colossal water-lily, the *Victoria Regia*, with circular white flowers, four feet in diameter, lying flat on the surface of the water. By the native Guarani Indians it is called the "Irupe," which means "a large plate."

The river, in ascending from Corrientes, for a few leagues presents a similar expanse of water, varied with thickly-wooded islands, to that we have noticed lower down. At about four



NAVAL WARFARE IN PARAGUAY.—DESTRUCTION OF A BRAZILIAN GUNBOAT BY A TORPEDO.

miles distance we pass the Isla de la Mesa (Table Island), and half a league further on is a house on the beach, pointing out the position of a French agricultural colony, that was endeavoured to be established in 1855 by Dr. Brougnes, and which turned out a signal failure. The celebrated French botanist, Bonpland, of whom I have already written, resided here for some time. The chief town was called Santa Anna. It was situated on the ruins of an old village, entitled Guacaras, from the name of the Indian tribe who dwelt there in former times. To its roadstead was given the long-winded epithet of San Juan-del-Puerto-de-Santa-Anna (Saint John of the port of Saint Anna). Half a league further on we pass the Itakay, one of the outlets of the river Paraguay, branching off, as our pilot tells me, about a league and a half below the Port of Curapaity. This channel of Itakay leaves between it and the Paraná a large island having the same name. Two leagues above the Itakay outlet we reach the embouchure of the Paraguay, known as the Tres Bocas (Three Mouths), because two small islands, lying at the point of exit, cause its waters to be divided into three mouths.

We were now arrived at the seat of war, and the sights and sounds of martial preparations, and din of thousands of armed men ashore and afloat, marred grimly the aspect of peaceful woodlands and the broad surface of the placid river. The Paraguay river coming from the north forms an angle with the Paraná, which here flows from the west; the territory enclosed between the two rivers forming the republic of Paraguay, and the river Paraná the frontier between the gallant little nation and the Argentine Republic. In the angle of land thus formed are the Paraguayan forts and entrenched camps, and on the opposite (southern) side of the Paraná the camps of the allied army of Argentines and Brazilians. On the Paraguayan side of the Paraná, and about five miles upwards from the mouth of the Paraguay, is the so-called Fort of Itapiru,* to which the allied armies, exceeding 60,000 men, are now preparing to cross as soon as all arrangements are completed for this important movement. To how many will this passage be like that over the fabled waters of Styx, whereof the exile was eternal!

Itapiru has no fort, properly speaking; for it consists of a breastwork of clay about 30 yards long, a small rancho or hut, an open shed, two 48-pounders, two mortars for throwing shells, and a staff, on which the Paraguayan flag is hoisted. This banner resembles the Dutch in being composed of three horizontal stripes of red, white, and blue, placed in juxtaposition; but directly opposite of that arrangement in which they are fixed to represent the ensign of Holland. The shores of the river between Itapiru and the Tres Bocas is clothed with a seemingly impenetrable jungle of bushes, and trees of moderate height. The fleet, seen from a short distance presents an imposing appearance, consisting, as it does, of monitors, iron-clads, gunboats, and transport steamers, of whose numerical as well as cannonading strength I confess my ignorance. The greater portion of them are Brazilian. One day, after my arrival, I went on board a Paraguayan "chata," that lay alongside a Brazilian war-steamer, in order to examine its construction. It had been captured in the fight at Riachuelo, and in shape resembled one of our canal boats, except that it was more tapering at the ends, at each of which it was furnished with a rudder, similar to the ferry-boats on the Mersey plying between Liverpool and Woodside. The top of its bulwark was elevated only fourteen inches above the water. Being flat-bottomed, it had a very shallow draught. In the centre was a circular depression a foot deep, in which there was a brass swivel, so that its armament of a 48-pounder gun could be veered round to any point desired by the commander. The length was only eighteen feet; and there being no protection for the crew against the enemy's fire, they must fight on the deck till they conquered or died.

During my stay at Paso de la Patria, one of these chatas boldly attacked two large Brazilian monitors. It was like a small terrier dog charging a pair of elephants. The chata had only ten men on board, yet they managed to send a 48-pounder shot through one of the port-holes of the monitor *Tamandaré*, killing four officers and wounding ten or twelve men. One of the officers was cut right through the middle · in the words of my informant, the Brazilian Admiral, "as sharply as if he had been severed by a knife." The destruction by this single ball may be attributed to the fact that the port-hole by which it entered was blocked up with chains, and these, smashed by the collision into small pieces, acted as so much grape-shot in the deadly fray. The Paraguayans, indeed, in the early months of the war, displayed great courage and skill in carrying on naval warfare, and caused many losses to the Brazilian fleet. Their torpedoes in the bed of the river were more effective against their enemies' vessels than were those of the Russians, planted in the approaches to Cronstadt, against the English fleet.

* This, in Guarani Indian, signifies "small stone."

A Few Days in the Camargue.

BY D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

THE road from London through Paris to Marseilles is often and very easily travelled, but it is certain that few of those who make the trip think, as they approach the shores of the Mediterranean, of the country a little removed from their line of travel, or dream that they are leaving behind them places of the greatest historical interest, deserted mediæval cities, scarcely changed from their mediæval condition; Roman constructions superior in condition and equal in interest to many of those bearing the highest reputation in Italy; mountains, valleys, and plateaux rarely visited, and little known; and large tracts of low, flat lands gained from the sea, having not only special and very characteristic plants and animals, but human inhabitants who seldom emerge from their hiding-places, and are as unfamiliar to the people of the towns as are the breeds of cattle running almost wild in the marshes on the coast to the quiet herds pasturing in the rich meadows of Burgundy.

The lower part of the Rhone abounds in objects and

places of this kind, many of them no doubt often enough described, and familiar enough to the tourist, but others almost unknown. Below Lyons, Vienne and Valence, Orange and Avignon, are passed but too rapidly, and at length we reach the fine old city of Arles, celebrated almost equally for its beautiful women and its Roman antiquities. At Arles the rail branches; the main line runs southward and eastward to Marseilles, crossing the curious gravel plains and terraces of the Crau, and skirting the lagoons of Berre, while another line, recently opened towards the west, skirts the northern extremity of low plain, of some three hundred square miles in extent, known as the Camargue.

The appearance of this land from the railway is not attractive. The eye takes in only a monotonous expanse of dead level, varied here and there by a few marshes. The part near the railway is cultivated, but there are few fences of any kind, fewer trees, and fewest of all houses. The land is uniformly flat. Here and there are large establishments, where salt is manufactured on a gigantic scale. Here and there, also, are large farms, partly grazing and partly arable. There are few roads, but many marshes and canals. A little above Arles the Rhone is a noble and rapid stream, at one season moving majestically with a steady current, and at other seasons rushing along as a torrent, carrying with it all kinds of débris washed down from the mountains. A little below Arles the principal part of this great river is converted into a somewhat sluggish stream, muddy and tame, the rest being distributed in other channels, partly to carry off the flood-waters to the sea, partly to swamp the flat lands seen at a distance from the railway. The river has now entered its delta, its course is checked, and it is beginning to unload and deposit the huge cargo it has been conveying from the upper country. The delta of the Rhone is the island of the Camargue.

I had long desired to penetrate into the interior of this rather unpromising country. I could find no very satisfactory account of it of recent date, and few who had even entered it. At the same time, I found that those whose occupation or interest led them to inhabit it, acquired for it a passion more like that which is felt by mountaineers, than any mere ordinary love of home could account for. It is unhealthy during part of the year, but there are instances of owners of property within the district who return to it year after year, not called by any necessity, suffering each year from fever, but incapable of resisting the temptation to run one more risk. I was fortunate enough to make acquaintance with a family, consisting of a highly intelligent and enterprising father, a devoted and charming wife and daughters, elegant, well-informed, and accomplished to an unusual degree, who were pining in their comfortable and well-appointed house at Arles, and looking forward to the season when they should return to their Camargue. There they could roam about on horseback, free and independent, over the wild sandy expanse covered with low juniper-bushes, tamarisks, and other shrubby plants, crossing at will the calm, shallow lagoons, and resting in the forests of umbrella pine, hardly disturbing the flamingo and the avocet in their vast solitudes, and listening to the moaning of the sea, as it breaks lazily on the sandy shore at a distance.

Beyond the line of the railway to the south of the branch from Arles, by St. Gilles to Lunel, there is no town but Aigues-Mortes in the whole of the Camargue. There are a few farm-houses, at rather distant intervals, and a few houses belonging to the managers of salines, and other manufacturing establishments, and also a very few stations of custom-house officers appointed to watch the coast. At Les Saintes Maries, on the coast, there are a few houses. For some distance from Arles into the interior there are carriageable roads, but these gradually cease, and at length become mere paths on the sand. Before long, as we advance in this direction, all traces even of paths disappear, and it is only possible to travel with any comfort on horseback. Travelling in this way is, however, easy and pleasant enough; and during summer and autumn there are no interruptions from water, all the lagoons and marshes having hard bottoms. It is only near the main branch of the Rhone, and between the river and the inner line of dykes, that the ground is soft and unpleasant to travel over.

I left Arles in the early morning of a fine and warm October day, in a light carriage, with two pleasant companions, and we soon found ourselves crossing the fields and cultivated farms in the northern and higher part of the district. Much of this land has been recovered from the sea at no distant period, and, after being well washed by numerous sweepings of fresh water, it has become, like most recovered swamps, of marvellous richness, and admirably adapted both for grazing and corn crops. The corn of this part is celebrated, and fetches a higher price than any other French grain. Except a few trees close to the houses, the country is bare, and without hedges or walls, or any other mark to signify the boundaries of property. The farm-houses are large, low, comfortable-looking habitations, and, in some cases, adjoin a larger house belonging to the proprietor, who, for the most part, only appears at long intervals. There is one small park in the heart of this wild district, but the inhabitants generally care little about shelter, and even less for ornament.

The first few miles of travelling in the Camargue were unmarked by any incident. The road got gradually worse, the country more open, the cultivation less evident. But there was nowhere any appearance of swamp, in the ordinary sense of the word. Near Arles the whole soil is gravelly, and the transported material brought down by the river is coarse. It soon becomes finer, however, and before long gives way to a fine sand, or mud, in which no pebble so large as a pea is to be seen. When we have passed the farm-houses and cultivated lands, nothing so large as a pin's-head can we find of real stone. We then enter the actual living delta—the great broad tongue of land creeping onwards with a strange but calculable and almost visible motion, pushing itself into the sea, in spite of the ceaseless attacks of the waves on its extremity, gaining, year after year, a few yards in advance of its former position, but always retaining the same general appearance and the same external form.

It is a strange, weird thing, this advancing and pushing outwards of a point of land, and this growth by slow and imperceptible steps, causing the waters of the mighty ocean to recede, however slightly, from a position they have once gained. In watching it, we are face to face with one of those mysterious contests of nature by means of which the existing surface of our globe has been produced. The Camargue is a magnificent study for the geologist.

The first thing that strikes one, after leaving behind all cultivation, is the smooth and even surface of the ground, and the comparative rarity of any kind of vegetation. The nature of the material of the soil varies, however, some of it being

clean white silica sand, some of it made up of innumerable small fragments of shells, and some of it approaching in appearance to mud. But there is no tenacious mud, and the whole is hard and solid to walk on, either for man or horse. At intervals there are countless groups of perfect shells, consisting of small and thin-shelled cockles, mixed with a few land and fresh-water snails. On a sudden we find ourselves at the edge of a sheet of water, but this does not in the least interfere with progress. We ride on in a straight line towards the object we have in view, for there is no danger of quicksands or swamps, and we may cross miles of these sheets of water without risk, as they are all exceedingly shallow, being nowhere more than from thirty to forty inches deep, and often not half that depth.

These lagoons are the characteristic feature of the delta. They vary greatly in magnitude, and slightly in depth of water, according to the season; but they are rarely dry, and rarely impassable. The great central lagoon of the delta is 16,000 acres in extent, at certain times; at others, it is reduced to a few detached lagoons of small size.

Advancing across the lagoons in a direct line towards the sea, we soon perceive that the line is broken by ranges of low sandhills, a few yards above the general level of the lagoons. These, at first, seem to follow no fixed direction. On reaching them, we find them to be roughly parallel to each other, and also to the shore-line. Those further inland are often covered with a coarse kind of vegetation, consisting of tamarisk, juniper, and some kinds of grasses. They separate some of the lagoons very effectively, and form them into a series which, on the whole, are gradually more saline as they approach the sea. The innermost lagoons are nearly or quite fresh, although even these, when dried, present indications of salt incrustations. The inner lagoons are, of course, those first subject to the floods, and that receive most of the fresh water, while the outermost lagoons are subject to be flooded with salt water whenever, owing to storms or high winds, the sea advances over the land. There is a gradation observable in those which are intermediate. The outermost abound in sea-fish, the inner contain eels; and it is not a little curious to study the acclimatisation of some of the fishes, in passing from one pool to another.

One of the most important industries of the Camargue consists in the manufacture of salt by the evaporation of sea-water; and this is carried on to great advantage, owing to the wide expanse of flat lands little above the mean level of the sea, and the rapid evaporation that takes place during the summer season. Not only common salt, but Epsom salts are manufactured to an enormous extent, and very economically. The surface of water exposed in the evaporating pans of one establishment that I visited was to the extent of 2,500 acres —nearly four square miles. The piles of salt were almost alarming. Seen from a distance across the level plains, these piles rise in a ghost-like manner against the sky, their dead-white lines contrasting with the greyish-blue of the atmosphere. The length of the principal heap was nearly an English mile, the breadth at the base being thirty feet, and the height about fifteen feet. The total quantity of common salt in stock at the time of my visit considerably exceeded 100,000 tons, besides which there was a pile of Epsom salts measuring forty yards long and sixteen feet wide at the bottom, the height being upwards of twelve feet on an average. The salts of both kinds (common and Epsom) are here made with great economy, and of great purity. The Epsom salts do not cost more than two shillings per ton, the common salt, of course, much less.

The Camargue feeds a large number of oxen and sheep. The former are half wild, and are a peculiar breed. They are hardly tended, roaming over the marshes and feeding at will. When met with they generally disappear as soon as possible, so that observations on them are not easy. There are also a large number of horses enjoying entire liberty, and enormous flocks of sheep, who pass the summer in the Alps and are pastured during winter in these salt plains.

The human inhabitants of the delta of the Rhone include not only the farmers and other permanent residents of the plains, but the dwellers in the two or three small towns, one within the delta, the rest on the edge of the low terraces overlooking it. These are thoroughly mediæval. Lunel is the least so, though not wanting in objects of interest. St. Gilles is now a railway station, and may improve, but for some centuries past it has been as completely stagnant as it is well possible for a village in an out-of-the-way part of France to be. It has had its history, however, and retains not a few marks of its ancient importance. Many centuries ago it was an important station —almost a port—on a canal leading from the Mediterranean to Beaucaire, the site of one of the chief of the great European fairs. In those palmy days its fine old church was crowded, its many large and excellent houses occupied, and its market-place and wide streets may have been necessary. Its architectural remains are still sufficiently interesting to attract a few travellers, and amongst them is one of those wonderful staircases, complete *tours de force* of construction, of which one can only say that they are possible because we see them accomplished.

But the town of Aigues-Mortes is both more perfect in its way and less easily reached. It is within the delta, though not strictly in what is called the island of the Camargue. It is a perfect gem to the archæologist, being entirely unchanged in its external appearance, and in the most admirable condition. It is surrounded by a wall, in one angle of which is a lofty and massive tower, called the Tower of Constantine. From this tower might have been seen in the year 1248 a fleet of galleys moored to the rings on the seaward wall, most of which still remain, and of these galleys, or of galleys such as these, an example found in the adjacent marshes a few years ago may now be seen in Paris in the galleries of the Louvre. The walls are lofty, but not very thick. They remind one of Nuremberg, but are more perfect and less picturesque. They were not adapted to resist any very severe attack, and not at all defensible against modern weapons. The tower is the most interesting part. This large and lofty building is cylindrical and open in the interior to the roof. Galleries are built all round, and each story is separately defensible. All kinds of curious contrivances remain, evidently intended to assist a few occupants in keeping out an enemy, however numerous. It is now undergoing judicious repair.

One can easily perceive that whatever the temptation may have been to occupy Aigues-Mortes as a safe place during the middle ages, there is little inducement now to settle there. It leads nowhere, it has no business, and certainly there are no amusements. A small fragment of population hangs on, however, and though half the streets are overgrown with grass, there are still a few children seen playing in the other half.

There remain also fragments of many fine houses. In one of them is a grand Renaissance chimney-piece of really excellent work. There are but few public buildings, however, and the churches are not interesting. Aigues-Mortes is as dead and motionless as the waters that stagnate in the surrounding canals and ditches, and one feels that nothing can galvanise it into a fresh existence. In spite of the rich and beautiful effects of light on the cream-coloured stone of which it is built, an air of antiquity hangs about the place which cannot be shaken off. Even in the brilliant sunshine it feels chilly and damp, and the look-out on the marshes, whether from the foot of the walls, the ramparts, or the top of the tower, is only a study of a smaller or larger extension of the same dreary waste. The marshes are, however, becoming drained, and some of the large lagoons are converted into marshes. There is from time to time an additional breadth of land under cultivation, but there are no additional human inhabitants, or any prospect of improvement in this respect.

I have said little yet of the natural history of the Camargue. It is by far the richest district in France for rare wild fowl and other birds, yielding many that are nowhere else found in Europe; but these appear chiefly in winter, except, indeed, the avocet and the flamingo, which are seen at other seasons. In summer the heat is semi-tropical, and adapted to the habits of many African species. In winter the large tracts of marsh-land and swamp are attractive for a different reason. But in autumn I found other indications of animal life, smaller it is true, but far more prominent. The sandy hills and plains abound at all times with insects which would yield a rich treat to the entomologist, but I, unfortunately, reversed the conditions, and proved a rich treat to the insects. At the time of my visit the autumn rains had commenced, but the weather was still hot, and the ground had been well moistened. Up rose from this hot-bed, steaming with moist air, myriads of gnats. No words can express the multitude and the fury of this great army, whose whole energies seemed devoted to the annihilation of the victims who had unwarily come amongst them. They covered everything. The colour of one's horse, or of one's friend's coat or hat, was alike undistinguishable. The whole exposed surface of skin was soon bleeding from their attacks. They entered the nostrils and the throat; their stings penetrated gloves and stockings. They were, we were told, unusually abundant, owing to the long drought and the heat of the summer, and residents said that they had never known them so troublesome. They literally darkened the air in their flight, and nothing could resist them. After crossing some miles of water exposed to their attacks, I and my companion terminated our excursion by taking advantage of one of the river steamers plying between Arles and the Tour St. Louis, and once on board, we in a great measure escaped. As we ascended the river, some sportsmen came on board from one of the stations, and we learnt that they had been fairly beaten by another division of our enemies. These gentlemen had gone into the Camargue to kill birds, but the insects had checked the slaughter, at least for a time. I have often suffered from gnats and mosquitoes in Spain and the West Indies. I have even been exposed to the flies that render the plains of the Danube almost uninhabitable, but I certainly never before met so numerous, so well disciplined, and so unconquerable a host as this.

Violent storms sometimes affect the Camargue. Shortly before my visit a water-spout had passed over the great salt works, doing great damage. A hut was thrown down and some of the inhabitants killed, and half the roof of a large shed was lifted bodily in the air and carried across a large tank into a field.

The Camargue from the river is less interesting than its aspect in the interior, and the accommodation on board the steamers does not at all remind one of the somewhat similar journey up or down the Mississippi. The passengers are few, and the steward's department in the highest degree primitive. Not having breakfasted when we got on board, inasmuch as the steamer had started a couple of hours before its regular hour, we tried to get a meal. After a time a few very dry crusts of stale bread were produced, about a dozen olives, a fragment of cheese by no means attractive, one bunch of grapes, and three stale walnuts. We had reason to know that this was the whole supply of the larder.

There is one other feature of the Camargue that I have not yet noticed; I mean the extensive pine wood, almost entirely of the umbrella pine (*Pinus pinea*), occupying an important but isolated position not far from the station of the Saintes Maries, close to the sea. The sands are here a little above the general level, and the forest is of considerable age. Elsewhere the growth of the pine has not been an object of attention on the delta, although there is no doubt that it might be made profitable. Generally, what natural vegetation is found on the dunes consists of juniper and tamarisk. Of this there is a great deal, but it nowhere entirely covers the ground. There is evidence, however, on the surface of the steadiness of the ground, and the absence of change of surface from year to year, either by drifting sand, by the wash of the sea, or by the floods brought down by the river, so that wherever there is loose sand, pine-trees might be cultivated. Many of the sea-side plants containing soda grow also very readily on the shores of the lagoons near the sea, and in former times these were used for the production of alkali.

A few days may be spent with great advantage in this curious district, studying the very remarkable natural features of the land, the contest going on between land and sea, and the various works in construction to render the whole more useful to man. But as there are no places of public entertainment except at Aigues-Mortes and the Tour de St. Louis, and as no one could find his way from one point to another without a guide, some introduction would be necessary to one of the residents of the Camargue. All classes, proprietors as well as farmers, are exceedingly hospitable, but it would need some one with more intelligence than falls to the lot of the farmers of the district, to enable a stranger to become really acquainted with it. Great care, however, is needed to avoid exposure to the night-air in summer, when fever is very prevalent. I do not think, on the whole, that many tourists will be tempted to desert the Alps or the Pyrenees for these broad, flat plains; but they deserve careful exploration by the physical geographer, and they are certainly highly instructive to the geologist. As a contrast to the more exciting scenery of the mountains or the richly-cultivated valleys, they are also exceedingly valuable to the lover of nature, and the more so as they possess a simple picturesque grandeur only to be understood by actual experience.



NOSSI-BE, MADAGASCAR.

A Bird's-eye View of Madagascar.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. D. CHARNAY.

CHAPTER VI.

CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION AT TAMATAVE—ANDRIAN MANDROUSSO—RAHARLA—THE ANTAYMOURS—THE HOVAS—CODE OF LAWS—ORGANISATION AT TANANARIVO—THE PROVINCES—DEPARTURE FOR SAINTE MARIE.

On the day of the celebration of the accession of the Queen of Madagascar, we found the road to the fort crowded with pedestrians of all classes and ranks, and in every variety of costume, from the lamba of coarse cotton cloth and the calico simbou to the black dress coat. We recognised several of our new friends, and passed Juliette Fiche, resplendent in her orange-coloured velvet, the diadem on her head, and her robust bosom ornamented with two brilliant decorations.

"Let this fat calf pass," cried this witty woman, on seeing us, thus anticipating the jest and laughing at her own court dress.

When we arrived at the fort, the interior esplanade was crowded, the common people occupying the surrounding slopes. In the centre a large hut had been erected, in which was a table, covered with all kinds of refreshments for the use of the guests. The staff officers were grouped around in attendance upon his Excellency Andrian Mandrousso, formerly a cowherd, now a general, "fourteenth honour," &c. Every one came to pay their respects, and to offer their congratulations on the subject of the accession of his gracious mistress, whose standard floated over the palace. But the most remarkable person to my mind, at least as far as his uniform was concerned, was an old French sailor named Estienne, whose startling costume attracted all eyes. This man, covered with gold lace and finery, and bearing his honours without over much awkwardness, was simply High Admiral of the Hova fleet. He had not, it is true, a single boat under his command, and two modest canoes constituted the whole naval force of Tamatave; but from his martial air one saw that he thought himself quite able to command a three-decker. As for the ex-cowherd, who is represented in the engraving at page 56, he looked exactly like a stage hero at a country fair. He wore trousers of blue velvet laced with gold, a red coat, with facings and frogs of gold; his sleeves were loaded with a quantity of gold braid, and his head surmounted by a three-cornered hat, also ornamented with gold lace; gold evidently is not spared in Madagascar. The governor's grim, sad countenance was in striking contrast to this mountebank costume. He appeared equally embarrassed by his pompous get-up, and cowed by the European crowd, who, while admiring, laughed at him. I suspect his excellency had not the gift of eloquence, as he made no speech, and when we tried to take his portrait with our photographic camera, he trembled like a leaf, the sight of the harmless object, pointed at his majestic person, causing an agitation which I could not succeed in calming. He nevertheless offered us gracefully enough a glass of champagne, which we drank—for my part, I admit—to the fall of the newly-proclaimed queen. Of another distinguished Hova gentleman who was present, named Raharla, there is only this to be said, that he bears with equal grace ordinary costume and the court dress; thanks to his English education and his natural good sense, he would not be out of place in any European drawing-room.

In the meantime the sports began. They were preceded by abundant libations of betza-betza. The ladies seated themselves on the ground, with their knees to their chins, accompanying, with a mournful voice and clapping of hands, the ungraceful movements of some of their companions. The attention of the assembly was soon fixed on the Antaymours

—Madegasse warriors in the service of the Hovas—and there was soon a crowd collected round them; for here, as in all other parts of the world, an exhibition of this kind is sure to be a favourite one with the people.

Their savage gestures, cries, and bounds, and the ferocity which they displayed in their mock battle, gave us an idea of their manner of fighting. They shook their spears with well-simulated fury, hurled them, recovered them, and struck the sand with rage. They twisted their weapons round and round, as if they were plunged in the wound of a fallen enemy, and appeared to lick off the blood with the most wonderful delight. These cannibal sports and demoniacal contortions delighted the governor, who himself, armed with a buckler, encouraged the combatants. The spectacle disgusted me so much that I left the place, and saw no more of the festival.

If a Hova makes a present, he expects it to be returned with interest; if he offers you his hand, it is that you may put something in it; he adores money, and it is the only supreme good he recognises. He is deceitful, proud, cowardly, insolent, and dull. It may be said that I am prejudiced, and I admit it; because what I have seen of these men, and, above all, what I have heard about them, has so disgusted me that I cannot judge them coolly. As a rule they are an under-sized and scrofulous race—I am speaking now of the Hovas of the coast. At Tananarivo, it is said, the race is better preserved, and some of the women are pretty. The Hovas are subtle politicians, great diplomatists, and very clever. Accustomed from their earliest youth to the discussion of public affairs, their organisation at Tananarivo reminds one in some points of the Roman republic. It is a pure oligarchy, and this kind of government is always the most persistent in carrying out its designs. This little aristocracy represents the senate of Rome, and the prime minister—an office hereditary in a plebeian family—would correspond with a tribune of the people. No resolution is taken, nothing planned or executed without "kabar," or public discussion. The first kabar is held at the palace of the king, where the members of the noble families meet every morning to give their advice on the affairs of the day. The least important member of the assembly speaks first, each of the others, according to his rank, speaking afterwards, and the prime minister, or king, sums up the debate.

In the provincial assemblies it is the chief governor who has the final reply in the discussion, and decides everything on his own responsibility.

Each noble, on leaving the royal abode, finds a crowd of clients waiting for him, to whom he intimates the tenor of the resolutions taken at the palace. At the second kabar each one again gives his advice, and discusses, approves, or opposes. In this kabar the clients receive from their patrons advice as to the line of conduct which they are to pursue in order to work out the policy of their respective chiefs. This is the kabar of small intrigues; party spirit comes hither to gather strength and to receive instructions for agitating the people and directing public opinion.

On the conclusion of the second kabar, agents disperse and mix with the people in their huts, or in public places. The people then discuss, in a third kabar, all the news of the day. These assemblies supply the place of "the press," which they do not possess, and they maintain that by this means news circulates like lightning. The Hovas have, besides these their public assemblies. We give some articles contained in the Hova code of laws, which may perhaps interest our readers :—

ART. I.—The following offences are punishable with death, and the sale of wives and children, and confiscation of property :—

1st. Desertion to the enemy.
2nd. Seeking to seduce the wives of princes and dukes.
3rd. Concealing a weapon under the clothes.
4th. Fomenting a revolution.
5th. Enticing men to leave the Hova territory.
6th. Stealing seals or forging signatures.
7th. Discovering, working, or disclosing a mine of gold or silver.

ART. IV.—I have no enemies but famine and inundations; and, when the dams of a rice-field are broken, if the neighbours do not suffice to mend it, the people must lend a hand to repair it at once.

ART. VI.—Whosoever, in law-suit, corrupts, or seeks to corrupt, his judges, loses his cause, and is condemned to a fine of fifty dollars. If he cannot pay the fine, he is sold into slavery.

ART. IX.—If you have bestowed upon your own children, or upon those whom you have adopted, a portion of your goods, and at a later period you have reason to complain of them, you are free to disinherit and even to cast them off altogether.

ART. XVII.—If you are suffering from trouble or anxiety, whether you be man, woman, or child, make it known to the officers and judges of our village, in order that the knowledge of your troubles and anxieties may reach unto myself.

ART. XVIII.—If a drunken man fights with the first person he encounters, insults him, or spoils anything not belonging to himself, bind him, but loosen him when he has recovered his senses, and make him pay for the damage he has done.

ART. XXI.—Be friends, one with another; love one another, because I love you all equally, and do not desire to renounce the friendship of any one.

ART. XXVI.—Whoso possesses medicaments which came not to him from his ancestors, let him throw them away.

ART. XXVIII.—Whosoever refuses to obey my laws, shall be branded on the forehead, and shall be forbidden to wear long hair, or clean clothes, or a hat upon his head.

ART. XXIX.—Every unmarried man is declared a minor.

Everything is contained in this code of laws. The Christian finds in them the maxims of his religion, mingled with those of a barbarous creed; while the last article quoted above may furnish politicians with a subject for serious reflection. We may also cite the following custom, which is a law in Madagascar :—Fathers and mothers, contrary to the European custom, take the name of their sons, and put before it, Raini, "father of," or Reinéni, "mother of." It appears that the motive of this custom is to excite emulation amongst the youths in glorifying their parents by their acts. This is better, at any rate, than to have worthless children crushed by the greatness of their birth.

In Madagascar everything belongs to the king. The state is in so much dread of the encroachments of foreigners, that they are prohibited from building houses of stone, or even of wood, and are only allowed to have huts made of reeds, in order that they may always feel that they are only established on the island for a time. The Madegasses, who are regarded as conquered, are slaves, whom the governors of the province treat as they like.

These governors unite the three powers—military, civil, and judicial. They command the troops, quell revolts, and fix the contingents which each family is to supply in case of war. They levy taxes, collect them, and forward the amounts to the capital. They also regulate the employment of forced labour.

A penal code being unknown to the Madegasses, the Hova

chiefs apply the law to them according to their own pleasure. They accuse, condemn, and plunder the unfortunate natives. The governor has but one end in view, which is to enrich himself.

The distance of the capital renders all complaints vain, and the terror which these despots inspire makes the boldest silent. The governor receives his orders from the capital, by couriers established along the road from Tananarivo to the chief place of his government. These couriers, who are always Madegasses, are placed under the surveillance of some Hova soldiers, and have to hold themselves in readiness, by night or by day, to transmit these despatches. They have no remuneration whatever for this service, except that they are exempt from forced labour.

Each village has for its chief a direct descendant of the ancient king of the country. To him the Hova governor delegates certain powers. He is appointed chief judge, and through him pass all transactions between the natives and the governor, by means of the chiefs of the second order.

The chief judge alone has the right of possessing in his village the "lapa," a kind of shed, where the kabars are held, and where justice is administered. Close at hand there is a mast, on which is hoisted the standard of the queen when the governor arrives, or when a ship is in sight.

The chief judge decides all disputes between the Madegasses, who can only appeal from his jurisdiction to that of the Hovas; but such an appeal would be equivalent to ruin. In this case, the governor cites the parties to his court, where he is attended by the Hova officers, and all assemble in the lapa. As soon as the case is heard, judgment is executed without delay. If the condemned objects, or if he is absent, an officer is sent to him, with a crowd of Hovas. This officer is preceded by a man bearing a "sagaie" with a silver blade, called "tsitia lingua" (meaning "no jesting"). When the bearer of the sagaie arrives before the dwelling of the person to whom he is sent, he plants it in the ground, and the condemned is obliged to show every respect to the executors of the sentence. He invites them into his hut, and, to begin with, he is expected to furnish them with provisions, and to offer to each, as a welcome, a piece of money, of which the value is proportioned to their respective ranks. That done, they enter upon the business. The officers first claim the costs of justice, of which they adjudge to themselves a large share, and if the unfortunate man has not enough to defray the expenses, he and all his belongings are sold.

In addition to this form of procedure, the Hovas inflict corporal punishments of a most barbarous kind. First, blows with a stick when the Madegasse works carelessly at his forced labour. Secondly, and this even in the case of a chief, exposure to the sun during a certain number of days. The punishment in this case is most refined. The hands of the culprit are fastened to his knees by a stalk of rush; if by his fault the rush is broken, the punishment is doubled, and during the time that it lasts, the Madegasse has to remain with his head uncovered, whatever the temperature may be, from morning till evening, and for whatever time the punishment may last. Admirable justice! ruin or torture, the conquered cannot escape. The governor takes care that the chief judge is always dependent on himself. He generally makes him the oppressor of his compatriots. He is, in fact, only the tool, or the victim, of the Hova who plunders him.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

SAINTE MARIE—MOUNT AMBRE—NOSSI-MITSIOU—NOSSI-BE—ELSVILLE—PASANDAVA—BAVATOUBE—BOMBETOK—MOHILLA—RAMANATEKA—THE QUEEN OF MOHILLA—RETURN TO REUNION.

We left Tamatave at five o'clock on the 1st of October, for Sainte Marie, which we sighted the following morning at daybreak. This island lies off the east coast of Madagascar, seventy-five miles farther north. Its greatest length is thirty-seven miles, and its mean breadth only about four miles. We first doubled the Ile des Nattes, and two hours after passed the Ile aux Baleiniers, or Whalers' Island, and cast anchor about 200 yards from the islet of Madame. It is here that the head-quarters of the government of the little French colony are situated.

The view of Sainte Marie from the sea presents a charming panorama. First comes the little island of Madame, which shelters the bay, with the Ile aux Forbans, or Pirates' Island, in the background. Exactly opposite rises the steeple of the church, with a fine avenue of venerable mangoes shading the house of the Jesuits. Along the coast to the left the houses of the government servants are dotted about, while the view is terminated by the Madegasse village of Amboudifoutch, and the splendid promenade along the shore, washed by a sea which is always smooth and tranquil. Unfortunately, this lovely view is all outside show; the island in the interior is quite naked and waste, and, except in a few places, barren and pestilential. There are but few colonists, and the government officials have nothing to do but to administer justice among them. The governor, however, is in every way a remarkable man, and works hard for the prosperity of his little kingdom. In no other place had we seen so much life and energy. Dockyards, landing wharves, jetties, &c., were in course of construction, besides many sanitary works; but one could hardly help questioning the object and usefulness of all these labours. Without Madagascar, Sainte Marie is only useful as a place for coasting vessels to touch at, and the island will probably have to be abandoned sooner or later. With the mainland, however, the French would find Sainte Marie the most important point in the colony, becoming, as it would, a kind of general warehouse for exports and imports, convenient for vessels to put into for safety or repairs, and easily defended. Whether the French will, or will not, occupy Madagascar is an open question.

The black population of Sainte Marie amounts to 6,000 or 7,000. These people, though protected against the tyranny of the Hovas, do not seem happy. The French wanted to civilise them straight off, without caring how they outraged their tastes or offended their prejudices. But such things cannot be done in a day. It takes long years, centuries even, to modify the character of a people, even when helped by an admixture of the blood of a superior race. The predominant feature in the character of a Madegasse is sensuality—he has no religious instincts at all; and yet, spite of this, the first step taken in civilising him, was to tie him down to the observance of forms, the meaning of which was quite beyond the comprehension of his limited intelligence. They wanted, in fact, to raise him at once to the level of the white man, instead of leading him to it by a gradual process of civilisation. The results of such a system were what might have been expected. It could only destroy what natural

character he had, and turn him into a hypocrite. Nevertheless, the Catholic missionaries in Madagascar deserve our respect for their perseverance among an unruly population, as well as for their complete disinterestedness.

We found the same festivities going on at Sainte Marie as in Madagascar: dances under the trees on the sea shore, and games of all sorts. The poor natives enjoyed themselves thoroughly in the absence of the governor, who does not encourage any merrymakings. We weighed anchor at three o'clock in the afternoon, and sailed for Nossi-Be. Two days are generally occupied in the voyage. We coasted along Madagascar, leaving point Larrey on our left, and then, steering to the north-east, we soon lost sight of land, but in a few hours were in view of the lofty East Cape, after which we ran parallel with the coast. Here a beautiful and varied panorama of the mainland unrolled itself before our eyes, from the high mountains of Angontsy to the rugged hills of Vohemar, and the escarped peaks of Mount Ambre. Near the headland the sea is always so rough that we were obliged to keep further out. The next day saw us running at full speed through a sea as blue as azure, and as still as a mill-pond. At ten o'clock we doubled Cape Saint Sebastian, and soon afterwards were in sight of Nossi-Mitsiou, the country belonging to Tsimiar, the last descendant of the northern kings; by six o'clock in the evening we were anchored midway between Nossi-Fali and Nossi-Be. Next morning we passed between the island of Nossi-Cumba and the forest of Lucubé, and arrived at eleven o'clock in the roads of Elsville, the seat of government.



TREE-FERN—MADAGASCAR.



QUEEN OF MOHILLA, AND HER ATTENDANTS.

Like Sainte Marie, the island of Nossi-Be is only a dependence of Madagascar, and is of no value except as a step towards the occupation of the mainland; it presents the same bare appearance as the other Malgache islands, the first care of the natives being to burn down the forests in order to plant rice and form pastures for their cattle. In fact, government has been obliged to use severe measures to ensure the preservation of the forest of Lucubé. The soil of the island is for the most part volcanic, and many extinct craters are to be seen which are now filled with water. The roadstead of Elsville forms a splendid anchorage, being protected from the north and east winds by the island itself, and by those of Nossi-

Fali and Nossi-Cumba; the sea there is as smooth as a mirror. The shore is broken up into several little bays, with two or three native villages sheltered by palm-trees; farther off there is a small Arab town. All the population seemed collected in this one part of the island, as was the case at Sainte Marie; the rest is almost a desert, where one never sees a native. Driven from their possessions by whites, who have obtained grants of land, they either emigrate to Madagascar or live in misery in the neighbourhood of Elsville, as it is impossible to induce them to apply themselves to any kind of labour. The planters employ only Caffres and Macoa negroes, who can stand field labour better than any other race; they obtain them from the Arabs, who carry on the slave trade in the most open manner. For this purpose they have settlements on the coast of Africa, from which they make raids into the surrounding villages. They make use of any means to get possession of the blacks; they will buy them, or entice them, or kidnap them. Sometimes, by gifts of glass beads or pieces of gay coloured cotton, they entice young girls to a distance from their villages, and then seize and carry them in chains to their pens. I call them pens, because they do not even give them the shelter of a roof; they are huddled together like cattle or wild beasts, between high palings, and their food is thrown to them each day. The canoes in which their captors transport them are only from fifty to eighty tons, very light and swift, with powerful sails to enable them to escape any cruisers they may encounter, and as the crew of each vessel consists of only three or four men, they reduce their unfortunate victims to a state of helplessness before embarking them. Each day they reduce their allowance of food, and adding terror to the pangs of hunger, they persuade their prisoners that the white people to whom they are to be sold intend to eat them, so that the miserable creatures wish to become thin in order to put off their death as long as possible. As slavery is interdicted in Nossi-Be, the negroes are first carried to Mohilla or Anjouan, where the traders receive them from the Arabs, and go through the farce of hiring them as servants. The first visit we received at Nossi-Be was from Califan, an Arab chief, actively engaged in the slave trade. This man, who has a fine figure, but a sly, cunning expression, acts as a spy for the Hovas, and I have no doubt that it was owing to him that a few days later, at Bavatoubé, the Amorontsanga chiefs came to forbid us remaining in their waters.

Before leaving Nossi-Be, we enjoyed a magnificent panoramic view from the summit of the hills near the shore. In the foreground were the Madegasse cottages, surrounded by mangoes, palm-trees, and bananas; next came the little bay of Elsville; and then the town itself, with the government house, surrounded by its gardens; on the left, the dark forest of Lucubé, and the green mountains of Nossi-Cumba; in front of us, a glittering sea, dotted with islands, and furrowed by canoes, with their white sails, and twenty-five miles off, the faint blue outline of Madagascar, and the needle-like summits of the Deux Sœurs. It is so calm in these seas that the most sensitive nerves could not be affected by the motion of the waves, and we glided along, stopping at Kisuman, and in the delightful bay of Pasandava, at that time surrounded by fishermen's huts. The next place where we touched, Bavatoubé, is an irregular peninsula, shaped like an immense crab, and we penetrated into one of its gigantic claws. It was here that poor M. Darvoy met with his death, while exploring a carboniferous region which denoted the presence of coal; he was surprised by the Hovas, whose authority he had resisted, and assassinated by the orders of Queen Ranavalona. We visited the scene of this atrocious crime, and saw some remains of his burnt cottage still standing.

The west coast of Madagascar is indented by a number of gulfs and bays. The most important is that of Bombetok, at the mouth of the river Boéni, or the river which rises near Tananarivo; it is the largest in the island, and forms the most accessible approach to the capital. The town of Majonga, formerly an Arab settlement, but conquered by Radama I. in 1824, guards the entrance to the bay. The Hovas keep up a garrison here, as at Tananarivo, of 1,200 men, a force more than sufficient to keep the native population in subjection. A fort, mounted with several guns, is raised upon the highest point of the shore, and the Hovas have a palisaded village on the same elevation; the old town spreads along the low ground near the river.

We made a very short stay at Majonga, as we wished to visit Mohilla. This island, which is, in a measure, under the protection of France, is situated to the south of the great volcanic island of Comoro, the flames of which can be seen from here at night. To the east lies the island of Anjouan, like a blue cloud on the horizon. Mohilla is governed by a queen, Jumbe-Souli, cousin of Radama, and daughter of Ramanateka, the founder of this little dynasty. This man was governor of Bombetok under Radama I. On the accession of Ranavalona, his enemies, coveting his wealth, obtained an order to kill him. Accordingly, he was summoned to court, on the pretext of having some new honour bestowed upon him; but he received a secret warning, and succeeded in escaping with some friends and followers to the island of Anjouan, taking with him a sum of 40,000 or 50,000 dollars. Here he was hospitably received by the king, and in return assisted him in his wars, and greatly distinguished himself by his valour. But his host, after some time, became jealous of him, and, wishing to obtain possession of his treasure, he determined on his destruction. Forced again to fly for his life, Ramanateka took refuge in the island of Mohilla, which he conquered, but he was only able to maintain himself there by constant struggles with his neighbours and with Ranavalona, who sent out a strong expedition, which he destroyed to the last man. He had two daughters, Jumbe-Souli and Jumbe-Salama. The second died, and the eldest, the present queen, succeeded her father. Jumbe-Souli had no competitor for the throne of her little kingdom; the chiefs acknowledged her willingly, and, as she was a minor, established a council of regency till she came of age. During that period, the young queen, under the tuition of a Frenchwoman, became acquainted with the language, manners, and religion of that nation. Two French naval officers even aspired to the hope of a marriage with the queen, who was young, handsome, and intelligent. However, it came to nothing, and when she came of age the chiefs selected a young Arab, of good family, from the coast of Zanzibar, for her husband. Having no religious opinions of her own, the young queen willingly conformed to her husband's faith, and became a Mahomedan. On our arrival in the island, we hastened to pay our respects to the queen, who had signified her readiness to receive us. Her palace, which stands on the left of a little battery facing the sea, is in proportion to the size of her kingdom; it is merely a small, white-washed house, containing only two apartments, pierced with openings of Moorish design. The first is

approached through a courtyard, in which are displayed all the defensive arms of the island, consisting of two or three little cannons and the guns belonging to the garrison. These latter were drawn up to receive us, in full-dress uniform, and we passed in review eighteen black soldiers, barefooted, with English red jackets, white pantaloons, and white leather belts. Their shakos were also red, and in shape not unlike a bishop's mitre, which gave them a most absurd appearance. On our arrival the prince consort received us in the first apartment, had to ascend cautiously; but, fortunately, it was short, and we were quickly in the presence of her majesty. This room was exactly the same as the entrance-chamber, with the exception of a curtain at the farther end, which separated the royal bed from the part which served as a presence-chamber.

Jumbe-Souli was seated on a raised chair, with a cushion under her feet. On one side of her stood her old nurse, and on the other a confidential servant, or slave. Her whole figure was concealed by a robe of rich Turkish tissue of silk and gold;



SPIES OF THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

which is long and narrow, and serves as a kind of ante-room, or guard-chamber, and presented to us the chief officers of the crown. I felt rather squeamish about touching the hands of these dignitaries, several of whom appeared to be afflicted with a kind of leprosy. Our conversation flagged, in spite of the efforts of the interpreter, and we anxiously awaited our interview with the queen, who had been informed of our arrival, and who, I suppose, was making a little addition to her toilette. The lord chamberlain came at last to tell us she was ready, and her husband went before us to show the way. The staircase leading to the royal apartment was simply a ladder, which we only her hand, which was slight and delicate, was visible. On her head was a sort of mask, shaped like a diadem, which covered her head and part of her face; but through the large openings we could see the outline of her features, and her large, mild eyes, full of melancholy brightness, looked at us from time to time. Her whole expression was dejected, and she looked like a woman whose health was ruined by the climate and the unwholesome exhalations from the shore. Jumbe-Souli looks older than she really is. I should have thought her thirty-five, while, in reality, she is only twenty-eight. She has two handsome boys, who, I think, will not have attained their majority

before they will be called on to succeed their sickly mother. Our audience lasted for half an hour, during which refreshments were offered us.

Mohilla appeared to me the most beautiful of the Comoro islands. It is the smallest, but the most verdant. Numerous plantations of cocoa-nut palms give it the graceful appearance of the tropical countries, and immense baobabs raise their majestic trunks like pyramids. The island is intersected by many little shady paths, and rivulets fall in cascades from the hills, forming natural baths—a delightful luxury in this burning climate. Mohilla is an island in which one might pass one's life in peaceful silence, far from the bustle of the world, compassed by the blue sea. I left it with regret. But we had still to visit Mayotte, and to re-visit Nossi-Be, Sainte Marie, and Tamatave, which would take us twelve days, before reaching Saint Denis de la Réunion, our last stage.

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

III.—Kássala and Matemma.

Kássala, after Khartoom, ranks as the most important of the Egyptian settlements in the Soudan. It covers a considerable area, and is surrounded by low mud walls. The only buildings in it of any pretensions are the barracks, and the palace of the Mudeer. All the other houses are either built of mud or adobe (sun-dried bricks), and, in consequence of this, it possesses none of the bright colouring or picturesque splendour so generally characteristic of Oriental towns. Having been only designed as a mart for the produce of the Soudan, and as a military post to overawe the wild tribes in its neighbourhood and on the Abyssinian frontier, it possesses in its aspect all the dry utilitarianism of its founder, the late Pasha Mohammed Ali. In ordinary times, the population amounts to about 15,000 souls.

We, however, saw it under very unfavourable auspices. Two months before our arrival the Nubian soldiery who garrisoned the place, impatient at not receiving their arrears of pay for many months, had broken out into open mutiny. Giving full sway to their wild African passions, they murdered everybody they came across, and for nine days were masters of the town. News of the *émeute*, however, had been rapidly sent off to Khartoom, Kedâref, and even as far as Souâkin, and assistance soon began to arrive. Albanian troops from those towns rapidly poured in, and the Nubians, savage as they were, learnt that in the Skipetar Irregular they had found a master even more lawless and ferocious than themselves. They doggedly contested every inch of ground; there was not a street that did not bear the signs of a conflict; but at length the European prevailed, and, with the loss of 2,000 slain, the mutineers had to give in. When we were there the prisons were full, and an investigation into the causes of the outbreak was being carried on by an Egyptian commissioner, an aide-de-camp of the Pasha of Khartoom, named Ismail Bey, a man of some education, who had visited Paris, and who to the suppleness of the Oriental added the varnish of the Frank. Disease and famine were doing their work, and, excluding the Bashi-Bazouks, the town could not have contained more than a third of its former population. The streets were a picture of desolation; the coffee-shops were nearly all closed; and the gay Almehs, who formerly thronged the place, had all fled to the more congenial haunts of Khartoom or Esneh.

We were doomed to be the unwilling recipients of M. Kotzika's hospitality for four days. It took that time to collect a sufficient number of camels from the Shookeriyeh Arabs who inhabit the country between Kássala and Galabât. Time naturally hung heavy on our hands, and we found little amusement beyond a stroll to the Mudeer's menagerie, where we could spend an hour watching the gambols of his lion-cubs, the pets of the Albanian soldiery, or a saunter through the deserted plaza, which was usually left quietly in possession of a tall giraffe, who passed the day in leisurely browsing on the topmost leaflets of the few trees which could strike root in that arid soil. We received an addition to our party in the person of a renegade Greek, who, being at Djidda at the time of the massacre of the Europeans there, had cast off his religion as the only chance, as he thought, of saving his life, and with his new faith had assumed the name and style of Hassan Effendi. Engaged in the capacity of superintendent of the caravan, as might have been expected, he turned out to be of little use. The only two accomplishments our slight acquaintance enabled us to recognise in him were the faculty of smoking cigarettes *ad infinitum*, and a knack of blowing the trumpet of his employers, the radiance of whose glory was, of course, in some measure reflected upon himself.

At length, on the 10th of November, we found that we were provided with the full complement of camels. Bidding farewell to our kind entertainers, and to Marcopoli, who intended to proceed to Matemma in a more leisurely manner, and accompanied by a small escort of Turkish soldiers, under the command of the doughty Hassan Agha, we started *en route* for the Bahr-el-Gâsh, where we had determined to encamp for the night. This river, the Astusaspes of the ancients, the Mareb of Abyssinia, rises in the highlands of Tigrê, and flowing in nearly a north-westerly direction, meanders round the picturesque Djebel Kássala, and, bathing the southern boundary of the town, falls into the Atbara, some miles to the northward. The spot at which we had determined to halt was situated just underneath the mountain, a tall, conical peak of bare granite, some 3,000 feet in height, the only landmark for scores of miles around. It was easy to forecast a stormy night, from the heavy clouds overhead, and the distant rumble of thunder; but we found it impossible to avoid encamping in the dry bed of the river, as the banks on either side were so thickly overgrown with jungle. We had scarcely pitched our



KÁSSALA.

smallest tent, and spread a skin, which served the purposes of both table and table-cloth, when down came the rain with the terrific violence only witnessed in the tropics. With disappointed and hungry eyes we looked down upon our saturated supper; but regrets were of no use, and we were soon ourselves cowering beneath the very hide upon which we had just heaped the best of cheer, and striving to recover a little in the way of flotsam and jetsam, before retiring to rest in our tiny tent. But such mishaps as these, however awkward they might be in a well-regulated family, only create a laugh in an African desert; and we found that we slept none the less soundly for want of a supper.

The next morning, though up betimes, we found that our tents and baggage were so wet that it was impossible to load the camels till the afternoon. The road to Kedâref lies nearly south-south-west, and, being altogether of alluvial formation, is terribly flat and monotonous. We journeyed on till nearly nine in the evening, over wet and miry plains, in some parts flooded to such an extent that our mules found it difficult to keep their legs, and meeting no one save a solitary cow-herd, whose gourd of fresh milk lives in my memory to the present day. The night was like the previous one; but we had had more time for preparation, and were safely housed before the storm came upon us. The elemental disturbances were increased by the confusion attendant on several of the mules breaking their picket-ropes, and scampering off into the desert. The recovery of these caused much delay the next morning, and the camel-drivers were only too glad to take advantage of the excuse afforded by our soaked baggage to put off the start till as late an hour as possible, leaving us, while they were enjoying their "kayf" in all conceivable attitudes around us, to crouch down beneath the thorns of a stunted mimosa, in the vain hope of obtaining a little shade. A repetition of yesterday's march succeeded, and we woke up the next morning with the full determination of placing the Atbara between us and Kássala that day.

From Berber to the Mediterranean, a distance of 1,200 miles, the Nile receives no waters except those brought down by the Tacazzê from the hills of Lasta. This river, under the name of Astaboras, in which the modern Arab appellation, Atbara, may be traced, formed the eastern boundary of that kingdom of Meroë, in which, according to many, the germs of the civilisation of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies first saw the light. When we reached it, we found it about eighty yards broad, and running rapidly; in fact, it required some skill to steer safely across, and had not my Arab guide and companion seized the bridle of my camel just as we were beginning to drift unconsciously down-stream, there is little doubt that I should have afforded an evening repast to the sluggish log of a crocodile that placidly kept us in view all the time. We kept near the river this and the following day, at Shederab and Hasaballa; thence boundless savannas brought us to Harakat on the evening of the 16th, and we were within the Kedâref district.

For miles and miles around the capital, on every hillock, in every hollow, may be seen little clusters of villages—I am afraid to say how many, but I know that seventy is within the mark. Each hamlet is surrounded by its own little plot of cultivation, chiefly of that sweet saccharine juwârri, the stalks of which are so grateful to the parched traveller as he plucks them by the wayside. These are all under the government of the venerable Sheikh Abu Seen, a patriarch who enjoys amongst the Europeans who have met him the best reputation of any Arab chief in these parts. When we entered Deep Seen, the principal village of the district, he was absent; but we were received by the commandant of the few Egyptian irregulars who garrison the place, and regaled with coffee and the startling news that King Theodore had been defeated and taken prisoner by Tirsu Gobazyé, the Walkaït rebel. *Canards*, it will be seen, do not only live within reach of telegraphs. After breakfast, we received a visit from a tall, black-haired gentleman, in European clothes, who announced himself as Aristides, and stated that he was endeavouring to extend commerce and civilisation amongst the rude children of the desert. The more immediate object of his visit, however, was to know if Dr. Blanc could assist him in respect to his arm, which had been broken by a ball from an elephant rifle some time before. As it had been set, though badly, and was now healed, Dr. Blanc advised him to let well alone, and he shortly afterwards took his leave. With his generally land-piratical appearance, it is not surprising if poor Marcopoli, who travelled that road a few days subsequently, discovered him to be, what he termed, "un vrai Grec." Our little friend had purchased from him a bottle of brandy for three dollars, equivalent in English money to nearly thirteen shillings; his baggage was packed, his camels were laden, and he himself was on the point of mounting, when the servant of Aristides appeared with a message that his master could really not part with the bottle, which was worth one dollar more. As Marcopoli had only the alternatives left him of throwing away his liquor, drinking it up all at once, or paying the money, he chose the latter; but I am afraid the occurrence did not improve his hitherto unfavourable estimate of the character of the subjects of King George.

As it was market day, we found no difficulty in procuring a fresh relay of camels. The head driver, El-Busheer, was a character in his way. He was not the man to allow loitering on a road little blessed with water, and, tired as both mule and his rider might be, he would urge them on unsparingly till the well was reached. But, withal, "he was a fellow of infinite jest," and well knew how to beguile the long hours of the night and the weary marches over the prairie with anecdote and song.

We left the capital of Kedâref on the evening of the 17th, and, after a three hours' ride, arrived at a village called Hellet-el-Kanz, where we halted for the night. We thought it better, as our beasts and servants were very tired, to defer our departure till the evening of the following day; and in the meantime amused ourselves with watching the people who came from a dozen neighbouring hamlets to draw their water from a single well, the only one within many miles. Mounted on their fast-trotting cows, the villagers assembled from all directions to fulfil their daily task, and the well furnished a continual scene of animation and variety. The nearest villages content themselves with sending their slave-girls, who supply every type of Nubian ugliness, from the dwarfish, big-headed elf of three feet, to the strapping wench of six—but blackness, exceeding that of night, is the universal characteristic. The peasants in these hamlets are all Arabs of the same stock, apparently, as the Beni 'Amir, and, with but few dialectic differences, speak the tongue they brought with them from the Hedjaz. The chief of Hellet-el-Kanz

is as pure-blooded as any sheikh in Yemen, and would as soon dream of allying his daughter to a Bedawee as of forsaking Islam—a trait which emphatically shows his Ishmaelitish lineage, as it is well known that city and desert Arabs never intermarry.

The lot of these people is, however, far from fortunate. Ground down to the earth by the exactions of the Egyptian authorities, they have neither the energy nor the will to work more than will suffice for procuring for themselves the bare necessaries of life. Although the soil is singularly fertile, the only signs of cultivation I saw in the neighbourhood were a few fields of doura (millet), of which they make their simple bread, and one plot of ground planted with cotton. Their wealth consists in their cattle, which supply them not only with food, but with carriage; and not a single branch of industry appears to be carried on even in the largest villages. Their ploughing is of the simplest description; a sharp stick drawn along the ground suffices to scratch a furrow for the reception of the seed, and after that the farmer has only to await at his ease the bounty of Providence. That a single well should serve the wants of the inhabitants of a large district is in itself a significant fact; and that the principal village should have been named after El-Kanz, the patriotic constructor of this well, proves the gratitude of the people to the only man who seems to have shown a spark of energy or enterprise amongst them.

They are as eager after gain as people so far removed from civilisation usually are. That we should have been mistaken for Turks, so long as we had a Turkish escort, was not unreasonable, nor was it a matter of surprise that the villagers should have been chary of supplying us with provisions so long as they remained under that impression, as the Egyptians never pay for a single thing they lay their hands upon; but we did not imagine that, when their minds were disabused upon this point, they would have been so determinedly set upon fleecing us. We were obliged to put up with it. After passing Kedâref, we could not obtain a sheep under three dollars, exactly nine times the price they used to cost at Massáwa; while eggs were sold at a piastre and a half apiece, answering to fivepence of our money—a charge which, I think, would be considered exorbitant anywhere.



TAKROOREE SOLDIER.

At Hellet-el-Kanz we fell in with Abd-ul-Melâk, a Copt, who had represented himself to our Agent and Consul-General in Egypt as possessing a good deal of influence with the Aboona or Metropolitan of Abyssinia, and as having power to render considerable service towards the liberation of Consul Cameron and his companions. Colonel Stanton had accordingly dispatched him on a kind of mission for that purpose, and had entrusted him with letters and presents for the bishop. Amongst the gifts destined to propitiate the head of a non-smoking church were several fine amber mouthpieces, and enough Latakieh to stock a tobacconist's shop in a provincial Turkish town. It is needless to say that the envoy had never set his foot beyond Matemma; and as he had letters of recommendation to all the Egyptian authorities in those parts, he was continually travelling between that town and Kedâref, and living handsomely on the unfortunate peasantry, who had orders to supply him with everything he wanted. Mr. Rassam took measures to prevent the imposition being carried on any longer, and, with a warning, left the detected rogue to find his own way back to Cairo.

We left the district of Kedâref at Hellet-el-Kanz, and entered that of Râshid. The country for many miles round is merely one vast steppe, covered with tall and sun-dried grass, and tenanted only by the giraffe and the ostrich. For a long distance not a drop of water is to be found. At one in the morning, after marching six hours, we halted for the night at a place where the ravages of fire allowed us room for our camels and ourselves to lie down; but before daybreak we were obliged to be off again. Five hours and a half brought us to a village called Wed-el-Amâs, where there is a spring of tolerable water, and one large tree, under which we could spend the day. As the trunk was quite hollow, I found room inside it to spread out my bedding, and was able to take a nap in a cool and comfortable apartment, free from the glare and heat of the sun. At half-past three in the afternoon we were off again, and travelled for more than nine hours before we reached our next watering-place, Medâk. The road here loses a good deal of its prairie-like character, and in parts is very stony. Trees of a much larger growth begin to show themselves, but the country is still very level, the only elevations we saw being two low hills to the right, Doka and

Dagalees. The former is considered the sanatorium of Matemma, and is an agreeable retreat while the summer heat rages so fiercely in that district. At Medâk there are several wells, and some fine trees, beneath the shade of which we were glad to take refuge till the sun went down a little.

Five hours brought us to Derveesh, where we left the Râshid district and the country of the Arabs, and entered that of Galabât, the land of the Takroorees, as they are called by strangers, or Arbâb, as they style themselves. Riding on for another hour, we arrived at a village called Ja'afra, where we passed the night, and starting the next morning at four, journeyed on pleasantly through a dense thicket, in which a beautiful species of acacia with feathery leaves was especially conspicuous. Leaving the camels behind, we travelled on briskly, and at a quarter to nine reached a valley with a tiny streamlet running through it, called the Khor-el-Athrub, by the side of which innumerable monkeys, some in family parties, and others evidently in a state of single blessedness, were disporting themselves. Here we remained till half-past two, and an hour's ride then brought us into Matemma.



WOMAN OF KÁSSALA CARRYING WATER.

The chief of the district, Sheikh Jooma, was absent at the time, having been compelled, according to annual custom, to present himself with his tribute at the court of King Theodore, but we were welcomed by his *locum tenens*, 'Izz-ud-deen, and by the sheikh of the town. Hassan Effendi had ridden on previously, and had given glowing accounts of the wealth and magnificence of the Frankish embassy, which was for some time to take up its quarters in the district, and we found on arrival that preparations had already been made for our reception. A hill facing the east and overlooking the town, and unquestionably the healthiest spot near it, was assigned to us. It usually served as the summer residence of the sheikh, and on it were erected a fine large airy shed and three small houses, which, with our tents, amply sufficed for our accommodation.

Looking down from our hill, we could see the collection of huts, called Matemma, to the fullest advantage. Altogether there may be six hundred of these flimsy edifices lying over the plain in scattered patches. They are of circular form, and built with grass walls and thatched conical roofs. The houses of the sheikh are perhaps the best in the place, and are situated within a large enclosure near the centre of the town. A little further on flows the Metchârah, a streamlet from which the majority of the inhabitants obtain their water, and which forms a most picturesque feature in the landscape, owing to the magnificent willows that border each bank; but which contains within it the seeds of all the maladies for which Matemma has so unenviable a repute. Crossing this stream, we find a cluster of houses occupied by the Abyssinian colony, and beyond this again are the fields of doura, from which the natives procure their chief subsistence. Though I only noticed one field in the immediate vicinity of Matemma, cotton is grown to a great extent in the outlying villages, as several hundred bales are every week brought to the fair, and imported into Abyssinia. Cucurbitaceous plants grow in abundance, and the gourd has quite superseded the skin as a receptacle for water.

The day of our arrival (the 21st of November) was that on which the weekly market was held, and after we had inspected our new domicile, Blanc and I strolled down to the plain below. We had not proceeded far when we were accosted by an Abyssinian, who having once been as far as Cairo, could speak a little Arabic, and he offered to become our cicerone. This man, whose name was Walda Gabriel, we always found a useful fellow enough, and he subsequently entered Mr. Rassam's service as an interpreter.

The fair differs in few respects from an English one. Stalls covered with gilt gingerbread and ribbons are not to be found, but in their stead skins are spread out on the ground covered with salt, chilis, ginger, sesame, and the usual products of the country. Camel after camel arrives laden with bales of cotton, and escorted by Takroorees from the outlying districts. Beneath a tree is an armourer plying his trade, and converting old pieces of hoop-iron into spear-heads and knives. Yonder is a group busily employed in flaying a bullock which has just been slaughtered for the special delectation of the Abyssinians who frequent the fair. And perhaps the most striking scene of all are these Abyssinians, who muster in considerable numbers, and chiefly confine themselves to exhibiting the paces of their wild coursers, galloping about in a way that shows their utter disregard for the lives and limbs of Sheikh Jooma's lieges. Most terrible screws of course these steeds are, it not being customary to allow serviceable horses to pass



RIVER GASH IN THE RAINY SEASON.

the custom-houses of Tchelga or Wahhnee. This scene was repeated every Tuesday and Wednesday, and we used to find it an amusing diversion to lounge down to the village-green, and "do" the market as if it were the Park in the season, or the Spa at Scarborough in the autumn.

In consequence of the advantageous position of Matemma, standing as it does in a kind of debateable land between Egypt and Abyssinia, it is naturally a great mart for slaves, chiefly from the Galla country. The regular market was not open at the time of our arrival, although more than once we received surreptitious "tips" from dealers in respect to some article or another which was supposed to display superiority of blood and breeding.

A branch of Bishop Gobat's mission was established here, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Eipperle and Mr. Mutschler. Judging, however, by the number of converts around them, these gentlemen would have done better if they had never relinquished the respectable handicrafts to which they had been brought up. A slave girl, purchased on account of her singular aptitude for receiving Christian doctrine, since she had never heard the name of religion before, formed the sole member of their flock. I believe that Mrs. Eipperle, who had been a deaconess at the hospital at Jerusalem, and was possessed of some knowledge of the healing art, was of far more service to the bodies of the Takroorees than ever her husband was likely to be to their souls. In fact, the latter had almost abdicated his spiritual functions, and was more congenially employed in the task of setting up a large water-wheel, for the purpose of irrigating the small plot of ground where his beans were planted.

Two days after our arrival, the old chief, Sheikh Jooma, returned from his visit to Abyssinia. He paid us the compliment of coming to see us before he had even planted his foot within his own door. He was attended by a retinue of about a hundred horsemen, whose dress and equipments were of every fantastic mode that barbaric taste could devise. One of the most conspicuous figures was a cavalier attired in a complete suit of chain-mail, while another, swathed up in a thick quilted doublet and capucine, brought to mind old pictures of Muscovite warriors. Sheikh Jooma is about sixty years of age, perhaps a little older, wiry and strong-built, and exhibits all the characteristics of the negro type in an exaggerated form. We had heard before that he was not to be trusted, and his subsequent treatment of us fully confirmed this report. However, he was exceedingly courteous on this occasion, and promised to do everything in his power to make us comfortable. In the evening we returned his visit, and found that the old gentleman had refreshed himself so freely after the fatigues of his journey that he was scarcely presentable.

The Takroorees, all of whom are under the sway of Sheikh Jooma, are a tribe of Nigritian origin, and although the vernacular of the district is Arabic, they do not appear to have any intermixture of Arabic blood in their veins. They seem a good-tempered, easy-going race, and, like their congeners of Darfoor and Kordofân (from the former of which districts the chief of Galabât is, I believe, invariably chosen), and the negroes of intertropical Africa generally, they live in a perpetual kind of lazy dream, letting each day take care of itself, and bestowing no thought on the morrow. Every night, however, is kept alive by their tom-tomming and singing, which goes on till sunrise at the chief's house, while the beer travels briskly round, and doubtless many a toast is drunk in honour of their dusky loves, ill-favoured specimens of womankind though they be. The mornings, of course, are spent in sleep, and it is not till evening that the day really begins. At sunset they may be seen swaggering and tossing their burly limbs about, and flourishing their spears and short axes in such wise that it is evident their potations begin the moment they awake. To us they were civil enough, and never omitted the usual salute, "Salâm aleikoom," and polite interrogatories after our health. The liquor in which they indulge to so great an extent is called "bilbil," and is brewed from doura. It possesses a sour but not unpleasant flavour, somewhat resembling rough Devonshire cider.

The Takroorees are fearless, if not graceful, horsemen; and Sheikh Jooma could turn out a very respectable force of light irregular cavalry, if he would but relinquish his whim of organising a battalion of infantry after the Turkish model. At the time of our stay this consisted of about a hundred men, armed with muskets of every conceivable age and pattern. Two or three days in the week the soldiers are reviewed on parade. They march to the ground in Indian file, and on arrival form line to the front, and go through their manual, which comprises "Order arms, shoulder arms, pile arms, break off," which last command is obeyed with much greater alacrity than the others, and the soldiers betake themselves to discharging their pieces at any unfortunate small birds they may spy in their vicinity, until the command to fall in is given, when the same manœuvres are repeated *ad lib.* All this is in the presence of a grinning and admiring crowd, who "shake the air with their applausive noise," and warmly cheer the defenders of Matemma. This lasts about an hour, and at the expiration of that period the force returns to quarters, and the parade is at an end. However, the real strength of the district consists in its cavalry, as every householder possesses a horse, and, in case of an attack, marches to the field with his gillies behind him, like a highland chieftain of old.

The government is an elective monarchy, but every year is signalised by a custom of some singularity. The power of the chief lapses, and is assumed by one of the principal inhabitants, who continues to hold it for six days, when the former sheikh resumes the reins of power. To all intents and purposes there is an interregnum, the reign of the new chief being apparently only marked by an incessant tom-tomming, which is kept up before his house. On the sixth day the Takroorees from all the neighbouring villages flock in and hold their annual festival; cavalry and infantry are reviewed in the large plain outside the town, and the sheikh addresses them in a stirring speech. When we were there he made the best of his opportunity by leading a foray into the country of Tirsu Gobazyé, in Walkaït, and returned after three days in high glee at having made a "lift" of several thousand head of cattle. At that period he had to pay tribute to both the Pasha of Khartoom and the Negoos of Abyssinia, and, consequently, spent most of his time on the road; but it may be confidently assumed that the Egyptians have now taken him in hand altogether.

Although the nights and early mornings still remained tolerably cool, the weather was growing day by day perceptibly hotter, and the sun was terribly powerful. We noticed once a difference of 70° Fahr. between the temperature of the shed in which we lived and that of the atmosphere outside.

The Atbara flows at a distance of five or six miles from Matemma, and one day we made an excursion with our missionary friends to that river, for the purpose of shooting buffaloes. We had only to cross an expanse of rich alluvial mud overgrown with tall grass. 'Izz-ud-deen and about twenty of his followers accompanied us as beaters, but more for their own amusement than ours it appeared, for though they promised to drive down a herd they knew of in our direction, they failed to redeem their word, and left us in anxious expectation for the rush all through the day. Towards evening they appeared in high triumph, displaying the spoils of three buffaloes which had fallen victims to their spears, and we had nothing to console ourselves with after such a barren day but a few steaks which they generously placed at our disposal.

The 26th of December we all thought a red-letter day with us. Mohammed the Shiho, and others of Mr. Rassam's messengers, returned to us, bearing letters from King Theodore, and clothed in white raiment bestowed upon them by that monarch. The letters were couched in most friendly terms, and the last in date bore the royal signature and seal. It appeared from them that, though his majesty still retained angry feelings against the captives, he was most amicably disposed towards us.

Putting the letters and the testimony of the messengers together, the following programme appeared to be sketched out for us. Sheikh Jooma was ordered to place an escort at our service to take us as far as Wahhnee, two days' journey distant. We were there to be met by three Bashas, officers of high rank, who had been specially deputed to conduct us to the camp. We heard that they had four or five hundred men with them. From Wahhnee we should proceed to Tchelga, and thence round by Lake Tsâna, to the place where we should meet the king. He was at that time in Dâmot, a province to the north of Godjâm, but was coming with five hundred horsemen to see us. After the interview, the messengers informed us we should be at liberty to take up our residence on an island in the lake, or, if we preferred it, in one of the towns near it, or finally, at Gaffat, near Debra Tabor, where the German artizans were residing. Orders had been given to the governors of all the towns and villages on our route to have ready for us cattle, sheep, honey, fowls, and eggs, and the Germans at Gaffat were ordered to prepare everything for us in European fashion. The messengers, who had so lately seen the king, gave it as their opinion that his majesty would be certain to give orders for Cameron's release as soon as he met us, but that it would be a difficult matter to get the missionaries out. So far, however, all seemed fair and promising enough.

On the 28th, being ready to start, we went to take leave of Sheikh Jooma, and received from him the escort he had been ordered to provide us with. The cares of state must that day have sat very heavily upon him, and he had been obliged to drown them so deeply that he was scarcely aware of our presence as we entered his dwelling. When he did perceive us, the discourtesy he had often shown us of late developed into absolute rudeness, and although we civilly represented to him our need of an escort while so near to Tirsu Gobazyé's territory, he refused to let us have a single man. We were obliged to put up with the bearish embrace he gave us afterwards, and indignantly shaking the dust off our shoes at the threshold, we quitted for ever the mansion of this negro potentate.

Report of another Great Lake in Equatorial Africa.

An Italian traveller, named Carlo Piaggia, who has been for some years wandering in the regions west of the White Nile, has recently sent home a report of a long journey which he performed during the years 1863 to 1865, into countries far beyond the routes of any previous explorer, and in which he affirms there exists another great sea of fresh water lying to the west of the Albert Nyanza of Baker. He was not able to reach the shores of the lake, but could not refuse to admit the unanimous testimony of the natives as to its approximate position. The letters of Piaggia, in which his journeys are narrated, were addressed by him to the Marquis Antinori, a gentleman in whose retinue he had travelled, in 1861, in the northern part of the same region, and they have been published, with a carefully-prepared map, in the first volume of the Journal issued by the new Geographical Society of Italy. Ten years ago the natives on the Ghazal river had given a vague account of a great lake farther south, to the gentlemen who accompanied the expedition of the Dutch ladies on that western tributary of the Nile; Mr. Petherick, too, who went farther to the south-west of the White Nile than any other traveller previous to Piaggia, sent home news of a lake, but the account obtained by Piaggia seems to be more definite than that of any other authority.

According to Dr. Petermann, the well-known German geographer, who has re-calculated the distances and days' marches of Piaggia, the new lake would lie about 130 miles beyond the western shore of Albert Nyanza, a little to the south of that part of the lake navigated by Sir Samuel Baker and his lady. He makes it to extend for 200 miles towards the west. If this be true, we shall have four great seas of fresh water near the equator in Central Africa, resembling in dimensions lakes Michigan and Huron; and the Nile lakes (if they really all communicate with the Nile) will almost rival the Laurentian lake-system of North America, the largest in the world. On comparing, however, the reported new lake with Baker's account of his Albert Nyanza, the conclusion can hardly be avoided that it is no other than the prolongation of the same sheet of water, to the west and south, as mentioned by that traveller. Sir Samuel Baker, in describing the sea-like view which presented itself, as he stood on the lofty cliffs, towards the south—a limitless expanse of water and sky—says that the natives informed him that the lake, after extending far to the south, went towards the west, and that its limits in that direction were known to no one. Piaggia, according to the corrected map of Dr. Petermann, when nearest to the supposed new lake, was 450 miles distant from the spot where Baker stood, gazing into the blue distance to the south-west of his position; if these distances are at all approximate to the truth, the centre of the African continent possesses an expanse of fresh water greater in dimensions than Lake Superior, hitherto cited as the largest on the globe. It is, besides, probable that Lake Tanganyika, itself at least 280 miles in length, forms a southerly arm of this inland sea; to ascertain this is one of the principal objects of the exploration in which Dr. Livingstone is now engaged. Lake Nyassa, further to the south, is now known to belong to a separate river-basin, discharging its surplus waters into the Zambesi.

The tract of country lying to the west of the White Nile

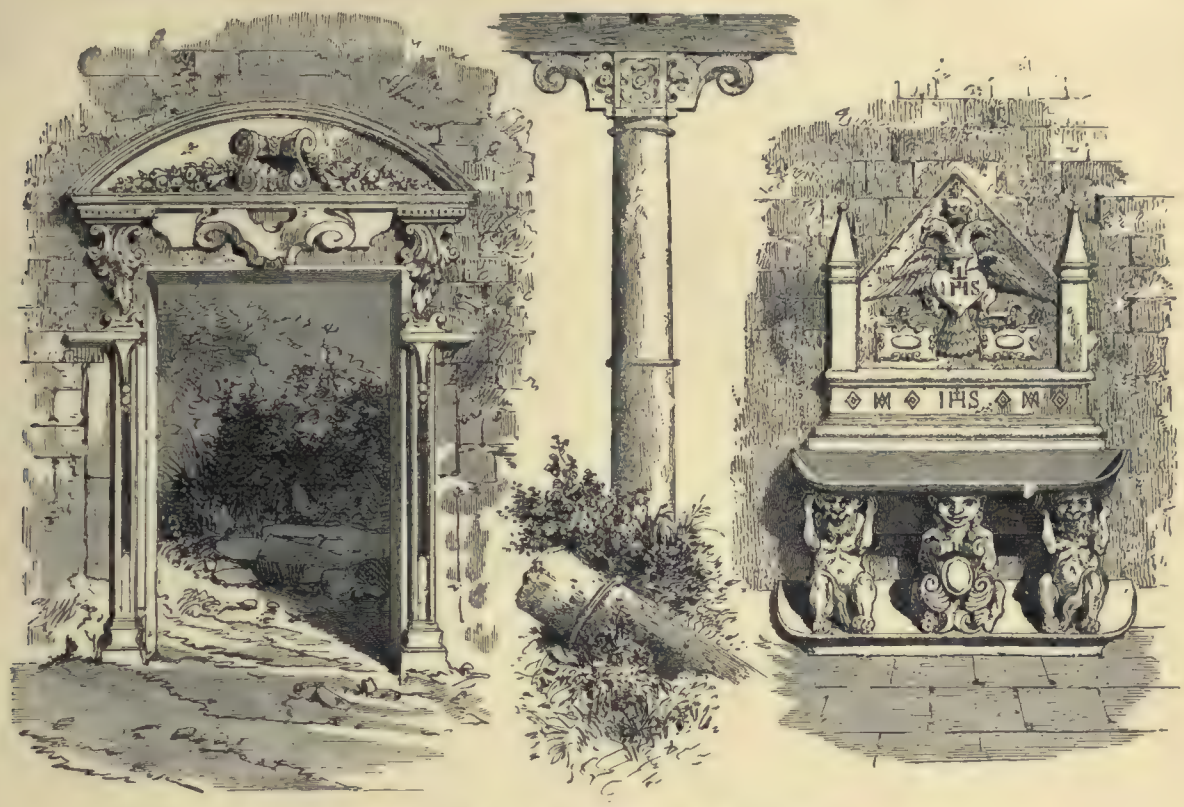
and to the north of the lakes is a vast wilderness, consisting of extensive marshy plains and forests, with hilly country in its southern portion. It is one of the most fatal countries in the world to Europeans, and presents almost insurmountable obstacles to the traveller. In the rainy season the low districts are flooded, and famine and pestilence brood over the land. The only inhabitants are numerous independent tribes of negroes, who are annually invaded and plundered by armed bands of ivory and slave traders, who visit the region from Khartoom, and have their stockaded stations at intervals on the banks of the streams. The south-western part of the country, near the sources of the Jûr, is inhabited by the Niam-niams, a race of people who were spoken of by earlier travellers, from accounts which reached the trading settlements on the coasts of Africa, as a nation of pigmies, furnished with fan-shaped tails, or as having the fore extremities of men and the hind-quarters of dogs. Concerning these people we have, in the narrative of Piaggia, who spent more than a year in their country, reliable and most interesting information. He says they are a handsome, powerfully-built race, with skin of a dark olive-bronze colour, long hair, and long thick beards. They are superior in mental qualities to the neighbouring negro tribes, whom they hold in subjection, and from whom they differ widely in every respect. Although some of their customs are cruel, they are not cannibals, as reported by some of their vilifiers; in short, it would appear that the wild stories propagated about these brave interior people were invented by the Arab and Turkish slave-hunters, who must have been many a time repulsed in their attempts to gain access to Niam-niam territory. In travelling from north to south, towards the country of these people, Piaggia had first to traverse the Mundo country (4°—5° N. lat., 27 E. long.), after which a tract of primeval forest, sixty miles in breadth, had to be traversed before reaching the village of the Niam-niam chief, Tombo. The forest in many places consisted of an impenetrable growth of mimosa, acacia, and euphorbia trees, matted together with climbing *Asclepiadæ*, amidst which, here and there, towered colossal specimens of the *Adansonia digitata* and the Borassus palm-tree. The elephant, the two-horned rhinoceros, the buffalo, and many species of apes, antelopes, and feline animals, tenant this wilderness. At night the travellers had to kindle great fires around their encampment to ward off the hungry leopards; and Piaggia describes the uproar of wild beasts, which at times arose in the midst of the stillness, as appalling. The villages of the Niam-niams consist of groups of huts in shape forming a perfect cone, from the ground to the apex, the huts of the chiefs being distinguished by having an upright circular wall, about the height of a man, as a support to the conical thatch. The chief, Tombo, under whose protection he was able to travel in various directions through this remote region, was a man of middle age, of tall and slender figure, and dignified gait and manner. His luxuriant hair was arranged in curls, and ornamented in a fantastic way with many-coloured feathers; the cloth of which his robe was made was nothing but a strip of fibrous bark from a tree; and when the traveller was first presented to him he held in his right hand three long lances, and in his left a musical stringed instrument resembling a harp. The general character of the country appears to be far superior to that of the White Nile and the Ghazal river to the north and west. It is varied with hills and valleys and running streams; luxuriant forests clothe the lower grounds, and game of all kinds is very abundant.

The furthermost point towards the west and south reached by Piaggia was the Niam-niam village of Kifa; near this place flows a river towards the north-west, probably a tributary of the Buri river, a large stream apparently far to the west of the Nile basin, the first account of which was given by Sir Samuel Baker, on whose original map of this region there is marked a great river, named the Avoca, flowing towards the north-west. The Messrs. Poncet, ivory traders on the White Nile, have lately pushed their establishments as far as this mysterious stream, which they state is as large as the White Nile, and flows towards Lake Chad. A new field of great interest appears here to lie open for the geographer and the naturalist.

Discovery of the Mouth of the Limpopo River.

THE lower course of the Limpopo, one of the larger rivers of Southern Africa, and the position of its embouchure in the Indian Ocean, have up to the present time been a subject of doubt, and have formed, in fact, one of those geographical problems of which Africa furnishes so many. The river is a fine one in its upper course along the plateau lands of the South African interior, and has been often visited and described by our adventurous travellers and elephant hunters; but all attempts to descend along its banks to the sea have been frustrated, partly by reason of the unhealthiness of the lower lands, and partly by the prevalence of the tsetse fly, which destroys the bullock teams of the traveller. On the most recent maps, it will be seen that there are no fewer than five mouths traced with doubt as belonging to this river, marked along 300 miles of the coast.

According to recent news from Natal, the Limpopo has at length been traced to the sea, the feat having been performed by Mr. St. Vincent Erskine, son of the colonial secretary of Natal, who trained himself for the task, and accomplished it between July and September of last year. He appears to have made Leydenburg, a small town in the northern part of the Transvaal Republic, his starting-point, and to have marched direct from there to the junction of the Oliphant river with the Limpopo, the position of which he determined by observations for latitude. He then descended the previously unknown lower course of the great stream, and reached its mouth in triumph on the 5th of September. According to the scanty news we at present have of this adventurous journey, Mr. Erskine appears to have found the embouchure to coincide with the river Inhampura as marked on the maps. If this be the case, most of our learned geographers have greatly erred in their calculations of the direction of the river. The river does not appear to form a delta, or to spread itself over extensive marshes, as had been conjectured by some writers and travellers. Whether it is available for navigation or not, and what is the nature of the country through which it flows in the lower part of its course, will not be satisfactorily known until the complete narrative and map of Mr. Erskine reaches England. As he has been throughout in correspondence with the Royal Geographical Society of London (through Dr. R. J. Mann), the complete account of the journey will probably shortly be communicated to that body and to the public.



DETAILS OF JESUIT ARCHITECTURE IN PARAGUAY.

A Visit to Paraguay during the War.

BY THOMAS J. HUTCHINSON, F.R.G.S., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE ALLIED CAMP—ITAPIRU FORT—HEAT OF THE CLIMATE—CAUSES OF THE PARAGUAYAN WAR—INCIDENTS OF THE WAR—BATTLE OF YATAY.

On the 4th of April I went ashore and visited part of the Brazilian and Argentine camps. In the Argentine quarters I passed a short time in the tent of the commander-in-chief, Brigadier-General Don Bartolome Mitre, President of the Argentine Republic. His Excellency spoke hopefully of the speedy termination of the war, holding an opinion in which I regretted not to be able to agree. The President's encampment was in a shady orange grove, perfectly impenetrable to the sun's rays. From this I strolled to the rear of the camp, through one of the prettiest tracts of woodland I have ever seen, where the tinamus, or native partridge, and other birds of magnificent plumage, abounded, nothwithstanding the vicinity of the warring hosts. The trees rose to an immense height, and a dense undergrowth of bushes and smaller trees, of the most varied and elegant foliage, clothed the ground. The forest here, however, is not continuous and impenetrable, like the virgin forests of other parts of South America, for it is diversified with open, grassy spaces. Now and then, emerging from the woodland pathway, I came upon a space of bright green sward, reminding one of those opening glades of which the poet Moore writes in the "Epicurean," as seeming "to afford a playground for the sunshine." The camp being partly in the woods, the officers had availed themselves of the trees to form cool tents and bowers in the dense shrubbery and under overhanging branches. In many of these could be seen, as I passed, the lounging hammock suspended from the boughs. Thus were the fatigues of campaigning in so hot a climate greatly alleviated.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the park-like scenery in the neighbourhood of the Paso de la Patria, on the Corrientes side of the river. I rode through it one evening, in company with Colonel Leopold Nelson, and would have been willing to remain for hours enjoying its charms, only that we were within range of the Paraguayan 48-pounders and bomb-shells, which were likely to salute us at any minute from the opposite post of Itapiru. To the north of the point there is a snug little bay from 400 to 500 yards in length, in front of which, on the opposite side of the river, extending to nearly a league northwards, appears the encampment of the Paraguayan army. A whitewashed house in the distance was pointed out to me as the residence of President Lopez. On the day after we had passed, and on the very spot where I stopped with Colonel Nelson during a few minutes for observation, two Argentine soldiers were killed by the bursting of a bombshell fired across from Itapiru. One of them had his head taken off, the chin and whiskers being left; and the other was struck by a piece of shell in the back as he turned to escape.

April 5th.—The heat is almost unendurable. Little consolation it is to know that the sun is now at the equinox, and is marching northwards to warm the other hemisphere, leaving

these southern regions to their approaching winter. It is pleasant, however, as evening comes on, to observe the gathering of dark clouds above the horizon that presage a thunder-storm. It comes like a true tropical storm—a furious tempest of wind preceding the hurried sweep of cold air which accompanies the deluging rain. Fearful bursts of lightning and thunder attend the down-pour. Those who know only the climate of Europe will scarcely believe it, but on the succeeding morning I observed a difference in the temperature of 33° Fahrenheit, produced by the storm overnight. The air was not only cool, but as cold as it often is in England in the month of March.

It is not an easy matter to trace the causes which led to the Paraguayan war, so recently and tragically brought to a termination, at least for the present. Although I have resided for seven years, including the commencement of these hostilities, in the Argentine Republic, I confess myself still unable to find an adequate explanation. Mutual antipathy, dating from an early period, would seem to bear no small share in it. We find in the work entitled, "An Account of the Abipones of Paraguay," by Martin Dobrizhoffer, that, "from a letter written by the King of Spain in 1839, it appears that in five years 300,000 Paraguayan Indians were carried into slavery by Brazilians." These slave-hunting expeditions were carried on by the "Mamelucos," who are described by Dobrizhoffer as a race of Mestizos, inhabiting the interior of Brazil, the offspring of European fathers and Indian mothers, celebrated for their skill in shooting and robbing, and ready for any daring enterprise. He further records of these people—"In the space of one hundred and thirty years two millions of Indians were slain or carried into captivity by the Mamelucos of Brazil, and more than one thousand leagues of country, as far as the river Amazon, were stripped of their inhabitants." There can be little doubt that the memory of these deeds has rankled for generations in the minds of the people of Paraguay, whose country suffered so much from being in close contiguity with the interior provinces of Brazil, peopled by the Mamelucos.

Whenever the history of this Paraguayan war comes to be written, incidents like those which I am about to record, and for the truth of which I can vouch, will render it remarkable amongst the annals of military daring and patriotic self-sacrifice.

At the retaking of Corrientes by General Paunero, the Argentine commander, in May, 1865, and after the Paraguayans had been driven out of it, there was one Paraguayan soldier, a sentinel, who had been left behind, most likely through his commanding officer forgetting to order his withdrawal. In the *mêlée*, he found himself surrounded by more than a dozen of the attacking party, who called on him to surrender. This he refused to do, with the reply of "No tengo ordines" (I have no orders). But he was overpowered by a superior force, and slaughtered on the spot. A representation of this faithful soldier, from a drawing I brought from Paraguay, is given at page 100; it is taken, as well as the one on page 73, from a work I have published entitled "The Paraná, with Incidents of the Paraguayan War."

At the battle of Yatay, which was fought on the 17th August, 1865—with victory to the allies, of course, for they were as three to one to the Paraguayans—a marine officer named Robles was very severely wounded. Yatay is situated about a league north of Restauracion, on the right bank of the river Uruguay. In this fight the allies numbered twelve thousand troops, and the Paraguayans only four thousand. The former had thirty-eight pieces of cannon, the latter only three. Major Duarte, who commanded the Paraguayans in this engagement, was taken prisoner, and sent to Rio; but the marine officer Robles, his second in command, who fought like a lion, was cut down by overpowering numbers, and captured whilst insensible from his wounds. As soon as he recovered consciousness, and found himself in the hands of the Brazilian surgeons, he tore the dressings off his wounds, rather than submit to their curative manipulation, and in a short time died of hæmorrhage.

A spirit similar to this is recorded by the Brazilian admiral, Baron de Imhauma, in his despatch to the Argentine war minister, Gelly y Ohes, dated "Camp in Tuyucue, March 8th, 1868." This relates the circumstances connected with a daring attempt of the Paraguayans to take the Brazilian iron-clads. The attack was made by a fleet composed of forty-eight canoes, lashed together by twos, with twenty-five men in each. A group of eight canoes (four pairs) was commanded by a captain, and destined to board one iron-clad, but, having lost the order on which they were advancing (very probably from their occupants being blinded with smoke from the firing of the monitors), fourteen attacked, and their crews boarded, the *Lima* and *Barros;* twelve engaged with the *Cabral*, whilst some were driven down by the current, and others were sunk by the guns from the *Silado* and *Herval*. During the engagement on board the iron-clads, some of the canoes returned to land, carrying their wounded and dead. What a grand tribute to these courageous fellows is this last paragraph in that admiral's report:—"The *Herval* and *Silado* killed a great number in the water, who had thrown themselves overboard. I endeavoured to save some, ordering boats to be lowered for that purpose, *but they refused any help, and preferred to die.*"

The most remarkable characteristic of the Paraguayans throughout was their devotion to Lopez, their president and commander-in-chief—a spirit which was ridiculed by the Argentines as Paraguayan stolidity, and of which I am about to record an instance that came under my own observation.

When Her Majesty's gunboat *Doterel*, on returning from Asuncion, in June, 1865, was passing by the *Marques de Olinda* steamer, lying a wreck, after the battle of Riachuelo, the commander, Lieut. Johnson, R.N., had his attention drawn to signals of distress flying from the wrecked vessel—a Brazilian flag overtopping the Paraguayan at the mainmast. The *Doterel* was stopped, and the commander sent one of his boats to the steamer, which lay out of the channel, the river being here a mile wide. It was found that a number of wounded were on board, and that the vessel was without engineer or officer. Fifteen Paraguayans, of whom twelve were seriously wounded, were taken therefrom, and placed on board the British gunboat. One of these men had his skull fractured by the falling of a mast; a second had his leg broken by a shot; a third was suffering from peritonitis, caused by a gun-shot wound in the abdomen; and so forth. For four days and nights they had been living on ship's biscuit and water. The steamer had burst her boilers. Her commander, Captain Robles, brother of the hero at Yatay, was wounded, taken prisoner, and put on board one of the Brazilian steamers, where he had died a few days previously. The engineer had got away on a small raft he constructed, and by which he

floated himself down to an Italian schooner that was anchored a few hundred yards below, in the river.

When the *Doterel* arrived at Rosario, on her way down, I went on board to see these poor sufferers. Every appliance which humanity could suggest for their comfort was put at their disposal by the humane Commander Johnson; and the good surgeon, whose name I regret having forgot, exerted himself to the utmost to assuage their sufferings. On the morning of their arrival I went on board, to give my assistance to the doctor, in amputating the leg of one of the wounded Paraguayans. Whilst waiting for the doctor to get his instruments in order, it was distressing to hear the piteous groans of the man who was suffering from peritonitis. The sergeant who was in charge of the group advanced to his bedside, and spoke to him in Guarani, which was translated for me by the pilot, when I saw that the words had the effect of at once stopping the plaints of the wounded man. "Dog of a bad Paraguayan! are you not ashamed to let your enemies hear you complain, and give them reason to laugh at you? Is not the glory of having been wounded whilst fighting for your country sufficient, without crying for sympathy in your sufferings? Do not let me hear another groan, or I shall report you to the President."

Such was the influence of the name, that from that time until the man died, six hours afterwards, he uttered not a single complaint.

In the year 1864, previous to the outbreak of the war, it was rumoured that Lopez was about to set aside the Paraguayan Republic, and proclaim a monarchy in its stead. Morally, socially, and politically, Paraguay has long ceased to be a Republic; for it is well known that Lopez is the be-all and end-all of the Paraguayan Government. He himself was supposed to be intended for the first Emperor.

This belief was strengthened by an act of his, which supervened on the first breaking out of the war in April, 1865—namely, the creation of an order, somewhat similar to the English Order of the Bath, to be entitled the "National Order of Merit." From the official paper of Paraguay, *El Seminario*, of April 10, 1865, I take the bases and regulations of the order.

It was to comprise five grades—namely, chevalier, official, knight commander, grand official, and grand cross. Either or any of these might be conferred for life; and it was only a competent tribunal that could abrogate them. The decorations of those invested would consist of a star of silver, with a gold centre-piece, relieved by olive and palm branches, with a crown of laurel on the top. This crown was to have "Reward of Merit" on one side, "Honour and Glory" on the reverse. Each grade would have a difference in the diameter of its star, as well as in the size of the ribbon fastening it.

These decorations were to be worn on the left side of the breast. Of the Grand Cross, the distinctive badge was to be a collar ornamented with small stars, similar in their pattern to the ordinary star. The president of the republic was, of course, to be Director-in-Chief of this order. It was to be conferred on men celebrated in diplomacy, science, judicial and statesmanship capacities, be they foreigners or natives. But it was incumbent on all who might receive these grades to swear an oath to God and the country, that they should dedicate themselves to the service of the nation, the preservation of its integrity, and the defence of its law.

CHAPTER IV.

CONCLUSION.

PATRIOTISM OF THE WOMEN OF PARAGUAY — LADIES PRESENTING JEWELS TO THE PRESIDENT — MYTHICAL ARMY OF AMAZONS — INTENTIONS OF LOPEZ TOWARDS BRAZIL AND THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC—MAIN PRINCIPLE OF PEACE PROPOSITIONS—BRAZILIAN HOSPITALS AT CORRIENTES.

A GLANCE at the map of South America will show what a morsel of land, in comparison with the territorial extent of its Brazilian and Argentine neighbours, is that denominated Paraguay. This last-named is in the centre of a cauldron of misunderstandings about geographical boundaries. One part of the Gran Chaco on the western side of the river is claimed by Brazil, another portion by Bolivia, and a third by the Argentines. The triple alliance treaty, framed at the beginning of the existing war in 1865, prescribes, by one of its articles, that the future limits of Paraguay to the west shall be defined by its own river, which washes the right side of its soil, and that it shall have no claim to occupation or ownership of territory outside that fluvial boundary. To the south it is bordered by the junction of the Paraná and Paraguay rivers, which form a confluence in lat. 27° 15′ S. Its northern extent only reaches to lat. 20° 45′ S., at the sources of the river Blanco. And yet Brazil refuses to acknowledge in this direction a boundary for Paraguay beyond lat. 21° 30′ S., near the sources of the river Apa.

It was a grand epoch in the history of Paraguay, when the Jesuit missionaries laboured there from A.D. 1543 to A.D. 1775. The chief eulogistic chroniclers of these labours are Father Charlevoix and Martin Dobrizhoffer. The Spanish historian, Azara, who resided in Paraguay for no inconsiderable period after the expulsion of the order, tries in every way to disparage them, and through his works pursues them with unrelenting enmity in all their measures. But a Jesuit mission village, according to unprejudiced authorities, was a model of order and regularity. Perfect uniformity was observed in its long comfortably-built rows of houses, and the small circuit of the town offered every facility for preserving its domestic tranquillity, or ensuring a ready defence against any outside danger. The great square was the centre point, the public resort, and general rendezvous of the people. Upon it were erected the church, the college, the arsenal, the stores, the workshops of carpenters, joiners, weavers, and smiths, together with other important public buildings, all assembled under the close and unsleeping vigilance of the Fathers.

Each mission had its body of infantry and cavalry, as well as its military insignia. Every Monday the Corregidor reviewed his troops—the officers being distinguished by their uniforms, richly laced with gold and silver, and embroidered with the device of the town. These weekly evolutions terminated usually with a sham-fight, that with "the enthusiasm and impetuosity of the people," writes Ulloa, "often waxed so warm as to render necessary a forcible separation." But the Jesuits, having qualifications of the *suaviter in modo*, joined with the *fortiter in re*, never failed to suppress these tribal dissensions.

No doubt that training of this kind has made the Paraguayans what they proved themselves to be in the present war. For they, having associated less with the outer world of European progress and civilisation, in fact, living completely isolated for more than half a century, may be said to represent to-day the courage, discipline, and perseverance inculcated into them by

the religious teachers of their forefathers more than two hundred years ago.

There was another element in this military schooling, whereby the Paraguayans were taught to turn in the same cheerful obedient spirit from a long and doubtful struggle to the peaceful cultivation of their fields, or again to leave the plough and grasp the sword in defence of the missions—a cause as sacred in their eyes as the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel to the crusader.

No expense of time, labour, or money was spared by the Jesuits in constructing their churches. Those at Candelaria,* up the river Vermejo, and on its left bank in the Gran Chaco; of St. Joachim, likewise in the Paraguayan part of Gran Chaco, and of Asuncion the capital, were said to rival in symmetry, taste, and splendour, the riches of Peru.

What a curious antithesis may be deduced from the remark of Voltaire,† that "the establishment in Paraguay of the Spanish Jesuits seems in some respects to be the triumph of humanity," and the fact, that the chief history of Paraguay, from the Jesuit expulsion, is known to us only as comprised in the accounts of Robertson, and others — descriptive of the bloody tyranny under the dictatorships of Francia and Lopez. It may be needless for me to add, that Paraguay has no commercial annals.



PARAGUAYAN SENTINEL: "NO TENGO ORDINES."—*p.* 98.

Not the least remarkable among the incidents of the Paraguayan war have been those in which the female part of the population were the chief actors. Hostilities had barely commenced, in May 1865, when the ladies of Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, waited on Field-Marshal Lopez, for the purpose of making him the offer of all their jewellery, plate, and trinkets for the service of their country, and to establish a national currency of gold. Lopez, in reply, consented to receive only twenty-five per cent. of the value thus offered to him.

As the war continued, and whilst busy workmen were engaged night and day at the arsenal in Asuncion, turning out new guns in September, 1867, the women again came forward and offered the free contribution of their pots, pans, boilers, and articles of brass and iron to the foundries for conversion into instruments of war. About the same time, a deputation of two hundred ladies waited on the vice-president — the President Lopez himself being unable to leave the front of the army—to present him with a book, in which their names were inscribed, with a statement of the amount in jewellery which each fair one was willing to offer up for the same purpose as that which had been the subject of the first contribution—namely, to furnish the sinews of war. Not very long before this time they had sent to General Lopez a splendid album containing the records of the different battles in which he had fought.

The story of Lopez having drilled some hundreds of women, with a view to form a battalion of Amazons, which appeared in the London papers a few months ago, and upon which much needless sentimentalism was expended by some of our public writers, has turned out—as all who knew Paraguay believed it would turn out—merely an attempt to excite drawing-room philanthropy against a step so antagonistic to the feelings of our common humanity. At the same time, little more than a passing comment has been made on that touching episode of the war recorded in the Monte Videan newspaper *The Patria*, that amongst the dead Paraguayans in the action of the 8th of May, in the Gran Chaco, was found an old woman, dressed in man's clothes, shot by the side of a young man also killed, whose head she was holding in her withered hands, and who was, probably, her own son; the latter was clutching his musket with one arm, and the other was twined round the

* Founded in A.D. 1627, in lat. 27° 26′ 46″ S. † Essai sur les Mœurs.



RUINS OF A JESUIT MISSION CHURCH IN PARAGUAY.

neck of the old woman. The following are extracts from my note-book whilst in front of Itapiru :—

"*March 6th.*—To prove what good artillery-men there are amongst the Paraguayans, Admiral Tamandare told me to-day that, during the course of last week, they had fired from Itapiru at his flag-ship, the *Apa*, and out of seven shots she had been struck four times, one of these going through her above decks from stem to stern, and breaking a large quantity of her crockeryware. The *Apa* at the time was more than two miles from the fort. This morning I saw the *Bahia*, one of the iron-clads, with several holes in her chimney, the effects of Paraguayan cannon-shot, after she had been reconnoitring too near Itapiru.

"*April 10th.*—This morning a sally was made by the Paraguayans from Itapiru on a small island in front, that had been garrisoned and fortified by the Brazilians, chiefly with the object of inducing the Paraguayans to believe that at this point it was the intention of the allies to cross over. The Paraguayans attacking came at early dawn, or, in fact, before daybreak, many of them swimming the distance of half a mile, others coming in canoes, and all having, for clothing, no more than the usual fighting costume of their people—a red shirt. Of the number of the invaders or the killed in this bold attack, it was impossible to obtain a correct return. The Paraguayans, however, did not succeed in holding the island.

"Captain Romero (Paraguayan), whom I saw on board the Brazilian flag-ship, *Apa*, to-day, April 12th, had not been more than four hours a prisoner till he offered to enlist as a Brazilian, doubtless with some ulterior design. This is the man who commanded the attack on the island a few days ago. He told me that President Lopez was getting very fat, and that he smoked incessantly. Romero was not more than five days on board the *Apa*, when he slipped over the ship's side one night, and escaped. The Paraguayans are almost amphibious."

Whilst the Paraguayans were here in the neighbourhood of Itapiru, it was well known that they were furnished with movable electric telegraphs, similar to those which were used in recent European campaigns, and whereby communication was kept up, not only with the capital at Asuncion, but with the various divisions and forces all through the army.

No more palpable proof of these people having been many years making preparations for this struggle, need be adduced than the facts of the existence of these telegraphs, as well as of the effectual manufacture of torpedoes, by which, as before related, they have done much damage to the Brazilian squadron.

The arrangements that might have been made on the establishment of peace, if Lopez had succeeded, would have referred chiefly to the boundaries of these countries. The most melancholy feature of South American war has been, from time immemorial, this fighting about disputed boundaries, and claims to territories which none of the holders or claimers can turn to any practical account. So that, until we find South American nations—be they republics or monarchies—disposed to listen to common sense, and turn their splendid soil and magnificent climate to practical account, they must be content to remain as they are—distrusted by all mankind. It was from feelings of pride and ambition that the Brazilians resented the insult to national honour and dignity, which it was said Lopez had given to the empire. The Paraguayan President, no doubt, considered himself equally justified to maintain what he founded his initiative of war upon—"the equilibrium of the River Plate," disturbed by the Brazilian interference in the Republic of Uruguay. General Mitre looked upon the Argentine national "honour and security as outraged," and called to their post "citizen soldiers, whose banners were always wreathed with justice and victory." But it might have been no harm for the belligerents, at the end of three and a half years' fighting, to ask one another, "Have we not had enough of it? and can we not establish some equilibrium that will be better for our mutual prosperity and comfort than this perpetual fighting?"

On my return from the Paso de la Patria to Corrientes, we had on board the *Duc de Saxe* steamer, in which I came down, from thirty to forty wounded Brazilians and Paraguayans, who were on their way to the hospitals. As I believed the miseries of such a war as this could be best alleviated by attentions to such sufferers, it was a pleasure to me to comply with a promise I had given to the Brazilian admiral, Visconde Tamandare, to visit the hospitals when I returned to Corrientes.

The principal Argentine hospital—there were two of these—was presided over by Dr. Almeyra, and was situated in the houses and square of what was formerly the Argentine College. Here Dr. Newkirk, a very excellent Canadian medical practitioner, was the active genius of the place. At the time of my visit there were very few wounded patients, although a month previously there had been several hundreds. How well the sick and wounded are cared for may be imagined, when I state that the nurses were six French sisters of charity, whose angelic devotion to all in need of aid and consolation is well known.

The other hospital was in an old battery near the river-side, and close to which took place a battle, on the 25th of May last, when the Argentines and Brazilians drove the Paraguayans from their temporary occupation of Corrientes city. In these two hospitals there was space for from five hundred to six hundred patients.

About six hundred yards further to the north was the Brazilian Marine Hospital. This consisted of three long wooden houses, and was capable of accommodating more than five hundred patients. In each house the boarded floor was raised two feet over the ground, and all the rooms were ventilated to perfection. Every bed occupied by a patient had a mosquito-curtain over it, and was supplied with a washstand and other necessaries. The chief medical man was Dr. Lourez Pinto; besides him there were three other doctors. The dispensary-room was well stocked with medicines and surgical appliances. In fact, the *tout ensemble* appeared to me as perfect in its arrangement as any of the hospitals I have visited in Dublin, London, or Paris. The same may be said of the chief military hospital, which was about half a league south of the city. This was an immense range of buildings, and would be able to accommodate three thousand sick and wounded. Whilst I was visiting here, the principal surgeon was engaged in some important operation, but I was conducted through the wards by the director, Major Secker y Lima. This hospital consisted of seven long houses, similar in construction to the marine hospital. Each bed, when occupied, had a mosquito-curtain and the other conveniences, as in the last-named establishment. In one of the houses there was a considerable number of consumptive patients. Every sick man had a paper fastened at the head of his bed, on which was written his name, age, rank, class of constitution, diagnosis of

disease, temperament, date of entrance, and name of his birthplace. To these were supplemented columns, on which the attending physician or surgeon noted down every day the kind of external or internal treatment that had been prescribed, with the quality of the diet that was to be ordered for the invalid, and any other general observations that he might deem expedient to note.

There was a third hospital, which was chiefly for medical cases, with accommodation for 1,500 beds, near the quinta of a Senor Abalos, and about half a mile interior to the military one. Altogether, these hospitals were admirably fitted up for the comfort of the sick and wounded; and no expense was spared on the part of the Brazilian authorities to assuage the sufferings of their sailors and soldiers. The best medical men from Rio de Janeiro form the staff, under whose regulations these hospitals are managed.

Connected with my memories of this cruise, there is another thing that gave me great pleasure to note. It was the custom which the Brazilian Government has of giving to its war vessels the names of men who have fallen in their service. There was a small steamer destroyed by the Paraguayans, whilst I was at Paso de la Patria, which had been entitled the *Colonel Fidelis*, after an officer of that name who was killed at the battle of Yatay during the present war; and one of their war steamers, called the *Enrique Martinez*, derives this name from a young midshipman, so called, who was shot by the Paraguayans when defending his flag at the naval battle of Riachuelo.

California and its Prospects.

BY FREDERICK WHYMPER.

A RECENT writer has told us that Californians believe emphatically in a future state—that State being California! And perhaps the inhabitants of no other country in the world have at the present time a better right for self-congratulation. The historians of its early days were, indeed, of a different opinion, and described the region as having very much of the nature of a desert—one strewed with gold, but so parched up in summer and deluged in winter, as to be altogether unfitted for agricultural pursuits. There must be few of our readers who do not remember the first tidings which reached home from this El Dorado of the Pacific. Conflicting as they were in regard to the country, all seemed to agree that its new population included a large proportion of rowdies, convicts from our penal settlements—"Sydney ducks"—runaway sailors, and loose fish generally. There was, unfortunately, a measure of truth in all this, which gave to the country for a time an unenviable reputation. But the reign of these undesirable settlers, never predominant, was soon over. Lynch law and the "Vigilance Committee" organised by the respectable citizens, soon settled all outstanding accounts, and banished a still larger number of these gentry into the outlying territories, where, repeating the same pranks, they usually ended their career, sooner or later, in a very sudden manner. San Francisco, and, indeed, California generally, has now an orderly and law-abiding as well as energetic and prosperous people. A lady may at the present day more safely venture out alone and unprotected in the streets of the capital than she can in London.

When the writer first landed in San Francisco, in the autumn of 1862, he soon found that it was not the "Fr'isco" of his imaginings and readings, nor that of common belief. He found himself in the heart of a highly-civilised community, where there were neither paupers, beggars, nor crossing-sweepers; where labourers smoked ten cent cigars, where servant girls still obtained wages of three to six pounds a month, and where there were all the evidences of general prosperity. Numbers of particularly well-dressed citizens—from merchants to mechanics—hurried about on their daily avocations; numbers of ladies—ladies blooming as the rose, and infinitely more like English mothers and sisters than are those of the Atlantic States—were out promenading and shopping in the principal streets, which themselves were quite gay and Parisian in character. Although, from the universal deference shown these dames in street, or store, or car, it was obvious that they reigned supreme, it was equally clear that they were not quite such rare curiosities as in those early days when a miner would walk twenty miles to catch a glimpse of a petticoat; when the steamboat companies advertised "four lady passengers to-night" as a sure bait to travellers, or when a crowd was known to collect and dance round some relic—a ribbon or a crinoline—(which was it?) which some one had found—the nearest approach to a female they had seen for a long time. High civilisation is not possible in the absence of the gentler sex: lovely woman and the Vigilance Committee did more for San Francisco in a few years than any other power brought to bear upon it.

The capital, the "Queen City of the Pacific," has now no lack of imposing public buildings. Two cathedrals—Episcopal and Roman Catholic—churches and chapels, to say nothing of synagogues and Chinese temples; schools innumerable; theatres and other places of amusement; government and municipal edifices; an immense dry dock hewn from the solid rock, 450 feet in length by 120 feet in breadth; other docks in progress; a grand sea-wall now in course of construction, and a population of 140,000 people, are tolerable proofs that there is a wonderful vitality in the country, and that San Franciscans have some reason for belief in their future. Twenty years ago all this did not exist; there was then but an embryo disorderly village of shanties and tents on the sand-hills and wastes now covered by handsome streets.

And then those San Francisco hotels! five or six stories high, kept *à l'Americaine*, fitted up with more than usual luxuriance, where the table-set affords a sufficient proof of the richness of the country. Things elsewhere luxuries on account of their rarity—game, from wild fowl to antelope and elk; fish: salmon, sturgeon, and almost every other known variety; fruit: grapes, peaches, melons, and green figs—are in the market as cheap and plentiful as the commonest meats or fruits else-

where. As the writer has shown in another place, "the *carte* at a first-class San Francisco hotel contains, in one harmonious whole, the delicacies of London, Paris, New York, and New Orleans. The verdant foreigner can, till dyspepsia brings him back to sanity and plain living, revel in waffles, buckwheat and flannel cakes, fried and boiled mush, hominy, cornbread, French and Spanish omelettes, the national fish-ball, gumbo soup, terrapin stews, clam and cod-fish chowders, potato salad, sweet potatoes, oyster plants, green corn, elk meat, California quails, squash pie, floating island, ice creams, and rose candy (candies and sweetmeats often figure in the dessert of a dinner bill of fare)."

Long before there were any gold "rushes" or excitement, long before the acquisition of the country had added one star more to the "spangled banner" of the United States, the precious metal was known to exist in California, and had been obtained by Indians and Mexicans. As early as 1842, a thousand dollars' worth (including some twenty ounces belonging to Mr. Stearns, of Los Angeles), had been dispatched for assay to the U.S. Mint at Philadelphia. The priests, too, at the old Spanish missions, of which settlements there were twenty-one at the date of Beechey's visit, in 1827, were well aware of all this, but discouraged even the Indians from searching for the metal, knowing that a miscellaneous immigration would ruin the objects of their religious zeal. It was not till the 19th of January, 1848, when Marshall, a man employed at the mill of Captain Sutter, an early pioneer, found gold in the stream hard by, that attention was called to the country. Californians, indeed, always date the rise of their state from '49, the epoch of the first great "rush" thither.

At that date the news commenced to spread all over the globe. Ships from every port made for San Francisco, to be deserted almost invariably, by their crews on arrival; some, indeed, being left without their captains and officers. Provisions rose to famine prices; some of the commonest necessaries were unattainable. The ordinary conditions of life were reversed. Professional men yielded precedence to labourers. "Spades were trumps." "Doctors hauled sand, lawyers waited at restaurants," and the few delicately-nurtured women there, found that they must do their own house and laundry work. Washing was sixteen dollars (about £3 6s. 6d.) a dozen. A lady writing thence at the time said, "A poor young man thinks it quite an economy to have a better half who is a good washer," but added, "this child is not to be caught." Servants then received 100 to 150 dollars per month, and must, indeed, have been nearly unmanageable, for in *these* days it is a standing joke to say in San Francisco that a domestic "engages" her mistress. Miss Saxon's* story, *'propos* of that period, is but one version of a well-known Californian yarn. A well-dressed gentleman addressed a shabby, seedy-looking man one day:—

"I will give you a couple of dollars to carry my portmanteau as far as the Plaza."

"You will?" said the man. "I will give you an ounce" (of gold) "to see you take it yourself."

The gentleman immediately shouldered his baggage, and was rewarded according to promise, on arrival at his destination, by the stranger, who thought he had the best of the joke.

Miners in rags made night hideous and dangerous in their drunken frolics, and paid a dollar (4s. 2d.) for every dram of "chain lightning" whisky that they managed to survive. So much fine gold was carelessly dropped in the stores and counting-houses of San Francisco, and swept into the streets, that it led to a belief that the city itself covered a rich gold deposit.

When the news became at length credited in Europe, many fell into the mistake, natural enough at the time, that California was a grand gold mine, but little better. "As long as gold is found, this country will flourish, which may be for ages, as the metal seems to be inexhaustible," said one, writing home during the first flush of the excitement. This was, however, simply nonsense. But a few years elapsed, and the "placer" mines (surface "diggings," usually in the beds of streams) were for the most part abandoned to Chinamen. The quartz excitement led to the erection in 1858 of nearly 300 mills, with extensive machinery for crushing the auriferous rock, and in 1861 not over fifty of these were kept working.* California still yields some fifty or sixty million dollars' worth per annum of the precious metal, but she has other interests of greater importance, and of infinite promise, to which allusion will shortly be made.

Still it is obvious that the gold discoveries were the means of calling attention to a valuable coast. A strip of land over 700 miles in length, having twice the area of Great Britain, was added to the domains of the Anglo-Saxon race. It becomes, then, an interesting question, "Who was the discoverer of California?"

One Ximenes, a Spaniard, usually gets the credit, but somewhat unjustly, as he only reached the island of Santa Cruz. When Cortes had subdued Mexico, he lusted for new conquests, and among other expeditions sent two vessels to the northward of Mexico, under the command of Diego Bezerra de Mendoza. These vessels got separated in a storm. Bezerra and his pilot, Ximenes, quarrelled; the latter killed the former when asleep, and took possession of his ship. Some Franciscan friars on board remonstrated. Ximenes, determined to get rid of all those disaffected towards himself, put them ashore on the island of Santa Cruz; but landing himself, was killed by the natives "in view of those on board the ship."† So much for Ximenes, who deserved his fate.

This annoyed Cortes, and he determined, in 1537, to go in person, with a number of Spanish colonists, to the island of Santa Cruz. This he did successfully, and remained there, while his vessels returned to Mexico to bring others, with stores and supplies. In this second voyage two of his fleet got stranded on the neighbouring coasts, and in consequence, Cortes and his companions were left "famishing upon this uncultivated island. Twenty-three of the soldiers died from absolute distress, and the rest were sinking every day, and cursing his expeditions and discoveries." Cortes, therefore, went (probably in some smaller vessel remaining there, but the narrative does not explain), and after a while found two of his vessels, got them off the rocks, and brought them to Santa Cruz. Having served out some provisions to his famished soldiers, "they eat thereof in such a manner that the half of them died."

* "Five Years within the Golden Gate."

* See "Report of J. Ross Browne on the Mineral Resources of the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains." Washington, 1868.

† "The true History of the Conquest of Mexico," by Captain Castillo, who describes himself as "one of the conquerors." This old work, written in Spanish in 1568, was translated, and published in London in 1800.



THE GRAND CASCADE OF YOSEMITE.

Cortes embarked again, and "during this voyage fell in with the land of California. He was by this time as heartily tired of the business as any one, but he could not bear the thoughts of returning, after such extensive losses, without having effected something." Meantime, the wife of Cortes, who was becoming anxious, dispatched Ulloa with two ships to search for her husband, who, falling in with him, induced him to return to Mexico. Cortes was undoubtedly the first discoverer of California.

The discovery of San Francisco Bay, though a disputed point, may, we think, be attributed to Sir Francis Drake. The "fair and good baye" where he repaired his damaged vessel, which had then on board five million dollars pillaged from the Spaniards—a richer freight than has ever since entered or left the "Golden Gate"—could never have been that slightly more northern cove, or rather open roadstead, to which Vancouver gave the name of "Drake's Bay." Twelve miles within the parallel of latitude named by Hakluyt would have brought him to the entrance of San Francisco Bay. Nor did he pretend to exact observations; and in point of fact the prevalent fogs of that coast would sufficiently account for the lack of them. Drake was bent on a marauding, not on a scientific expedition.

The topography of California may be very easily indicated. "It is characterised by a grand simplicity. Two mountain chains—the coast range and the Sierra Nevada—outline the form of the state; the one extending on the Pacific shore on its western side, the other along its eastern border," overlooking the great basin of plains and prairies which might be properly named, if the title were not elsewhere appropriated, Central America. Both chains interlock north and south. Mount Shasta (14,400 feet) may be taken to be the terminating peak of either range in the north. These mountains enclose the great, broad, fertile, now much cultivated valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and are fed by countless tributaries, which spring mainly from the snows, or the mountain tarns of the Sierras, where there are a hundred peaks of 13,000 feet in height, and one at least (Mount Whitney) of 15,000 feet. The coast range, averaging perhaps 3,000 or 4,000 feet, rarely rises above 6,000, and is seldom snow-tipped, while the Sierra Nevada is an essentially Alpine chain. Scores of volcanoes have in former days blazed along the crest of the latter, and have covered with lava an area of 20,000 square miles. "Sometimes this lava overlies, and at others underlies, the deposits of gold-bearing gravel wrought by the miner."* In early days gold nuggets were often found that bore all the marks of fusion, lying amongst scorched pebbles and other volcanic indications.

The coast range is broken near its centre by the gap known poetically as the "Golden Gate," the entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. The cool afternoon wind, the "Key-hole breeze," which, while keeping the capital healthy, renders it a somewhat less pleasant place of residence than the country generally, sweeps in by this entrance. Ten miles away, even on the bay itself, this wind is not felt at all, and at twenty miles from the city you may live in a steady warm climate of almost perpetual summer.

* See an article by B. Avery, a well-known Californian writer, in the *Overland Monthly* (San Francisco), Dec., 1868. In treating of points which have not come under my own observation, I have been much indebted to the stores of information contained in this magazine.

These mountain ranges have their characteristic vegetation. The coast hills and mountains, though often treeless, are celebrated for their red-wood cedars, from which, indeed, some derive the title of the country, *Colofonia* being Spanish for "resin." However this may be, the wood is extremely valuable in California, which as a whole is, in general terms, rather deficient in timber. Varieties of the oak, interspersed with the madrona, with its waxen leaves and curling bark, and immense stretches covered with wild oats, all distinguish the coast range. Magnificent pines, and the famous "big trees" (*Sequoia gigantea*, long known in England popularly as *Wellingtonia*, and in the United States as *Washingtonia gigantea*) are great features in the botany of the Sierras. The "groves" of these giants are now known not to be confined to one or two localities merely: their range has been found to be much more extended. Our readers will remember the bark of one of *medium* size, long exhibited at the Sydenham Palace, and not long ago destroyed by fire. The "original" grove, in Calaveras county, contains ninety of these trees, forty to fifty feet in circumference, and ten of ninety feet round; while the fallen "Father of the Forest" measured 110 feet round at the butt, was 200 feet upwards to the first branch, and was estimated to have been, when standing, 450 feet in height. Five men spent twenty-two days in 1854 cutting down one which was ninety-two feet round and 300 feet high. The stump of the latter has been turned into the foundation and floor of a house in which dancing parties are sometimes held. There is abundance of room for several quadrilles. The place has become a great resort for holiday seekers, and there is a good hotel there now.

In a second grove, in Mariposa county, there are six of these trees from ninety to one hundred feet round, while one giant has, at ninety feet from the ground, a *branch* six feet in diameter. A section of that limb would be as large as a round table of very fair average size! The age of these trees is a disputed point: it is questionable whether any date back before the Christian era. They seem to have grown with our modern civilisation.

But perhaps, after the Sierra peaks themselves, the most interesting features of the mountains are those vast rock-girt valleys, one of which, the Yosemite, has now a world-wide reputation. It has been proved to be by no means unique in California, the land of wonders. The members of the late Geological Survey of California discovered at the sources of the Tuolumne river, and elsewhere, magnificent valleys of the same class.

The Yosemite (Indian for "grizzly bear")—said to have been named after a renowned chief boasting that ominous title—is an almost level valley, in which there are pine and oak, willow, birch and bay woods, a wealth of fern, and flowers, among which one may find such English favourites as the primrose, cowslip, and violet. The Merced river winds its tortuous way through it; now opening into silent pools, very tempting to the angler or bather, now dashing on its way with laughing impetuosity. The valley is eight or nine miles long by half a mile to a mile in width, and is shut in by perpendicular cliffs and craggy heights which tower grandly from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above its level. The highest rock—one rising to over a mile in height, some 6,000 feet—is in the form of a half dome, one side of which appears to have been, in the transition days of our planet, wrecked in massive

boulders about its base. Others, which now have a "name" as well as a "local habitation," and bear such titles as "the Sentinel," "the Three Brothers," and "the Cathedral Spires," have a more pyramidal form.

But the very greatest attraction of the valley centres in the great Yosemite Fall. From the point from which it takes its sudden leap to the foam and spray-dashed pool at its base, is 2,600 feet: twelve or fifteen times the height of Niagara. It is broken by projecting ledges in the granite cliff into three falls, but this perhaps only adds to its beauty. A second, the "Bridal Veil" Fall, is much smaller, but even more lovely. It derives its name from the delicate, scattered mist and spray, which, floating and swaying in the breeze, half obscures the falling water.

The Yosemite valley is one of nature's temples, reared to the glory of the Creator, where man feels utterly insignificant. It is easy to furnish measurements and hard facts; photography can give us the outward form, without the spirit: nothing short of the highest poetry or noblest art can paint it truly, or even dimly shadow forth its grandeur. It is a pleasure for us to know that the United States government, warned by the fate of Niagara, has decreed that this valley, as well as the nearest grove of giant trees, is to be held and protected for the public benefit exclusively. No settler can desecrate it, nor shear it of half its beauties; no one can vulgarise it, nor turn it into a "show place" for the exaction of petty extortions.

Probably there are but few of our readers aware that California has geysers as remarkable as those in Iceland. There is an inn hard by these, reached with ease from San Francisco by steamer and stage, in the neighbourhood of which, in the summer, numerous visitors ramble, ride, angle, sketch, or picnic. Furthermore, there is a small house where one can take, over a jet of vapour which issues from the ground, a natural steam-bath, finishing off with a shower-bath from a streamlet which trickles over a neighbouring rock; while from beneath the earth terrible and ominous grumbling is heard, as though Dame Nature had been scandalised by such proceedings. There are innumerable hot and cold springs; indeed, California boasts a large number of sulphur and other springs, one of which was used by the few scattered aborigines long before the "pale faces" had dreamt of its existence, in which a black sulphurous stream issues side by side with one of pure water, which refuses to mingle with it.

There is one hollow, the Witches' Cauldron, filled with water of a pitchy darkness, which boils and sputters so furiously that it is dangerous to approach it, especially in holiday costume. Everywhere there is the escape of steam: a cloud overhangs the cañon in which all this is going on, only dissipated on a very hot day by the sun's intensest rays. The "steam-boat geyser," the largest of these jets of vapour, issues from a hole two or three feet in diameter, and shoots up far in the air before it is visible at all, like steam blowing off from a boiler. The ground is of all shades and colours, porous and rotten, and on its surface may be gathered a complete druggist's shop of crystals—magnesia, soda, alum, or sulphur. It is the very laboratory of nature. When visited by a recent author, this property, with the inn, was for sale. Who would like to invest in an estate with so shaky a title?

The geysers were discovered, in 1847, by W. B. Elliot, a hunter. When riding ahead of his companions, he came suddenly on the north end of the gorge, known as the "Devil's Cañon." He immediately reined up, and turned his horse's head back to his friends, to whom, pale and breathless, he exclaimed, "Boys, boys, I've found—the nether regions!"* .

The lakes of California, even those of an alkaline nature, would alone furnish subject-matter for a longer article than the present.† Mono Lake is so highly charged with mineral salts that, like the Dead Sea, it is void of all life, save the "countless larvæ of a small fly." Owen's Lake is as brackish as an inland sea. Borax Lake is named from the principal feature of its water and bed, now extensively utilised.

Many Californians of these days—those blest with means and leisure—make up travelling parties, and enjoy a "picnic" of three or four months' duration among these wonders. They invariably take horses, almost always a light wagon or two, with tents and supplies; and, eschewing all hotels, watering-places, steamboats, or railways, wander "fancy led," following the bent of their inclinations. Ladies often join such parties. Some of course take servants; others do all their own work, and these are they who derive the main benefits of such a life. He who can catch his own mountain trout, or shoot his own game and cook it, groom and saddle his horse and make his own camp and log fire, is likely to enjoy his whole existence. And where, as in some cases, the members of such an expedition have varied gifts—one a flautist, who can wake echoes from the distant hills; another a geologist or naturalist, finding beauty and interest in all he meets; the third a "sketchist," able to perpetuate the varied grandeur or loveliness through which they pass—it is evident that such a Bohemian expedition might be most profitable as well as delightful. A Californian, speaking of one of these happy excursions, says: "Two or three attempts to sing 'Sweet Home' by the camp fire on the first night were failures. At the time when the tears should have started, there was a break, and a laugh which echoed far up in the ravine. Nobody had lost a home, but five happy mortals had found one, the roof of which was of emerald, supported by great pillars of red wood, which cast their shadows far out in the wilderness, as the flames shot up from the camp fire." Such an existence is possible in almost any part of that enjoyable land for nine months of the year.

The winter in California is represented by a "rainy season," during which time the country roads are sometimes nearly impassable. The writer well remembers two visits made by him to the Valley of Sonoma, and the contrasts the route thither presented. In the first trip, made in winter, our steamer left us at the embryo settlement of Lakeville, on Petaluma "Creek," where the banks seemed almost as fluid as the river, and where everything appeared so damp, swampy, and rheumatic as to recall very forcibly that "Eden" which required all the philosophy of a Mark Tapley to endure. The country generally was in one of three conditions, mud, slough, or swamp; and our stage-coach wheels were often up to their axletrees in slime. Logs and planks were, at some parts of the road, laid down to render some unusually bad place passable. Some one laughingly

* Miss Saxon's "Five Years within the Golden Gate."

† The mountain tarns and lakes were the main sources from which the mining companies derived the water so necessary in their operations. There are 5,300 miles of "ditches"—artificial water canals—in the State, and after they have served their present purpose, there is no doubt that they will be utilised to irrigate large tracts of country more or less liable to droughts.

suggested that the flat-bottomed steamer we had just left, would have been more appropriate than the coach, if it could only have managed to go up-hill! A few weeks later the writer revisited the same spot in early spring, when everything was bright and sunny, and the flowers gaily blooming. All the mud had disappeared—was baked perfectly hard and dry; the roads were dusty, but otherwise in tolerable condition; and even "Lakeville the lugubrious" smiled grimly. During the winter rainy season there are often long spells of delightful weather, and the face of nature is never so green and fresh in California as during that period. Sooth to say, in the summer time it has a very burnt-up look, and gives some excuse to a recent Californian writer, who poetically compares the hills round San Francisco to the "knobs on an overdone meat pie!"

Every variety of climate is to be found in California—from severely temperate to semi-tropical. "Scored upon the pines of the mountains one may see what depths of snow fall every winter at the very time when, in the southern parts of the State, there are not only orange blossoms, but a wealth of ripe and perfect fruit." "The magnolia survives the winter out of doors, and the *century* plant blossoms in less than twenty years," thus upsetting popular notions respecting its tardy growth. At the extreme southern borders of the State, as at Fort Yuma, where the mean monthly temperature *averages* 56 degrees Fahr. in January, and 92 degrees in July, the heat is excessive, and fearful and wonderful stories are told of it. "In that part of the country—as yet very thinly settled—the inhabitants are said, but *not* on the best authority, to read the morning papers (when they get them!) up to their necks in water—when they are lucky enough to find any. Towels are an unnecessary luxury, the heat of the sun causing immediate evaporation. If you hang up a string of candles, in a few hours the grease runs off them, and there is nothing left but the wicks, and they are always, therefore, kept in ice till required. Droughts are common, and whisky is said to be cheaper than water, which, if true, may account for some of the other statements!"

But the climate of the State as a whole is delightful. Warm as it is, there is an elasticity, a steady tone in the atmosphere, "like draughts of champagne, or subtle presence of iron. It invites to labour, and makes it possible."* California has been mentioned as an excellent home for retiring Anglo-Indians, and it is within the possibilities that some may be induced to spend their declining days there. It has all the advantages of a climate enjoyed by the South of France and the Mediterranean countries, with the addition of an Anglo-Saxon population.

The fertility of the soil is remarkable. It is easy to cite exceptional wonders—from giant trees to pears grown in the open air three or four pounds in weight, and cucumbers fifty inches long! There is a vine in Santa Barbara county, planted in 1765, which yields three or four tons of grapes annually. But the following facts mean much more than all this: that, in spite of slovenly farming, wheat crops in California often average fifty to seventy bushels, and more occasionally, eighty bushels to the acre. Again, *one seeding is sufficient for two crops.* The "volunteer crop" of the second year, springing up from the dropped seed of the first one, yields less in quantity, but is nearly all profit. The long steady summer enables the farmer to *thresh on the spot*, in place of being obliged to cart it to his barns at a distance. Grain often remains on the ground in sheaves, unthreshed and unharmed, for weeks together. In early days, indeed, it was customary to enclose a corner of a field, where, after throwing in the sheaves, a band of wild "mustangs" (Mexican horses) were turned in, and they trampled out the grain. Now-a-days, improved machinery is employed. There is one machine, known as a "harvester," which reaps, threshes, and sacks the grain in one operation, but its use is not common. There is no romance in a Californian harvest. "The sickle, the cradle, and the flail, the reapers and the gleaners—Boaz and Ruth—all are gone. The picture now is a broad hazy plain, bounded by brown hills, which flicker and glimmer in the mirage: no trees, no running brooks, no green grass, but miles on miles of grain. Far away you descry clouds of yellow dust, and as you come nearer you see the wagons drawn by horses coming in loaded with piles of grain, and returning empty; and in the centre stands the huge machine, driven perhaps by steam, perhaps by a score of horses travelling in an endless circle, and fed by men dark as mulattoes with the sun and dust, perhaps with mouths and nostrils swathed to protect the lungs from the dust."

Last season (1868) California raised 20,000,000 bushels—four times the quantity required for her own population; yet it was only from the year 1859 that she commenced to have any surplus whatever, and twelve years ago she was looked upon as one of the best customers for the farmers of the Southern States. Now she helps to supply New York, Liverpool, her own immediately surrounding coasts, and sends, also, more or less to Australian and Chinese ports.

California yielded wine long before she was known to possess gold-fields. Wilkes described it in 1841 as "miserable stuff, which would scarcely be taken for the juice of the grape." Now the production of the State is 3,000,000 gallons. One firm alone, in New York, sells 250,000 dollars' worth per annum. There is hardly a bar-room in that city or in Boston where Californian burgundy, hock, port, sherry, champagne, and wine-brandy, are not to be obtained. The lighter wines are the better productions; some of them will compare with excellent French and Rhenish wines. There is one variety of sweet wine prettily named "Angelica." If California can only induce her sister states to become wine instead of whisky-drinking communities, she may be a good angel of temperance to them, accomplishing more than all the Maine liquor laws in the world. Raisin-drying, as well as that of figs, prunes, &c., has been commenced; these products will some day be items of export.

But California can do more than this. The fig-tree grows everywhere; in the south, it yields two crops a year. Oranges, lemons, limes, and citrons; almonds, olives, and even dates and bananas, thrive in southern California, which is also the great stock-raising part of the state. There immense herds of cattle roam, live, and die almost uncared for and untended. Wool, and, by consequence, woollen goods, are staple productions. In one mill at San Francisco, over 300 Chinamen are employed.

And now, how large a population does the reader suppose this country has so far attracted to itself? Not more than 600,000 souls! The *united* population of California, Oregon, Washington, and other outlying territories, is about one-third that of London. There is, then, an unbounded field for emigration on these northern Pacific shores.

San Francisco will be the New York of the coast; it is already its commercial centre. In front of it, says Mr. Dilke,*

* Bowles, "Across the Continent."

* "Greater Britain," Vol. I.

quoting Governor Gilpin, "are 745 millions of hungry Asiatics, who have spices to exchange for meat and grain," and already the increasing trade between California, China, and Japan has called into existence a line of first-class steamers. It is, moreover, the terminus to the great Pacific Railway. It is possible even now to reach the Pacific from the Atlantic, a distance of 3,400 miles across the continent, in twelve days. Less than 300 miles of that enterprise remains to be constructed. The company speaks of its certain completion this summer. With these facts in view, and with the knowledge that the bay of San Francisco is the best harbour on the coast —anywhere from Mexico to Vancouver Island, if not, indeed, from Panama to Behring Straits—it is hardly too much to say that San Francisco has a more promising future than any other young city on the globe.

And are there no drawbacks to a residence in this otherwise happy state? There is but one of a serious nature: California has proved herself to be an earthquake country.

Earthquakes have been very common ever since the first settlement of the country: the writer has experienced several. But, until the late earthquake (21st October, 1868), no severe shocks had frightened the inhabitants, and it was believed that they would never seriously damage the prospects of the state. The writer, though absent from San Francisco in the late earthquake, has received both private (written) and printed accounts from the country since the date of its occurrence. It created a great panic; nay, some have left California in consequence.



THE FATHER OF THE FOREST.

At five minutes before eight o'clock on the morning of the 21st October, the earthquake shook San Francisco to its very foundations. The walls reeled as if about to bury the entire population. Helpless infancy and decrepid age, frantic mothers and awe-struck men, rushed out into the streets in crowds; frightened horses trampled their way through them heedlessly; the entire city was affected as it had never been before. Yet, in summing up the damage done to life and property, we find that not over six persons were killed, and that no buildings were ruined but those on the "made ground"—*i.e.*, ground reclaimed from the bay, and loosely filled in, the houses, in hundreds of cases, standing on piles. There, walls fell in all directions; whole houses collapsed to their foundations; "floors were crumpled between the better built walls of adjoining houses, like cards in the hand of a child." No buildings were much damaged among those on the rocks and hills on which San Francisco is largely built; and it is remarkable that the same was true of the great earthquake of Lisbon, which, in the space of a few minutes, destroyed 60,000 people. There, also, "*not a building was injured on the secondary limestone or basalt.*" Without irreverence, San Franciscans should evidently remember the respective fates of the man who "built on the sand," and of him who placed his dwelling "on a rock;" and indeed the occurrence has already awakened a very intelligent discussion in California. Anglo-Saxons will not allow even an earthquake to get the better of them, if, humanly speaking, the application of common sense may be able in any way to neutralise its power.

There are important streets in San Francisco built on ground snatched from the bay, over which *ships anchored* twenty years ago, and where, as a recent Californian writer says, "they may anchor again! Where the marble quay at Lisbon stood on the first morning of November, 1755, a line of a hundred fathoms failed to reach it for ever afterwards." The same writer, besides alluding to the different results experienced on different

foundations, shows that some forms of building were much more "earthquake proof" than others; but the subject is too technical for readers who, happily, have no such occurrences to fear.

The State archives of California record several important shocks. "The mission of San Juan Bautista (between San Jose and Monterey) was destroyed by an earthquake in the month of October, 1800." "The good fathers there were compelled to sleep in wagons to avoid the danger, since the houses were not habitable, and the ground opened into deep fissures." In 1808 and 1812 there were several severe shocks. In the late earthquake, the old church at San Jose, which had lasted through so many vicissitudes, was shaken down, but the country generally was not affected severely, though the vibration seems to have gone through the breadth and length of the land.

Latest accounts show that all this is already forgotten. Without at all glossing over the facts connected with these convulsions of nature, there seems good reason to believe and hope that California will never experience any such earthquakes as those which have desolated many parts of South America, for the force of the earthquake wave seems to die out in its northward course. But who can tell?

There is nothing perfect: there are spots on the sun. Earthquakes are the spots on the otherwise tranquil course of Californian life.

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

IV.—Western Abyssinia:—Tchelga and Taccosa.

The country we were about to enter was one which, viewed from either its religious or historical aspect, presented features of the highest possible interest to the European traveller. As the field in which the missionary zeal of the great Alexandrian champion of the orthodox faith reaped its first-fruits; the land where the enthusiastic monachism of the fourth century, the contagion imported from the Thebaïd, had produced the earliest version of Holy Writ, after the Septuagint and Vulgate; the scene of those sanguinary conflicts between the followers of the old religion and the almost invincible zeal and energy of Rome, and in which the latter, though triumphant for a time, and aided by all the influence of king and court, had yet to succumb before the steadfast and unwearying adherence to their fathers' faith which distinguished the mountaineers in the rocky fastnesses of Lasta; and lastly, as the one green spot in Northern Africa where Christianity, debased and rotten though it be, has still defied for hundreds of years the Koran and the sword on the one hand, and on the other the temptations of a sensual and soulless paganism;—Ethiopia is invested with peculiar interest, and there is much to lead us to the expectation that prophecy may yet be fulfilled in her. In its ancient books we find fables based on history, and histories where the personages are fabulous: the Jewish king El-Hakeem, and the queen who came from the south with longing in her heart to hear the words of wisdom; her son, who fled from Jerusalem with the ark as a trophy, and the greatest amongst the doctors, and scribes, and musicians as his companions; and after that, Candace and the God-fearing eunuch; and later still, the tale of Abraha and Atsbaha, the war of the Elephant, and the conquest of Yemen. Truth and myth mingled together, and hardly to be sifted now. In our own days we have seen an old man, infirm and in his dotage, and yet with a genealogy which goes back to the era of Brute and Locrine, in the pages of Geoffrey of Monmouth, Hatsê Yohannes, last of the descendants of Solomon.

In its physical characteristics, also, Abyssinia affords much that is interesting to the student of geography. Starting from the low-lying shores of the Red Sea, a few miles bring us to two or three lofty ranges of mountains which can only be crossed by devious routes and by passes, now hanging over the crest of a peak, now plunging into a rocky defile; and which form the watershed of the rivers which irrigate the plains beyond. These once surmounted, we find there is a gradual dip of about one in one and two-thirds to the western provinces through which we took the journey now briefly to be sketched, and which, while deficient in the picturesque grandeur and sublimity which lend the highest charm to the eastern districts, enjoy, and deservedly, a more enviable reputation for fertility and material prosperity. The Abyssinians themselves make a general distinction between the *Dagga*, or highlands, and the *Kwolla*, or lowlands. The elevated plateaux of Shoa, the Wallo Galla country, and many parts of Tigrê, may be taken as types of the former, while the latter are well represented by the districts of Walkaït and Waldubba on the north-west, and the deadly and dangerous valleys of the Tacazzê and the Hawâsh. Beyond these there are the snow-covered heights of Semyen, the *tchokyé* of the Amhara, which possesses such fascination in the mind of the soldier proceeding on the war-path, that, with the *gwâza*, or thin tufts of grass, which offer the only semblance of vegetation in those Alpine regions, it forms the burden to one of his most favourite battle-songs.

The districts immediately to the westward of the Tsâna Sea cannot properly be included in any of the above divisions. Their average altitude may be estimated at 6,000 feet above the sea-level, and they thus possess neither the cold and bracing climate of the *dagga*, nor the hot and malarious atmosphere of the *kwolla*. Generally speaking, these provinces may not be well adapted to a European constitution, but there can be no question that the natives of both sexes are strong, robust, and handsome, if not so long-lived as the dwellers in more elevated districts. Herds of cattle abound in great numbers, sheep to a much less extent, while horses are generally imported from the higher countries of Shoa and Godjâm.

But it is time now to return to our own personal experiences and wanderings.

Soon after crossing the narrow rivulet which divides the Galabât district from the debatable land beyond, we bade

farewell to the friends who had thus far accompanied us, and proceeded on our way alone. It was the 28th of December, and though surrounded by scenes seldom associated with that kindly Christmas-time, it was impossible to prevent the mind banishing for the moment the rugged boulders and dwarf bamboos which fringed the path, and the crowds of dusky faces and uncouth forms which environed us, and reverting to pleasant retrospects of home; and then perhaps the thought would arise, where should we be that time next year? A question easily put; fortunately for us then, not so easily answered. The evening was pretty far advanced when we arrived at our halting-place. The local nomenclature is, as a rule, Arabic, until the Gandwa, the boundary of Abyssinia Proper, is crossed, and this place, only noticeable through the possession of a little water, was called Dakn-el-Feel (*the Beard of the Elephant*). Our beds were quickly spread in the open air, and we lay down to snatch a few hours' rest, while the servants lighted fires, and cowered around them for warmth and companionship. But the extreme cold prevented us from sleeping long, and before daybreak we arose, and joined our servants around the cheerful embers. Abyssinians are never at a loss for conversation; while some are eloquent, all are garrulous; and if, with our limited knowledge of the language, we could not chime in with the messengers, the Shiho Mohammed, or the Tigrê Haïlu, in the anecdotes they were doubtless relating about the court of the great king, we could still find something to chat about with the interpreters, Omar Ali, Dasta, or Walda Gabriel of Shoa, who, with his young wife, was accompanying us from Matemma. At break of day we resumed our march, and travelled on till breakfast-time, when we halted at Alaradib, the Abyssinians being regaled with their favourite "brundo," or raw meat, as a cow was slaughtered incontinently on our arrival. The country is here more thickly wooded, and the *shamboko*, or bamboo, has increased in size; but there is still a deficiency of what would be considered forest trees in England. Rumours had reached us that Tirsu Gobazyé, the insurgent chieftain of Walkaït, and the greater part of North-western Abyssinia, was hovering in our neighbourhood with a large gathering of his wild caterans, in the hope of intercepting the rich booty destined for Theodore, and this made us naturally anxious to push on as fast as possible. That night we crossed the Gandwa, a stream which, rising in the hills of Alafa, pursues a north-westerly course for about fifty miles, till it falls into the Atbara, not far from where we forded it. It was about thirty yards wide at that season of the year, and, as I said above, is usually considered to bound Christian Abyssinia. We bivouacked for the night at Khor-el-Laila, and rising betimes, travelled over hill and dale till we reached Wahhnee, where, seeing no preparations made to receive us, we halted beneath the shade of a large sycamore, a little beyond the market-place, till our servants and baggage should arrive.

Wahhnee, the first village in Abyssinia Proper, is in the district of Tcharkwa, or Tchargo, and as it is situated on the high road between the producing countries of Godjâm, Agow Meder, and Dembea, and the great mart of Matemma, it is a place which boasts a considerable trade. We arrived while the weekly market was being held, but the real business of the day was nearly over, and consequently the peasantry who had come in to sell their wares, and those who had come to buy, together with the soldiers, priests, idlers, and general population of the place, who had no means of doing either, had plenty of time to stare at and take stock of the new arrivals. We had expected that we should have been met here by the officers deputed by King Theodore to escort us; but while we were still lying under the tree, and discussing whether it was worth while to pitch our tents, one of their servants came up in hot haste, and informed us that in consequence of the story relating to Tirsu Gobazyé, mentioned above, their masters felt themselves constrained to keep an eye on the rebel's movements, and they accordingly advised us to proceed forthwith to a place called Balwehâ, a few miles further on, and await their arrival. The *Shoom*, or head man of the village, who probably had small desire to see us quartered on him as guests, recommended us also to follow this course.

Then ensued a battle-royal between our Arab and Takrooree camel drivers and the Abyssinian followers of the Shoom. I do not wish it to be understood that any blood was shed, or even blows exchanged, but the strife of tongues was kept up with the greatest heat for upwards of an hour. The cameleers, who knew pretty well what the road between Wahhnee and Balwehâ was like, and who were only engaged as far as the former place, vowed by their Prophet and his Koran that nothing should induce them to kill their beasts by urging them up the rugged paths and stony defiles which lay before them, while the Christians were equally zealous in invoking the aid of St. Michael and all the saintly host in effecting what they wished. At length authority won the day; the cameleers, whose animals had been seized, came in again by driblets; harmony was restored, and peace ratified by the promise of an additional *bakhsheesh*.

The following afternoon, on the last day of 1865, we settled ourselves down at Balwehâ, and pitched our tents on a small plot of ground which had been cleared by nature, and was surrounded on all sides by thickly-wooded hills. The name Balwehâ* properly belongs to a small brooklet, which rippled close behind our encampment; but either that appellation, or that of Ballatcha, is used indifferently for the neighbourhood. On arrival, we found that the Shoom, who had already received intimation of our approach, was ready to receive us, and although he was too poor to provide us with *tedj* (mead), the rich man's drink, he had done his best to furnish us with as much *talla*, or beer, as we could drink. Thirsty and tired as we were, Blanc and I imagined we had discovered a treasure when we descried the *gombo* or jar slung over the shoulders of a stalwart maid-servant; but we had scarcely moistened our lips with the sour but not unpleasant liquor it contained, when we discovered that we had acted quite contrary to all Abyssinian etiquette, which dictated that the offering should have been first laid at the feet of the chief of the party, or at any rate at those of his *azâdj*, or intendant—which office, in fault of a better, Walda Gabriel had assumed. Our fault, however, in consideration of our ignorance, was condoned, and we promised thereafter to hearken attentively to the counsels of our Shoan "guide, philosopher, and friend." Later in the evening the Shoom dispatched on a visit to Mr. Rassam his better half, who came, according to the wont of Abyssinian dames, riding on a mule, enveloped, head and all, in the thick folds of her *shama*, and attended by two black-eyed, laughing damsels.

We found our time hang rather heavily on our hands here; there was no game to speak of, and as the surrounding country

* *Weha* in Amharic signifies "water," and is often used as a suffix to the names of rivers, just as *Mai* is used as a prefix in Tigrê.

was thickly wooded and hilly, and the wild reivers of Tirsu Gobazyé might be in any direction, it was not considered safe to stroll far beyond the precincts of the camp. One afternoon, I remember, we determined on ascending an inconsiderable, but rather steep, eminence hard by; when, as we were returning, we found ourselves confronted by a man who only after much parleying, and then with but scant courtesy, allowed us to pass. We discovered that he was an officer in the employ of the Customs authorities, and that it was only in what he considered the discharge of his duty that he had stopped us, as, for aught he knew, we might have been smuggling merchandise along that unfrequented path. He must, however, have received a severe rebuke from his superiors, who were better aware of our position than himself, for, coming the next day with a heavy stone upon his neck, he prostrated himself before Mr. Rassam, and entreated pardon in the abject manner usual to Abyssinians. This of course he received, and with a small present into the bargain he went away happy and contented.

On the 4th of January we were informed that the officers composing our escort had arrived, and we were instructed by our Mentor, Walda Gabriel, that if we wished to inspire them with suitable respect and awe for us we should remain seated in the tent, and without offering to rise, merely regard them while they made their obeisances with that look of hauteur and conscious superiority which an Abyssinian noble always assumes before inferiors. This however we could not do. As soon as they were ushered in we felt constrained to rise, and welcomed them with an honest English shake of the hand. They were three, or rather five, in number; but the principals, who held the rank of Basha, and had been invested with the silken shirt of honour, were youths scarcely arrived at manhood. Lidj* Tesamma and Lidj Shâroo were the sons of a chief who had formerly held large fiefs under Râs Ali; his widow—for he had been dead some years—still resided at Wandigê, a large district on the western border of the Tsâna Sea, where his possessions had principally lain; and the eldest brother of these young men, Amârê Haïlu, had been appointed by Theodore to an important post in the government of his fortress of Magdala.



SINGING THE WAR SONG.

The third, Lidj Tâshoo, was the son of a petty chief in the district of Tchelga, named Wâsyé; a Kamânt in religion formerly, he had changed his faith at the behest of the king, and had also been rewarded with a share in the administration of the Amba. Wâsyé and Amârê Haïlu we shall meet hereafter. To keep these lads in order, I suppose, or at any rate to add the weight always attaching to age and soldiership in Abyssinia, there were associated with them, though in a much subordinate position, Walda Maryam, an old and grey-headed counsellor, and Kâsa, a native of Godjâm, a man of middle age, but a tall and hardy warrior, and much trusted by Theodore for his valour and daring in the fight.

We received them all cordially, as I have mentioned; and they then told us that they had been busily engaged in collecting bearers to convey our baggage, but that, as it was Christmas-tide, there had been necessarily some delay. *Ledat*, or Christmas, fell this year on the 6th of January. Many a cow was killed and many a horn of beer was emptied on that day, which, next to Easter, ranks as the greatest festival of the Abyssinian Church; and we could scarcely expect that the peasants at that season would show much alacrity in coming forward to bear the strangers' burdens; but the next day everything was declared to be ready, and we started for the high plateau of Tchelga.

The bearers came, quite as many, perhaps, as were really necessary, but not a quarter as many as they themselves declared there ought to be, and a scene of unexampled confusion ensued. Each man at once laid his hands upon the lightest and most portable articles he could discover, and they all walked off, leaving the heavier articles—such as boxes, medicine-chests, and the like—to their fate; but at last the chiefs implored us to point out what were the articles absolutely indispensable for our comfort, and these could be carried off first, and relays would bring on the rest in a day or two. Making a virtue of necessity, we complied, and started off, but did not make a march of more than three or four miles; for the road was bad, passing over the brows of several hills; and when we arrived at a stream with a beautiful pool of water in its rocky bed, called Sankwehâ, we halted and waited till all our baggage should arrive.

When a considerable number of carriers had been collected

* *Lidj*, which means literally "child" in Amharic, is used as a title before the names of youths of good family.



ROYAL PALACE AT GONDAR.

together, we started for the high country. This was on the 9th of January. The road was most rocky and precipitous, and it was with considerable difficulty that the mules managed to keep their footing in many places. Between the winding path that we took and the opposite range of hills, was a deep—indeed, almost fathomless—chasm; but it was not so broad as to prevent us from casting our eyes across it, and seeing the green mountain-sides beyond, studded with picturesque little Falasha villages, and homesteads surrounded with cultivated fields. Ever before us rose in its giant majesty the natural fortress of Sâr Amba (*Grass Fort*), a landmark impregnable to time and almost to man. Some years previously this had been the favourite state-prison for the wretched victims whom the revenge or caprice of Theodore had chosen to condemn to life-long captivity. One evening, advantage was taken of the negligence of the gaolers, who, trusting to the natural strength of the mountain, were slumbering in fancied security, and a determined attempt at escape was made by several of the prisoners. Before quitting the fortress, however, the fugitives had foolishly, in their exultation, set fire to several of the houses on the summit. An alarm was quickly raised, and they were all re-captured; but this so aroused the jealous fears of Theodore, that he deemed it more prudent to dispatch them all to Magdala, which, though not so well fortified by nature, presented fewer facilities for escape, being within the borders of the Galla country; while Sâr Amba is only a few hours' ride from the north-western frontier, and this once crossed, no pursuit was to be feared. There is scarcely a district which does not possess one or more of these ambas, and they used to form the magazines, the arsenals, and rallying-points of the feudal lords of the country. From them did the De Montforts of Abyssinia sally out, with their vagabond retainers, to harry the fields tilled by peaceful peasantry, or to plunder the rich caravans laden with all the coveted produce of Enarea and Caffa. Theodore, by his high-handed policy—we cannot, in his case, call it justice—put a stop to the feudalism of Abyssinia. It received its death-blow from the system of enlisting and paying a regular soldiery instead of summoning the barons with their followers around their suzerain, on the outbreak of war. It was, doubtless, an advance in civilisation to keep the barons within the strict precincts of his court, or chained in a hill-fort, and to engage their vassals as *solidarii* by a fixed payment. But the strong hand is now relaxed, and the indomitable will is powerless, and it is highly probable that Abyssinia will again revert to a system which possesses many advantages in the eyes of the secondary, if not of the highest chiefs.

We bivouacked that night in the most level and suitable place we could find, and early the next morning commenced a most difficult ascent. Three thousand feet brought us on to the plateau, where we found a completely different climate from any we had met with since we left Massáwa. The air was cool and elastic, the sun's rays less scorching, whilst the groves of dog-roses and jessamine amidst which we were riding at once recalled to our minds the shady lanes of the old country. We encamped not far from the edge of the plateau, near a village called Sarâbo, some four or five miles to the south-west of the town of Tchelga, the capital of the district of the same name, which we had now entered. Close to our camp there flowed a small brook, but we soon found that the inhabitants of the village made the most strenuous objections to our using any of its water. It turned out that they were all Kamânts—a singular race, half Christian and half Pagan, who inhabit chiefly this district. Though nominally all converted to Christianity by the late king, they still retain many of their old superstitions, and amongst them is a strong repugnance to eating meat or drinking water touched by those of other creeds. They had a like objection to our entering a small grove hard by, which to them possessed a character of peculiar sanctity, and it was only through the influence of the Shoom, and in his company, that we could do so. Personally, the Kamânts resemble other Abyssinians, and it is only within a few years that their females have left off the singular custom of piercing the lobes of their ears, and hanging to them heavy billets of wood, thereby bringing the huge flaps at last as far down as their shoulders. They are, unlike the Falashas or native Jews, so many of whom reside in these districts, unskilled in any mechanical arts, and are chiefly employed in supplying Gondar with wood. Their language is akin to the Falasha and Kuaragna, or that spoken by the natives of Kuara, the westernmost province of Abyssinia, but they generally understand the Amharic.

We were forced to remain at Sarâbo for three days, for want of a sufficient number of carriers, but at last 1,200 men were collected together. These gradually dwindled down to a third of the number, and by the time we reached the king's camp, our cavalcade presented comparatively quite a sorry appearance. The country was flat and uninteresting; scarcely a village was to be seen, and the mark of the plunderer's hand was visible everywhere. We halted for half an hour at a ruined hamlet called Lesâg, and should have liked to pay a visit to Gondar, which was distant about twenty miles E.N.E.; but our guides told us it was quite impossible to do this, as there was no knowing whether it might not be in the hands of the rebel Gobazyé at that very moment. About noon we encamped beneath a large and solitary sycamore tree at Tankal, at the south-western extremity of the large and formerly flourishing province of Dembea.

The province of Dembea bears the highest reputation for fertility. Its broad and ample plains, sparsely covered with trees, and its rich black soil, are capable of producing with ease three crops within the year. Teff (*Poa Abyssinica*), barley, and mashela (*Holcus sorghum*) are the favourite cereals, and they are frequently raised in this order of rotation. In this district is situated Gondar, a stationary camp until the days of Hatsê Fâsil, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and converted by that monarch, with the aid of the Jesuit-taught native artificers, into the capital. Dembea was doubtless selected as the head-quarters of a large and distinguished court, on account of its extraordinary fecundity. Until within the last few years, when, as I remarked above, it has severely suffered from the marauding soldiers of King Theodore, it formed the granary of Northern and Western Abyssinia. The climate, unsuitable for horses, which are said to be attacked there by a disease analogous to glanders, is admirably adapted to the rearing of immense herds of cattle, which cover the wide-spread prairies, and are usually tended by the Zalân, a tribe of neatherds, who, with no peculiarities of race, are yet looked upon as a distinct caste by their fellow-countrymen. Zalân is used as a term of reproach; I know not why. Mr. Isenberg asserts that they assume a descent from Jacob, one of the companions of Menilek in his exodus

from Jerusalem, and states that, in his opinion, in point of morality they are far in advance of other Abyssinians, and are usually content with one wife at a time. I am sorry to say that the truth of this last remark cannot be borne out by my own personal observation. One thing is certain, however: they can handle the long stick, with which they are always provided, most deftly, and few soldiers, armed with spear and shield, care for an encounter with one of these doughty quarter-staff players. Their chief habitat is in the provinces of Dembea, Foggara, and Belessa.

On the following day (January 14th) we left Tankal, and entered the district of Taccosa.* *En route*, at a spot called Amoos Gabea (*Thursday market*), we fell in with startling evidences of the sanguinary disposition of the monarch under whose protection and escort we were travelling. The ground for several roods around the large tree, beneath whose spreading branches the market was held, from which the place derives its name, was covered with bleached and grinning skulls, the trophies of the great king's vengeance over some rebels who had unfortunately succumbed to his power in that locality. Travelling on, we soon descried the rocky promontory of Gorgora, which juts out into the sea from the north-western corner of it, and it was not long before we could catch a glimpse of the blue still waters of Tsâna, glinting beneath the noon-day sun. We halted at Wanzigê, a village not far from the lake. The Shoom was absent with his sons in the camp of Theodore; but his wife, on hearing of our arrival, immediately sent a message of welcome to us. We went to pay our respects to her, and the worthy dame, anxious to show us all the hospitality in her power, insisted on preparing for us a dish of *fitfit* with her own hands. Emptying the contents of a gourd of curdled milk into a deep wooden basin, she added some crumbled *teff* bread, and then, stripping up her sleeve, she vigorously stirred the whole with her hand for several minutes. Then, a judicious admixture of *dillihh*, or capsicum-chutney, and a renewal of the stirring process followed, and the mess was pronounced ready to be served. Some amount of courage was required before we could bring ourselves to attack a dish so unlike anything we could remember in a European *menu*, but, unwilling to cast a slur on our hostess' hospitality, we at length boldly plunged in our hands; and notwithstanding the strange flavour afforded by this *mélange* of sour milk, sourer bread, and burning pepper, we contrived to do justice to the fare, and washed it down with a horn or two of rough beer, compared with which a Devonshire labourer's cider would seem quite sweet. We then bowed ourselves out, glad to exchange the smoky and stifling atmosphere of the small hut which formed the *châtelaine's* abode for the purer air outside.

The following morning there occurred a regular strike amongst our many hundred porters. The Tchelga and Dembea men refused to carry our baggage through Taccosa and the regions beyond. But Lidj Tesamma's mother, a fine old lady, who had joined us at Sarâbo, mounted her mule, and gallantly riding forth amongst the malcontents, eloquently harangued them, and, whether by appealing to their better feelings, or by bringing before their eyes the dread prospect of King Theodore's vengeance, or what not, reduced them at length to submission. Eventually, however, arrangements were come to by which a change was made at the frontier of each district. This proceeding, though involving considerable delay, was so obviously dictated by justice that we could make no complaints.

We encamped the next day at Goja, on the very borders of the lake, and moved on the 16th to Belass. The country was deserted, the land untilled; and it was but rarely that we came across a village with a single inhabitant in it. At Arrico, a small hamlet mentioned by Bruce, we rested for half an hour at the house of a worthy old man, a carpenter by trade, as, indeed, were nearly all the people in the place. Belass is a large marsh, full of teal and other wild fowl, but we did not see any hippopotami, although the lake was said to be full of them. Soon after passing Dengel-bar (*Gate of the Virgin*), the next day, we entered the district of Wandigê, the hereditary property of Lidj Tesamma's family. On the road, we had turned aside from our path to examine an ancient church, dedicated to Kedoos Mikhaïl (St. Michael). Every one knows the style of architecture used for ecclesiastical edifices in Abyssinia. The inner circle, or holy of holies, in which the Tabot or Ark is deposited, and into which the priest is alone permitted to enter; the outer ring, in which the worship of the laity is carried on, and the verandah beyond, which none may overstep save those possessing inward and outward purity, have been so repeatedly depicted by pen and pencil of late, that it is a work of supererogation to do more than glance at them here. The grotesque representations of saints, angels, and devils with which the walls are bedaubed, are never remarkable either for beauty or antiquity. The exploits of favourite princes of modern days are mingled with selections from ancient history, sacred and legendary. Next to the wise and valiant Sab'a Gâdis, who is quietly transfixing with his lance an elephant, who appears to submit to this phlebotomising treatment with equal composure, may be seen Pharaoh crossing the Red Sea at the head of a compact phalanx of musketeers. In a thinly-wooded country, a church as it crowns some eminence, and its cross-surmounted roof peeps out from a grove of dark green cedars, may appear picturesque and imposing enough; but a near approach soon dispels the first feelings of awe and veneration, and the only wonder is how there can be even a pretence of devotion amidst such gross and sacrilegious semblances of all that is usually held most holy, as look down on the worshipper from the walls.

Such, at least, were my impressions at the moment. Time and experience have induced me to modify them to some extent; still, in the present narrative, it has chiefly been my aim to record images just as they were stamped upon the retina of the mind, but, if it were required to comment upon them, to do so in the light of a more advanced knowledge of the people. In judging of the religious observances of the Abyssinians, the very complex character of the nation must always be borne in mind. Impulsive, yet calculating; brave, and yet cowardly; now a traitor, and now a very Abdiel: one man will exhibit all these traits, and his conduct will be guided accordingly by the ruling passion of the moment. It was from his perfect acquaintance with the character of his people that

* This name should be properly spelt Takuesa, but I prefer an orthography in unison with the pronunciation. I may mention here that the letter *g* is always hard in Amharic, and that in words ending with the fifth vowel form (ê) the accent is nearly always on the penultimate, as in Wandi'gê, Wanzi'gê, Tacaz'zê, &c. *Gn* is nasal, and should be pronounced like a French *gn* (champagne), or Spanish ñ (Señor).

the late king was able to keep his hold over them so long; and it was probably from an equally intimate knowledge of the Ethiopian race that Athanasius found it an easy task to implant amongst them a religion that, in the midst of enemies, has flourished, with scarcely a change in its constitution, for fifteen centuries. The warm blood of the south has always demanded a more materialistic faith than the frigid north: more saints, more festivals, more pomp and bravery of sacerdotal attire, these have been the *panem et circenses* that Romans since the days of Constantine have cried for. But the Abyssinian requires more than this. To please him effectually, virtue must be visibly recompensed and vice as openly chastised. Reward and punishment, viewed as the result of Divine intervention, touch him, and awaken his religious sympathies. I have seen a lad almost moved to tears as he recounted the tale of Takla Haïmânot Ergoom (*The Accursed*), the hue of whose complexion, after the murder of his father, Hatsê Yâsu'e, changed to a deep black, and who after a short and miserable reign, died by an assassin's sword. But, while thus keenly affected by the contemplation of the avenging hand of Heaven stretched forth in wrath, the recollection does not deter the Abyssinians from the commission of crimes equal in enormity to that of the royal parricide. Many a soldier, without hesitation, and almost without compunction, slew his father or his brother at the bidding of King Theodore. One of our guards at Magdala was notorious for having betrayed his nearest relatives into the merciless hands of the king. He was emphatically styled among us "The Murderer;" yet, after a day spent in treachery and crime, he would offer up his prayers with as much simplicity and earnestness as a guileless child. It is hard to judge these Africans by our northern canons. Before they can be enlightened and improved, their character must be fully understood, and that can only be done by men of wider sympathies and more catholic views than those who have hitherto attempted the task.



VIEW NEAR TCHELGA, ABYSSINIAN PLATEAU.

Routes across the Himalaya.

To the north of the broad valley of the Ganges stretches the vast range of the Himalaya, the highest, though not the longest, of the mountain chains of the world. A glance at the map of Asia will show that to the north-west of Hindostan there is a great mountain-knot, from which diverge four ranges of mountains: to the north the Bolor Tagh (the Cloudy Mountains) to the west the Hindoo Koosh, to the south the Solimaun, and to the east the Himalayan, ranges. The ranges of the Himalaya make a grand sweep of nearly eight degrees to the south-east, and then run eastward. A line from their most northern to their most southern declivities would traverse a distance which, due north and south, would measure about 560 miles.

The Himalaya consists of no single line of peaks, but of many parallel chains. Seen from the plains of India, these chains seem to rise distinctly one behind another. The lower and middle hills appear of the blue grey tinge which distant mountains generally show, but above and beyond them rise the snow-covered peaks of the highest summits. At great distances—from 120 to 200 miles off—in the plains, the highest only of these mountains can be seen, just breaking the horizon-line. At a distance of from fifty to sixty miles from the mountains, the three clearly-marked parallel ranges are easily to be made out; but, on a nearer approach, the lower of the mountain ranges hides from sight the more elevated and distant peaks. The apparent uniformity of outline disappears; spurs with their dividing valleys become distinguishable; and at last, when the traveller enters the hill region itself, one valley with its bounding mountains is all that he beholds.

The average height of the Himalayas is 20,000 feet—more than 4,000 feet greater than the height of Mont Blanc—and the highest peak of all, Mount Everest, has an elevation of 29,002 feet above the level of the sea—a height almost as great as if two Mont Blancs were piled one on the other.

Clothed at their feet with the perpetual verdure of the tropics, the Himalayas rise into increasingly colder levels of the atmosphere, though the climate even of the higher valleys is milder than is found in other countries at similar elevations. Corn has been grown at a height of 18,000 feet; birch-trees with tall stems are found at a height of over 14,000 feet; the vine flourishes in some of the high valleys; and forests of the Deodar cedar are found almost up to the snow-line. The snow-line occurs at elevations of from 15,500 to 18,000 feet; and in the upper valleys of the mountains are found some of the largest glaciers in the world. As the northern part of the mountain system is approached, the remarkable dryness of the atmosphere is manifested in the fact that, even at elevations so great as that of the Karakorum Pass (18,200 feet above the sea level), a traveller in the month of August found only patches of snow. There are, however, so many lofty summits rising thousands of feet above even the highest snow-level, that the name applied to the range, Himalaya, "the dwelling of snow," has a striking applicability to these mountains.

The vast extent of the Himalaya is perhaps more easily realised by comparison with some elevations better known to most Europeans. At their smallest breadth the Himalayan range is 400 miles across—that is, farther than from London to Edinburgh. The Alps would take, it is calculated, at the outside, three days for a man to cross, and a good walker can go from a village on one side to a village on the other in a summer's day. But from any point in the Punjaub it takes a man, assisted by a pony, sixty-six days to cross the mountains; even if a man tried his utmost, he could hardly do it under fifty-five days. For twenty-five marches, the road is never under an elevation of 15,000 feet; and during forty-five marches, never descends below 9,000 feet. A native of India who traversed the Himalaya, in the service of the Great Indian Survey, by the Karakorum Pass, took twenty-five days to march from the last village south to the first village north of the pass.

Distinctly defined as the ranges of the Himalaya appear to be when the mountains are viewed from the plain, it is found that, in traversing them, there are vast numbers of intermingling spurs which join one series of heights to another. From one valley, by means of a high pass, the traveller reaches another valley or small plain, higher than that which he has left; and thus stage after stage he rises, the elevation attained being indicated not so much by the actual steepness of the ascents as by the changes in the vegetation, the presence of snow, and the greater rarity of the atmosphere. Long branches from the Himalaya cross the table-land of Tibet and join the Kuen-lun range; indeed, though the Himalaya are sometimes spoken of as the southern, and the Kuen-lun as the northern boundary of Tibet, neither of them can be well separated from that lofty table-land, which has an elevation of from 15,000 to 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. Practically, it is difficult to define where the Himalayan ranges end, and those of the Kuen-lun begin.

Beyond the range of the Kuen-lun, however, there opens out a wide, and in many places fertile, plain, known to geographers as the plain of Yarkand and Khotan. After crossing the Himalaya and Kuen-lun and arriving at Ilchi, the capital of Khotan, the traveller feels as if he had left the hills altogether, and as if he were in the plains of Hindostan. No hills are to be seen in any direction, except on a clear day, when the lower ranges of the Kuen-lun are visible. This plain is of considerable width, and is bounded on the north by the volcanic range of the Thian-Shan, whose singular forms have given rise to many legends of the influence of Shaitan in causing the contortions of the rocks. Westward stretches the Bolor Tagh, the western edge of the great central table-land of Asia, of which the Himalayas form the southern boundary, and eastward the fertile Yarkand plain merges gradually into the sandy desert of Gobi. The slopes of the Kuen-lun, the Bolor Tagh, and Thian-Shan mountains, send streams down to water the plain. These, of which the chief are the Kashgar, Yarkand, Khotan, and Kiria, unite to form the Tarim, which loses itself in Lake Lop Nor, one of the numerous salt lakes which abound on the great table-land. The soil is generally sandy, and free from stones and rocks. It is very productive, and a fine dust, which is blown by the east wind from the desert over the fertile plain, is looked upon by the inhabitants as a kind of manure for the soil, without which no vegetation would thrive. Indian corn, wheat, barley of two kinds, buckwheat, and rice all grow in great perfection; olives, pears, apples, peaches, apricots, mulberries, grapes, currants, and melons are produced

of large size and delicious flavour; cotton of valuable quality, and raw silk abound. There are forests of poplar, willow, and tamarisk, and abundance of good grass. Between the towns of Khotan and Aksu there is for twelve marches a forest so dense that travellers are said to have lost themselves in it Minerals are found abundantly, especially in the Kuen-lun mountains; those that are known are gold, silver, iron, lead, copper, antimony, salt, saltpetre, sulphur, soda, and coal; jade is also found in large quantities. Gold and precious stones abound in the beds of the streams which flow from the Kuen lun range, and it is said that more than 3,000 men are at work on the gold-fields. Gold is abundant, and is only about half the price in Khotan which it is in Kashmir, on the southern slopes of the Himalaya. The current coins are made of silver and copper; gold is not used for coin, but is sold in small packets of varying value. The wild animals are chiefly the Tibetian species of the goat, wolf, jackal, fox, and hare. In the great forest before mentioned, bears, tigers, and leopards roam at large. There are many wild birds, among them a species of hawk, which is kept by the natives for the purpose of hunting wolves, jackals, &c. Camels and asses are employed as beasts of burden, horses for riding and drawing wheeled conveyances. Most of the horses are imported. Goats are to be met with in large flocks, and they yield the material of which the fine shawls are made. Geese, ducks, and fowls are the domestic birds, and are very abundant.

This fertile plain is not very thickly populated; but in the great towns considerable numbers of people are collected together. The town of Yarkand is said to have a population of 120,000; the inhabitants of Ilchi, the modern capital of Khotan, number 40,000; and there are other large cities, of which Kashgar and Aksu are two. Kashgar is an ancient city, one of those that have escaped the encroachment which the desert has from time to time made on the inhabited country. Not all of the towns of the plain have been so fortunate. The province of Khotan contains several of these buried cities, one of which is only a few miles distant from the present capital, Ilchi. The shifting sands of the Gobi move along in vast billows, overpowering everything, and they are said to have once buried 360 cities in the space of twenty-four hours. There is probably considerable exaggeration in this statement; but some of the buried cities are known, and from out of their ruins various articles are dug. In one of them large quantities of brick tea are found, which has a ready sale, now that trade with China is stopped. Gold coins, some of them weighing four pounds, and various other articles, have also been discovered; and it would seem as if the cities had been suddenly buried, so that the inhabitants had no time to remove their property. There is something weird in this modern utilisation of the things discovered in these old cities, of whose name and date there remains no record known to us, and whose position, even, is a secret carefully kept by a few.

The people are fine-looking, with a Tartar cast of features, and are well-dressed and cleanly. They are Mahommedans, and are apparently very strict in the observance of their religious duties.

The commerce and trade of the country is carried on in the cities by means of bazaars held periodically in each. Yarkand is the chief seat of what may be called the foreign trade, and to it are brought goods from Russia and Bokhara by means of caravans, which visit Yarkand twice a year, employing as many as a thousand camels. British goods, up to the present time, have also reached Yarkand and other cities of Eastern Turkestan by means of a circuitous route, which brought them first to Bokhara, and then, along with other things, through the narrow passes of the Bolor Tagh, to the cities of Kashgar, Yarkand, and the rest. Into Yarkand are imported sugar-candy, loaf-sugar, cloth, wrought-iron, brass, iron vessels, horses, China tea, and silks. From China there are at present no direct imports. Ilchi is a great manufacturing town. Silks, felts, carpets both silk and woollen, and coarse cotton cloths, are made and sent all over the country. The bazaar of Ilchi, which takes place weekly, is frequented not only by natives, but by Kashmirees and Cabulees; it is held chiefly in a long street, running east and west, which is covered in with a roof of reed matting. The bazaar presents a very lively scene, both men and women being anxious to buy and sell.

Up to a recent time—not much more than five years ago—Eastern Turkestan, the fertile country which has just been described, formed an integral part of the Chinese Empire. But, as is well known, the Chinese government has been unable to retain power even in provinces nearer the capital than this, and it is therefore not surprising that the Khan of Khotan was able, in 1863, to raise a rebellion against the Chinese, which resulted in the massacre of many of these people, and the expulsion of the rest from Khotan. Yarkand, Kashgar, Aksu, and other cities, followed the example given; and all direct communication with China was thus ended. This change of circumstances seems chiefly to have inconvenienced the inhabitants of Eastern Turkestan with regard to their supplies of tea. The readiness with which the brick tea from the buried cities was brought up is evidence of this; and it is certain that, did safe routes exist from Hindostan to Eastern Turkestan over the Himalaya and Kuen-lun ranges, the bazaars of Ilchi, Yarkand, &c., would afford excellent markets for the sale of Indian-grown teas. All the people of these districts are great tea-drinkers. Mr. W. H. Johnson says that, when he was at Ilchi, "all who visited him, rich or poor, asked for a cup of tea, which is drunk with sugar, but without milk." As a mark of respect, a cup of tea was presented by the Khan of Khotan himself, on Mr. Johnson's first interview with him.

To ascertain the existence of routes across the Himalaya and Kuen-lun fit for use in trade is a matter which, within the last two years, has become of vast importance. Communication with China being stopped, the inhabitants of Eastern Turkestan have become dependent for foreign supplies either upon caravans from Russia to the west, or upon goods sent from British India to the south. At present, goods passing from British India to Kashgar and Yarkand—and of late years large quantities have been sent—are forwarded up the Indus from the port of Kurrachee, or from other places, to Dera Ismael Khan, thence they are taken to Peshawur, and by the Khyber Pass to Cabul. From that place they pass to Bokhara, and thence by Khotan to Kashgar and Yarkand, where, even after so long and circuitous a journey, they have competed successfully with goods from Russia. This route is a long-established one, and there is comparatively little difficulty in carrying on trade by it; but it has the disadvantage of being extremely indirect.

The direct route over the Himalayan range leads from

Umritsur, or one of the neighbouring towns in the Punjaub, to Chumba, and other places on the lower slopes of the Himalaya, where the living of a large class of the population depends on this trade. From these lower regions the road passes through various ranges of the Himalayas, rising gradually till it reaches the plains of Ladak, and arrives at the town of Leh, on the Indus, the capital of this province. The plains of Ladak are elevated about 15,000 feet above the sea-level. In itself, Leh is not an important place. It is the chief city of a thinly-peopled district; and its only greatness arises from its being an entrepôt of commerce between distant countries. But towns not more promising in themselves have become great with even less trade than that of which Leh is the centre; and the crowded state of its bazaars, and the piles of goods from Yarkand, Kashmir, and the Punjaub stored up in its houses and courtyards, show how active is the commerce carried on there.

From Leh, the various routes over the Karakorum and Kuen-lun ranges diverge, some being more easy to traverse than others. One of these routes goes over the Karakorum Pass, and presents many difficulties. Among others, travellers have to march for six days consecutively without finding a blade of grass for their cattle. This is the route which, up to the present time, has been chiefly used. It is so dangerous and difficult that traders are obliged to take three spare horses for every one laden, and it is calculated that a fourth of the animals die on the road. The road to this pass traverses some of the most desolate regions of Tibet. Everywhere barren precipices, heaps of rocks, and monotonous deserts, meet the eye. The pass itself is a rounded ridge (18,200 feet above the level of the sea), connecting two hills, which rise somewhat abruptly about 1,000 feet above it. There is no view to the north, for the hills which are not snow-covered close in about half a mile distant. To the south the mountains are round-topped and covered with snow. Vegetation is entirely wanting at the top of the pass, and the rare atmosphere makes exertion fatiguing, and produces a dull headache. From the Karakorum Pass, the road leads either north-east to Khotan (Ilchi), or north-west to Yarkand. The difficulties of the Karakorum route nave not hindered the development of trade; it has even shown a tendency to increase, since the excessive duties which used to be levied by the rulers of Ladak —and which were the real obstacles to commerce—have been removed.

In describing the second route from Leh to Ilchi—one that has only recently been opened for trade—it will be necessary to name two of the smaller streams which rise in the Himalaya, and the valleys of which will play an important part in enabling intercourse to be carried on between the two cities. One of these rivers is the Changchenmo (a name suggestive of Chinese rather than Indian nomenclature), which rises on the southern face of one of the outlying spurs of the Himalaya, and, flowing westward, joins a tributary of the Indus. The other stream is the Karakash, which, rising in the Kuen-lun, flows first west and then north-east to Ilchi and the Khotan river. This second route from Leh to Ilchi is to the east of that by the Karakorum Pass, and is called the Changchenmo route, from its being partly in the valley of that river. From Leh the road runs eastward and then northward, into the valley of the Changchenmo. On leaving that, it goes over a pass more than 19,000 feet above the sea; but taking it as a whole, this route is nothing more than passing over a series of vast undulations, which present no real obstacle to enterprising traders. Grass, wood, and water, are found along this line, which, passing over the head-waters of the Karakash, crosses the Kuen-lun, and descends upon Ilchi. A modification of this route has been suggested and followed, which is that, instead of crossing the Kuen-lun, the traveller should proceed the whole way to Ilchi in the valley of the Karakash, after having once struck the course of that river. This change makes the road somewhat longer, but saves the ascent of a very high pass over the Kuen-lun, and shortens the journey by two days' march. This route has been opened for trade by a party of Punjaub traders with horse-loads of Kangra tea, which they were taking to Yarkand.

When Mr. Johnson, who has been before mentioned, paid his visit to Ilchi, in 1865, he heard of an open road, which passes from that city, going round the end of the Kuen-lun mountains, by the Changthang plain, to the Changchenmo valley near Leh. This road is said to be available for wheeled carriages; water, grass, and wood are found everywhere on the route; but opposition may be expected from the shepherds who inhabit part of the Changthang plain. Though this road would be of immense advantage, were it open and as passable as it is reported to be, little can be said about it, as no one has yet explored it.

The British Government has recently done much for the improvement of the road from the Punjaub to Leh, by building bridges and rendering steep ascents more easy; and now that the exactions of Ladak are done away with, the trade over the Himalayas between Western India and Turkestan is likely greatly to increase.

Another route is known to exist, which leads directly from North-Western India to Turkestan, and which is said to be practicable for laden carts all the way from India to Central Asia. This road passes from Jellalabad up the valley of the river, called the Chitral valley, to its source. From this point it proceeds by an easy road over the Hindoo Koosh into the valley of the Oxus. Of this route, however, we know at present but little, except from the itinerary of a native Yarkandi merchant; another native report given of it states that "the trade through Chitral is confined to certain adventurous Afghans alone, and that natives of Yarkand seldom traverse this route." The road is subject to incursions by the Kafiristan tribes. It is for this reason, probably, that Yarkandi traders prefer either the longer route to India by Bokhara and Afghanistan, or the more difficult one over the Himalaya, through Ladak and Kashmir. It is possible that more detailed accounts of this route may be furnished by Mr. Hayward, a traveller who is now devoting himself to explorations in the region between North-Western India and the upper valley of the Oxus.

The opening of any new routes for trade is a matter not only of interest to the merchant, but of congratulations to all who see in the multiplication of commercial relations the surest guarantee for the advancement of nations, not only in material prosperity, but in civilisation, and in increased probabilities of peace. Our communications with Eastern Turkestan are as yet too much in their infancy for us to do more than hope for good to result from them. It is not to be denied that in Turkestan the advances of British commerce will come somewhat into contact, perhaps into collision, with those put forward by Russia. But, whilst it is not to be for-

gotten that Russia is advancing towards Eastern Turkestan, there are few who have read the descriptions of the roads which lead from that country to British India, that will fear the entrance of an army, either by the Karakorum Pass or the valley of the Changchenmo. The routes that suffice for traders would be quite impossible to be traversed by armies; and so long as the physical barriers of the Kuen-lun and Himalaya remain what they are, it is not from the direction of Eastern Turkestan that the approach of Russia need be feared.



THE ESPADA.

Notes on Spain.—IV.

THE BULL-FIGHT: THE NATIONAL SPORT OF SPAIN—LITERATURE OF THE RING—STARS OF THE PROFESSION—ROUTINE OF THE SPECTACLE—BURLESQUE BULL-FIGHTS—CRUELTY.

In our last number we mentioned one or two of the things usually put in evidence to support the charge of barbarism against Spain. But *the* barbarism *par excellence*, the heaviest item in the act of accusation, is, of course, the bull-fight; and, hackneyed as the subject may be, we must give it a place in our notes. It is not necessary, however, to enter into any very elaborate description of the spectacle, for, thanks to the perseverance of travellers, every reader is by this time tolerably familiar with the nature of the national pastime of Spain. There is, indeed, something amusing in the *naïveté* with which tourists generally record their experiences and impressions in the matter of the bull-fight: in the anxiety they display to witness it, the haste to secure places on the first available opportunity, the gusto with which the scenes in the ring are described, and the inevitable homily on the moral degradation of a people who can find pleasure in witnessing so barbarous an exhibition. If they were always content with this form of protest, it would not matter much, but the *vivâ voce* expression of indignation frequently to be heard at Sunday *tables-d'hôte* in Madrid or Seville during the bull-fighting season, must sound at least somewhat inconsistent to Spanish ears. The French tourist (as a general rule, tourists in Spain are either French or English) seldom takes up his parable against the bull-fight with any degree of fervour. If he is not blinded by the merits of the *spectacle* to the demerits of the exhibition, at least he has too keen a sense of the ridiculous to stultify himself by denouncing as disgusting, and fit only for savages, a sight which he has taken considerable trouble to see, and sat out unflinchingly to the last; nor does he condescend to plead that most transparent of excuses—pure philosophical desire to study national character. We, however, do not always display the same discretion. British virtue is very great, and we are justly proud of its greatness; but it has this peculiarity, that it must always be talking. It is by no means satisfied with a silent existence, and the bull-fight affords it a too tempting opportunity for declaring itself. But may not Españolismo fairly reply, "Why, O British virtue! if this sport of ours is so sickening and revolting and unendurable to any but a depraved taste, do you lend it your countenance, as you do, upon the whole, pretty regularly whenever you have a chance? Every hotel-keeper knows that in general your first question is, whether there is a bull-fight to come off, and that, if anything will



BOYS PLAYING AT BULL-FIGHTING.

induce you to stay, it is the prospect of a corrida on Sunday. We do not want your company at it any more than we want your lecture afterwards. You know perfectly well what it is like, and, indeed, as we have often remarked, you describe it with considerable vigour and circumstantiality. You cannot say you are entrapped into assisting at an entertainment of the nature of which you were ignorant. Why not be honest, as well as great? Why not admit that, lofty as you are, you have still the human weakness of curiosity, and that you cannot resist the temptation of a wild, semi-barbarous spectacle, only to be witnessed in this semi-civilised country, as you kindly call it? You needn't plead guilty to cruelty if you don't like, but pray be honest, and confess to the curiosity and love of excitement which affect us all more or less."

But, apart from the inconsistency of the proceeding, it is scarcely courteous in a foreigner to rail in such good set terms at a national sport, and by implication therefore at the nation that indulges in it. For the bull-fight is unquestionably the national sport of Spain. It is only in a rare instance here and there among the upper classes, as in the case of Prim, that Spaniards are sportsmen in our sense of the word. Hunting, shooting, and fishing are undreamt-of amusements. They have no turf, and no games, except perhaps a species of fives which is played a good deal in the northern provinces. For all these, and also to a certain extent for the stage and the opera, which have no great hold on the affections of the Spanish people, the bull-fight is the one substitute. It is the sole vent for the sporting instincts of the nation, and for that love of athletic display, skill, dexterity, and pluck, which every nation possesses in a greater or less degree. It is at once to the Spaniards what the drama is to the French, a source of excitement and a field for criticism, and what the turf is to us, a sport, the enjoyment of which is open to all classes. There are, it is true, plenty of Spaniards who regard the diversion with anything but favour; nor are these exclusively of the educated and cultivated classes, for we have many times heard peasants denounce the bull-fight in language as strong as any foreigner could use. But with the great mass of the people, and with the town populations in particular, the love of "Bull-feasts"—*fiestas de toros*—as they used formerly to be called, is little short of an absorbing passion. It is no exaggeration to say that they imbibe the taste with their mother's milk. Our playbills say, "Children in arms are not admitted," but a Spanish bull-fight bill is more liberal. It invariably sets forth that "*los niños que no sean de pecho necesitan billete*,"—children *not* at the breast must have tickets, but babes and sucklings are free of the plaza. We have now before us a document which shows that, whatever may be said of the backward state of education in Spain, the early training of the young Spaniard in Tauromachy is by no means neglected. It is a broadside containing some four dozen rude but truthful woodcuts representing the various scenes of the bull-ring, to which are appended explanatory nursery rhymes for the better edification of the youthful mind. It is, in fact, a compact compendium of the art of bull-fighting, describing in proper scientific terms the various events of the combat, and presenting with great accuracy the principal tableaux which the spectacle affords,—the procession of the performers, the entrance of the bull, the performances of picador, banderillero, and espada, all in their proper order. Nor are the possible accidents of the game omitted. One cut is a lively representation of a wounded picador, helped out of the ring, "*es un picador herido al hospital conducido;*" and the whole appropriately winds up with a tribute to the memory of that martyr to science, *Pepe Illo*, who was killed in a bull-fight at the beginning of the century, and is here depicted borne aloft on the horns of a charging bull, while his fate is recorded in a couplet which may be roughly translated—

"All through being caught and tossed,
Pepe Illo's life was lost."

It is no wonder, therefore, that playing at toro and torero should be the favourite game of the young urchins of Spain, and that the scene which is the subject of M. Gustave Doré's spirited sketch, should be among the commonest of Spanish sights. Occasionally the game is played in the more elaborate way described by Blanco White in his "Letters," when the boy who acts the part of bull carries a board, to which are attached a pair of horns and a piece of cork, so that the banderilleros may plant their banderillas *secundum artem*.

For the adult mind, there are several manuals of the science by eminent hands, such as Montes and Pepe Illo above mentioned; and there is—though the *Times* correspondent omitted it in his amusing review of the Spanish press, some time back—a weekly paper published at Madrid, under the title of *La Fiesta Española*, which reviews the performances at the capital, and inserts reports from the provinces, and even telegrams, stating how corridas in the country are going on—thus: "Segovia, 8·49, evening. All well and content." This journal is severely critical, sparing neither men nor beasts if their behaviour in the ring has been unsatisfactory. The memory of defunct bulls who were deficient in energy is assailed with such epithets as "blando, receloso, cobarde;" and the human performers are sharply taken to task for having been "wanting in flexibility and uncertain in their lunges." There is a magnanimity about it, too, as when, in reference to one torero who is "not quite cured of the severe wound he received on a former occasion, and still suffers in his leg," it says, "This circumstance relieves us from the necessity of passing judgment upon this swordsman." It can be also drily sarcastic, as in the comment, "It is only a management as celebrated as ours that could entice into the plaza a man in such a condition."

The same earnestness and gravity governs the composition of the bills and affiches by which a bull-fight is announced. "More for the sake of keeping up the credit of our plaza than with any view to profit, the management (la empresa) has determined," &c. &c. So provincial notices frequently begin and with due solemnity it is set forth that, "weather permitting—*si el tiempo no lo impide*—an extraordinary corrida will verify itself on such and such a day, and that competent authority will preside in the plaza." Then follow the names of the principal combatants, or lidiadores; the espadas, or "swords," for the term "matador" is never used in correct tauromachian language; the supernumerary espada—sobresaliente de espadas—for whom it is always stipulated that he shall be "without prejudice to stick banderillas into any bulls that may suit him;" and the picadors, "with others in reserve in case any should 'inutilizarse,'" render themselves useless. The latter happy phrase is a good illustration of the elegant, delicate, and, at the same time, strictly business-like tone with which the whole of the literature of the bull-ring is inspired. Furthermore, the public is requested to abstain from throwing into the plaza any object which might interfere

with the combatants or interrupt the combat, and to refrain from insults and contemptuous reproaches. This last injunction is almost always disregarded, even in the plaza of courtly Madrid; and should there be any joke or stigma attached to the name of any torero, he is pretty sure to hear of it if he shows the white feather, or is unskilful, or, what amounts to the same thing, unfortunate. On the other hand, a popular performer, *sans peur et reproche*, is allowed some latitude. If he kills his bull in a bungling manner (con trabajo), his awkwardness will be passed over with what the *Fiesta* calls "silencio fatal." But he must not trespass too far upon the indulgence of a critical public; the best of characters will not cover repeated mistakes. Public opinion is not a power in Spain except in the Plaza de Toros, but there it is despotic.

The hand-bill of a corrida in the regular season at Madrid has an additional peculiarity, which is worth notice as illustrating the spirit in which the aficionados (the amateurs) regard the spectacle: the back of the bill is divided into columns, to enable the fancy to check off the points of the game as it proceeds. The first contains the names of the bulls—or, rather, of the breeders of the bulls, for the time has gone by when the animal entered the arena under his own name, like Harpado in the ballad of "The Bull-fight of Gazul." The second is for scoring the number of puyazos, or punctures of the garrocha, the lance with which the picador receives the charge; and as this is not capable of inflicting severe injury, but quite punishing enough to test pluck, the score furnishes the means of forming a fair estimate of the bull's character. The second is headed "Caidas de picadores"—falls of picadors. Casualties to horses have two columns; one for the killed another for the wounded. In another, the number of pairs of banderillas planted may be entered; and the last act of all has three columns—one for the number of passes of the muleta, the red flag with which the espada entices the bull to charge, the others for estocadas and pinchazos, the two forms in which the death-stroke may be administered. Thus the whole, when filled up by a scientific hand, is a complete register of the events of each course, and at once a record of the achievements of each bull individually, and of the sport shown by the whole number collectively.

Of course every town in Spain—it would be more correct, perhaps, to say everything above the rank of a village—has its Plaza de Toros, which, next to the cathedral or iglesia principal, is the most conspicuous, if not the most imposing, of its public buildings. By the size of the plaza, a traveller can generally form a tolerably correct estimate of the population of the town; and there is very often a still closer relation to be traced. Thus, Madrid, the largest, shabbiest, meanest, and most commonplace of Spanish cities, has a huge plaza, with a seedy, lath-and-plaster, mushroom air about it; while beautiful Valencia, at once the brightest and stateliest city in Spain, owns the handsomest plaza in the Peninsula—a really noble building, which would be an ornament to any town. Gloomy, grim, brick-built Saragossa has a heavy, sullen-looking plaza, which might be taken for a house of detention. In devout, heretic-roasting Seville, the colossal statue of La Fe (The Faith), on the tall tower of the Giralda, looks down upon the bull-ring, and superintends the sport; and the warlike little city of Ronda, as if mindful of its rocky site, and of the part it played in the Moorish wars, has built itself an impregnable plaza, like the keep of a frontier fortress. But the most characteristic of all is that of Merida. In the ancient capital of Lusitania, modern Spain sits upon Roman ruins, like a moss or a mildew; and at Merida the Plaza de Toros is—or rather was, for Merida can no longer afford the luxury of the bull-fight—grafted upon the ruins of a Roman theatre. The semicircular mass of masonry on the east side of the town, known as the Siete Sillas (the Seven Chairs), is perhaps the best-preserved specimen of an ancient theatre in existence, at least as regards the audience portion, the theatre proper. The Spaniards completed the circle after their fashion, and so it came to pass in the fulness of time that the seats on which the Emeriti of Augustus once took their pleasure, were occupied by the holiday-makers of Merida, Terence being replaced by toros. But if those old stones were capable of feeling bitterness at the degradation, they must be comforted now. While they rest firm in their beds, as they did sixteen centuries ago, a few heaps of rubbish, and a few yards of crumbling wall, are all there is to show the quality of the Spanish work.

It is commonly said that the best bull-fights in Spain take place in Seville; but this is not the case now. Centralisation and money have produced their usual effects, and Madrid draws the talent of the kingdom, and in the regular seasons—Spring, and from September to November—turns out the best-found and best-appointed corridas to be seen in Spain. Seville, however, is well supplied with brilliant local performers. Most of the stars of the profession come from Seville or the Seville district of Andalusia, and it yields to none in its devotion to the sport. An impressive spectacle was witnessed in that city a couple of years ago. A veteran espada, long retired from the arena, full of years and honours, partly in deference to the wishes of the public, partly yielding to the impulse of the old war-horse, was tempted to re-enter the ring and kill one more bull before he died. The touching manner in which the good old man performed the operation excited the greatest enthusiasm. Many, it is said, were affected to tears.

The head of the profession, at present, by general acknowledgment, is Cúchares, a portly but powerfully-built man, with an expression of grave humour in his face, and a peculiar twinkle of the eye, which are much more suggestive of a *farceur* than of a bull-fighter. Indeed, he bears a very remarkable likeness to the late Edward Wright of the Adelphi. The forte of Cúchares does not lie in that lofty chivalrous bearing which made Pepe Illo so generally beloved and deeply lamented, or in those marvellous feats of agility which were so much admired in Montes, but rather in the exquisite *aplomb* and *sangfroid* with which he does his work. Cúchares, as he stands eyeing his bull, sword in hand, is a picture, and he seems to throw a kind of glamour over the animal, to puzzle and disconcert him, by his masterly coolness. He never seems to dodge or make any exertion to get out of the way of a rush. All that can be made out is that the bull has missed him, until the proper moment has arrived, and then it is perceived—how the thing was done requires a quick eye to see—that the sword is no longer in the hand of the man, and that its little red hilt just appears in front of the shoulder of the bull. "Capulo tenus abdidit ensem," and he stands with a grave half-smile upon his face, and almost winks. He would not for worlds do so actually, but he goes as near it as his personal dignity and the circumstances allow. He has many rivals, however, whose style of art is by some considered even superior. There are the great Tato, the stalwart Cayetano Sanz, El Gordito—"Fatty,"

as we should say—and half a dozen more, whose *cartes* may be seen competing successfully with those of Prim, Olozaga, Espartero, or Serrano, in the photographers' or printsellers' windows. The coming man we take to be Frascuelo, a slim, lithe youth, whose soul is clearly in his profession. He is not at present of sufficiently high standing to appear generally as a primer espada, a position somewhat analogous to that of a leader in a law case, but he has a very good practice as a sobresaliente, and is highly thought of as an accomplished banderillero. The common banderilla is at least two feet in length, but he in his pride loves to plant banderillas not more than three or four inches long. Also he has a passion for literally taking the bull by the horns—at least, it seems to be a point of honour with him to touch the horns of every bull he meets in the way of business. But his wonderful agility very soon relieves the mind of the spectator from any apprehension as to his being really in danger. The chair feat, that of planting banderillas while sitting in a chair—a new refinement introduced into tauromachian art, of which M. Doré has given us a sketch—is one which he performs to admiration; and he is frequently called upon by public acclamation to take the office of espada, which he does in a manner that justifies the opinion of his admirers, and presages a bright career in the highest walks of his profession. To any of our readers about to see a bull-fight, it is our duty, of course, to say "Don't." But if they persist, as no doubt most of them will when they have a chance, we should say, "Then see a good one;" and if Frascuelo—who, it appears, is also known in private life as Salvador Sanchez—is mentioned in the bills, that opportunity will probably be a fair one for testing how far the sight has any redeeming features.



THE BANDERILLERO IN THE CHAIR.

Even bull-fighting is favoured by the development of the railway system in Spain, for the provincial towns are now no longer dependent on mere local practitioners, but can always get down, per rail, any amount of the highest talent from the metropolis. The more eminent members of the torero profession are by no means fixed stars, but seem to be perpetually on the move, the man that appears on Thursday at Saragossa having performed perhaps at Valladolid on Tuesday, and being set down for a part at Madrid on Sunday. Thus the provinces get their fair share of the ability of the kingdom, and on great and special occasions, such as the Santa Semana, at Seville, or the Festival of the Virgen del Pilar, in the middle of October, at Saragossa, the corridas are, bating a slight tinge of provincialism, just as good as those at Madrid in the height of the season. The usual course is for some individual, or an empresa, or management, to hire the Plaza de Toros, which generally is the property of the municipality, and contract with some eminent professional as primer espada, who brings down with him his company, assistant espadas, picadors, and a competent quadrilla of banderilleros, the empresa finding the inferior attendants, and the bulls and the horses to be killed; for, it must be confessed, the death of the horses, or at least of a fair proportion of them, is almost as much a matter of course as that of the bulls. They are consequently the part of the preparation upon which the least money is spent, and are generally specimens, not of horse-flesh, but of horse-gristle or horse-bone, such as may sometimes be seen in the shafts of a London night cab, but rarely anywhere else. Now and again, a battered broken-down steed, with unmistakable signs of breeding about him, shows in the ring. We remember once seeing a gallant old grey, horribly gored, carry his rider unflinchingly through three combats (in one of which, by the way, he fairly beat off the bull with his heels), and drop at last in



THE BULL LEAPING THE BARRIER

the fourth course, untossed and unconquered, amid the cheers of the arena; for at a bull-fight pluck is always applauded wherever it appears, in man, bull, or horse. But in general the horses are miserable worn-out screws, with neither spirit to face the bull—the right eye is usually bandaged with a handkerchief—nor strength to resist the shock of the mildest charge.

Still, with all its drawbacks, the spectacle must be admitted to have striking features. The first view, as you emerge from the dark passages and galleries into the interior of the bright open plaza, is even grand and imposing. The larger rings accommodate from ten to twelve thousand spectators, and the vast space is filled with pleasure-seekers bent on their "Roman holiday." The sunny side, el sol, is all of a quiver with the red and yellow fans, that make it look like a tulip garden in a gale. The central space is occupied by a lounging, chatting crowd. These are the aficionados proper, the genuine sportsmen, somewhat akin to those who visit the Paddock at the Derby. How they are all to find places is a mystery, for the benches round seem already densely packed; but somehow they do, and the despejo, the clearing out, is effected with even less difficulty than our boasted clearing of the course on a Derby day. The scene, indeed, in many points, reminds one of that great occasion. There are always individuals upon whom the crisis comes when they are at the farthest possible distance from their party, and who have consequently to walk across the empty space under a brisk fire of "chaff," and to smile as if they rather liked it, or else look as if they were deaf. Vague persons there are too, who have no precise idea as to where their seats are, and are repulsed from time to time, and much flurried by the insistance of the officials, to the immense delight of a seated and settled public. But in some unknown manner even these outcasts get stowed away somewhere, and, sharp to the time announced (for in this matter Spain, for once, is punctual), one of the four entrances to the ring is thrown open, and the procession enters, headed by the alguaciles in short cloaks, and hats and feathers, and mounted on capering steeds, which have evidently been subjected recently to some of the recognised stable processes for stimulating action. Behind them walks the primer espada, bright as a butterfly in gay satins of his favourite colour, gold lace, and silk stockings, followed by the other espadas in their colours, and the sobresaliente in his; then come the banderilleros, a brilliant cluster, followed by the chulos, the men whose business it is to draw off, bewilder, and distract the bull, all with their bright-lined cloaks draped picturesquely round their shoulders. Behind them, on their sorry steeds, ride the picadors, glorious as to the upper man in their rakish broad-brimmed hats and gorgeous jackets, but very clumsy below in their buff leggings, which are padded so as to make them look more like gout or dropsy patients than bold bull-fighters. Behind them, gaily tricked out with worsted trappings, come the mules, whose business it is to drag out the bodies of the slain; and behind them, in a well-appointed arena like that of Madrid, come the dogs, tugging and straining at their leashes, and, dog-fashion, trying to cultivate an acquaintance with everybody and everything within the range of their vision. The dogs, it should be observed, are sometimes called for to stimulate a very slack-mettled bull, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance, and even banderillas de fuego fail to exasperate.

The procession, having made obeisance before the box of the presiding authority, whoever he may be, files out, all but two picadors, who take posts at opposite sides of the ring, and the chulos, who station themselves at the palisade, with one foot on the lower ledge, ready to vault over, should the bull prove a nimble customer. The key of the toril, where the bulls are confined, is thrown from the president's box, and carried across by an alguacil, and a sudden and deep silence and stillness fall upon the whole arena. Not a fan flickers; not a whisper is to be heard; of twenty thousand eyes, there is not one—bad cases of squint, of course, excepted—which is not fixed on the door at which the key was delivered. A grating sound of bolts and hinges, a pause, and a rush of a black or dun-coloured object into the middle of the plaza. Then the tongues are unloosed, and a buzz runs round the ring. That is criticism: they are discussing his points, those of his horns in particular. Meanwhile Toro, brought up suddenly by the unexpected nature of the liberty given him, wheels and stares, and with quick turns of the head surveys the crowded ring with the air of one looking out for a friend, whose face he expected to recognise somewhere in the mass. Poor Toro! he has come to the wrong place for that. If he quits himself like a bull of spirit, applause he will get without stint; but he will descry no friendly face in all that crowd—nothing but

> "Wolfish eyes,
> Waiting to see him die."

In truth, he is a noble object, that Spanish bull. To English eyes, accustomed to the slow mounds of meat that here represent his family, he seems at first lean and small; but he is as fine as an antique bronze. He is built like a lion—light and wiry behind, massive and powerful before; with broad, deep chest; vast neck thickly coated with muscle; and small, clean-cut, broad-browed head, topped by a mighty pair of horns, curving forwards and upwards, and sharp as spears—veritable "astas," as in correct ring language they are called. But his portrait, as he stands, has been already taken by a master hand.

> "His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow;
> But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.
> His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,
> Whereon the monster's shaggy mane, like billows curled, ye see.
> His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night.
> Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might.
> Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock,
> Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Alcayde's shock."*

He does not stand long, however. Failing to find a friend, he soon spies a foe; and, with a fierce snort, he dashes at the nearest picador, who receives him with his garrocha on the shoulder, and fends him off, if he can, much as a man in a boat with a boat-hook fends off another boat. This is the crucial test. If the bull be a thoroughly good one, the wound received only exasperates his rage, and leads to a second charge, so fierce and determined that the poor staggering horse, shaken by the first assault, goes down, or it may be up, heels over head; and then the business of the afternoon begins, and connoisseurs and critics settle themselves in their places, and prepare to give their minds to the spectacle. If, however, as rather more frequently happens, the bull is checked by his first reception, he careers over the arena until he comes across the other picador, at whom he goes, in the hope that he may prove less "cunning in fence"

* "The Bull-fight of Gazul." Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

than the first; or else, perhaps, he makes a wild dash for freedom, and clears the barrier between the circus and the narrow corridor that separates it from the spectators. Sometimes even, by a clever "in-and-out" jump, he will get among the public—a feat which we have seen once or twice performed by active bulls. But, as we said in the beginning, the incidents of the bull-fight have been too often described to justify a minute recapitulation of all the scenes in the circle; and indeed it must be confessed, however strange and striking those scenes may be, the work of description would not be always agreeable. One feature, however, we must refer to, as it is missed in the spirited and otherwise accurate sketches of M. Gustave Doré. The routine of a bull-fight is as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It is a tragedy in three acts, with distinct actors in each, and therefore to represent banderilleros and picadors, or picadors and espada in the ring together, as M. Doré has done, is a solecism of the same sort as bringing on the Grave-diggers and the Ghost in Hamlet in the same scene. The bull is first picado, met by the picadors, then banderilleado, stuck with banderillas, the stimulus of fuego, banderillas with fireworks, being applied if he has shown a want of mettle. Then comes the last act of all, and the most impressive, when the espada, dressed more as if for a ballet than for a bull-fight, with the red flag in one hand, and a thin light sword, a mere riband of steel, in the other, stands face to face with the fierce panting beast, all of a glow with rage and pain. Even the bull, in his fury, seems impressed by the temerity of his antagonist, and stares at him with a puzzled kind of "what now?" expression. But even this scene, imposing and intensely exciting as it is, has often something of the disagreeable in it. Often the first, and the second, and even the third thrust fails to do its work, and the gallant brute, with the sword half buried in his body, charges madly round the plaza before he drops, and the cachetero can put an end to his misery. Then the trumpets blow up, the team of mules dashes in, a rope is hitched round the horns of the carcase, and with a whirl of dust and jubilant music out goes poor brave Toro, and in four-and-twenty hours he is stewing in scores of pucheros in the back lanes of the city.

Bull-fights are not, however, always such painful spectacles. At Madrid in the off-season, and occasionally in the larger towns, there are corridas of a less sanguinary sort, in which toros embolados, or bulls with knobs on the points of their horns, figure, as well as novillos, or two-year-old bulls, which are generally incapable of inflicting severe injury on the horses. Sometimes, too, the public is invited to enter the ring and bait a few novillos, just for the fun of the thing. This, however, is not necessarily a sport to be indulged in with impunity: in one of these encounters we saw a youth tossed three or four times in quick succession. The landlord of the hotel, in discussing that bull-fight the next morning, observed that it had proved a better one than could have been expected, five horses and a man having been killed. But if there are tragical, there are also comic incidents. Sometimes Don Quixote and Sancho on Rozinante and Dapple—Rozinante, it is needless to say, looking the part to the life—will engage an embolado bull; or burlesque picadors, mounted on donkeys, will come in to be tossed: that is to say, the donkeys come in for that purpose, for the men, of course, always take very good care to fall off, and get clear at the first touch of the bull. One noble jackass we saw on such an occasion inspired us with the liveliest admiration. He had been knocked down, and then jerked up into the air, half a dozen times—spun aloft as a boy would spin a halfpenny, legs, ears, and tail revolving like the spokes of a wheel,—and as he lay on the ground, his long grave face wore a most thoughtful and resolved expression. He had clearly made up his mind about this singular game. Its object appeared to be to keep him in a recumbent position. As fast as he got upon his legs he was knocked off them; and so he came to the determination that, as he was down, down he would stay, and so save trouble to all parties, and some personal inconvenience to himself. And down he did stay. When the officials with much labour raised his fore-quarters, his hams appeared to be afflicted with paralysis, and when they hauled him up by the tail, he knelt. There was nothing to be done with him, and at last he had to be dragged out sitting, with his legs tucked under him, shaking his long ears, and looking the picture of stolid determination, while the plaza rang with applause at his gallant obstinacy.

Bull-fights of this sort, however, are looked down upon by the aficionados; and though there are generally one or two toros de puntas, bulls whose horns are not tipped, and toros de muerte, or bulls doomed to death, the genuine sportsmen of Spain regard them with somewhat of the same contempt that a regular opera-goer here feels for the English opera out of the season.

One word in conclusion as to the morality of the Spanish national pastime. We have no intention of attempting such a hopeless task as a defence of the bull-fight; but it is, we think, unjust to set it down, as is frequently done, as a proof of the innate cruelty of the Spanish character. It is unquestionably a cruel sport; but there is cruelty, more or less, in every sport in which animals are concerned—in hunting, shooting, fishing, coursing, even in racing. It is a question of degree; in the bull-fight there is more suffering to the animals engaged; but the object is not the production of suffering any more than in any of the other cases. The object is to test pluck, endurance, address, skill, as in any other sport. An instance may occur of actual delight in the exhibition of suffering, as in the case mentioned by Ford, of the old lady who called his attention to the dying horse. But that is not the prevailing sentiment. Look round the ring at Madrid, and you will not see in any face a gleam of pity; but the excitement does not flow from any idea of the infliction of pain. The fact is, that the ordinary Spaniard's mind is on this subject a *tabula rasa*. Its condition is what Johnson would have called "stark insensibility" to the idea of suffering, especially in his fellow-creatures of the animal world. He has never been taught, and it has never occurred to him, that the beetle finds as great a pang as when a giant dies. He has never been led to bestow a thought on the subject of "corporal sufferance." If he is cruel, it is from thoughtlessness and ignorance, like a child, not from actual pleasure in cruelty, like a savage. The bull-fight is not the only proof of this. Most travellers in Spain must have been shocked many a time at the manner in which they have seen animals of all sorts treated, from the horses and mules of the diligence, to the wretched poultry carried to market hung in bunches, and flung about as if they were some tough and hardy species of vegetable; and perhaps the commonest toy which the parents of Spain put into the hands of their children is a live bird, to be taken to pieces as if it were a puzzle, or a dissected map.

Easter Island.

RAPA-NUI, or Easter Island, as it is more commonly called, is a solitary island in the midst of the eastern part of the Pacific Ocean, in lat. 27° 10′ S. and long. 109° 26′ W. It is about 11¼ miles long, and 5¾ broad, and so far out of the ordinary track of vessels, that but little is known of it. Cook visited the island in 1772, remaining there a few days to examine the colossal statues which Roggewin, the Dutch navigator, had seen, but which no one had hitherto closely inspected. At first sight, the island presents a barren appearance; not a tree is to be seen, and, save the few spots planted with sweet potato and sugar-cane, forming green patches, all is covered with sun-dried grass. On the western side lies Cook's Bay, where our great navigator anchored. It is opposite this bay that the native village of Angaroa lies, just above a small sandy beach; close to the sea are two buildings belonging to the mission, and beyond these are the huts of the natives, about a hundred in number. They are built of grass and reeds, of an oval shape, something like a boat bottom up, and are not more than six feet high, with a small square hole for an entrance.

It is only within the last three years that the missionaries have effected a landing, whites having always been repulsed by the natives. The first who arrived led a life of slavery for a year, but through his perseverance and industry all the savages have become Christianised; lately he has been joined by two others. The natives now number not more than six hundred men and three hundred women. Their dress consists, in most cases, of a girdle round their loins, sometimes with the addition of a piece of cloth hanging loosely over their shoulders. In their former savage state they wore large head-dresses made of birds' feathers; they also had necklaces of shells strung on a piece of thread. Their food consists of sweet potato and sugar-cane; the only animal food they have at present is the flesh of rats, but sheep and poultry have lately been added to their stock, and fowls have greatly increased. Water is very scarce, there not being a stream on the island anywhere; the supply is obtained from pools of rain-water formed in the beds of the craters, of which there are three. The largest volcano, Teranokau, is about two miles from the village; its circular crater is about 1,700 yards across at the top, 1,400 yards at the bottom, and about 500 feet deep; the bottom is perfectly flat, covered with reeds and moss, and containing the pools where the natives get their water; the sides slope evenly down to the bottom, though rather steeply, and are covered with vegetation. The other two volcanoes are situated at each extremity of the island. The crater of Otoo-iti at the bottom is about 300 yards in diameter, and is occupied by a pool of water, on one side of which are several of the gigantic images, some standing erect, others fallen down. The features are generally well chiselled; the largest one measures fourteen feet from the top of the head to the chin, nine feet across the shoulders, and eighty feet long. Outside the crater there are also a great number of images; in fact, there are quantities strewn about all over the island, but nowhere in such numbers as at Otoo-iti. It is generally supposed that these images were constructed at a remote period by some former inhabitants of, possibly, a different race; the subject offers, indeed, an interesting problem to the ethnologist. The soil of this remote island, though light, is fertile, and the climate is healthy.

South Polar Lands and the Transit of Venus.

THE necessity of observing the transit of the planet Venus over the sun in 1882, from a station in a high southern latitude—nearer the pole, in fact, than 72°—is already beginning to excite discussion and action among astronomers and geographers. The Astronomer Royal opened the subject in a paper read before the Astronomical Society three months ago, and it has been taken up by Commander Davis (a member of Sir J. Ross's memorable expedition of 1839-43), and discussed at a meeting of the Geographical Society on the 22nd of February. On the accurate observation of the time of the planet's ingress on the sun's disc and egress from it, at stations as wide apart as possible on the surface of the earth, depends the accuracy of the astronomer's calculation of our distance from the sun; and the choice of stations, of course, is limited to those parts of the earth where the sun is sufficiently above the horizon at the hours of occurrence of the phenomenon (between 2 hrs. 5 min. and 8 hrs. 2 min., Greenwich mean solar time), and to areas of land having a climate likely to ensure clear skies for the observation. Two transits of the planet take place in a century; the two occurring at an interval of eight years. The first of these now approaching is on December 8th, 1874, and the second on December 6th, 1882. In the transit of 1874 the position of the planet and sun is such that the method of observing it from two widely distant stations, so as to secure the widest difference of parallax, cannot be carried out, owing to the required stations being in mid-ocean; but in 1882 it happens that the points suitable for the observation, at either side of the earth, are on land; one being in the northern part of North America, and the other on the shores of the south polar continent. The enormous difficulty of approaching this land of perpetual ice and snow, and the little that is known of it, give rise to doubts in the minds of the Astronomer Royal whether the observations, so ardently desired by all men of science, will be carried out. One of the positions suggested by him is Sabrina Land, a tract of the polar continent discovered by Balleny, in 1839, and lying due south of Western Australia. But our knowledge of this portion of the land, and of Terre Adelie, a little further east, discovered by Dumont d'Urville, is of the most shadowy nature. They were not visited by Ross; and Commander Davis believes the coast there to trend east and west, backed by a range of high lands which would intercept the view of the sun, so little elevated above the horizon at the time of the transit, from observers on the shores. Another desirable station is Possession Island, much farther south, on which Ross's expedition landed. This high latitude could not be reached from Van Dieman's Land or New Zealand (one of which must be the starting-point) in time to erect the observatory the same summer, so that the party of *savans* must be landed the previous summer, and pass a winter in these desolate regions. The islands off the coast abound in penguins, but the whole region lies almost beyond the zone of vegetable life, a few scanty lichens alone covering the rocks laid bare by the brief summer thaw. Such an expedition, of course, must be a Government undertaking, and whether it is to become a reality or not depends on the expressed desire of the British public that so noble an enterprise be carried out.



THE GATE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

Notes on Spain.—V.

GENERAL VIEW OF SPANISH SCENERY—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PENINSULA, ITS PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY AND STRUCTURE—MOUNTAIN CHAINS—THE CITIES—CAPITALS PAST AND PRESENT—INLAND, COAST, AND MOORISH CITIES.

THE scenery and cities of Spain constitute too large a portion of the attractions that entice travellers across the Pyrenees to be passed over without a note; though it must be confessed, to judge by the impressions they seem in a majority of cases to have produced, their title to rank high among the attractions is not, in the estimation of travellers, a very strong one. The commonest verdict about the scenery is, that it is dreary, savage, and monotonous; and that about the towns is, in effect, much to the same purpose; that, picturesque as they are, there is a sameness in their picturesqueness, and, with much that is in the highest degree noble in architecture, a large proportion of what is mean and commonplace. That there is a good deal of truth in this statement of the case cannot be denied; but, if the result is disappointment, it is, as we have before pointed out, because in the case of Spain especially people expect to find as a general rule that which is and must be exceptional. A slight glance at the physical geography of the Spanish peninsula will explain how it comes that, while some speak in raptures of the grand mountain scenery, and the richness and verdure of the plains and valleys, others seem to have had no experience but of the "tawny Spain" of the poet, a vast Sahara of bare, burnt-up steppes. Looking at any tolerably well-executed map of Spain and Portugal, and at a proper distance for generalisation, it will be seen that the framework, or rather the skeleton, on which the mass of the peninsula hangs, is, roughly speaking, a T-shaped structure; the horizontal part being the Pyrenees and their continuation, the long range that under various names runs parallel to the Bay of Biscay and terminates in the north-western corner, in Galicia; the stem, or down stroke, being represented by an irregular mountain chain, which branches off from the other a little beyond the point where the Pyrenees proper end, and, with many bends, but on the whole a due south direction, runs down to the Mediterranean. This latter is the backbone of Spain, and the watershed of the streams that flow into the Atlantic on one side and into the Mediterranean on the other. It varies considerably in height, at one part rising, according to some measurements, to almost 9,000 feet, in the Moncayo near the junction of Old Castile, Navarre, and Arragon, while in others it is not much more than a third of that height. It is, however, rather a central ridge than a mountain range rising above the surface of the country, for, in many places on the eastern side and most on the western, the ground slopes away with a gentle declivity; so that, if it were possible to take a bird's-eye or balloon view of the entire peninsula, it would be seen to resemble somewhat the roof of a house, or an open book lying face downwards on a table. It will be observed, also, that this range or ridge divides the peninsula into two very unequal proportions; that while on the western side the Atlantic coast descends in a line parallel with the ridge, on the eastern the Mediterranean coast-line inclines inwards towards it, and meets it at the south-eastern angle at the Cabo de Gata. Thus there is a square on the left-hand side of the T, and a triangle on the right; consequently, the declivity on the right, or east, side is greater towards the lower angle of the triangle than that on the other side, and the warm winds and clouds coming from the Mediterranean are soon intercepted, and as they rise to cross the

barrier are robbed of their moisture, which falls back towards the coast. Hence it is in this angle that we find the garden of Spain, that luxuriant strip of country that extends from Murcia up to Catalonia, in vegetation the richest and most varied tract in Europe, where everything seems to flourish, the date-palm, the pomegranate, the carob, the aloe, and the cactus, as well as the plants and fruit trees more properly belonging to the temperate zone. To this strip may be added what in reality is its continuation—the narrow border running westwards to Malaga. For, though for clearness sake we have described the stem of the T as ending at the Cabo de Gata, it in truth bends to the left and finishes in a becoming flourish with the lordly Sierra Nevada, the Ronda mountains, and Gibraltar.

With the other, the western side of the ridge, the case is very different. There the winds from the Mediterranean arrive desiccated in their ascent; while those which come from the Atlantic have to travel some hundred of miles up-hill, shedding their moisture as they go. Portugal takes heavy toll of them as they pass, and consequently Spain is left high and dry. There is, therefore, stretching across the peninsula nearly from north to south a broad belt of the most rainless country in Europe, except perhaps some parts of Russia. Nature having done so much, man has given a helping hand. The Spaniard's carelessness and even dislike of trees has denuded the mountain side of the forests which, as we can see by the samples left on the Guadarrama Sierra and on one or two other spots, have once covered them more or less completely. There are no sponges to retain, no reservoirs to catch and gradually distribute such rain as does fall, and it can only roll off the penthouse roof by those great natural gutters, the Douro, the Tagus, the Guadiana, and the Guadalquivir. Those rivers themselves, indeed, tell the story plainly enough. They suggest a life alternating between drought and flood; for the most part, either wandering over vast expanses of gravel, or else rolling along between steep high banks, in deep troughs cut by the force of rushing waters. So it comes that, while on the one side there is a rich moist country teeming with vegetable life in every form, on the other there is a country, not indeed barren, for it yields corn, wine, and oil in abundance, but parched and bare to the eye, with little vegetation except wheat, vines, and olives, a true "Belad-el-jard," a dry and stripped country. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that a traveller crossing the middle of the peninsula from north to south might count the trees he will pass between the Bidassoa and the Bay of Cadiz; or at least from the moment when, issuing from the Pyrenean defiles, he leaves behind the green woody Basque country, and enters upon the genuine tawny Spain by the plain of Vittoria, until, approaching the sea, he comes within sight of the hills of Jerez. Beyond Valladolid he will see some stone-pines, with their round green heads dotting the great yellow expanse across which the railway stretches. Turning a corner of the Guadarrama mountains, he comes upon a few stunted firs together with some masses of more refreshing foliage about the Escorial. Madrid has some instances of what, for the nonce, may pass for trees, in the Royal Park, in the Buen Retiro, and along the line of the Prado; but there is not one between it and that patch of greenery at Aranjuez, about which the Spaniards (and who can blame them?) brag as if there were no other trees and water in the universe, and in which they revel, wallow, one may say, like the hippopotamus in his tank. And then, except for an evergreen oak or elm or two on the sides of the Sierra Morena, there are no more all the way across La Mancha and through Andalusia, down the valley of the Guadalquivir. There are, to be sure, plenty of olives along the banks of "that sweet river," as Lord Byron called it. It is, in sober truth, about the most monotonous, muddy, and generally ugly stream in Europe, and at Seville—where Don Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont—usually the reverse of sweet. But, "such tricks hath strong imagination," that it gives "deep blue eyes" to the peasant girls of the Rhine; mounts the picadors at the bull-fight on "gallant steeds;" and sends out the corse of the bull "piled high" upon a "decorated car." Olives, however, cannot be allowed to count as trees; and, not counting them, all the trees the traveller will see on either side of the road during that journey of about 750 miles might be enclosed within the limits of Kensington Gardens without overcrowding.

The secondary mountain chains must not, however, be omitted in the bird's-eye view. Of these, it will be seen, there are four, branching off from the central stem in a westerly or rather south-westerly direction, and dividing the slope into as many compartments. The first is the great Castilian chain which springs from the Moncayo above-mentioned, and under the various names of the Guadarrama, Gredos, Bejar, Gata, and Estrella Sierras, divides Old Castile from New, the province of Salamanca from Estremadura, and crosses Portugal to the Atlantic. The next is the range made up of the Sierras of Toledo and Guadalupe, separating the basin of the Tagus from that of the Guadiana. Then comes the long line of Sierra Morena between the Guadiana and the Guadalquivir, and forming the northern boundary of Andalusia; and, lastly, there is that compound chain which, as we said before, is more properly the termination of the main ridge than a branch from it, the Sierra Nevada, the Sierra Tejeda, and the confused mountain mass of the Serrania of Ronda.

Of these, the three first are crossed in the course of the journey described above, but the passage affords but little true mountain scenery. The old road from Valladolid, across the Guadarrama, by Segovia and San Ildefonso, rising in zigzags through the great pine forest, and topping the barrier at one of its grandest and boldest parts, had in this respect a great advantage over the modern railway line, which, taking advantage of the dislocations of the chain, merely winds along slopes strewed with granite blocks, and lands the traveller in front of the Escorial without having given him any one of the sensations due to the crossing of a great mountain range. The truth is that, though the positive elevation of these mountains is very considerable—the culminating point of this portion, the Peñalara, is said to be 8,500 feet, and is, probably, not much less—their height relatively to the plain or slope out of which they rise is not great. The town of Avila, a little beyond which the railway begins the ascent, is already some 3,500 feet above the sea level, two or three hundred feet higher than Chamouni; and the Escorial on the other side, where the plateau of New Castile commences, is very little lower, so that there is here very little elevation to be got over. Further on to the west the chain does indeed assume the features of a lofty mountain range, where, while the plain slopes away towards the sea, the mountains rise in height, reaching, in the Picos de Gredos and Sierra de Bejar, to about 10,000 feet, and, though not actually snow-capped, preserving snow in considerable quantities all the year round. It is the

same with the other chains. Indeed, at the point where the high road to Andalusia and the railroad pass it, the elevation of the second of the four above-mentioned ranges is not even perceptible to the eye. Far away to the right the Toledo Sierra may be seen, but here the mountains, to use the expressive phrase of French physical geography, "*s'effacent peu à peu dans le grand plateau*," and there is nothing to mark the line of their ridge but a few gentle undulations that are not even hills. The passage of the Sierra Morena by the fine wild gorge of the Despeñaperros is certainly not deficient in grandeur, but the pass is not on such a scale as to enable the traveller to realise the fact that he is crossing a mountain barrier some 6,000 feet high. Even the Sierra Nevada itself, the loftiest of all the Spanish mountains, and, next to the Alps, of all the mountains in Europe, fails to convey a true idea of its height, for the elevation of the Vega of Granada, from which it is usually seen, robs it of about 2,500 feet of its stature.

It will be seen, therefore, that the traveller passing through the heart of Spain by the ordinary beaten track will see little to justify the eulogiums he has heard passed on Spanish scenery, and much to confirm any previous ideas he may have had about the bareness, bleakness, and monotony of the country. Not that there is not a certain grim grandeur about these vast lifeless plains. To the eye accustomed to the green rolling landscapes of England there is even a kind of charm, for a time at least, in the boundless, treeless, tanned expanses of Central Spain. For varied scenery he must extend his wanderings, and penetrate into the nooks and corners of the peninsula; for, though Spain is, after Switzerland, the most mountainous country in Europe—being, as we have already shown, properly all one mountain—the Spanish mountains are not like the Swiss. They do not come to meet the tourist wherever he may choose to wander; if he wants them he must do as Mohammed did. The search will frequently be attended with some degree of personal inconvenience, and perhaps it is, on the whole, a quest in which those who have an insuperable repugnance to what is generally understood by the phrase "roughing it," had better abstain from engaging. But any one who can endure occasional rough travelling and rough lodging will find abundant compensation. The Spanish side of the Pyrenees, for instance, is in many respects better worth the attention of the lover of mountain scenery than the French. The differences between the two sides are very considerable. The Spanish is much less wooded than the French, nor have the valleys so much of that deep ravine-like character which prevails on the north. The "cirque" formation also, which in two or three places is such a striking feature in the scenery of the French Pyrenees, is hardly at all represented on the Spanish side. On the other hand, the mountain forms are much bolder and more imposing, the valleys grander and more tortuous, and the views more extensive. Besides which, it is on the Spanish side that the highest summits of the Pyrenees are found, rising out of spurs which project southwards from the main chain, and here also are to be found all the glaciers that deserve the name, that of the Vignemale excepted.

The prolongation of the Pyrenees to the westward, by what is sometimes called the Cantabrian chain, contains also some of the finest scenery in Spain. The mountains are indeed less elevated, approaching the height of only 10,000 feet in one or two places, as in the Picos de Europa, between Santander and Oviedo, and consequently have no snow or glacier beauties to boast of. But they abound with glens and valleys of a beauty equal to, if not surpassing, that of those belonging to the Pyrenees proper, and their proximity to the sea has in most parts clothed their sides with a wonderfully rich and varied foliage. The narrow strip of country lying along the shore of the Bay of Biscay, and made up of the Basque provinces, Santander, the Asturias, and Galicia, is in fact in some degree the complement of that other strip above-mentioned, stretching along the Mediterranean coast, and the same causes have produced the same effects, the difference being that due to the difference of latitude, and of Atlantic and Mediterranean influences. In the one case we have date palms, pomegranates, and carobs; in the others, oak and walnuts, apples and pears. On the one side the gardens of Damascus; on the other the hills of Devonshire. The passage, too, from this coast country into the interior illustrates what has been already said about the structure and features of Central Spain. The high road, for instance, from Oviedo to Leon mounts up-hill for about five and twenty miles to the Puerto de Pajares, the latter part ascending by zig-zags, like those of the Simplon or St. Gothard, and all, except the last thousand feet or so, through a richly-wooded country. Arrived at the puerto the traveller sees spread out before him, and almost on a level with him, the vast plain of Leon, stretching away apparently to infinity—a great yellow expanse without a sign of verdure, except some lines of poplars in the far distance, which mark the site of the city of Leon. There are a few miles of very gradual descent, and then commences the great plateau, or rather slope, of Central Spain. The Castilian chain, though not uniformly a grand mountain range, has here and there its intervals of grandeur, as above San Ildefonso, and further on in the neighbourhood of Bejar and Plasencia. In the main ridge of the Peninsula there is at least one portion affording scenery of a high order; that intricate knot of mountains in the Cuenca district, about half way between Madrid and Valencia in a straight line, where the Tagus takes it rise. But perhaps, on the whole, the grandest and most varied mountain scenery in Spain is in the lower part, the westerly bend formed by the Sierra Nevada and its continuation to the Straits of Gibraltar. Indeed, the whole of upper Andalusia, the region included by the old Moorish kingdom of Jaen and Granada, is a rugged highland country, a fit stronghold for a race of mountaineers like the Berbers; and in this respect it presents a strong contrast to the flat dreary plains of Cordova and Seville. Fine as is the view of the Sierra Nevada from Granada, it gives no idea of the scenery that lies hidden in its inmost recesses, among the precipices overhanging the glacier source of the Genil, and in the wild valleys of the Alpujarras, where eternal snow glitters above, while below lies the blue Mediterranean, fringed with the vegetation of the tropics. Here, and in the range that runs on to Malaga, and in that wonderful network of mountains, the Serrania of Ronda, is some of the finest mountain scenery, not only in Spain, but in Europe; scenery, too, of a sort that has no other example in Europe, for it is here that "Europe and Afric on each other gaze," and there is in these mountains a distinct reflection of the rich glow, as well as of the fierceness and savageness of Africa.

The summary we have given will perhaps serve to show what travellers who adhere to the beaten tracks have to expect in the way of scenery, and also, to some extent, what there is to be seen by those who choose to diverge from them. A word

or two must now be devoted to the cities of Spain, considered from the same summary or bird's-eye point of view. Madrid is, of course, for many reasons, the city of Spain of which foreigners see most, and from which they take most of their impressions about Spanish towns, and it is unfortunate that it should be so. It is not merely that the capital is not a good representative Spanish town. That may be said of Barcelona, for instance. But if Barcelona is not strictly Spanish in aspect, it is thoroughly Catalan, and full of distinctive character; while Madrid is wholly characterless, being, in fact, a kind of mongrel town, very much like the coat of the modern Madrileño dandy, in which you have the French cut imitated in Spanish materials by a Spanish tailor. There is nothing dignified, picturesque, venerable, or even respectable about Madrid. From a distance, indeed, and from one or two points of view, such as that on the north side, where the Royal Palace and Park form the foreground of the picture, the city does look rather imposing. A stranger, too, is apt to be taken at first by the famous Puerta del Sol and the Calle de Alcalá and the Carrera de San Geronimo, about which there is at first sight a certain kind of stateliness, and perhaps he will think the line of the Prado, all things considered, a very fair imitation of the Champs Elysées. But he will probably find in the end a strong flavouring of the commonplace pervading these and the other more ambitious efforts of Madrid at metropolitan magnificence. There is, to be sure, one portion of the city which will find favour in the eye of the artist, the fine old Plaza Mayor, the Calle de Toledo, and one or two of the older streets in that neighbourhood; but, in general, the back streets of Madrid are mean as the great thoroughfares and aristocratic parts are commonplace. Most people who visit Toledo after Madrid will lament the fickleness or wilfulness of Charles V. that robbed Spain of the chance of possessing a capital as noble in site as in pedigree. The present little city on its rocky peninsula would of course have been insufficient, but it would have made a magnificent citadel or arx, while half the development that has been thrown away upon Madrid would have sufficed to supplement it with the most grandly planted city in Europe. With that bold curve of beetling rock sweeping round it on the south crowned with buildings, the gorge between spanned by lofty bridges, the glorious cathedral cleared of the incrustations that have formed round and hide its base, and for a royal palace the great Alcazar towering high above the Tagus, Toledo would have made a capital that Spain would have gloried in and Europe envied.

The true capital, however, of the Peninsula would, of course, have been Lisbon, had the union with Portugal lasted.



ALICANTE.

Toledo has the advantages of a central position, prestige, historical associations, venerable antiquity, and a lordly site; but all these would scarcely have counterbalanced the commanding situation of Lisbon and its land-locked port, where all the navies of the world might ride within a cable's length of the city. Valladolid is another of the ex-capitals of Spain, but without any of the claims of Toledo. It is, however, immensely superior to Madrid, even in situation, which is its weakest point. Valladolid is a good specimen of the genuine old Spanish city—the city of the central provinces; a city which has everywhere about it an unmistakable air of having seen better days, by no means melancholy, only grave, and without much light-hearted display in the way of colour or elaborate architectural ornamentation. Of these the old Spanish cities are somewhat sparing, as far as their own private adornment is concerned, being, for the most part, massive and severe rather than light or graceful in architecture; but they bestow it freely on the Church, as may be seen in the cases of Burgos, Leon,



PALM GROVES OF ELCHE, NEAR ALICANTE.

Salamanca, Avila, and Segovia. Cadiz and the Mediterranean coast cities, Malaga, Alicante, Valencia, and Barcelona, wear a very different aspect, partly owing to the difference of climate, partly to commerce, which has kept them free from the rust that has settled upon the old-fashioned towns of the interior. They are brighter and more lively, more cosmopolitan in style, and less stately, sombre, and dignified. Another group of cities, distinct from both of these, is that of the Moorish cities of Andalusia, of which the best representatives are, perhaps, the capitals of the four kingdoms, Seville, Cordova, Jaen, and Granada. Here the prevailing tone is that of the true Oriental city, with its narrow winding streets, adapted to the wants of pedestrians and horsemen only, and full of contrivances to keep out the rays of the sun and the prying eyes of humanity, with awnings overhead stretched from roof to roof, small jealous-looking grated windows, and narrow doors, through which, as you pass, you catch a glimpse of the cool shady patio inside, with its shrubs and galleries. The chief architectural ornaments of these cities are, of course, chiefly Spanish. The crowning ornament of Seville, it is true, is the beautiful minaret of the Giralda, which now does duty as the belfry of the cathedral; but the Moors rarely bestowed any pains upon the outside of their buildings. To look at the studiously unpromising exterior of the great mosque at Cordova, or of the Alhambra, the tower of Comares, and the Casa Real, no one unused to the ways of Moorish architects could suspect the existence of the world of beauty that lies inside. A description of these, however, does not belong to our plan. A score of books, not to speak of the exhaustive pages of Ford, have made every reader familiar with the relics of Moorish art scattered through Andalusia; and our object has been merely to give a general view of Spain and of some of the Cosas de España.

Overland Route to the Pacific through British America.

THE approach towards completion of the United States trunk line of railway across the continent, to connect New York with San Francisco, naturally draws attention to the facilities for a similar inter-oceanic route on British soil. The territories lying between the new dominion of Canada and British Columbia have been subjected to a succession of scientific surveys for that purpose, and the Inter-colonial line, now in the hands of the contractors, will form no inconsiderable portion of such a line. The Inter-colonial (with its continuation, the Grand Trunk, now running) will establish railway communication between the Atlantic and the Great Lakes. Thus the traveller, landing at Halifax, will find himself within a day's distance of Ottawa, the political capital of the Canadian Confederation. Arriving at Ottawa, he may now, under present arrangements, proceed on to Chicago by Grand Trunk; and thence to the shores of the Pacific by the United States line, whose completion is promised within the present year. Of course, it is a question for consideration whether this combination of Canadian and United States lines of railway, now or very soon to be in complete working order, would not seem sufficient, for a period, for communication between our Atlantic and Pacific settlements, as well as for such through traffic across the American continent as we may need for China, Japan, and our own Australasian colonies. However, as the practicability of an overland route, purely on British soil, has been the subject of much discussion, we devote a few words to the geographical features of the country lying between Ottawa and the British portion of the Pacific seaboard. The general opinion appears to be in favour of such a route breaking off from existing railway lines at Ottawa. A still longer adherence to the Grand Trunk system has been suggested, but without attaining much general concurrence.

Proceeding due west from Ottawa, we reach, at about 200 miles' distance, the boundaries of the new dominion, and enter upon the vast territories of the Hudson's Bay Company. These 200 miles lie through the least inviting portion of the whole of the British Confederation. This belt of country, known under the title of the Laurentides, and which, from its geological formation, has added a well-known name to the science (the Laurential formation), commences with the northern shores of the St. Lawrence, proceeds for some distance in a westerly course, and then sweeps round towards the north, in the direction of the Polar regions, finally entering within the Arctic Circle. It presents a rugged, infertile surface, broken into countless watery wastes of lake, pool, and marsh. In the great abundance of most excellent agricultural and pastoral lands lying on each side of it, there is little probability of the belt of the Laurentides being the scene of any immediate settlement. They are rich, however, in mineral wealth, which, as they form the northern shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, now finds its way to the Atlantic seaboard by water communication. This traffic a railway route would, doubtless, divert into its own channel. For their own sakes, however, the Laurentides are very unlikely to call for railway communication, and their probability of obtaining it must depend on other and ulterior inducements. Beyond the Laurentides we are upon the chartered territory of the Hudson's Bay Company. The boundaries between company and colony have never been very clearly defined. The original charter of Charles II., granting to "the Company of Adventurers of England" this portion of the American continent, conferred upon them "all lands watered by streams flowing into Hudson's Bay." Now the whole of the continent to the north of the United States boundary line forms a continuous network of streams, lakes, and springs, more or less connected with and flowing into each other. Accordingly, an extreme interpretation of the Company's title might cause it to overlie the whole of British territory; and, at periods, such an interpretation was certainly put upon the charter; and, as practical assertion of it, the "forts" and "houses" of the Company are still to be found in various portions of the new dominion, from whence they stretch to the shores of the Pacific and its islands. The resumption by the Crown, however, of such prodigious slices as Vancouver

Island and British Columbia from the Company's hunting grounds, and their erection into British colonies in 1858, have established a precedent for Parliamentary interference. The Company now intimates its willingness to cede the whole of its remaining possessions for fair compensation, and the determining this compensation, with its mode of payment, is understood to be the only impediment to throwing open the whole soil of British America to colonisation.

Proceeding 500 miles north-west through the Company's territory, the confines of Red River settlement are reached, on which it is necessary to say a few words. After leaving the Laurentides behind, the whole aspect of the country begins to assume an appearance of fertility and attractiveness. With the Red River settlement we enter on the great fertile belt, which presents so marked a contrast to the regions to the north and south of it. On the south there is the arid midland desert of the United States, on the north the tract of "strong woods," marsh grounds, and ice-bound morasses, which thence stretches to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. This fertile belt consists of a rich, deep vegetable mould, in which most beautiful prairie country alternates with the finest English park scenery. The chief drawback to Red River colonisation has been the labour and expense of communication with the seaboard settlements, under which this singular little community, originally planted in the heart of the continent by the Earl of Selkirk, with the hardy inhabitants of the Orkney and Shetland Isles, on territory purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company, has languished now for some half century. Canadian communication cannot be said to exist at all, and, hitherto, dealings have been with the United States by way of Minnesota. There are vast wheat lands and illimitable pasture plains; but, in the absence of markets, the farmer has been obliged to burn his superabundant crops, and cattle increase to very little purpose. A bush track is now in course of construction from Canada to Red River settlement, which will confer considerable advantages on its inhabitants. These advantages would, of course, be increased beyond measure by railway communication with the seaboard.

From Red River settlement the fertile belt proceeds at an average breadth of 200 miles until it strikes the base of the Rocky Mountain range; throughout its progress it is readily available for an inter-oceanic route. At its western extremity it undergoes a further extension toward the north, throughout the large district drained by the Peace River and its tributaries. Though lying in higher latitudes, this extension of the fertile belt preserves all its chief characteristics of fertility, salubrity, and highly picturesque appearance. Hitherto, however, its distance from the farthest advance of settlement, in the heart of a vast continent, has left its solitudes untouched, save by the explorer and the servants of the Company. With the discovery of the Cariboo gold mines in British Columbia, on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, the capabilities of the Peace River district for settlement to supply the Cariboo markets was considerably discussed; but as yet no appearance of colonisation has been the result. With the Rocky Mountain range, the termination of the Hudson's Bay Company's possessions is reached, and we enter on British Columbia.

At the base of the Rocky Mountain range, commence in earnest, as may be readily supposed, the real difficulties of an inter-oceanic railway route. The range rises abruptly from the plain on its Canadian side, and no actual break or gap exists in its stupendous wall. The various passes hitherto from time to time discovered, are either mere depressions of the culminating ridge, or long, tortuous, intricate, and sunless gorges, through which the various streams of the range, after sweeping through several hundred miles of mountain valley, bend their courses to the great chartered territory below. The former of these two kinds, or passes proper, are all more or less steep in their own incline, several miles long, and not free from a considerable depth of snow during six or eight months of the year. The United States route is somewhat fortunate in its pass, for, though attaining to a high elevation (7,000 feet above sea level), yet the rise is so gradual as to be unperceived by the traveller until he reaches the highest point. No such pass has been found to exist on British territory, where, though the elevations are generally less, the incline is more rapid. The Peace River Pass, though the nearest to the Cariboo gold field, is protracted and toilsome, and has long been regarded as the most difficult of all the "portages" to be surmounted by the servants of the Company in their frequent intercourse between its Atlantic and Pacific hunting grounds. Of the various other passes, which late explorations have brought to light, opinion appears to be generally in favour of the Yellow Head Pass, in lat. 52° 54'. It is the most considerable gap yet discovered in the range, rising only to the height of 3,760 feet; and there are other considerations in its favour which we shall endeavour to explain as briefly as possible.

Having crossed the range, the great question remains—what portion of the Pacific coast are we to direct our steps to? The port of New Westminster, the capital of the colony, might appear, at first sight, the most desirable. A slight examination, however, of the territories on which we have now entered, will be found not to bear out this view. British Columbia possesses a Pacific seaboard of 500 miles long, in a direction nearly due north and south. The Fraser, on the banks of which New Westminster stands, discharges its waters at the extreme southern extremity; the bulk of the population, all the mining activity, and much, it would appear, of the agricultural resources of the settlement, lie toward its northern extremity. A route from Yellow Head Pass, or any other neighbouring pass, to New Westminster, could not be accomplished under 600 miles. A route from Yellow Head Pass to the nearest Pacific port of the settlement need not exceed 200 miles. But this is very far from all the disadvantages under which New Westminster labours. In the first place, its site is fifteen miles from the mouth of the Fraser, which at its entrance is not free from shifting banks and shoals; and though New Westminster could be made accessible to the ordinary coasting trade at no very considerable expenditure of labour and capital, yet it would always remain objectionable as a port for the great ocean-going vessels, with which, it may be reasonably expected, the Pacific will, at no very distant period, be amply furnished. In the second place, the nature of the country from the shores of the Pacific to the culminating ridge of the Rocky Mountains is not favourable to such a route, while highly suggestive of shortening all unnecessary distances. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any very satisfactory means of communication could be opened between New Westminster and the interior, either for steam or horse power. Midway between coast and range runs a secondary range, known as the Cascade Range. The land rises abruptly from the seaboard until the summit of the Cascade Range is reached, beyond which there is a level and fertile plain to the foot of the Rocky

Mountains. A desirable pass through the Cascade Range appeared even more difficult of attainment than a Rocky Mountain pass; and certainly none is known to exist as far south as the latitude of New Westminster. The most feasible pass hitherto discovered is that known as the Chilcoatin Pass, traced by Mr. A. Waddington, now representing the interests of British Columbia in this country. The Chilcoatin Pass leads by a level valley to the head of Bute Inlet, on the Pacific, eighty-four miles distant. Bute Inlet is very favourably spoken of as an ocean port.



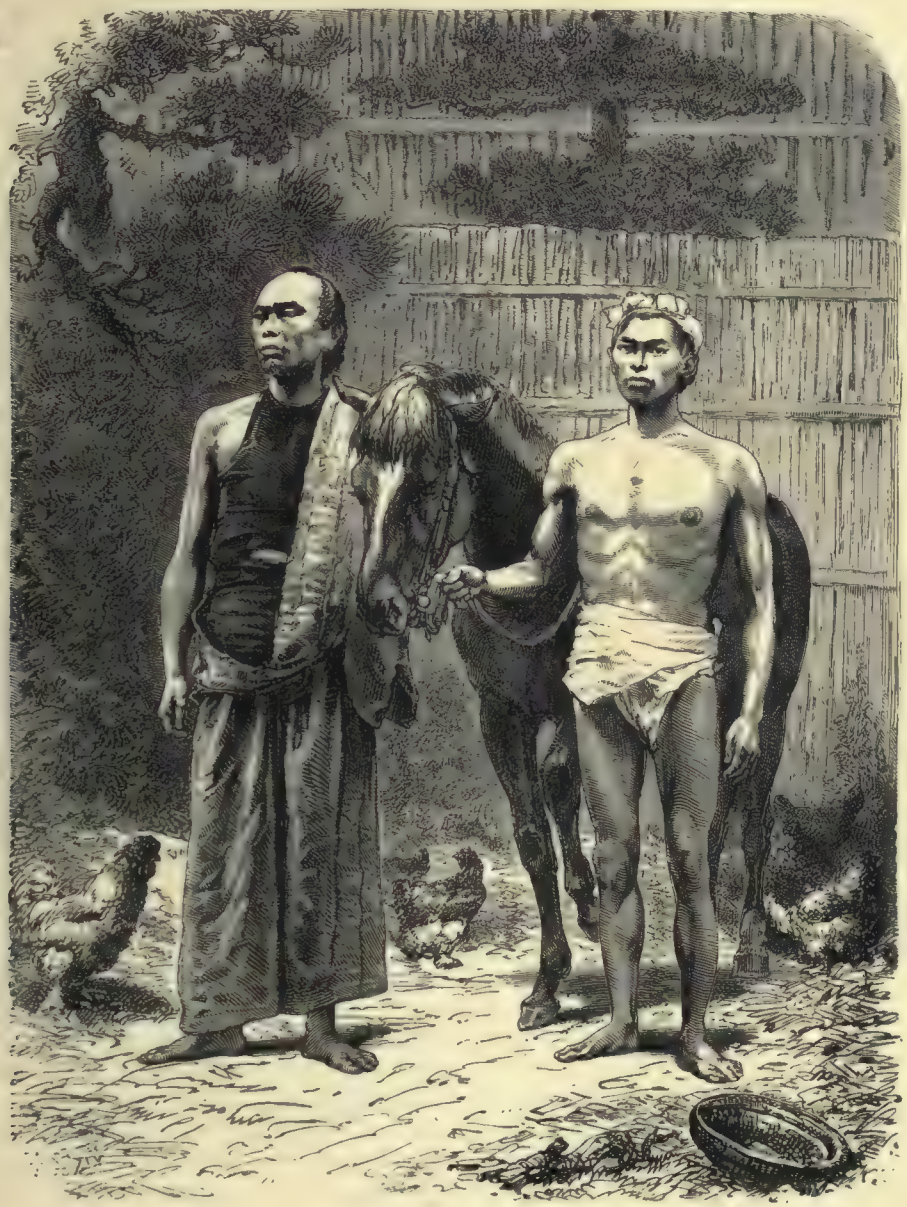
A JAPANESE GOVERNOR.

A European Sojourn in Japan.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, SWISS MINISTER IN JAPAN.

At daybreak, on the 26th of April, 1863, on board the Dutch corvette, *Vice-Admiral Koopman*, I caught sight of the six small mountainous islands which look like outposts of the Gulf of Yeddo. One of them, Myakésima, is remarkable for a lofty and broad peak covered with perpetual snow. The sun soon rose on the horizon, and presented, through the sea fog, the appearance of the crimson globe, which, depicted on a white ground, forms the national arms of Japan. Its first rays lighted up the point of Cape Idsu, on the mainland of Nippon, on the larboard, while, on the north-east, we saw the smoke ascending from the two craters of the island of Ohosima. The town of Simoda, at the extremity of a little bay in the promontory of Idsu, is the first, but least important, of the seats of commerce which is met in ascending the Gulf of Yeddo. The Americans obtained permission from the Government to form a settlement here in 1854. Subsequently the roadstead was destroyed by an earthquake, and this town was not included in the treaty of 1858. Along the coast we perceived a number of fishing boats, and some larger vessels coming from Nippon and the surrounding islands. This animated picture presents a remarkable harmony of colouring; the sky is of a dazzling azure, and the sea, no longer of that dark blue colour which shows a great depth of water, is of a green shade, and possesses that peculiar limpidity which characterises the rocky coasts of Japan. The islands clothed in the brilliant foliage of spring, the dark brown rocks brightened by streaks of ochre, contrasting with the white sails of the native vessels, the snows of Myakésima, and the smoking crater of Ohosima,

combine to form a most charming picture. After passing the volcanic island, on which we observed wooded hills, and even some cultivated fields and villages, we doubled Cape Sagami and entered a narrow channel called the Uraga Canal. Uraga is the town which Commodore Perry visited with his squadron in 1853. The American envoy explained the object of his mission to the delegates of the Japanese government, and the western world. The recollection of this successful mission is preserved in the names of the various places which we passed. Above Uraga is Susquehanna Bay; opposite, on the eastern coast, there is Cape Saratoga; and higher up, on the western side, Mississippi Bay; these three names being those of the principal vessels which formed the American squadron. Perry and Webster Islands, on the west coast,



JAPANESE GROOMS (BÊTOS).

and gave them a lettter for the Tycoon, with which the President of the United States had entrusted him, informing them at the same time that he would return for an answer the following year. On his second visit, in 1854, he resisted the attempts of the governor of Uraga to detain him before that port, and pressed on with his squadron towards Yeddo; but not wishing to outrage the national susceptibilities, he cast anchor eight miles to the south of the capital. Six weeks later, on the 31st of March, 1854, he signed the treaty of Kanagawa, which inaugurated new relations between Japan perpetuate the fame of the commodore of the expedition and of the celebrated secretary of state who was its originator. Opposite Cape Saratoga there is a sand bank, which has been the cause of many disasters, and reduces the navigable channel to six miles in width. We soon entered the Bay of Yeddo, which gradually extends to the north-east and south-west until it is about thirty miles in length, and terminates in a semi-circle of twenty-two miles in diameter from east to west, on which is situated the immense capital of Japan. It was at Mississippi Bay that we first saw the summit of Fusi-Yama,

"the unparalleled mountain," an extinct volcano which rises to the height of 12,450 feet above the sea. It is about fifty nautical miles from the western coast of the bay, and completely isolated, with the exception of the chain of hills of Akoni at its base. It is almost impossible to describe the effect of this enormous, solitary pyramid, covered with snow. It gives an air of great solemnity to the landscapes of the Bay of Yeddo, which independently of this are of a sterner character than those of the gulf. This is caused by the closer proximity of the two shores, the slightly muddy appearance of the water, and the number of cedars, pines, and other gloomy-looking trees which crest the hills along the banks.

At last we doubled Treaty Point, a picturesque promontory, where the agreement was signed between Commodore Perry and the Tycoon's deputies; and then the town of Yokohama, extending along a marshy shore, and enclosed on the south and west by wooded hills, burst suddenly on our sight. About twenty ships of war and merchant vessels of various countries were riding in the harbour, nearly opposite the Frank quarter, which we recognised by its white houses and the flags of the various consulates. Some native junks were anchored at a little distance from the pier head and custom-house stores. We steamed slowly past the Japanese city, the houses in which, with the exception of some of the warehouses, are of wood, and appear to consist of only one storey above the ground-floor.

When we arrived at the Benten quarter, situated at the end of the beach, and at the mouth of a large river, our vessel selected an anchorage near the Dutch legation, which was at that time the only European dwelling in that part of the native town. I disembarked the following morning, and my kind host, M. de Polsbroek, consul-general, installed me in the detached building which he occupied himself. The Dutch residence in Benten was built by the Japanese government, which took advantage of the opportunity to solve an interesting international problem, namely, the suitability of native architecture to the wants of a civilised people. The principal building forms a long square composed of two high walls, with gables on the east and west, and two long, low side-fronts on the north and south. They are built partly of bricks and partly of wood and clay. A spacious wooden verandah, like those of the Swiss châlets, surrounds the north, east, and west sides, and is intersected at each front by a graceful portico leading to the garden. Every room in the house opens on this verandah with glass folding-doors, which take the place of windows. There are four of these doors on the east side, which is entirely occupied by the sitting-room, and eight on the north. The principal entrance is on the west front. It opens into a wide, lofty corridor, leading to the sitting-room, and communicating with the other apartments, which are all independent of each other, having each two doors, one opening into the corridor, and the other into the verandah. The south side contains the kitchen, pantry, cellar, and several bed-chambers and bath-rooms. The loftiness of the ceilings, and the size of the lobby and kitchen, secure a free circulation of air. The light is a good deal intercepted by the verandah; but this is remedied, to some extent, by the number of glass doors. Such was the ground-floor of our dwelling at Benten; and, in fact, the whole of it, for the rest of the immense structure consisted of a complicated roof, the framework of which was quite hollow, without garrets, attics, or skylights. The object of this style of architecture, peculiar to Japan, is to enable the largest buildings, such as temples and palaces, to resist the shocks of earthquakes and the frightful hurricanes known by the name of typhoons. A zigzag staircase ascends the outside of the roof on the south side, and leads to the top of the building, on which there is a terrace. From this airy observatory we have often watched the arrival of the packet with the European mail. And when the proverbial dilatoriness of the Japanese government has condemed us to whole months of inaction, we have ascended there, and imagined ourselves passengers on board a becalmed vessel. Yet, when we cast a glance upon the harbour, with its squadron of foreign ships, and on the European city in course of construction, we felt that the great work of opening Japan to the world was making a real, if slow progress.

The house which I have just described was inhabited by four persons only, the consul-general of the Netherlands, his chancellor, myself, and my Dutch secretary and interpreter; but we were surrounded by a colony of domestics and officials, located in several small houses which were scattered about the thickets in the garden. In one of these, close to our western portico, and which was inhabited by the constable of the consulate, I had established our little photographic studio, and a guard-room for the marines belonging to the Dutch station. At a little distance behind this building, there is a fireproof store, hermetically closed by iron doors and shutters. The porter's lodge is by the side of the gateway, in the strong fence which encloses the garden on all sides except that next the bay, where it is replaced by a bamboo-cane barrier, fixed horizontally above the water, and on a level with the terrace which extends along the shore. This gateway, which is painted black, the same as the fence, and ornamented with copper on the top of the principal pillars, contains three doors: a large double one in the centre, which is only opened for the master of the house and his guests and their visitors, and a small one on each side for the purveyors, native shopkeepers, and domestics. These are open all day, but closed at sunset. The chief porter, a worthy man, and the father of a family, exercises a sort of patriarchal authority over the other servants, and even in the neighbourhood generally. His lodge, in which tea, pipes, and tobacco are always ready, is the rendezvous for all the loungers and gossips in the Benten quarter. This does not interfere with their duties being performed with an accuracy with which we must be satisfied in the extreme East. The functions of the porters, or monbans, as they are called in Japan, are not confined to guarding, opening, and closing the entrances confided to their care; they have to strike the hours, day and night, on gongs suspended at the door of their lodge; by which means they also announce the rank of the person visiting the residence, one stroke being given for a merchant or a citizen of the Frank quarter, two for an officer or interpreter, three for a consul, commander of a vessel, or Japanese governor, and four for a minister or admiral. The distance from the entrance-gate to the house allows time enough to prepare for the suitable reception of the visitor. Finally, the monban has to undertake the responsibility, either in person or through his assistants, of the night rounds, which are made twice an hour, around the

houses and through the alleys of the enclosure. The man who goes the round gives notice that he is passing, by striking three blows, one long and two short, with two square pieces of wood which he carries. In case of danger, he must give the alarm by striking rapidly on the gong.

Along the south side of the fence there is a succession of buildings and yards, carefully concealed behind thick trees. We first come to the laundry, which is managed by a Chinese laundryman; then to the stables, opposite to which are the houses occupied by the grooms or bêtos, who are all Japanese. Each horse has his own bêto, who never loses sight of him; in fact, when any one goes out for a ride, no matter how long, the bêto runs before him or at his side, so as always to be in readiness, if required, to take charge of the animal. These hardy attendants form a regular corporation, with their special jurisdiction, whose chief enjoys the right of wearing a sword in the exercise of his office. These bêtos are generally of middle size, but well proportioned. They pass their lives in a state of almost entire nudity. When they accompany their masters, however, they wear sandals and a blue jacket of slight material, and a head-dress composed of a handkerchief of the same colour. One of our bêtos was married, and every morning at daybreak, seated beside the well, he threw pails of fresh water alternately over his wife, his children, his horse, and himself. Next to the stables comes the kennel, tenanted by a couple of grey-hounds, a beagle, a watchdog, and a cur; then the poultry-yard, stocked with cocks, hens, geese, and ducks of the native breed. At last we come to the dwellings of the comprador, the cooks, and the koskeis. The first is what the Japanese call a Nankingsan—a man of Nankin, or merely, for shortness, a Nankin—that is to say, a Chinese. Our Nankin wore his national costume, and a plait of hair, of which he was very proud, for it reached almost to his knees. The functions of the comprador are similar to those of a steward, and these duties are generally entrusted by Europeans in the extreme East to Chinese, who have a talent for the kitchen, the pantry, and the market, and, it must be added, know how to take care of their perquisites. Our cooks were natives, and, under our superintendence, practised an ingenious culinary eclecticism, borrowed from the schools of Europe, India, China, and Japan. We had as butlers two Japanese called respectively Siden and Sariden, and a little Chinese belonging to the sect of the Taipings, who wore his hair long, and cut at the back of the head in the Malay fashion. He answered to the name of Rebelle. The great rebellion of the Taipings against the Manchu dynasty has created a traffic (through the open ports of China) in young boys and girls who have been carried off by the imperial troops or their allies from the insurgent districts which were given up to the sword and fire.

Thus it was that our little friend "Rebelle" passed from the hands of the Franco-Chinese legion into the market at Shanghai, and from thence to Japan. It happened one day that an express messenger from the French Legation, belonging to the African light infantry, was admitted to our dining-room to present a despatch. Immediately on seeing him Rebelle was seized with a fit of trembling, and quickly disappeared through the verandah door. The poor boy retained but one recollection of his childhood, which thrilled him with horror whenever a chance circumstance recalled it to his memory. It was that of being in the midst of burning houses, when a man in red trousers appeared, who seized him in his arms and carried him away from his home and family.

The duties of valets-de-chambre are performed by the koskeis, who are all natives. Each inhabitant of the residence had his own koskei; mine was a young man of the name of Tô. Like most of the Japanese, he did not know his exact age, but it was evident that he still ranked amongst the youths, as the front of his head was not yet shaved to the top. Tô was gifted with considerable intelligence and lively humour; he was not inferior to our other Japanese in the silence and quietness with which he performed his duties; and he had the advantage of them in a superior education and a kind and lively disposition. It was from Tô that I received my first lesson in Japanese; he gave me the key to it in three words, and without his being at all aware of it. The method he made use of was quite philosophic. The operations of the mind may be resolved into three primary ones: enquiry, negation, and affirmation. As soon as one can express these three operations, the remainder is merely a question of vocabulary, and it only remains to store the memory with a selection of common words to be drawn upon when the occasion requires. We commenced with the enquiry, and I first learnt how to express "is there?" *arimaska;* then we passed on to negation, "there is not," *arimasi;* and lastly affirmation, "there is," *arimas.* Then we proceeded to the words which I was most likely to require, such as *Nippon*, Japan, Japanese; *tchi*, fire; *tcha*, tea; *mà*, a horse; *misu*, water; *funé*, a boat or ship; *kinkwæ*, war, &c.; to which he added words which have become naturalised in the country, such as *Hollanda*, Dutch; *Inglish*, English; *Frantz*, French; *ministro*, minister; *admiral*, admiral. I took every opportunity of practising my lesson. For instance, on my return from a walk, I ordered Tô to bring tea, saying, *Tcha arimaska?* he replied, *Arimas*, and immediately placed the refreshing beverage on the table. Hearing an alarm sounded on the gong, I inquired if there were a fire: *Tchi arimaska?* Tô answered, *Arimas;* and a little while after, when the fire had been subdued, he returned with the agreeable information, *Arimasi.* In the same way I would give him orders to put the water on the fire or to the tea; to call the *bêto*, and have my horse saddled; and on his part he would inform me whether it was the English mail which had just entered the harbour or a man-of-war, or if the Japanese ministers had gone on board the French admiral's vessel. I learned some new words every day, and our conversations became gradually extended.

I have now completed the list of people in our service, with the exception of the crew belonging to the consular sloop, which consisted of four rowers and their commander, who was as skilful in the use of the oars as his subalterns. The commander was a married man, and lived in a cottage on the shore; the rowers generally slept in the boat. These people form a distinct caste, and are called Sendos. This strange mixture of various classes and elements was not peculiar to our establishment, but is common in British India and the extreme east. In our age of freedom and industry we no longer attach countries to ourselves by mere visible force; on the contrary, we unite them to us by the ties of self-interest, by the interchange of commerce, or by rendering their labour remunerative. Too often, despite the principles professed by them, our representatives are guilty of acts equally unworthy with those permitted by the old system of slavery; still it

must be acknowledged that avarice and brutality have less share than formerly in the conquests of civilisation, and that never before has there been so much power and intelligence devoted to the cause of pure science, of social progress, and of Christian charity. To ignore this aspect of our contemporaneous history, even in a simple narrative, would be to exclude the most pathetic and characteristic points of interest which it presents.

That portion of the Japanese town of Yokohama called Benten derives its name from a sea-goddess, who is worshipped in an island to the north-west of the Residence. Previous to the European settlement, this sacred locality was surrounded only by a straggling village, composed of fishermen's and labourers' huts, and separated by a marsh from the equally small village of Yokohama. Now, however, quays, streets, and modern buildings cover the entire space between the foot of the Treaty promontory and the river, from which we were separated only by a street of barracks and Japanese watch-houses. The island of Benten alone has not undergone any alteration. Situated at the extremity of a creek, which the river forms at a short distance from its opening into the harbour, it is protected on all sides by a facing of blocks of granite, and communicates with the streets on the shore by a bridge, which is scarcely visible amongst the mass of shrubs, reeds, and bamboos, which, in that part, overrun the channel. But it was at another point, in the western direction, that we discovered an approach worthy of the sanctity of the place to which it leads. Amongst the streets connecting Benten with the chief market-place of the Japanese town of Yokohama there is one which appears to be shaded by a plantation of pines; and after crossing the municipal barrier, which is closed at night, we found ourselves opposite a long avenue of pines, to which the entrance was through one of the sacred gateways called toris. These are formed of two pillars bent towards each other in such a way as to meet in an acute angle were they not terminated at a certain height by two cross-bars, the upper one being stronger than the other and having its ends slightly bent upwards. The tori always denotes the vicinity of a temple, a chapel, or some other sacred place. What we call natural curiosities, such as a grotto, a spring, a gigantic tree, a fantastic rock, are to the Japanese the objects of pious veneration or superstitious terror, according as their minds are more or less influenced by the Buddhist demonology, and the *bonzes* give expression to these popular feelings by erecting a tori in the neighbourhood of any of these remarkable objects. Sometimes they place a number of these toris at certain intervals along the avenue leading to a temple, thus reproducing, with rustic simplicity, the architectural idea which we see embodied in the Greek propylæum and the colonnade of St. Peter's at Rome. The trees in the avenue of Benten are very tall and slender, and, for the most part, bent in the same direction by the sea breezes. Long tranverse poles are fastened to them, here and there, to whch the *bonzes* suspend garlands, inscriptions, and banners, on festivals. At the end of the avenue there is a second *tori*, not so high as the first, in order to add to the effect of the perspective. On reaching it we were surprised to find that the avenue made a bend, and extended to the right. There the ground was covered with tall grass, and brushwood, and light silvery pines, with airy branches; on our left was a sheet of transparent water, and opposite us a steep and wide wooden bridge, constructed with simple elegance, and beyond this was a third tori, standing out against the dark foliage of a mass of large trees. There was an air of mystery about the whole scene calculated to inspire awe. It was by this bridge, the pillars of which are ornamented with copper, that we at last reached the sacred spot. The third tori, which is decorated at the top with an inscription in letters of gold on a black ground, is built entirely of fine white granite, as are also the various monuments placed along the left of the avenue. The temple was before us, but so much hidden by the foliage of the cedars and pines which surrounded it, that we could scarcely perceive the staircases on which the worshippers kneel when performing their devotions before the altar of the goddess. If the temple is empty, they can summon one of the attendant *bonzes* by ringing, with a long cloth bell-pull, a cluster of little bells fastened to the door. The *bonze* immediately comes out of his lodging, and proceeds, according as he is required, to give advice, to distribute wax lights or amulets, or undertakes to say low masses or musical ones according to the sum paid. It is necessary for every Japanese to wash and dry his face and hands previous to presenting himself before the sanctuary. For this purpose a little chapel is placed at some distance to the right of the temple, containing a basin of holy water for these ablutions, and silk crape napkins hanging on a roller, like the towels in a sacristy. Two neighbouring chapels are used, one to protect the big drum, which is used instead of a bell, and the other to contain the votive offerings of the faithful. The *bonzes* who serve the temple at Benten did not appear rich; their dress was generally slovenly and neglected, and the expression of their countenances stupid, sullen, and evel



TÔ, M. HUMBERT'S VALET-DE-CHAMBRE.

malignant to foreigners, so that we felt inclined to remain at a respectful distance. I never had an opportunity of seeing them officiate, except once in the procession of their patron saint. It appears that at ordinary times they confine themselves during the day to holding conference, and I have seldom seen any one availing himself of their ministry, except country people, and fishermen's wives, and passing pilgrims. But more than once—at sunset, and even far on in the night—I have heard the sound of the tambourines, which form the entire orchestra of the temple of Benten. The *bonzes* keep up an interminable beating on these monotonous instruments, always with the same rhythm; for instance, four loud blows followed by four dull ones, repeated over and over again for whole hours, probably during the time necessary for dispersing malignant influences. Nothing can equal the melancholy impression produced by this dull, measured sound in the silence of night, mingled only with the sighings of the cedar trees and the murmur of the waves breaking on the shore. One can easily perceive that a religion which finds expression in such customs must oppress the minds of the people, and is far from being a natural religion. Paganism is the enemy of human nature; and this is the reason that, as a matter of fact, its appearance provokes, independently of the prejudices of our Christian education, an indescribable and instinctive feeling of repulsion.

The indispensable accompaniments of Japanese temples are tea-houses, or restaurants, where they consume principally tea, and *saki*, an intoxicating drink made from fermented rice; but also fruit, fish, and cakes made of rice or wheat. The passion for opium is unknown in Japan. They smoke very small metal pipes filled with tobacco chopped very small, but quite free from narcotic preparations. These establishments are always served by women, and generally with perfect propriety, but most of them have, notwithstanding, a very bad reputation. This is especially the case with regard to those of Benten, and may, perhaps, be traced back to the period when the little island dedicated to the patroness of the sea still attracted a concourse of pilgrims. The shrine is now comparatively deserted, but the entire space between the island and our residence is occupied by the quarters of the military, or Yakonins, as they are called. They are the government officers employed in the custom-house service in guarding the port and public



BONZES PRAYING.

places, keeping a watch on the outlets of the Frank quarter, &c. They wear no distinguishing dress, except a round, pointed hat of glazed pasteboard, and two sabres on the left side of their belts, one of them large, with a double hilt, and the other small, for close fighting. There are several hundreds of these men, who are generally married; they each have a separate lodging, and are all treated with perfect equality in this respect. The plan which the government of the Tycoon has adopted for the arrangement of these dwellings is so characteristic of their love of exact military organisation that it is worth describing in detail. It consists of a group of wooden buildings built in the shape of a long parallelogram, showing to the street outside merely a high planked enclosure, with low doors at regular intervals. Each of these doors opens into a yard, which contains a small garden, a water-tank, a cooking-range, and other offices. At the bottom of the court, and on the same level, is a spacious chamber, which can be parted off into two or three rooms by means of sliding partitions. This yard and chamber form the whole domestic accommodation of a family of Yakonins. Each of these parallelograms of which the streets of the quarter are composed, contains, on an average, a dozen of these dwellings, six in a row, and back to back. The roofs of the chambers are all of uniform height, and are covered with grey tiles. The Yakonin quarter is a triumph of the genius of pipe-clay and uniformity. The streets are generally deserted, for the men spend the greater part of the day at the custom-house or on guard, and during their absence each family keeps inside its own enclosure, the door of which is usually shut. This does not arise from any jealous feelings on the part of the men, but is rather the result of the social position which custom gives in Japan to the head of the family. The woman looks on him as her lord and master; in his superior presence she devotes herself to domestic affairs, without being distracted by the presence of a stranger, and during his absence she conducts herself with a reserve which may be attributed less to modesty than to the feeling of dependence and submission which marriage entails on her.

Ten Days' Journey in Southern Arizona.

BY WILLIAM A. BELL, B.A., M.B. CANTAB., F.R.G.S.

If the reader will glance for a moment at a map of the western portion of the United States—I mean that which lies west of the Rocky Mountains—the two most southerly territories will be found to be New Mexico and Arizona. Across the southern portion of these regions a river, called the Rio Gila, will be seen, passing from east to west until it reaches the Rio Colorado.

The district lying between this river and the present boundary line of old Mexico is often called the "Gadsden ten million purchase," because, in 1854, it was bought from Mexico by the United States for that number of dollars. The boundary line at first proposed, after the war of 1848, was to have been, for most of the distance between the Rio Grande del Norte on the east and the Rio Colorado on the west, the bed of the Rio Gila. But even as far back as this, the Americans were contemplating a trans-continental railway, and the explorations which had then been made tended to show that the only great depression in the centre of the continent, between the lofty chains of the Rocky Mountains and the still grander ranges of Central America, lay a little below the Rio Gila.

It was said, and with perfect truth, that if the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans were to rise to the height of 4,000 feet, they would meet about the 32nd parallel of latitude in the vast plateau, the Madre Plateau, which lies south of the Rio Gila; while the greater part of the continent to the northward, as well as the plateaus of Mexico to the south, would form two huge islands separated by this strait.

In Colorado territory, the greater part of which averages from 8,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea, the Rocky Mountains bifurcate to the southward and gradually become less and less in height, until, on reaching the 36th parallel, they can no longer be said to exist. Between these forks rises the Rio Grande del Norte, discovered by the Mexicans before De Soto saw the Mississippi, and called *del Norte* because it was to them the most northern river on the continent. It crosses the Madre Plateau, and, in fact, separates it from the *Llano Estacado* and the plains of western Texas.

The Madre Plateau, then, is a vast plain, extending from the Rio Grande on the east for three degrees westward, and separating the Rocky Mountains from those of Mexico. In the summer of 1867 I became a member of a very extensive surveying party, organised by that Pacific Railway Company which is constructing a trans-continental railway from St. Louis, westwards through Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and California to San Francisco, and it fell to my lot to cross this plateau in my wanderings in the Far West.

Two surveying parties were entrusted with the survey and examination of the districts south of the Gila river, each consisting thereabouts of the following: Twenty-five engineers, made up of levellers, transit-men, topographers, draughtsmen, axe-men, flag-men, &c.; thirty cavalry, furnished by the government as escort; cooks, teamsters, strikers, &c. Seven wagons carried the provisions and baggage, and three more were required by the escort, so that in all each party mustered about seventy men, including two or three native guides, ten wagons, sixty mules, and about forty horses; we also found it most desirable to drive a small herd of cattle along with us, to enable us to kill an ox once or twice a week, as occasion required. One party was under the direction of a Mr. Runk, the other of Mr. Eicholtz, both capital fellows, and able men in their profession as engineers. I was attached to Mr. Eicholtz's party, and had at my disposal, in addition to a good riding horse, a four-mule ambulance, in which I carried my medical stores and photographic material, for I combined both the offices of doctor and photographer.

Upon leaving the Rio Grande, and turning our course westward, our party occupied themselves in trying to find a practicable route as far to the north of the Madre Plateau as possible. Several mountain spurs extend down from the north into the plateau, and our object was to discover any short cuts through them, while Mr. Runk's party were running a continuous line in the more level country to the south of us. The first obstacle we encountered on leaving the Rio Grande was Cooke's range, and through this we discovered a fine pass ten miles long, with easy gradients and a good supply of water; we then crossed a plain about forty miles wide, a continuation northwards of the "Great" Plateau. About half way across this plain is a large hot spring, called *Ojo Caliente*, which issues from the top of a mound some thirty feet high. It is probably the crater of an extinct volcano.

From this point the following narrative of ten days' travel begins. I may here add that a complete description of my wanderings in these territories and Northern Mexico will soon be published, and that Major Calhoun, the contributor of the thrilling adventure, "The Passage of the Great Cañon, of the Colorado," which appeared in the first number of the "Illustrated Travels," was one of my companions in this expedition, and did not exaggerate in any respect the almost incredible incidents there recorded.

On Friday, October 25th, 1867, we left Ojo Caliente, and came, in less than three miles, to a very fine spring, which bubbled up vigorously from the ground in a little basin surrounded by lofty cotton-wood trees. The water, however, was hot, but not so hot as that we had left. Here we camped while a reconnaissance was made in advance to discover water and to direct the course of the survey; for we had followed neither road nor trail since leaving the Rio Grande. In the evening the little party returned, and reported open country ahead, but no water, at least for twenty miles, the distance they had been. It was, however, determined to fill up the water-kegs, eight in number, each holding ten gallons, and to push forward to some willows and cotton-wood trees about eighteen miles distant, where we hoped by digging to find a spring. At sunrise next morning (Saturday) we started, traversing a slightly undulating plain, covered, as far as the eye could reach, with the most magnificent pasturage. For five miles, as we followed a dry valley or trough in the plain, our route passed through a continuous grove of cactus plants, averaging from ten to twenty feet in height. Here and there a Yucca plant, or "Spanish bayonet," shot up its lofty stems amongst the cacti, adding very much to the grotesqueness of this curious vegetation. The cactus groves were as thickly stocked with the Gila "quail," a species of grouse, as a moor in Scotland with its feathered game of a similar kind. Enormous coveys of thirty or forty brace rose up on each side as we passed, and ran along in front of our horses.

On reaching the willows, all our digging failed to produce a drop of water; so after trying several places, both up and down the dry bed of a stream, we were obliged to put up with a dry camp. The poor horses, as usual in such a plight, looked the picture of misery after their dusty march, and seemed to ask with their eyes, "Why are we forgotten?" We chained up the mules with extra care, and let them kick away to their heart's content, and make the night hideous with a chorus from their sixty dry throats. Sunday, throughout the expedition, was generally kept as a day of rest; but this was an anxious day to us, for, besides the mules, we had forty horses and five oxen, and scarcely water enough for cooking and drinking purposes. I joined the water-hunters at daybreak, and, armed with spades and picks, as well as our carbines and "six-shooters," we directed our course towards the Burro mountains, the next obstacle to the westward. We had, in fact, nearly crossed the plain between Cooke's range and these mountains, and soon entered a ravine leading up to them. After ascending for seven miles, we were gladdened by the sight of a little water trickling over some rocks. The first glance satisfied me that all was right, and in a few minutes holes were dug in the dry bed, which quickly filled with good spring water.

The water question being thus satisfactorily arranged, a messenger was sent back for the whole party, while we continued our ride, for the purpose of exploring the mountains, and of finding a cañon* supposed to cut through them near our point of junction. We had received very conflicting reports about this range (the Burro Mountains). At a distance of some twenty or thirty miles it does not appear an imposing obstacle, for it seems to consist of three mountain masses, united by two long low ridges; but on approaching these ridges they turned out really to be only long undulations of the plain, which hide from view very rough and formidable mountains behind them. Our first surprise occurred when, on reaching the top of the ridge, we found the real mountains still in front of us. We pressed on, however, and after a few more hours' riding the crest of the main range was gained, and one of the grandest of panoramas burst into view at our feet. To the south lay numerous isolated ranges and peaks, whose names we did not know, stretching far into old Mexico, and rising out of the great Madre Plateau, which lay between us and them, like lofty rock islands from a motionless sea. To the south-east the graceful Florida mountains retained their usual outline, while far beyond them the curious peaks of the Oregon range, whose fluted basaltic columns justly suggest the name, "organ mountains," were distinctly visible near the horizon, although situated east of the Rio Grande, more than 100 miles distant from us. Due east of us lay the range we had left, with Cooke's Peak rising nobly from its centre, and the exit of our pass (Palmer's Pass) distinctly visible. Still following the circle towards the north, the confused mass of the Miembres Mountains came into view; then those of the Santa Rita and Pimos Altos, semi-detached portions of the same. Quite to the north, twenty or thirty miles distant, some very high snow-capped mountains were conspicuous, forming part of that great system of mountains—the Mogollon Ranges, north of the Rio Gila, the home of the bloodthirsty Apache—which has never yet been explored.

The elevation upon which we stood was, in fact, the dividing ridge of the North American continent; the little watercourse at our feet was the first we had reached which flowed down the slopes leading to the Pacific; and the broad arid plains which lay between us and our next obstacle to the westward gave a most extensive forecast of our future course. Nearly forty miles of almost complete desert, with little chance of a drop of water, formed the undulating plain between us and the next westward range—the Peloncello Mountains. To the south-east a secondary range, called from its conical peaks

* This word is derived from the Spanish, and signifies a deep gorge with perpendicular walls.

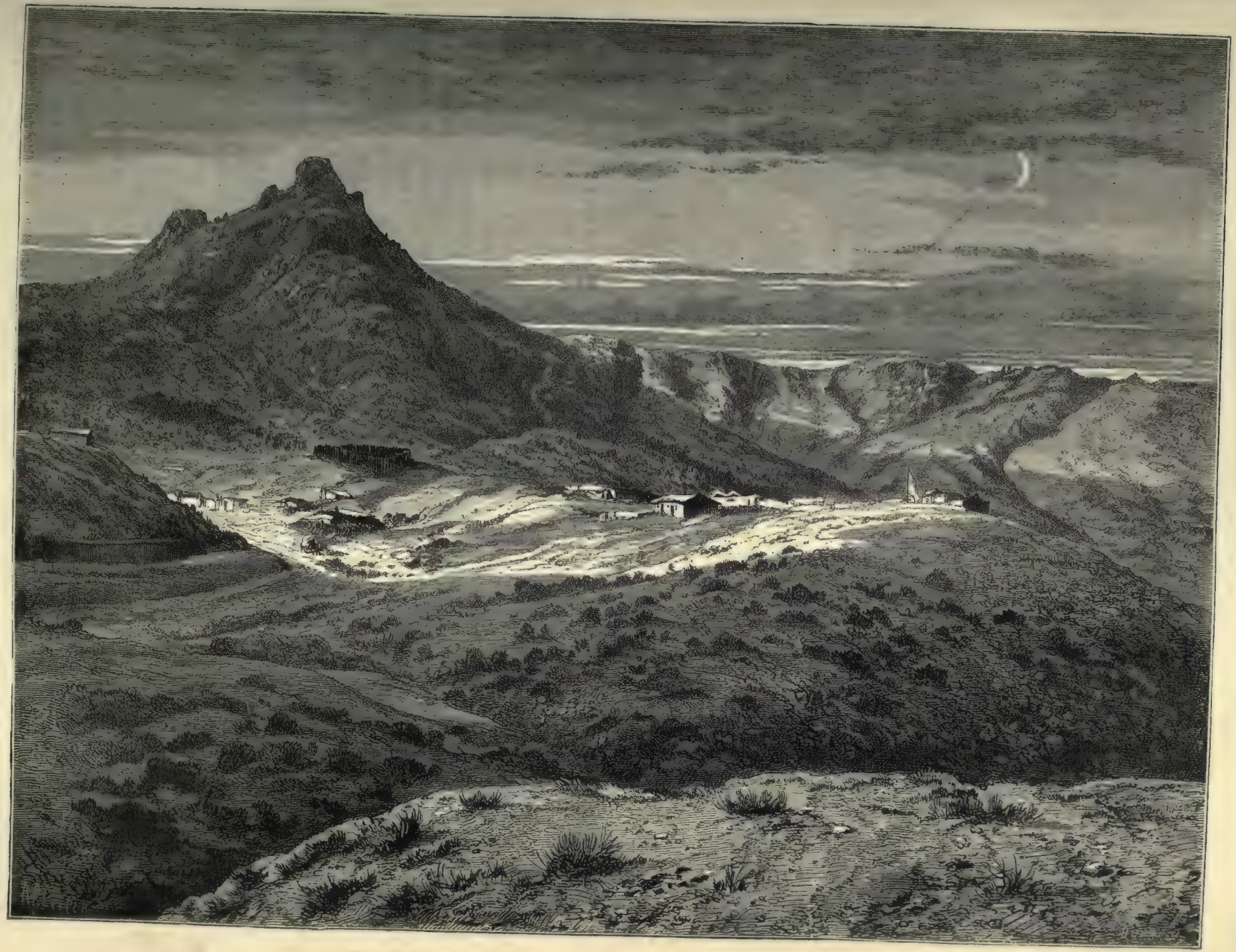
the Pyramid range, filled up further south a part of the centre of this vast tract. Our field of vision did not even end with the Peloncello Mountains, for Juan Arroles, our guide, pointed out in the dim horizon, far beyond them, the rounded peak of Mount Graham, and the two sharp heads of the Dos Cabasas, the most prominent landmarks in the Pino-leno range, and the boundaries on each side of Railroad Pass. These ranges all lay far below us; they evidently rose from a much lower level, and seemed to show, even to the eye, that the ground sloped rapidly down towards the west. So extensive a panorama as that which I have attempted, however feebly, to describe, could never be witnessed in Europe, or in any country where the atmosphere is much impregnated with moisture. For more than one hundred miles, in almost every direction, nothing seemed to limit the extent of our vision but the incapability of our eyes to distinguish objects which were rendered too small from their remoteness.

Our guide knew the cañon we were in search of, and brought us next day directly to its head. It was not by any means a gap in the range, but only a large and well-defined gorge on the western side. We followed it down to the plain. Two miles from the summit a large spring of clear cold water flowed from beneath a perpendicular mass of rock, and formed a stream, which we followed until the cañon, cut out by it, became so narrow and so filled up with rocks and vegetation that we were obliged to bear away to the right, and strike it again lower down. The stream had disappeared in the interval, and the cañon from this point gradually widened out, lost its fertility, and entered the plain as a dry open valley, trending towards the Gila, scarcely twenty miles distant. The length of this cañon, from its head above the spring to its entrance as a cañada or valley on the plain, is about thirteen miles. For half its course many large and beautiful trees adorn the path, amongst which we recognised sycamore, a very beautiful species of evergreen oak very much resembling holly, a black walnut (*Juglans Whippleana*), rough-barked cedar (*Juniperus pachydermia*), pines, piñons, acacia, cypress, mesquit (*Algarobia glandulosa*), plum, and several species of cactus. An Indian trail led through the entire length of the cañon, including the two miles of very narrow gorge, as well as over the hill, by which route we avoided the latter; and it was evident from the recent pony-tracks that the red men still used it, and were probably well acquainted with all our movements. Other signs were recognised by our guide, such as bunches of grass tied up, and arranged so as to point in particular directions, and were looked upon as conclusive evidence of the activity and watchfulness of our hidden but ever-present enemies. Game was abundant; two kinds of quail, black and white-tailed deer, bear, beaver, squirrels, and hares innumerable. Extensive fires had burnt down the bushes and laid bare large tracts of land all along the base of the mountains. While taking advantage of the delay which the difficulties of the country necessitated to enjoy a little deer-stalking and grouse shooting, Lieutenant Lawson, who commanded our escort, and myself were attracted during our rambles by a curious wall of rock which fringed, like a trap-dyke, the summit of a rather lofty range of foot-hills. On reaching the top we found that it consisted of a thick stratum of marble, which had been tilted up vertically to the height of from seven to twenty feet above the ground, and that it extended for miles both ways along the hill-tops. This wall was beautifully variegated with white, grey, and red marbles, and presented the finest, as well as the most singular, exposure of the kind I have ever seen. In many places through the mountains we found quartz ledges, giving good indications of gold; and near the marble wall a vein of galena cropped out, of considerable width. Over this vein I shot a new and beautiful species of mountain grouse. Four days were occupied in trying to find a good pass through the range, but our efforts were useless. We found, after surveying to the summit of the ridge which skirted the base of the mountains, that it was 1,208 feet higher than Ojo Caliente, twenty-three miles distant, and that the average grade for the last three miles had exceeded 160 feet per mile, and this, too, before the mountains themselves had been reached. These Burro Mountains were not, as they appeared to be, an ordinary range rising from the plain, but the crowning ridge or summit of the great continental water-parting; and, although they rose from a much higher base than the ranges to the east and west of them, the slope up to their base was not rapid enough to be distinctly apparent without the aid of our surveyors' levels. Nothing remained for us, therefore, but to abandon the line which we had been surveying, and to pass around the southern extremity of the range, twenty miles distant, on the great Madre Plateau, in which level district Mr. Runk's party was then at work.

October 31st.—A march of seventeen miles parallel to the mountains brought us to Soldier's Farewell, a solitary ruin which was once a station on the mail route, during the short time it was established along the thirty-second parallel. Two miserable water-holes are the great source of attraction in this place. We feared they might have been empty, as it was the end of the dryest season of the year, but a shower of rain early that morning had providentially filled them partly up again. While we looked at the thick green puddle, full of creeping things, slime, and all sorts of abominations, from which we had to drink, a feeling of dread for the future involuntarily crept over us.

The whole country had changed, for we had at last entered that vast plateau upon the thirty-second parallel, which had so long been considered the only practicable line for a railway route across the continent. How thoroughly I pity the lover of the beautiful in nature who is obliged to traverse this frightful plain from El Paso on the Rio Grande to Apache Pass. Although the mountains were still close to us, the landscape was as dreary as could well be conceived. At the bottom of a hollow, caused by some broken ground, lay the two putrid water-holes or ponds, over-looked by the tumbled-down walls of a coralle and ranche. Before us extended an endless parched-up waste; some places were covered with poor grass, others were perfectly bare; and as the wind swept over them clouds of dust were driven along, or whirled up into the air like pillars of smoke.

From Soldier's Farewell we marched westward to the next water-hole, "Barney Station" (twenty-one miles), also an uninhabited ruin like that we had left, and, if anything, more dreary. There were no mountains near it, the land looked a dead level on every side, and not far distant towards the south lay what the Mexicans call a huge "playa," or dry lake. Over such a tract you may travel fifty miles in a straight line, without crossing a water-course. When it rains the water collects in whatever part of the almost mathematically level flat happens to be slightly depressed, and it often covers many square miles of land to the depth of a foot or even less. In such



FORT BOWIE, ARIZONA: SCENE OF THE APACHE ATTACK. *(From a Photograph.)*

places even the scanty grass of the desert will not grow, and the whole earth becomes covered, as soon as the rain water has evaporated, with a hard white shining crust resembling cracked china, thus forming a "playa." The water-hole was here (Barney Station) even more disgusting than those we had left, for it served to water not only the men and stock of the "bull trains" and troops which passed through the country, but all the wild animals dwelling within a radius of many miles. Flocks of birds, large and small, trooped to and fro all day long; it was a beautiful sight to see them all swoop down together like a sheet of feathers, flutter for an instant over the pool, and then flit away. At sunset might be seen at a great distance a V shaped figure approaching from the clouds: this would be a flock of ducks, geese, or teal coming for their evening bath. Unhappy stags and herds of antelope would stealthily approach, and not liking the look of the intruders make off again. Not so the wolves and coyotes; those fellows seemed to suffer frightfully from thirst, for after we had been in camp for a few hours they would become so bold, or rather so eager for water, that neither the whiz of our bullets about their ears nor the crack of our rifles were able to keep them away from the pool.

The extraordinary vividness of the "Mirage" is one of the great peculiarities of this region. We recognised it often on the plains of Western Kansas and elsewhere, but it is not seen to perfection until the Madre Plateau is reached. Half an hour after sunrise is usually the best time to watch for it; then the distant mountains become distorted into the most grotesque and fairy forms. Magnified to many times their natural size, they appear lifted into the sky, and are there cut up, sometimes horizontally, sometimes vertically, by the peculiar magical haze which surrounds everything. Often they looked like terraced citadels, sometimes the phantasm takes a pillared form, and presents to the eye ruined temples like those of Greece or Egypt. This is not only the case with the mountains, for at a little distance everything appears distorted; the horses are changed into giraffes, the tents become elongated into snow-capped peaks, while the tufts of grass and the meagre scrubby vegetation are transformed into noble forests of gigantic trees; every little "playa" becomes a beautiful lake, from the waters of which are seen reflected the magical transformations which all surrounding objects have undergone. So complete is the delusion, that I have often remarked to a companion, as we watched the horsemen ahead of us dashing through the midst of a phantom lake, in which waves, shadows, spray, and sunlight were all portrayed to perfection, "How is it possible thus to disbelieve one's senses in broad daylight?"

Barney Station is 4,211 feet above the sea, and this is about the average height of the entire plateau. During the two days' march from our camp at the foot of the mountains we had descended 2,000 feet. The sun was setting, and I was just securing a striking picture of desolation—that is, a photograph of Barney Station in ruins, when two strange objects appeared in sight. The one developed as it approached into a most dilapidated and old-fashioned coach, the other into an equally shaky spring-cart, and both were drawn by mules; two ladies occupied the former and half a dozen armed soldiers the latter vehicle. The gentlemen of the party, four in number, rode on each side of the coach, and completed the travelling "outfit."

Between the Rio Gila and the Mexican boundary, Arizona boasts of possessing one town, Tucson, on the Santa Cruz river, now I believe the capital of the territory. This was the destination of one of the fair travellers, a very pretty girl of sixteen, in whose veins the fiery blood of Spain had been softened, but not obliterated, by union with that of our own race; she was returning with her father, an American, having just completed her education at St. Louis. Her companion was on her way to join her husband at Fort Bowie, and to share with him the anxieties and solitude of a post which guards the most dangerous pass in Arizona—Apache Pass. We shall presently get a glimpse of what such a life is. It is easy to fancy what extreme pleasure the presence of our fair friends gave us. They were just entering the most dangerous part of their journey, where defiles had to be passed through, in which half a dozen soldiers and four civilians were a very insufficient escort, so that we were delighted to render them the protection which increase of numbers afforded. On the afternoon of November 2nd Mr. Runk's party came in sight, and completed their survey up to our camp that evening. Since parting from us a month ago they had met with open country, and no obstacles but Cooke's Cañon, through which their route lay. The Apaches had succeeded in driving off half their oxen, but beyond this all had gone well with them. Altogether we mustered a large party at Barney Station, and notwithstanding the mud puddle, of which we thankfully drank, and the dreariness of the place, we managed to make ourselves exceedingly jolly. A little whiskey was discovered amongst "somebody's luggage;" the fatted calf, our best bullock, was killed and cooked; and many good stories and bold adventures were told around the camp fires.

Next morning Lieutenant Lawson, commanding the escort, started with nine of our men and some empty wagons, to Fort Bowie, for rations and forage; and our new friends, with Captain Colton, my tent mate, and myself, completed the party by joining him also.

For twenty-one miles we traversed the level plateau, and then entered the next range of mountains, the Peloncello range, halting a short distance within a pass leading through it, known as Stearn's Pass. At this spot was situated the only spring to be met with on the road. It was, however, dry on the surface, and we had not time to deepen it. A beautiful conical mountain, Stearn's Peak, forms a good land-mark for this pass and spring. From Stearn's Peak to Fort Bowie, in Apache Pass, leading through the next mountain range (the Chi-ri-ca-hui), the distance is thirty-six miles, without a drop of water, making in all a "jarmada" of fifty-seven miles, without one drinking station.

We rested until sunset at Stearn's Peak, in order to avoid the heat of the sun, and then started through the grandest part of the pass. The moon was almost at its full, the night was perfectly calm, and a liquid softness pervaded everything. These mountains were infested with Indians; and the ladies were rather nervous, as now and then we passed through a narrow part of the gorge, or underneath some lofty crag. To keep them in good heart we sang songs and choruses, in which they soon joined; these were re-echoed again and again from side to side. The cavalry rode in front, and the infantry brought up the rear. Now and again the horses' hoofs would ring out and rattle over a bed of rocks; or the moon, obscured behind the mountain, would suddenly throw a flood of light over the white wagons and glistening rifles of our party. The air had become very cool and refresning, and

the scenery for at least eight miles through the pass was so grand in its rugged barrenness, that, seen at such a time, it left an impression never to be forgotten.

A march of five hours, at the rate of four miles an hour, brought us to the Cienega de San Simon, where, as the name Cienega implies, there is, at some seasons of the year, a small marsh, with a little stream running through it. We found, as we had expected, no signs whatever of water, but plenty of good grass; so here we made our midnight halt.

Before daybreak next morning our fires were rekindled and our coffee made, for we had carried wood with us from the pass; and before the sun had peeped over the eastern mountains we were again on our way.

Amongst the party was the mail contractor for this road. Twice a week a mail carrier rides from Tucson to Fort Bowie, 106 miles; another then carries the mails on to Soldier's Farewell, 86 miles, where he meets the solitary mail carrier, who had come from La Mesilla, 129 miles to the eastward. The mail bags are exchanged, and each returns the way he came. The men who thus pass unguarded backwards and forwards through a hostile Indian country, require no small share of reckless bravery. Their pay is high, being 200 dollars in gold (or £40) a month. The contractor told me that a year never passed without one or more of his mail carriers being "jumped" by the Indians, under which circumstances he always made a point of carrying the mails himself for a fortnight, at least, over the very section of road upon which his man had been killed; after which he had never any difficulty in finding some one else sufficiently reckless to risk his life for the ordinary remuneration.

During the latter ten miles of our march most of the route lay through thick brushwood, composed of mesquit, grease-weed (*Obione canescens*), two species of aloe, yucca, a very large species of prickly pear, and other cacti, besides many kinds of thorny bushes, which formed an almost impenetrable thicket, very well adapted for an ambuscade. Here and there my companion pointed to spots where one or other of his mail carriers had been killed, or where he himself had been jumped, and related how he had escaped at this place by the speed of his horse, or at that by good service done by his revolver. Many of his anecdotes were most exciting, yet there was no apparent tendency towards exaggeration; while, on the other hand, he openly avowed that the more you have to do with Indian warfare the more you dread the Indians and try to keep out of their way. "Men may be very brave at first, but the continual anxiety soon takes the dash out of them—you bet!"—and this avowal came from a man of undoubted courage.

On reaching the mountains at the entrance of Apache Pass, he pointed to a foot hill on the right, and gave me a little sketch of the Chi-ri-ca-hui Apaches during his residence on the spot. Until the winter of 1861-62, the Apaches of that range had not shown any very determined hostility to the Americans, and the mail company, for the two years during which they ran coaches along this route, kept on good terms with them, by giving occasional presents of blankets and food. At the breaking out of the rebellion, however, an upstart Federal officer, named Barkett, was sent to take charge of this part of the country, and soon after his arrival at the entrance of Apache Pass, where he formed his camp, some Mexicans applied to him about a boy of theirs, whom they suspected had been stolen by the Apaches. Barkett summoned the chief, Cachees, and his head men to the camp. Being on friendly terms with the troops, the Indians immediately responded to the summons. Cachees and his six head men, however, positively denied the charge of kidnapping the boy; upon which orders for their arrest were immediately given. Cachees, in a moment, slit open the canvas of the tent with his scalping-knife, and escaped; his companions were all secured. A man named Wallace, who had long lived on the most amicable terms with the tribe, volunteered to go alone and treat with them. He did so, and sent back a message to Barkett that, in his opinion, the boy had not been stolen by them, but added that he himself was retained as a hostage in their hands. Barkett became furious, and swore that he would hang the red men if the boy was not returned that night; and he kept his word. On the hill to the left, those half-dozen savages were strung up next morning; and, shocking to relate, poor Wallace, who had trusted so implicitly to the personal affection shown for him by the red-skins, was immediately hanged on the summit of the hill on the opposite side of the pass. This tragedy over, Cachees and his entire band fled back once again to their mountain fastnesses, never more to come in contact with the white man, unless in the execution of their unquenchable revenge.

Fort Bowie is situated about six miles up the pass. It consists of a small collection of adobe houses built on the summit of a hill, which rises as a natural look-out station in the centre of the defile, and commands the road both ways for two or three miles of its length. The only officers at the time of our visit were Lieutenant Carrol, Lieutenant Hubbard, and the resident surgeon; the only troops, one small company of forty men. The officers insisted upon Lieutenant Lawson, Colton, and myself, sharing their quarters; they had not had a visitor of any kind for months, and had almost forgotten that the world was inhabited. After luncheon I strolled out upon a higher hill-top to choose a good position for taking a photograph of the fort and pass. The view was a very beautiful one, for we were hemmed in on all sides by lofty mountains, the most conspicuous of which is Helen's Dome, well shown in the engraving. Some two miles distant in the pass the sheep and oxen belonging to the fort were peacefully grazing, when suddenly I perceived a commotion amongst the garrison. All were hurrying to the highest part and looking towards the cattle, from which direction I heard a few shots fired. It appeared on inquiry that the mail carrier going west to Tucson had only gone on his way a short distance past the cattle, just beyond the turning in the road which hid him from the fort, when he suddenly came upon two Indians who were stealthily creeping up towards the stock. Shots were exchanged, and he immediately turned back to give the alarm to the men guarding the cattle, and to the sentinels at the fort. The Indians showed themselves two or three times in the open and then disappeared. It was useless for us, with our wearied horses, to join in the chase after a couple of naked red men, so we remained behind.

So poorly supplied was this little fort, if such a term may be applied to a collection of mud huts, that two horses represented the entire stock. It was customary to keep one of them with the herd and the other in the stable, and the favourite chestnut of the lieutenant's, a high-mettled, splendid creature, happened this day to be at home. It was immediately saddled. Carrol was

quite young; he had only seen eighteen summers, and looked even younger, for his hair was very fair, and he had not the least tinge of whisker on his smooth cheeks. I remember watching him spring with one bound from the ground into his saddle, wave his hand merrily to us, and then dash down the steep winding road which led from the fort to the pass below. Again we saw him racing as fast as the horse could gallop along the pass after the mail carrier, who, being previously mounted, had started off with the infantry. I went back to my photography, for there were many views I wished to obtain, but my friend, Lieutenant Lawson, could not remain long inactive. He was a great character. Although very short, quite grey with years, and not in the least like a military man, he was the gamest little fellow I ever met. So fond of soldiering did he become during the war that he could not settle down again to business. Though one of the steadiest of men, and a religious man—a great rarity out west—he actually left his good wife and family comfortably settled at Cincinnati, changed his social position from wholesale hardware merchant and ex-colonel of volunteers to simple lieutenant in the regular army, and started to join a western regiment. The merest chance of a brush with the Indians was irresistible; so he ordered out his six men and their six jaded horses, and off they went down the winding road, and then away out of sight along the pass.

As the afternoon went by most of the infantry returned by twos and threes, and we were just sitting down to dinner when Lieutenant Lawson and his men rode into the fort. They had hunted about all over the mountains and through the ravines, but had encountered no savages, nor even caught a glimpse of a red-skin. Carrol, to our surprise, was not with them. We made inquiries, and found that all had reported themselves except the lieutenant and the mail carrier. We questioned those who had gone the farthest, and a shepherd just back from over the hills, and these agreed that they had heard the distant report of fire-arms, coming apparently from the western plain. This was the direction the two red-skins had taken. So we saddled our horses without a moment's delay, and, with sickening forebodings in our hearts, started across the mountains to the western plain. We scrambled up the base of Helen's Dome, which was so steep as almost to baffle our horses, well trained as they were to all sorts of bad places; then, after skirting the side for some distance, we crossed a ravine to another mountain slope, down which we plunged, over large blocks of limestone and marble, leading our horses by the bridles, and clambering through them as best we could. And every moment was precious, for the sun had almost set before we reached the plain. Then we spread out in line, nine in number; for there was no enemy in sight, and our only hope was to strike the trail; for we knew they must have passed somewhere in this direction. Every eye was fixed on the ground, every blade of grass was closely scanned; our souls were in our eyes. At last one marked "pony tracks," then another called out, "This way they lead," not two, three, or four tracks, but many; perhaps a dozen. The white men had evidently followed too far in pursuit, and, falling into an ambuscade, had been cut off from their comrades. Most of the hoof-prints were naked, but two were shod. These were certainly those of the missing horses. We could not hurry on very rapidly without losing the trails, and yet there was not half an hour's daylight. For three miles farther we pressed on, carefully "tracking our way." We passed a spot much trampled down and blood-stained. Here the poor fellows had made a stand; had probably tried to cut their way back through their enemies, who were driving them from the fort. A little further, and all hope of *one* life was gone. The mail carrier lay stretched upon the open plain—scalped, naked, and mutilated—in the setting sun. This poor man wore whiskers, and the savages produced even a more startling effect than usual by scalping one of them. Thus half of the face was stripped of skin, and the bleeding muscles were laid bare.

We could not stop a moment; but, dragging up two huge magay plants to mark the spot, we followed the pony-tracks. The sun sank, and it was only by the red glare thrown up from behind the horizon, and reflected by the bare mountains of rock to the east of us, that we were able to track our way. So difficult was it at last that we began to despair of ever learning the fate of poor Carrol. We longed to see his dead body; for the idea of being taken alive to be tortured and roasted over a slow fire, whilst the fiends danced round him, and exulted over his agony, was the one dread consummation which made our blood run cold. No one spoke, for we all knew well that such would be his fate, if that sun had not shone upon his corpse.

As we took a last searching look over the dimly-lighted plain in front of us, we saw an object move slightly on the grass. We quickly rode towards it, and in half a mile further we found that it was the faithful dog of the lieutenant. He was guarding the stiff and lifeless body of his master. So we wrapped the naked body in a saddle-cloth, and tied it on a horse.

But for the moon, we should not have found the spot where the mail carrier lay. We placed him also on another horse, and then turned our faces towards the pass. The wolves were already gathering round the spot, and the night winds were blowing up cold and chill. The night before, that same beautiful moon, which now shone peacefully down upon us, had lighted us through the noble gorge in the Peloncello mountains, while we sang choruses and enjoyed the grandeur of the scene. This night she lighted us through another gorge, in another range of mountains—Apache Pass—but how different were our feelings, as slowly we marched in mournful silence over the nine miles which led up to the fort! Thus ended the 5th of November.

Next morning we buried the poor fellows in the little graveyard amongst the mountains. The doctor read the burial service, and Lieutenant Hubbard, Colton, Lawson, and myself, were the chief mourners. When the final volley had been fired over our two poor comrades, and I turned to glance at the tablets of their companions, I read on the wooden crosses over every grave but one the same sad story of their fate—

"KILLED BY THE APACHES."

When Cachees' six best warriors were wantonly hanged five years before, that bold chief vowed that for every one of his lost comrades, a hundred white men should die by the hands of himself and his band. Two more scalps were thus added to the long strings of those which already hung from the belts of the Chi-ri-ca-hui braves.

North Polar Discovery.

BY J. E. DAVIS, STAFF COMMANDER R.N., F.R.G.S.

WHO that has had the good fortune to travel in Polar regions can ever forget the strange but pleasurable impressions attendant on such a voyage? Even if it be but a pleasure trip to Spitzbergen, or along the coast of Labrador, there is a peculiar charm about it which, once felt, remains for ever afterwards amongst the most cherished memories. The eager tumbling up in the middle of the night—broad daylight—to see the first iceberg, the approach to it in the early morning when the rising sun is converting its upper surface into frosted silver, and its pendant icicles into brilliants of the first water; the indescribably beautiful and intense blue of the fissures and caverns, which ending (in reality) at the water's edge is, if calm, repeated by reflection in the clear water below, while the vast mass immersed is seen until its outline vanishes, without terminating, in the immeasurable depths of the ocean. Or who, on a calm still night at sea, the ship rolling lazily to the swell, has beheld the glorious Aurora Borealis without emotion, spanning the heavens and shooting its brilliant, soft, and ever-changing beams high towards the zenith, making the paled stars glimmer in lessened light through them?

These are scenes witnessed only in the Polar seas, and the impression they produce remains uppermost in the mind of the traveller, whatever other parts of the world he may afterwards visit.

Polar voyages have always had an unmistakable charm for the youth of our country. The hair-breadth escape of the ships from ice; the bear, seal, walrus, or whale hunt; the discovery of lands whereon the eye or foot of civilised man had never rested; the long Arctic night, with the employments, amusements, theatricals, and schools; the preparations for the spring; the wearisome travel with sledges and dogs, the joyous start, daily perils, privation, and difficulties, and the exhausted return; all these incidents of Arctic exploration have been recounted in many vivid narratives, and have been read by our youth with an interest equal to the perusal of the wildest fiction, and, let us hope, have stimulated them to deeds of enterprise and daring.

The thundering plaudits of the undergraduates that greeted the discoverer of the fate of Sir John Franklin, on the occasion of his receiving the honorary title of LL.D. at Oxford, told full well that the youth of our country are as alive to the charm as their forefathers in their younger days; but, alas! it seems that, as far as England is concerned, our feelings and our enthusiasm are to be expended only on bygone deeds, for with the search for Franklin and his companions our polar voyages have come to a close, leaving us only to record the proceedings of explorers belonging to other nations.

In the present article it is intended to give some account of expeditions to the north polar regions, undertaken during the last few years, or since the close of the search for Sir John Franklin, and to take a glance at the present position of north polar discovery, and the different modes and routes proposed for attaining the polar axis itself.

It will be necessary to preface our account with a summary of the various arctic voyages and travels that have been undertaken since the commencement of polar research.

The first English polar expedition of which we have any detailed record was commanded by Sir Hugh Willoughby in 1553, who, after reaching Nova Zembla, as is well known, perished.

> "Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
> The sailor, and the pilot to the helm."—THOMSON.

In 1576, Martin Frobisher, with three small vessels, visited Greenland and Labrador; the principal result of the voyage was the discovery of the strait that bears his name, up which he sailed about one hundred and fifty miles, where he met with—"salvage people like to Tarters, with longe black haire, broad faces, and flatte noses;" a boat's crew of five men were here missed, and although searched for, were never seen again. Among the specimens of natural products brought home was a large stone, which, being submitted to the gold-finers, was pronounced to contain gold.

The next year Frobisher again proceeded to the same strait, where, from an island, he collected a quantity of the ore, and returned to England. In the third voyage the following year fifteen vessels sailed, having on board miners, gold-finers, and skilled men of other trades; also the frame of a large house. Before reaching the strait one of the vessels, having part of the house on board, foundered, the remainder reached Countess of Warwick's Sound, but in such a dilapidated condition that Frobisher resolved to abandon the enterprise, and return to England. It is needless to say that the discovery of gold proved to be a fallacy.

Frobisher was followed by the not less celebrated John Davis, whose name has been immortalised by its being linked to the strait he discovered; he made three voyages and attained the latitude of seventy-two degrees north, on the west coast of Greenland.

The last arctic voyages of the sixteenth century were those of Barentz, a Dutchman, who reached the northern point of Nova Zembla, and also discovered Bear Island and Spitzbergen; he died from exposure and want in an open boat, to which he and his crew had been obliged to take, after enduring intense sufferings when wintering in Nova Zembla.

In 1607, the well-known name of Henry Hudson appears on the list of polar voyagers; first, in an attempt to reach India by crossing the pole; second, to reach the same country by way of Nova Zembla; and third, by the north-west passage. The means furnished him for his first voyage are little in keeping with the outfits of the present time, and one cannot but smile and wonder that a man could be found to undertake so perilous a voyage with such scanty means: the small vessel assigned to him was manned by a crew of ten men and a boy! All he accomplished in that voyage was to reach Spitzbergen.

Hudson's second voyage was without any result, but on the third he discovered Hudson's Strait; believing he had found an opening that would lead direct to India, he sailed up the strait until winter overtook him, when he could neither advance nor return; a season of severe trial and hardship was passed, and when at last the ice broke up and the ship prepared to sail, the crew mutinied, and Hudson was sent adrift in a small boat with only one man and those who were sick. In such a clime and at

such a distance from any civilised country, it is not surprising that nothing was ever heard of the gallant Henry Hudson and his companions. There is some satisfaction in remembering that but few of the mutineers ever reached England.

After nearly a century of inactivity in the cause of polar discovery, an expedition, consisting of two ships, the *Racehorse* and *Carcass*, under Captain Phipps, was sent to attempt to reach the pole by the most direct route, but he found, like his predecessors, that the region north of Spitzbergen was entirely blocked up with ice; Phipps vainly endeavoured to encompass the island east and west, the ships got beset, with every prospect of remaining so for the winter, an eventuality for which they were unprepared; by a sudden break up of the ice the ships were extricated, and, after refitting, sailed home. It is worth recording that a lad served in this expedition who was destined to become a great hero, and rise to the greatest honours in the service to which he belonged—this was Nelson.

The pole having been repeatedly assailed on the eastern side of the great continent of America, an attempt was made to reach it by way of its western shores, and to accomplish this the renowned Captain James Cook left England in 1776; he reached Nootka Sound in the following spring, and coasting north through Behring strait, he attained latitude 70¾°, or as far as Icy Cape, which cape was so encumbered with ice as to prevent further progress eastward. Other minor attempts were made in the same direction, but without greater success.

Polar discovery (as is well known) has not been entirely prosecuted by ships; the expeditions undertaken by land must not be overlooked, not only from the importance of their discoveries, but from the energy, bravery, and devotedness with which they have been conducted—those of Mackenzie, Franklin, Dease, Simpson, and Back, and later still, of Richardson and Rae, will ever be remembered in connection with polar discovery.

Mackenzie started from Fort Chipuoyan, embarked on the river that now bears his name, and descended it to the mouth. The gallant John Franklin, from the same place, descended the Copper-mine river to the entrance, and after a series of sufferings which have seldom been equalled and perhaps never surpassed, returned, but not before one of his party had been cruelly murdered by one of the Canadian Indians who accompanied the party. Franklin's second journey in 1826 was in connection with other expeditions, he then explored the coast from the Copper-mine river to nearly the 150th degree of west longitude.

Back descended the Great Fish river, and reached Port Booth in King William Land, and after an absence of two and a half years returned to England.

During the three years following Back's return, viz., 1837-39, Dease and Simpson—both officers of the Hudson's Bay Company—succeeded in tracing the remaining portion of the arctic shores of the American continent, and thus virtually solved the problem of the connection between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans in the north.

The later journey of Richardson and those of Rae were connected with the search for Sir John Franklin; Dr. Rae, it will be remembered, succeeded in obtaining several articles* that had belonged to the missing expedition, and such information as verified the worst apprehensions entertained as to their fate.

* The articles brought home by Dr. Rae are deposited in a case and placed in the Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital.

Returning again to the eastern side of the continent and the eastern coast of Greenland we must mention the persevering explorations of Scoresby, the captain of a whaler, who combined rare qualities of observation and love of science with energy and courage; he added much to the knowledge of that coast, and also attained a higher northern latitude than any previous voyager.

The attempt of the *Dorothea* and *Trent* to attain the pole failed from the accumulation of ice north of Spitzbergen; a gale obliged the ships to "take" (or run into) the pack for shelter, and in so doing they were nearly crushed, one being rendered almost unseaworthy; they, however, escaped, and returned in safety. Franklin was a lieutenant in this expedition.

After Commander John Ross's ineffectual attempt in 1818, in the *Isabella* and *Alexander*, to proceed west by Lancaster Sound, Captain Parry, with the *Hecla* and *Griper*, not only passed through the Sound, but discovered all the land, straits, and channels to Melville Island, and, passing the 110th degree of west longitude, returned and wintered at Melville Island; the following year he discovered Banks' Land, and being unable to proceed westward on account of the ice, he returned to England; his second voyage was not so successful.

In 1827, Captain Parry made his memorable attempt to reach the pole by means of boats from Spitzbergen. Leaving the ship at that island on the 22nd of June they proceeded eighty miles before meeting ice; then came a struggle, for it was soon evident that a southerly current was setting them south almost as fast as they were travelling north; by dint of great labour and perseverance they reached latitude 82° 43′; then, finding that instead of progressing they were receding, returned to the ship.

Two years later Captain John Ross, in a private expedition, the *Victory*, went down Regent inlet and discovered Boothia Felix; but the greatest and most important discovery of the voyage was that made by Captain Ross's nephew, James Clark Ross—the magnetic pole; this in itself was sufficient to immortalise the voyage, as it has the name of Sir James Clark Ross himself. After being frozen in for two years, the *Victory* was abandoned, and another winter was spent at Fury Beach. In July, 1833, they travelled north, and were fortunately rescued by the whaler *Isabella*.

The expedition under Sir John Franklin in the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with the various expeditions sent in search of him, are so fresh, and have been so repeatedly before the public, that it is unnecessary to say more than that, by land or sea, public and private, they were carried out with a zeal and earnestness too well known to be commented on. Geographical science was advanced by them, and—over the ice—the north-west passage was made. Although from first to last nineteen vessels were engaged in the search, only one small one—the *Advance*—was lost; five fine ships in good order and well-provisioned were abandoned, but with what show of reason or prudence posterity will decide, with calmer judgment than can be arrived at now.

DR. HAYES' VOYAGE TO SMITH SOUND, 1860-61.

Dr. Isaac J. Hayes had accompanied Dr. Kane in his second Arctic expedition to Smith Sound in search of Sir John Franklin, and distinguished himself by his celebrated boat journey from Renssalaer Harbour, in the endeavour to reach Upernavik, a journey of great trial and difficulty, which, although unsuccessful.

has stamped him as a man of energy and nerve, fit to act as a leader in any expedition. On his return to the United States, in 1855, he immediately commenced agitating with a view to further research in the same direction; in this endeavour he was ably seconded by the learned societies in the United States, and although the success attending M'Clintock's voyage in the *Fox* in 1858 had set at rest the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions, the spirit of discovery had taken so firm a hold, that it was resolved to continue the exploration and surveys of the shores of the Polar seas, and also, if possible, to confirm the discoveries reported by Dr. Kane.

A man with less perseverance than Dr. Hayes would have been overcome by the difficulties he had to contend with, but by 1860 the means were forthcoming to fit out an expedition, which, although assuming very modest proportions, was not the less important from the nature of its object. The expedition consisted of one small schooner, of 133 tons, which was patriotically re-christened *The United States;* the crew numbered fourteen in all, and among them a gentleman of much scientific ability—Mr. Augustus Soontag—who accompanied the expedition as astronomer, and who eventually sacrificed his life to his ardour in the pursuit of science.

Early in July Dr. Hayes sailed from Boston, and after being much baffled by fogs off the coast of Newfoundland—which were nearly the means of bringing the little expedition to a premature end, by running on Cape Race—got safely into Davis Strait; on the 30th the arctic circle was crossed, and the event duly celebrated by hoisting bunting and firing guns.

Dr. Hayes seems to have selected the right kind of men for his work; for they were cheerful and contented, notwithstanding the trials and discomforts of the passage up the Strait.

Arrived at Pröven, Dr. Hayes immediately set to work to complete his crew; for although he had well furnished himself with a biped one for arctic purposes, it was incomplete without being supplemented by a quadruped one. To Dr. Hayes' dismay, he found that there had been a pestilence among the dogs, and there was scarcely one to be procured; hoping for better success at Upernavik, on the 12th August he proceeded in his vessel to that port, where he and his companions were hospitably treated by the Danish authorities. Through the kindness of Mr. Hansen, the Danish chief trader, some dogs were obtained, Mr. Hansen generously yielding his own team; an addition was also made to the crew in an interpreter, two sailors, and three dog-drivers, and the little vessel sailed.

On his way to Tessuissak, amongst the icebergs, Dr. Hayes had many opportunities of studying the conditions of these floating monsters, and at times his vessel was in much danger from their sudden irruption; on one occasion the doctor ascended a berg to a height of nearly 200 feet, and from it counted no fewer than 500 bergs, when he gave up the enumeration in despair.

On the 21st, *The United States* was off the settlement of Tessuissak, the last outpost of the Royal Greenland Company, and Dr. Hayes was enabled to complete the number of his dogs to four good teams, thirty dogs in all; their incessant howling and fighting kept Dr. Hayes and his companions alive, although not in the most agreeable manner. An iceberg, that lay grounded off the settlement, was measured by Dr. Hayes, and by his computation contained about 27,000,000,000 of cubical feet, with a weight of about 2,000,000,000 of tons.

Leaving Tessuissak, the expedition safely crossed Melville Bay, and approaching Cape York a look-out was kept for natives, Dr. Hayes hoping to meet a man who had accompanied Dr. Kane in his expedition. A group was seen, one of whom proved to be Hans, the man sought for; with very little persuasion he agreed to accompany Dr. Hayes, and, with his wife and child, was taken on board, and the little schooner again bounded on her onward course.

With wild weather they entered Smith Sound, and were obliged to seek protection under the land, southward of Cape Alexander, the lofty peak of which was enveloped in a white cloud, a sure token of wind in these regions.

It was Dr. Hayes' wish to get across to the west shore of the Sound, but pack ice obstructed him; and after much crushing from the ice Dr. Hayes succeeded in getting into a snug little harbour in Hartstene Bay, in latitude 78° 17′, about twenty miles to the southward of Renssalaer harbour, and eight north-east from Cape Alexander. This harbour Hayes named Port Foulke, in honour of one of his earliest and firmest supporters and friends, Mr. William Parker Foulke. Ice soon closed them in, and preparation was made for passing the winter.

Many reindeer were found in the vicinity of the harbour, and the natives whom Dr. Hayes had shipped at Upernavik were brought into use to hunt them, and many were secured, and carefully added to the stock of provisions. An observatory was erected, and the record of observations duly commenced. The dogs were formed into teams and practised along the smooth surface of the fiord, and great was the amusement caused by the attempts of Dr. Hayes and Mr. Soontag to manage their canine teams; the vigorous exercise of the whip-arm and the constant application of the lash being absolutely necessary to their well-being and well-doing.

Dr. Hayes visited the glacier discovered by Dr. Kane in 1855, and called by him, "my brother John's glacier." On the 22nd, with men and sledge lightly equipped, he reached the foot of the glacier and encamped for the night; the next day he succeeded in getting on the glacier; at the sides the ice was very rough and much broken, but free from snow; as he approached the centre it became more smooth. Dr. Hayes succeeded in travelling between sixty and seventy miles towards the interior, and attained an altitude of 5,000 feet above the sea; he was then obliged to return, from the severity of the weather.

The winter now set in in earnest, and the time was beguiled away in the usual manner of arctic voyagers; a school and a newspaper were established; but before entire darkness set in, sledge parties explored the neighbourhood; in one of these expeditions Mr. Soontag and a party struck the trail of two bears, which they followed up, and after a most exciting attack by the dogs, the bears—a female and her cub—were captured.

The most severe check and blow to Dr. Hayes was the death of Mr. Soontag, already alluded to; his loss was irreparable—a trusty friend and an earnest enthusiastic fellow-labourer. Being away in January on one of his excursions, he fell through the ice into the water, which so paralysed him, that all efforts made by his companions to restore circulation proved unavailing, and in a few hours he died.

With the approach of spring, when travelling to a greater distance became possible, Dr. Hayes proceeded to Renssalaer Harbour in search of his old ship, the *Advance*, abandoned by Dr. Kane in 1855; but beyond a small piece of deck plank, not a vestige of her was to be seen.

Preparations were now made for a more extended journey; and on the 3rd of April he left the vessel to make his way across Smith Sound, to continue the survey of the west shore from the termination of his discoveries in 1854, and to carry out the great object of his voyage—viz., to reach the shores of the open polar sea.

The incessant labour and difficulty of travelling amongst hummocky ice, and the great severity of the weather soon told on his crew, some of them becoming much exhausted, so that Dr. Hayes resolved to send the greater number back to the vessel, and proceed with only three men and his dogs; this was done on the 28th, and, then, with his reduced party he struggled on, and after thirty-one days' travel reached the opposite shore, the real distance travelled being only eighty-one miles. Proceeding north, the shores of the Sound and of Kennedy Channel were examined, and remains of native huts found as far north as the 80th degree.

Determined to press forward, and, if possible, obtain a sight of the open sea, Dr. Hayes strained every nerve, but his purpose was nearly frustrated by one of his companions breaking down by becoming lame. So near the purpose of his heart, and to be foiled by an accident! it was not to be thought of; and leaving the lame man in charge of one of his companions, and accompanied by the other—a lad only eighteen years of age—Dr. Hayes dashed forward, and finally reached a position somewhat to the northward of that attained by Morton in Dr. Kane's voyage, Dr. Hayes' latitude being 81° 35'. To his delight and gratification the open polar sea lay before him. Justly proud was Dr. Hayes at his success, and justly proud was he when, from the lash of his whip, he unfurled the flag of his country—the "star-spangled banner"—on the most northern land the foot of civilised man had ever trod. There lay the sea, the existence or non-existence of which had caused so much dispute, far as the eye could reach, the bold shores stretching about sixty miles to the north.

Time, shortness of provisions, the two men left behind, and the rotten state of the ice, prevented Dr. Hayes from continuing his journey northward; and, as if parting from a first love, with many a longing look behind, he began to retrace his steps. Returning to his companions (the lame one being much restored by rest), Dr. Hayes succeeded in regaining his vessel, after an absence of sixty-one days, and without the loss of a man.

A careful survey of his vessel convinced Dr. Hayes that she was not strong enough to encounter the ice more than could be possibly avoided; he did not, however, give up all hope of sailing his little craft in the open polar sea, and thus complete by fact what his vision had convinced him to be quite possible; such repairs as could be extemporised were made in the vessel, the sails were overhauled and repaired, the stores re-shipped, and every preparation made for the breaking up of the ice, pending which Dr. Hayes took every opportunity of adding to his store of information, and the presence of some natives in the vicinity enabled him to learn much that was interesting and amusing.

On the 11th of July, 1861, the ice broke up, and although the disruption had nearly caused the loss of the vessel, she was once more free; Dr. Hayes then made the attempt to proceed north, and succeeded in getting within ten miles of Cape Isabella, but ice and prudence forbade nearer approach, and he was obliged to make good his retreat. Crossing Melville Bay he arrived at Upernavik on August 12th, and having discharged his Esquimaux and the remainder of his dogs, he made the best of his way down Davis Strait, and after touching at Halifax for some repairs, arrived in safety at Boston.

Dr. Hayes, while in the north, had planned an expedition for the following year, in which to follow up his important discoveries; but, alas! on his return he found his beloved country steeped in civil war, and all prospect of prosecuting further research in the north, at least for some time to come, was destroyed.

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

V.—Western Abyssinia—Wandigê—Atchafar—Agow Meder—The Royal Camp.

No person can reside in Abyssinia beyond a month or two, and fail to be struck by the number of fasts and festivals enjoined by the church of that country. Besides those days which are held sacred throughout the whole Christian world, there are numberless others, which to western eyes seem only to serve as mementoes of superstition, and almost of idolatry. The *Senkesar*, or calendar, contains within its pages legends of saints and miracles unrivalled in any collection of our own *Acta Sanctorum*. The conversion of the devil by *Abba* Aragâwee, the anchorite of Dabra Dâmo, and other similar tales, occupy a place in the estimation of the people at large corresponding to that in which we hold the miracles recorded in the Gospel. And the reason is obvious. On every day in the year is commemorated at least one saint, often two or three, and occasionally half a dozen. During the early morning service, which begins at cock-crow, the acts of this saint, and the wonders performed by him, are publicly read to the congregation, who have no means of discriminating between the authenticity of the Senkesar and the Bible. The Seven Sleepers of Antioch, or St. Samuel, who rode upon a lion, are as real to them as St. Peter or St. Paul. But beyond these, there are other festivals which have a more special significance, and which are usually celebrated with a considerable amount of pomp and display. Of them I may mention



DOUM PALM, OF THE SOUDAN.

Maskal, or the Invention of the Cross by the Empress Helena, on which feast a review is generally held in camp or garrison, and the soldier has a regular gala-day. On this occasion the sordid *shama* of every-day life is thrown off, and the warrior mounts his horse clad only in the bright silken shirt, with the thick *lamd* flaunting loosely over his shoulders. A gay and inspiriting spectacle, it must be confessed. Still, these frequent feasts, and the long abstinence of Lent and before Christmas, together with fasts every Wednesday and Friday, are in reality only so many incentives to idleness, and retard, amongst a naturally indolent people, all civilisation and improvement.

It was our fortune to arrive at Wandigê on the eve of *Temkat*, or the Epiphany, one of the most important festivals of the Abyssinian Church. We were, however, too much occupied in pitching our tents and making ourselves comfortable to have leisure to notice any of the ceremonies which are observed on the day preceding the great feast. We saw, it is true, a procession in the distance, moving with slow and measured steps towards a small brook which watered the base of the hill on which the village of Kanohâ was situated, and we found on inquiry that the Tabot, the sacred symbol of the Ark of the Covenant, was being conveyed thither, to be guarded and watched over by the priests belonging to the neighbouring church, who, after a day of fasting, would keep their vigils during the night by the margin of the stream. In the morning the portals of the church would be opened to receive again the Tabot, and this ceremony we were invited to witness by the Waïzero, or Lady Paramount of the district. The pleasure of the day was marred by a sad occurrence. One of the porters, a mere lad, was bitten by a snake during the night, and neglecting to give an alarm immediately, the ready assistance of Dr. Blanc was summoned too late, and the poor fellow, after considerable suffering, died in the course of the morning. Snakes, so far as my experience goes, are not common in Abyssinia; we rarely heard of fatal cases during our sojourn in the country, and I believe this was the only one which came under our personal observation, although there is no doubt that the doctor was instrumental in saving the lives of other persons who applied to him before the venom had time to do its deadly work, especially in one instance of a woman who was bitten while we were at Magdala.

After breakfast we mounted our mules, and escorted by Tesamma, Shâroo, and Tâshoo, rode off towards the church. As we were on the direct route from the brook, we soon fell in with the procession. A large number of priests and deacons, singing at the utmost pitch of their voices, surrounded the consecrated emblem of the Ark, and by uncouth dances and genuflexions strove to imitate the holy joy of David as he came from Kirjath-jearim. It was almost impossible for a stranger in the land, and one unused to its ways and customs, to avoid smiling at what seemed such gross caricature; yet I am sure that if ever devotion fills the heart of an Abyssinian priest, it is at moments such as these. But enthusiasm, to be respected, must be consistent; and to the outward world, earnestness ceases to be such when it fails in dignity. We know the ordinary life of the sacerdotal class in this country—with rare exceptions, laziness, ignorance, and sensuality are its predominant characteristics. To me, as well as to many others of our party, there was always something repulsive in the very look and gait of a priest; a too *prononcé* air of sanctity, so to speak, in the broad turban and the white *shama*, from amidst the folds of which would peer forth the cunning eyes and the bearded face, dark by nature, but appearing preternaturally so through its contrast with the bleached garments; for, contrary to the usual habits of his countrymen, it is a point of religious honour with the priest to go forth attired in white raiment. I will not say their lives belie their professions, for of the latter, except in outward appearance, they make but few; holiness does not reside in their hearts, which are unseen, but in their office, which is visible to every one. A priest's hand is kissed by an ignorant peasant, in the full confidence that thereby absolution is accorded, simply because it is a priest's hand. What is there left to strive for further? Sermons do not form a part of the usual service of the Abyssinian Church, but occasionally one of the ascetics, who reside within the enclosure, will deliver a *Targoom*, or Exposition, which is generally acceptable, and often, I have been assured, worth hearing. Reverence, on account of personal holiness and purity of life, is felt for these hermits, which would be withheld altogether from the illiterate priests, were it not that their sensuality and ignorance are condoned by the habit which they wear, for few of them are able to do more than recite from memory the Psalms, which they cannot read. The deacons are boys between nine and sixteen years old; when they have attained the latter age, they are supposed to fix their vocation, and should they desire to return to the world, they are at liberty to do so. This is the case with the majority, but brought up as they are entirely by the priesthood, they exhibit intense bigotry and intolerance at an early age, and the smattering of religious and doctrinal knowledge which thus leavens the whole population, and which, while it is sufficient for superstition, is not enough for enlightenment, is probably the greatest bar to the establishment of a purer system of Christianity which could exist.

In the rear of this motley throng we took our places. The priests were clad in silken chasubles, and the deacons, if possible, were more gorgeous still. Crooks were brandished and crosses were waved, and a show of brilliant umbrellas marked the place where the Tabot was being carried. But the procession was not yet complete. We were told that the young maidens of these and the neighbouring villages would also join in the dance before the Ark. This sounded well—a "*Danse des Vierges*;" there was something fascinating in the very sound, enough to inflame the imagination of a manager of a transpontine theatre to the highest pitch. Or, perhaps, on an occasion like this, they might closer resemble such a chorus as Æschylus saw when he imagined the *Choephoræ*, or as appeared to Euripides when he dreamt of the graceful daughters of Phœnicia or Troy. We could hardly believe our eyes when the damsels did appear.

Nothing but a troop of squalid children met our eyes, the youngest of whom might perhaps have numbered six summers, and the eldest thirteen or fourteen. They were merely dressed in the usual coarse cotton shirt of the country, with a few lengths of the same material as a girdle. But was this a fair specimen of the maidenhood of Abyssinia? we could not help asking ourselves. If so, when did it end, and womanhood begin? Or was there a *tertium quid* unknown in less happy lands? Not so, for longer research will tell one that a girl is a girl so long as she is a *sâdoolla*, and this depends upon herself. When the hair of a little baby-girl has grown long enough to be plaited, the crown is carefully shaved, with the exception

sometimes of a small top-knot, but one row of tressed hair is left to encircle the head. Every year the shaven portion (or *sâdoolla*) grows less and less, while the plaits increase like the rings in the trunk of an oak-tree. Now, properly speaking, as soon as the damsel arrives at nubile years she should leave off shaving altogether, but in these degenerate times few can be induced to do this, and a bare patch, the size of a crown-piece, is generally left, in order to show, that if the lady is not yet provided with a husband, it is from no lack of inclination on her part. Some, even after marriage, find it difficult to part with this emblem of youth. Our little dancing friends, who were all most fully entitled to this badge of virginity, clapped their hands and danced in childish glee before us, but ragged and dirty as they were, presented anything but a pleasing spectacle. Their elder sisters, disdaining to take a part in the procession, followed in the rear, with the attendants of the Waïzero, and cast shy and curious glances from their dark eyes at the stranger guests of their Lady. It did not take us long to arrive at the church. It is situated in another village, called Ferohê, and is dedicated to Jesus. We did not enter it while the ceremony of the reception of the Tabot was being conducted, and which only lasted a few minutes, but remained outside with the majority of the villagers. At its conclusion, the Waïzero invited us to a repast at her house at Kanohâ, and thither we accordingly repaired; and after being regaled with various *wats*, or made dishes, and some glasses of mead, in a manner which displayed the strongest desire to show us all possible hospitality, we retired to our tents.

As our porters had to be changed here, we could not get away the next day (19th of January), but on the following morning we were able to resume our march. We bade adieu to the old Waïzero with real regret. Her two sons were to accompany us to the King's camp, but she preferred remaining at her native village to encountering the fatigues attendant on a longer journey. She paid a visit to Mr. Rassam the evening before our departure, and appeared truly solicitous about our future welfare. Her place was filled in the *cortége* by a handsome sprightly lady, whom we will call the wife of Lidj Tesamma, bravely clad and adorned as became an Abyssinian dame of high degree. A finely-woven *shama*, or toga, was loosely thrown over the embroidered *kamees*, or shirt, with its folds nearly concealing the rich *olivâtre* tints of her face. Tight trousers, embroidered with various-coloured silks so as to match the shirt, peeped from below the *shama*, and allowed a glimpse of the little feet, shaded off, as it were, by the silver fringe of the *igr-kitâbs*, or anklets. A *tilsam*, or collection of worked silver and leather talisman-cases, alternately strung on a blue cord, and a *diree*, or necklace, composed of five or six silver chains connected together by stamped or filagree plates, completed her attire. As far as I remember, she was hardly great lady enough to wear a "burnoos," or blue embroidered mantle of silk or satin. Followed by a saucy black-eyed Abigail, she ambled on gaily enough, but as demurely and circumspectly as could be desired.

We halted at Dankora, in the district of Atchafar. The country in the neighbourhood is flat, but we were fortunate enough to secure an excellent camping ground on an eminence, beneath the shade of some fine sycamore trees. The villagers, who had heard of Dr. Blanc's fame as a Hakeem, came in shoals to solicit his assistance, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the stalwart Godjâmee Kâsa, who acted as a kind of chamberlain, could keep the clamorous crowd at a distance. An old friend came to pay a visit to Mr. Rassam at this place. His name was Walda Selâsyé Gobazyé, a merchant of good repute at Gondar, while that town was flourishing as the centre of commerce in Western Abyssinia. After it had been destroyed by Theodore, he attached himself to the service of the King, still retaining his business as a trader. While Mr. Rassam and I were staying at Massáwa, we were favoured with a visit from this man, ostensibly from motives of courtesy only, but in reality, as we well knew, in the capacity of a spy from his master. Mr. Rassam's conversation and behaviour made such a favourable impression on him, that on his return to the royal court, he could report nothing but good of the Franks he had seen at the coast, and it is supposed that this had a good deal to do with our invitation into the country. Be that as it may, I believe he personally both liked and admired Mr. Rassam, and he took advantage of being in Atchafar to pay us a visit. While he was sitting in the envoy's tent, chatting away in the friendliest manner, the stern figure of Godjâmee appeared in the doorway, and in a tone which admitted of no refusal, ordered him off. It was in vain that Gobazyé appealed to his old friendship with Mr. Rassam, and pointed to the silken shirt which he wore, the badge of court favour and distinction. The orders of his Majesty were distinctly that we were to have no intercourse with any natives of the upper classes, except those specially told off as our escort; and so the poor merchant, very loth to leave so hospitable an entertainer, was forced to obey.

The following morning we continued our march to Nefâsa, passing on the road a large village, called Ismâla. Nefâsa, with its pretty church, is situated on a low hill; its houses are nearly all in ruins, Atchafar having been one of those districts on which the plunderer's hand pressed hardest. The country through which we passed was on the whole level and uninteresting, with a chalky soil, varied with red marl. The next day we crossed the Kiltee, which was a streamlet only a few yards broad, and encamped at Timha, on the banks of another inconsiderable river, called the Brantee. These two streams unite a few miles further up, and fall into the Lake Tsâna at its south-western corner. As we had now entered the province of Agow-Meder, which had always been treated with consideration by the King, signs of cultivation increased, and flourishing villages, sequestered churches, and snug homesteads were by no means infrequent. The crack of the *jerâf* constantly resounded in our ears, as we rode through the fallow fields, where the ploughman was busy at his labours. This is a kind of stock-whip, with a two-foot handle, and a lash of twisted cow-hide three or four times that length; when wielded by a practised hand it resounds louder than a pistol-shot. In other places, the green barley had attained a height of six or eight inches from the ground, and everything betokened happiness and contentment.

Agow-Meder,* from time immemorial, has been divided into seven districts, and has generally been governed by a Dedjazmâtch of its own. The grassy uplands and level plains of this magnificent province are well adapted to pasture the immense

* That is, "The Agow-Country." More properly, it should be spelt "Agăû," but, in accordance with pronunciation, I prefer to represent the Amharic letters Alef-Waw by the English *ow*, as Professor Chenery, in his valuable and scholarly translation of the Makâmât of Al-Harîri, does the corresponding Arabic letters.

herds of cattle and droves of horses that are everywhere to be seen. For a long time past the villages have been free from molestation, and the inhabitants were the first we saw who wore anything like an air of comfort and independence. This may be in some degree owing to their frank and martial character. Father Jerome Lobo, writing of them at the beginning of the seventeenth century, speaks of them as "numerous, fierce, and unconquerable, inhabiting a country full of mountains, which are covered with woods and hollowed by nature into vast caverns. . . . . To these recesses the Agaus betake themselves when they are driven out of the plains, where it is almost impossible to find them, and certain ruin to pursue them."* In the old Jesuit's time Christianity was beginning to make some progress amongst them, but was much interwoven with the old Pagan rites and ceremonies. Bruce, a hundred and fifty years later, mentions these caverns in which the Agows were accustomed to take refuge upon any alarm of an irruption of the Galla, but he nevertheless bears testimony to their warlike prowess. Krapf also speaks of their "character of savageness, spirit of independency, bravery in warfare, irascibleness, revengefulness, and rapacity," though he admits that the Christian religion, which they have now all embraced, has to some extent tempered these bad qualities. Their origin is lost in obscurity, though there is little doubt that the Agows of Agow-Meder and those of Wâg and Tchera, near the Tacazzê, spring from common ancestors. To say nothing of the similarity in personal and moral characteristics, a very brief examination of their vocabularies will suffice to prove this. The derivation of the name given by Bruce,† referring to the Nilotic cult of the Pagan Agows, may be set aside as a fanciful distortion of fact to support a theory. But, as I take it, whether Autochthones or not, the Agows have a right to be considered at least the "oldest inhabitants" of the country, and a comparison of the different languages spoken in Abyssinia will prove at once that they are entirely distinct in origin and race from Amhara, Galla, or Falasha.



ABYSSINIAN FUSILEER.

Korkuera is the name of that district of Agow-Meder through which we had first to pass. A beautifully undulating country, with but few trees. As we rode past a large village, named Zoogda, a husbandman ran out to meet us, and pressed on our acceptance as a gift a young "*tota*," one of the pretty little green monkeys which are so common in all parts of Abyssinia. They are shy at first, but soon become reconciled to human society. Lidj Tesamma, who had borrowed a fowling-piece for a few minutes, soon after came back with one of the poor little creatures in the agonies of death. He was quite disappointed to find that his feat did not meet with the approbation which he felt sure it merited.

We took up our quarters for the night (23rd January) in a pretty rural spot, on the banks of a small stream. The *tota* is remarkably fond of the wild sycamore fig, and we found a pleasant camping ground close to a grove of these magnificent trees. The road next day was much pleasanter, as it lay through a succession of shady spinnies, with a carpet of greensward and wild flowers. In the evening we reached Saha Bandja, near which some few years before a sanguinary battle had been fought between the forces of King Theodore and those of Tadla Gwâlu, the insurgent chief of Godjâm. Our friend, Godjâmee Kâsa, had been in the action, and had a long story to tell of his deeds of "derring-do." Seven or eight champions had fallen victims to his sword and spear. Of course he had been on the right side, that of his present master.

We encamped near a beautiful grove of kosso-trees, which, with their drooping pink blossoms, seemed to overshadow a spot all too fair to be marred by the wrath and strife of man. And yet, years before, they had witnessed a still more dreadful scene of carnage. Bandja has a name in Abyssinian history as the place where the great battle was fought in 1770 between Waragna Fâsil, the Galla chief of Godjâm and Metcha and the Agow allies of Râs Mikhaïl, in which the latter were entirely defeated, and seven of their principal chiefs killed. I never saw the kosso attain a more luxuriant beauty and size than at this place. Besides its well-known anthelmintic virtues, it rivals our most imposing forest-trees in majesty and grandeur, whilst its delicately-tinted clusters of blossoms, contrasting

* Lobo's "Voyage to Abyssinia," Johnson's Translation, p. 110.

† "Ag-Oha," Shepherds of the River — *Vide* Bruce, vol. ii. p. 327, ed. 1805, 8vo.

with the rich green of its foliage, altogether form a picture unsurpassed in nature.

The following day we resumed our march, which led us over the brow of a low but precipitous hill, into a lovely plain, thickly tenanted with guinea-fowl and antelope. The tall bare cliff of Injabara, pointing like a sculptured obelisk to the skies, lay on our right, and formed a conspicuous landmark for many miles around. We had scarcely reached our camping ground, when the overcast sky and the distant rumblings warned us to take shelter as soon as possible from the approaching storm. Our tents had not yet arrived, but on looking round, we perceived a small Agow village at no great distance. Thither we repaired, and knocking at the door of the largest house, requested admittance. But the inmates, who had probably never seen a white face before, persistently kept the door shut, until our escort, growing desperate at the idea of crouching beneath the narrow eaves of the roof for perhaps another hour, almost forced their way in, and we followed after them. But although, judging from the *gwotas** of corn and jars of beer which were snugly ensconced in the recesses of the walls, the house evidently belonged to a well-to-do family, there was nothing in it to tempt us to make a longer stay than necessity compelled us to do. It takes some time to bring one's mind to the fact that fresh air and cold water are such utterly superfluous luxuries as savage man deems them. With the exception of the low and narrow doorway, which is always kept closed up, an Abyssinian house is perfectly innocent of any aperture by which the outer atmosphere may be admitted, and the light of day is thus placed under the same ban. The walls are blackened with smoke, the roof is encrusted with the soot of generations; and when the traveller's eyes have become sufficiently habituated to the murky darkness which reigns within to enable him to distinguish between the cackling fowls and sprawling children which encumber the floor, and the figures of the master and mistress of the mansion, who are squatting round the central fire, thinking intently on nothing at all in particular, than his eyes, smarting as if a thousand needle-points were concentrated in them, force him to rush out of doors as the only means of preserving his sight. Why, in this instance, such reluctance to admit us should have been shown I cannot say, and can only attribute it to the inhospitality and distrust of strangers which Abyssinians usually exhibit, and which stand in such unfavourable contrast to the behaviour of the Arab, who will plunder you in the desert and feast you in his tent with equal *bonhomie*, conscious that, according to his creed, he is doing a virtuous action all the while.



VIEW ON THE BRANTEE.

We were now approaching the spot which King Theodore for some time past had made his head-quarters. Stories had been current ever since we were at Wandigê that he would come and meet us with a select body of cavalry, and we were now in daily expectation of receiving a visit from him. In this way we accounted for our slow progress and the frequent delays

* A *gwota* is a tall cylindrical vessel, seven or eight feet high, made of wicker-work, and plastered with cow-dung, used as a receptable for grain.

en route. On the 27th we made a short march to Dangwiya, and halted in the centre of a bare and level plain. We had hardly begun pitching our tents, when the rain came down with terrific violence. It ceased an hour afterwards, the sunbeams flashed through the opening clouds, and a magnificent double rainbow encircled the horizon, and was unhesitatingly hailed by our whole party as an omen of success.

The next day we were left in uncertainty as to our movements till long after breakfast. Our escort then came to us, and said they had received instructions to proceed to the royal camp. This was indeed pleasant intelligence for us. We were growing wearier as each day's march brought us nearer to our goal, and we gladly lent our aid to strike the tents and assort the baggage. We had proceeded a mile or two on the road, when Lidj Tesamma advised us to discharge our firearms, if they happened to be loaded, before we entered the precincts of the camp. We acknowledged the prudence of this course, and, halting in the open, amused ourselves and our conductors with a little pistol practice. Then we crossed the River Fatsam, which separates the provinces of Dâmot and Agow-Meder, and empties itself into the Abai or Blue Nile. Chief after chief now began to ride up, probably with instructions regarding our progress, with a view to "timing" us well for the reception we were to meet. A little further on, we were informed that it was now time we should put on our uniforms, so as to appear presentable in case the King should come to meet us. A small Indian tent was pitched, and we were not long in investing ourselves with these emblems—as our friends imagined, of the personal favour we were held in by her gracious Majesty—and mounting again. A devious pathway led us through a tangled thicket, and prevented us from seeing far before us, when turning a corner, the curtain seemed lifted with almost theatrical suddenness, and a scene, barbarous maybe, but still in its way grand and imposing, became visible to our eyes.

On either side dense masses of foot-soldiers, spearmen, and musketeers formed an avenue beyond which cantered gaily three or four hundred of the best mounted warriors of Habesh, all equipped in their holiday attire. Behind each chieftain was his henchman, bearing on his left arm the shield of his master, a round target of buffalo or rhinoceros hide, covered with silver stars and bosses, and in his right hand a long and quivering lance. Two horsemen advanced to meet our party, leading between them a caparisoned mule. To the right was Râs Engeda, at that time owner of the finest stud in Abyssinia next to the King, mounted on his favourite dark bay charger, and to the left was Aïto Samuel, on his pretty grey galloway, Dâlitch. The Râs was a man of about forty years of age, of the middle height, slender and active in make, with an intelligent face, an expression of great pensiveness generally characterising it. His plaited hair was drawn away from a handsome and well-formed brow, and a very scanty beard and moustache clothed the lower part of his face. He was a native of Agow-Meder, and was generally said to be of a good family, claiming kindred with Râs Ali, although his detractors, who of course were pretty numerous, in virtue of his position as court favourite, used to aver that his origin was much more ignoble. Walda Gabriel told us he was nothing but a knife-cleaner—a statement to be received with some caution, inasmuch as such an office is wholly unknown in the domestic economy of the Abyssinians, unless indeed he meant us to infer that the Râs had passed his early life in attendance on the feasts of his more wealthy countrymen, when there is always an array of small urchins, who share with the dogs of the establishment the duty of effectually clearing away all the remnants that remain in platter or jar. However that may be, Theodore, then Dedjadj Kâsa, took a fancy to the youth, when he was but a struggling *shifta* (rebel) himself, and placed him as a pupil in the monastery of Tchankar, the place where he had received his own early education. He was soon afterwards enrolled as a soldier under the banners of his master, and the star of the young Engeda rose as surely, if not as loftily, as that of Kâsa himself. After his coronation as King of the Kings of Ethiopia, Theodore, like Napoleon, established a court and an official hierarchy. In the first rank were the Râses—Engeda, Haïlu, and Oobyé, and of these three the first was the only one who had retained his rank and influence up to the time I am now speaking of. Oobyé was a chained prisoner at Magdala, Haïlu was disgraced and powerless in the camp, but Engeda was still chief minister and favourite. This was attributed to the fact that he was never known to say "No;" in short, to his knowledge of the first arts of a courtier. Still, his life proved his loyalty, his death his devotion, and this in the face of much subsequent ill-treatment, and a long march to Magdala in fetters.

Aïto Samuel was a personage of quite a different stamp. The son of a petty Mohammedan chieftain of Akula-Guzaï, on the frontier of Tigrê, he was converted when quite a youth to Christianity, and was baptised at Cairo by the late Mr. Lieder. After travels which had led him as far as Bombay, he settled in Shoa, and his fascinating manners, his address, and his perfect knowledge of Arabic, as well as of the Abyssinian languages, soon brought him into high favour at the court of Sahhela Selâsyé, the king of that country. He was there at the time of Major Harris's mission, and there was an idle story that a lameness with which he was afflicted had been caused by an injury received at the hands of a member of the embassy, and that in consequence of this, he had vowed eternal vengeance against all Europeans. After the downfall of Shoa and Tigrê, and the establishment of the monarchy, he attached himself to the fortunes of King Theodore, and although at the time holding quite a subordinate position, and not even a "Bâl-a-Kamees,"* he was selected by his master to accompany Consul Cameron on his journey to Massâwa as *Baldarăba*, or intermediary agent. On his return to Gondar he was invested with the shirt, and appointed Steward of the Household, and Superintendent of the Pages and personal servants of the King. In person he was prepossessing and almost handsome; with a lofty but narrow forehead, aquiline nose, and thin lips, shaded by a slight moustache, and a well-shaped head covered with bushy grey hair, strongly approaching the unmistakable wool of the African. This was rather against his pretensions, on which he plumed himself, of being a descendant of a great Arab family, a son of Hashem; his grandfather having, as he said, emigrated from San'â many years before. In character he was timid, dissimulating, crafty, a time-server, and a sensualist, but so were all his countrymen; and, to give him his due, he was not without his good points, and had it not been for his presence and assistance at Magdala, we should have fared much harder than we did.

* The title assumed by the wearers of the silk shirt, or symbol of nobility.

Dismounting, the two courtiers made a neat little speech of welcome, and offered the mule to Mr. Rassam, as a present from his Majesty, apologising at the same time for the meanness of the gift. A red flannel tent, on a slight eminence at the distance of a quarter of a mile, was pointed out to us, and we were informed that we should rest there for a short time, until the King's pleasure should be known. We were accordingly conducted thither, and received a cordial welcome from the Râs on entering it. Soon after servants arrived, bearing huge platters of the finest *teff* bread, jars of *dillihh* (chutney) and *gombos* of strong mead, on which we were invited to regale ourselves. Before we had finished our repast, a note arrived for Mr. Rassam, in which the King said he should not be able to see us that day; but he soon changed his mind, and in the afternoon, when we were beginning to think of throwing off our uniforms and making ourselves comfortable, another missive was received, to the effect that as his Majesty was about to leave soon in order to procure supplies for his soldiers, who were, as he said, hungry, it would be better if we saw him immediately. This put us on the *qui vive*, and we were not long in getting ready for the interview.

The royal tent was situated higher up, and, owing to the inequalities of the ground, was not visible from the place on which ours was pitched, but a walk of a few yards brought us in view of it. A double line of musketeers, facing inwards, was stationed along the path, and as we, accompanied by Aïto Samuel, and followed by the interpreters, approached them, they saluted us with a *feu-de-joie* in really capital time. When the file-firing had ceased, a voice cried out "*Indyet adaratchhu?*" (How are you?) to which, it being a breach of etiquette to return a verbal answer, we respectfully bowed, and Aïto Samuel, kneeling down, touched the ground with his forehead. This was repeated three times, and we having then arrived at the entrance of the tent, an invitation to enter was heard, and on the curtain being drawn aside, we found ourselves face to face with King Theodore of Abyssinia.



JUNCTION OF THE KILTEE WITH THE BRANTEE, AGOW MEDER.

Kuriyán Muriyán Islands.

THERE are many spots on the earth's surface the very existence of which we are unconscious of, until a war (of which they may be the subject), or the marches of contending armies over them, raises them from obscurity; for it must be readily conceded that wars greatly add to our geographical knowledge; but, fortunately, it is not to war that we are indebted for the additional information concerning these islands, but to the more peaceful pursuit of science, in the establishment of submarine electric telegraphs. The position of these islands rendering them a desirable station on the great line to India and Australia, they have lately been visited by Her Majesty's ship *Hydra*, with a view to the examination of their neighbourhood.

Kooria Mooria, Kuria Muria, or Kuriyán Muriyán as they have been variously designated, are a group of five islands lying in an east and west direction off the south-east coast of Arabia, about twenty miles from the mainland, they are Hásikí, Sódah, Hulláníyah, Jezírat Jiblíyah, and Kirzāwet or Rodondo, of which Hulláníyah is the largest, being eight miles long and four and a half broad. The whole group are barren, ill-favoured spots, and are described as the "abomination of desolation," the only tree being the tamarisk, and all the other visible vegetation a little grass which struggles for existence on the east side of Hulláníyah. The general appearance of the islands is that of a number of cones, many having a rugged and fantastic appearance. They are composed of granite resting on a limestone base, the hills in Hulláníyah running to a height of 1,500 feet, while those of Jezírat Jiblíyah do not attain a greater altitude than between 500 and 600 feet. Deep gorges of the wildest and most desolate appearance run from the shore inland.

Jezírat Jiblíyah is a great guano depôt. For some time past it has been worked by an Englishman, but as the anchorage around the island is bad, it must be a labour of considerable risk and difficulty shipping it. The only island at present inhabited is Hulláníyah.

The English took possession of this group in 1816 (the Union Jack left there at that time by Captain Moresby was hoisted on the arrival of the *Hydra*), but they have since been formally ceded by the Imaum of Muskat for the Red Sea and Indian telegraph cable; and the English Government formally installed the principal man of the inhabitants in charge, with the munificent salary of—two dollars per annum! which at the time of the *Hydra's* visit was six years in arrear. There are twenty-seven inhabitants on Hulláníyah, half of whom are Arabs and the others aborigines. They exist entirely on fish and such other articles of food as they can obtain from exchange with the Arabs of the neighbouring coast. Fish literally swarm round the islands, and are caught by the natives (who have no boats) by standing on the shore and throwing a line and hook, as fast as they can possibly bait the latter, into the sea; some of the fish weighing from forty to fifty pounds. Oysters and other shell fish also abound on the rocks in enormous quantities, but the natives (not the oysters) do not consider them fit for food.

The examination of the sea bottom round the islands proved unfavourable for the purpose of submarine telegraphy, it being rocky and uneven.

The *Hydra* liberally supplied the inhabitants with provisions (although there is no mention of their having paid the arrears of the Governor's salary), for which they were very grateful; but tobacco and fish-hooks were the articles most coveted.

French Expedition from Cambodia to the Yang-tsze-Kiang.

THE recent survey-expedition undertaken by the French from their possessions in Cochin-China, up the Mekong river, and across the unknown country between its upper waters and those of the Yang-tsze was an extremely bold undertaking. Hitherto public curiosity has not been gratified by the publication of a full account of the journey. The expedition was an official one, and conceived probably with a view of extending the political influence of the French among the independent States lying between the British possessions and the western provinces of China; but as several scientific gentlemen were included in it, results interesting to the world at large must have been obtained. The party left Saigon on the 7th of June, 1866, under the leadership of Captain de Lagree, accompanied by eleven Europeans and eight natives. Of the former five were chosen for their scientific abilities, each one representing a certain branch of knowledge; one to take notes of the botany, another of the geology, a third the topography, a fourth agriculture, and the fifth trade. The other six Europeans were French sailors. On leaving Saigon they directed their course to the Tali-sap, or great lake of Cambodia, and spent a month in studying the magnificent ruined temples of Ongcor and other places near its shores. They then crossed to the main river, Mekong, which they found obstructed with rapids at about 300 miles from the sea, thus limiting the usefulness of this fine river as an artery of commerce. Still advancing northward they reached Bassack, on the frontier of Cambodia, where they had to remain four months, waiting for passports from Peking. On the 5th of June, 1867, the party arrived at Stien-Kong, on the extreme borders of Laos; the country was found to be sparsely populated, the chief town, Luang-Trabong, containing not more than 8,000 people. Still navigating the Mekong they reached Muong-lin, where they had finally to leave their boats, as the river had become too shallow, and abandoning all their baggage, except a change of clothing, they marched on foot to Muong-Yong. At the end of October they succeeded in entering the Chinese province of Yunan, and having arrived, after a long march, and amid much privation and suffering, at Tung-chuen, the leader became too ill to proceed. He was left there whilst the party pushed forward to Tali-fu, the capital of the Mahommedan part of Yunan, which has lately thrown off the yoke of the Chinese emperor. They found this remote and little-known place to be a town of 40,000 inhabitants, situated on the borders of a lake about 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. On returning to the town where they had left their leader, they found he had died during their absence, and exhuming the corpse they made their way, with as much despatch as possible, to Su-cha, on the Yang-tsze, where they embarked in a native boat, and reached the European settlement at Han-kow on the 9th of June, 1868. Captain de Lagree was known to have been long occupied in Cambodia in studying the ancient remains strewed so abundantly over a large portion of the country, and it is to be lamented that he has not lived to enjoy the fruits of his zeal and enterprise.



PERSIANS OF BUSSORAH.

Journeyings in Mesopotamia.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE INDIAN NAVY.

CHAPTER I.

THE "COMET"—VESSELS AND NAVIGATION OF THE TIGRIS—BUSSORAH AND ITS INHABITANTS.

WHEN I was serving on the Persian Gulf station, in one of the ships of war of the late Indian navy, I received an invitation from the Surveyor-General of Mesopotamia to accompany him up to Baghdad in the river steamer he commanded. His house in that city was offered, at the same time, as a base of operations for journeying into ancient Babylonia, or wherever the spirit of travel and adventure might lead me.

I gladly closed with my friend's offer, not only because I had long been anxious to visit the historic sites of Mesopotamia, but also because my friend enjoyed a wide-spread reputation for free-handed hospitality. I have learnt since how well-earned was this reputation, on reading in the works of more than one traveller returned from those distant climes how he, the voyager, has desired to place on record his great obligations to Captain ——, who is too modest to desire that his name should be brought before the public.

The vessel in which I was serving sailed up the Shatt el Arab, or river of the Arabs, past the earthworks of Mohamrah, situated at the mouth of the Karun, probably the ancient Pasitigris, up which the fleet of Nearchus ascended, and which was destined, more than two thousand years afterwards, to witness the memorable defeat of Persian arms by British valour—a defeat that drove the haughty Shah to sue for terms of peace, releasing thereby, in time to take part in the Indian mutiny, the expeditionary force, and those two brilliant soldiers, Outram and Havelock, who led the very men that fought at Kooshab and Mohamrah to achieve the greater glories of the re-occupation of Cawnpore and the relief of Lucknow.

Some few miles higher up the stream than Bussorah is a small place called Marghill, and here we cast anchor. A British vice-consul had been stationed at Marghill since the time the East India Company withdrew their semi-political semi-commercial agent from Bussorah, and it was usual for one of the ships of the Indian navy to sail up to Marghill, to which place the flat-bottomed river steamer that protected the British interests in the city of Baghdad would also occasionally proceed, for the double purpose of conveying despatches from the consul-general at Baghdad to the vice-consul, and of bringing back on its return voyage documents of a similar character from the Indian government, under whose authority the consul-general was placed.

The little *Comet* was a small armed steamer, constructed with the object of navigating in safety the shallow waters of the Tigris, and was equipped with a picked crew of British man-o'-war's-men, who were well trained to the use of the cutlass and

rifle, which were kept on deck, ranged in arm-racks, and in condition for instant and effective service. The armament of the *Comet* consisted of one pivot 32-pounder, and several 12-pounders and 3-pounders, with wall-pieces fixed in swivels along the tops of the bulwarks, so that fire could be opened upon an advancing foe from any quarter, and with overwhelming effect. Indeed, the decks of the little steamer—with her heavy battery of guns and her bright array of arms, from which the sun's rays glinted as if from a mirror, not to mention the round shot and shell, canister and grape, ranged in racks round the "coamings" of the hatches, in close proximity—presented the appearance of a diminutive arsenal.

Not unworthily did the *Comet* represent that proud navy whose flag is seen on every sea; and the martial and restless tribes of Arabs, through whose territories she passed on her way to Baghdad, had learned to respect the British ensign, and the officer whose pennant floated at her mast-head.

The word Mesopotamia, as is well-known, means "the country between the two rivers." It was called by the Hebrews, equally with Babylonia, Aram-Naharaim; while in Egyptian monuments it is inscribed Naharaina. The Chaldeans of Kurdistan, who, there is little reason to doubt, are the descendants of the ancient Assyrians, are known in Scripture under the name of Casdim. I do not purpose to enter here into the vexed question of their origin, which has been discussed by Layard and a host of authorities, but will only say that it is very probable they derived their name from Chaldæus, an Assyrian king, fourteenth in succession from Ninus, and who built Babylon near the Euphrates, and placed the Chaldeans in it; and which theory is greatly strengthened by that passage from Isaiah (xxiii. 13), "Behold the land of the Chaldeans; this people was not, till the Assyrian founded it for them that dwell in the wilderness: they set up the towers thereof, they raised up the palaces thereof." Abraham, also, according to the Book of Genesis, came from Ur of the Chaldees, though the use of the term Chaldean, like that of Assyrian, appears to have been very vaguely applied; and the situation of Ur is purely conjectural, though Orfah is generally supposed to stand on its site.

Ancient Mesopotamia extended, according to Strabo, between the Tigris and Euphrates, whilst the Taurus separated it from Armenia on the north. Pliny speaks of the two rivers forming its boundaries to the east and west, with the Persian Gulf to the south, and the Taurus to the north; thus having a length of 800 miles and a breadth of 360. The modern country of the same name extends from 38° 7′ E. long. to the estuary of the old Karun in 48° 45′, and from 31° 7′ to 37° 31′ N. lat.; its greatest width being 170 miles, and its extreme length 735. Mesopotamia is a vast plain, a part of its surface between Baghdad and the Euphrates being occupied by salt lakes and marshes. It is hard to believe, from its present desert aspect, that its soil was correctly described by Herodotus as the most fertile in the world, though those portions that in the present day have the advantage of irrigational works are very productive.

While lying at Marghill we paid occasional visits to Bussorah, which is under the authority of the Turkish Pasha in Baghdad. The trade between the two cities is considerable, though not so great as in the days of Rauwolff, who thus speaks of it in his "Travels:" "In this town there is a great deposition of merchandises, by reason of its commodious situation, which are brought here by sea as well as by land from several parts, chiefly Natolia, Syria, Armenia, Constantinople, Aleppo, Damascus, &c., to carry them further into the Indies, Persia, &c. So it happened that, during the time I was there, on the 2nd of December, 1574, there arrived twenty-five ships with spice and other precious drugs, which came over the sea by the way of Ormutz to Balsora."

The city of Bussorah is enclosed within a wall eight miles in circumference, but this would give a very deceptive idea of its actual size, for the greater portion of this space is laid out in gardens and plantations of date trees. Bussorah is said to be the dirtiest town even in the Turkish dominions, but having a lively impression of the filthiness of Jeddah and Mocha, not to mention other cities under the rule of the Sublime Porte, I am unable to award the palm with a sense of doing justice to all the claimants for the unenviable distinction. Suffice it to say the town is ineffably mal-odorous, and that the olfactory nerves are assailed at every corner, nay at every step, by fresh, rather let us say *novel*, stenches, in such numerical force as to baffle the arithmetical calculations even of a Coleridge, who, I believe, counted seventy distinct smells in the ancient and picturesque city of Cologne. The authorities make no endeavours at sanitary improvements, and the streets, being narrow and irregular, make the accumulation of nastinesses of all sorts an easy matter.

Some few houses are built of kiln-burnt bricks, but the vast majority are of mud; from these latter project long spouts made of the trunk of the date tree, which convey filth of every description into the streets, there to breed cholera and other diseases by which the population of the town has been so often decimated. The old bazaar is extremely mean. Rafters are laid across the top and covered with ragged mats, which give but small protection from the sun. Under these are numerous coffee houses, large unfurnished apartments, with benches of masonry built round the walls about three feet from the ground, and constructed for customers; on these mats are placed, while at the bar are ranged numerous coffee-pots and pipes of different descriptions.

Bussorah boasts of three large canals, which are used for transporting goods and passengers, and for supplying the city with water for domestic purposes. The northern and southern ones flow along by the city walls, on the outside and close to the fortifications, and uniting outside form a sort of ditch round the city. From these large canals smaller channels branch out in different directions, acting as irrigants to the soil through which they pass. The central canal enters from the river about midway between these two, and traverses the whole length of the town, irrigating the gardens and date groves within the walls, and carrying passengers into the heart of the city, as well as goods to the markets. All these canals are filled by the flood, and left dry by the ebb tide, twice in every twenty-four hours, though they show symptoms of filling up, through want of care in dredging, and perhaps at no distant date will be impassable even for boats of light draught.

The chief means of locomotion for passengers are the native boats, known as "bellems." These are canoes, having a light awning overhead and a mat in the bottom for a seat; they are propelled by two boatmen who stand in the head and stern, and with long poles fitted for the purpose, push the "bellem" along with sufficient velocity to keep up with ordinary four-oared boats. These are the smallest vessels

employed, and as they draw only a few inches of water, can be used almost at any time of the tide.

Another sort of boat, and one peculiar to these rivers, is the kufah. This is made of basket-work and covered with bitumen, and is of circular shape, reminding one of the ancient "coracle" in use by our naked, woad-painted ancestors, the ancient Britons. The kufah is generally from six to eight feet in diameter, of shallow draught, and is capable of carrying about half-a-dozen passengers. These are used both on the canal and on the river, and spin along with a circular motion by means of paddles. Herodotus speaks of circular boats made of reeds, in the form of shields, and with an external covering of skin (which is not considered necessary to the kufah of our day), as in use on the rivers of Babylonia upwards of 2,000 years ago.

The species of boat employed to transport heavy burdens is quite of another description, and is known by the name of "donak." It presents a singular appearance, rising at each extremity with so great a "sheer" as to resemble a crescent in shape, and towards the waist "falls out," thus offering great resistance to the water. The bottom or floor is quite flat, but sharp at the stem and stern, which are decked over and rise to a considerable height above the water. On the platform stands the helmsman, who steers by means of a long crooked pole, terminating with a fan or blade; the whole boat's surface is covered with a thick coating of bitumen. The donak varies in length from thirty to forty feet, and is chiefly employed to carry wood or other bulky cargoes; they are tracked up the stream by hand, but return with the current.

The Arab boatmen who ply on the canals are stalwart, muscular-looking fellows, and many of them would make good models for a Hercules. Their costume usually consists of a loose brown shirt of very coarse texture, and does not greatly interfere with the prosecution of their laborious avocations.

The whole of the canals are simply dug out without any lining of masonry, and the bridges that span them are of the meanest description. Near the entrance from the river to the central canal is a building called "El Mekam," which signifies the residence of the lieutenant-governor—the palace of this official, who is known as the Mutesellim, being situated in the city.

The other chief houses are the custom-house, the old English Residency, and the palace just mentioned. These three edifices, and some few of the principal mosques and mansions of rich merchants, are the only buildings that are constructed of kiln-dried bricks, the remainder of the city, together with its walls, being built of sun-dried bricks; in all, scarce one-fourth of the entire space enclosed within the walls of Bussorah is occupied by buildings.

There are some large caravanserais, or "khans," built for the accommodation of travellers at the public expense. A caravanserai, as is well-known to all who have travelled in the East, is constructed in the form of a hollow square, the sides of which consist of ranges of apartments with arched fronts, and a broad colonnade, within which the merchant takes up his quarters. The centre is open, and over it are scattered in every direction packages, matchlocks, bales of goods, &c., presenting an appearance of confidence in the honesty of one's fellow-travellers that it would be well one could cultivate in Europe. In this open space, while halting for the night, the merchant drives his bargains, in which he is as good an adept as his Christian brother nearer home. The largest of these khans is in the eastern quarter of the city.

The population of Bussorah—like that of all great oriental cities which are subject to the fluctuations induced by conquest or the ravages of epidemics, or to commerce making for itself new channels—has varied very considerably at different periods of its history. When in its most flourishing condition, the *maximum* has been said to reach half a million, while a *minimum* of 50,000 was attained after the direful ravages of the plague in 1773. Niebuhr, while passing through the place in 1764, nine years before the visitation referred to, estimated the population scarcely to exceed 40,000 souls, at which figure I am inclined to put the present number of its inhabitants.

The Arab inhabitants, like their Turkish masters, are of the Sonnee sect of Mohammedans; those of the upper classes, who are chiefly merchants, dress in Indian muslins during the summer months, while in winter they wear fine broadcloths of the brightest hues, Indian stuffs, and Cashmere shawls, presenting a very gay appearance. The Arabs from the sea-coast and Nedjed universally wear the Bedouin head-dress, or handkerchief called the "keffeah," which the poorer classes bind round their heads with bands of camel's-hair thread made into a sort of rope. This "keffeah" is the distinguishing mark of the descendants of Ishmael, whether in town or country, and no matter what the social position of the wearer. The more wealthy wear a rich Indian shawl as a turban over it. Over the thick shirt and loose drawers of the same material is worn, in summer, the Baghdad cloak of light cloth, with alternate stripes of reddish brown and white. The poor wear one of a similar pattern, but thicker material, in winter; but the rich Arab merchants sport cloaks of a black colour, with a broad stripe of gold woven into the cloth, and descending from the top of the right shoulder down the back.

The Persians of Bussorah, like their countrymen elsewhere, are of the Sheeah sect of Mohammedans, and form the great bulk of what we would call the lower middle class; some few, indeed, are well-to-do merchants, but the greater proportion are writers, shopkeepers, and mechanics, for which their address and conciliatory bearing, superior to that of the haughty Arab, render them desirable acquisitions.

The Persian dress differs greatly from that of the Turks. The curling hair of the men falls behind a high-pointed black lamb-skin cap, and, instead of the ample flowing garments of the Sonnee, the Sheeah is to be distinguished by a dark caba, or coat, fitting very close to the shape as far as the waist, with tight sleeves left open towards the wrists, a rolled shawl-girdle, containing a short dagger or, if the wearer be a mirza, the writing materials. The lower part of the garment, however, is loose as far as the ankles, and this, to a stranger, gives him a feminine appearance, especially with the addition of high-heeled green slippers, or the shoes made of quilted cotton or leather, which usually form part of the walking dress. When mounted, boots replace the shoes, and a pair of loose trousers (shulwars) are worn, which are sufficiently large not only to enclose the skirts of the coat, but occasionally to carry some provision for the journey. On these occasions an outer caba, or cloak, is added, generally of sheep-skin, with the fur inside; a garment of the latter kind, or more frequently of thick, pliant felt, thrown loosely over the shoulders, a high-pointed felt cap, with cloth bandages round the legs, compose the usual winter attire of the shepherd, the muleteer, and poorer peasant.

Ornamented stockings, drawers loose to the ankles, flat small girdles rather below the waist, with a loose dress either of rich tissue or simple stuff, and an embroidered muslin mantle, form the usual costume of the superior class of women, with the addition, however, of pearls, rings, and armlets. Their hair, which is adorned with pearls, and gold or silver coins, falls in thick tresses behind in a manner far more becoming than that of the Turkish dames. Within doors their attire is both slight and simple. The head is enveloped in a large kerchief, generally black, and a kind of white bed-gown, with a pair of loose trousers, and high-heeled slippers, completes the dress. Out of doors the Persian female strictly follows the ancient style of dress. Those of the middle class wear wide trousers pressed into ample yellow boots, with an upper garment of either white or dark cotton. This is very loose, and is covered with a checked cloth of such dimensions that it envelops the whole person, with the exception of a small portion of the face, which may be seen through a kind of gauze mask.



KELEK, OR RAFT OF INFLATED SKINS, ON THE TIGRIS.

The Turks are few in number, and hold nearly all the official positions, or are attached to the Mutesellim's personal staff. This small party of Turks, numbering scarcely more than 500 men, maintain firm possession of the city, aided by a soldiery consisting of some 2,000 men, who are paid by government, but supply their own arms and clothing; except among the body-guard, there is consequently no regular uniform, each man dressing according to his nationality. On the whole, there can be no doubt that the Turkish rule is popular in this part of the Sultan's dominions; for though they may be considered, having regard to numbers, as an alien race, yet their system of government is mild, and does not press hardly on either Arab or Persian, while the taxes are light.

The Armenians, though few numerically, form not an unimportant element in Bussorah society. They are a quiet, industrious race, and are greatly respected for their honesty in business transactions. In complexion they are fairer than many European races, and some of their women, when very young, are strikingly beautiful, but they age early in life—indeed, at about twenty-five, they become fat and unwieldy in person, while all beauty leaves them; altogether, they form a marked contrast to our English matrons. Still, as I have said, as young girls they oftentimes come up to one's ideal of perfect female loveliness, not only in face, but in figure, which offers a striking combination of grace and dignity. I write this, having a vivid recollection of two fair daughters of a wealthy Armenian merchant in Baghdad, one of whom was at the time receiving the attentions of an English officer; indeed, numerous instances occur of our countrymen, in that and other neighbouring cities, taking to themselves wives from among the best Armenian families.

In dress, they confine themselves to dark colours, and wear black, blue, or brown cashmere shawls for turbans, never indulging in the gay colours affected by other nationalities.

The Jews are to be found here, as in every other part of the world; but they form only a small portion of the community, and keep to themselves. They dress, like the Armenians, in sober-coloured garments, but wear a distinctive head-dress.

The Subbees are a sect of Christians who call themselves followers of John the Baptist. Little is known of their peculiar tenets beyond that they admit the divinity of Jesus Christ, and lay claim to the possession of a Gospel of their own, written, as they say, by John the Baptist himself, and this Gospel is their authority in all matters of faith and doctrine. One of the chief peculiarities of their religion is that frequent repetitions of baptism are necessary; thus, after every important change or event, as on a marriage, becoming the parent of children, recovery from sickness, after a death, and on other solemn occasions.

The Porte maintains a semblance of a navy at Bussorah, and at other points of the river; but the ships, five or six in number, are totally unseaworthy, and, in fact, never proceed to sea, but lie at anchor "grounding on their beef-bones," as we say in the navy. It was different during the time of Suliman, Pasha of Baghdad, when the fleet of twenty well-

armed and manned ships of war were strong enough to venture into the Persian Gulf, and engage the pirates' craft that thronged its waters. Groves of date trees grow along the banks of the Shatt el Arab, but the country around Bussorah is a dreary waste, and there is no verdure to relieve the monotonous sameness of the prospect. For about six months of the year this tract, level as the sea, is inundated from the overflowing of the river, and is at times even so deep as to admit of the passage of boats between Bussorah and Zobeir, a town distant about eight miles from its walls.

CHAPTER II.

KOORNA—AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT—CTESIPHON—SELEUCIA.

AFTER leaving Bussorah in the little *Comet*, on our way to Baghdad, the first place of note we passed was Koorna, the ancient Apamea, situated at the extremity of the narrow delta of land formed by the junction of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. It was so called by Seleucus Nicator, in honour of his wife Apama, the daughter of Artabazus, king of Persia, and though now an insignificant village, its former greatness is attested by the extensive ruins still existing on its site.

This Seleucus Nicator, according to Prideaux in his "Connection of the Old and New Testament," founded thirty-five cities in greater and lesser Asia, sixteen of which he named Antioch, from Antiochus his father; nine, Seleucia, from his own name; six, Laodicea, from Laodice, his mother; three, Apamea, from Apama, his first wife, of which this city is the chief; and one, Stratonicea, from Stratonice, his last wife.

During the time of the Caliphs, Koorna was a place of great importance, but it has now dwindled down into a miserable village of some thirty or forty huts, principally occupied by a Turkish guard, who levy tribute on passing boats.

From Koorna, the Euphrates branches off due W.S.W. by compass; and a little above the delta, which is covered with plantations of date trees, all fertility ceases, and the country presents a dead level, flooded in many parts so as to be almost impassable. Two miles above Koorna is said to be the site of the garden of Eden, though the present sterile nature of the soil would seem to belie the popular belief. What a contrast does it not present to the beautiful account of its delights, as set forth in the Scriptures! The prophet Joel writes in the second chapter and the third verse of his book, "The land of Eden before us, and behind us, a desolate wilderness." The desolate wilderness remains, but the swampy marshes that meet the eye near Koorna are all that remain of Paradise. The Arab sheikh who holds his head-quarters here levies a species of "black mail" on all travellers up and down the stream, notwithstanding the unhappy voyager may have paid handsomely to the chief of the Montafik Arabs, to whom the great man of Koorna owes allegiance and pays tribute. Of course the Honourable Company's Ship, *Comet*, paid toll to no sheikh or chieftain on these inland rivers, be he never so potent, ashore or afloat.



MILK-WOMAN AND ARABS CROSSING THE TIGRIS.

The Montafik Arabs are a powerful tribe of Bedouins, possessing that part of Mesopotamia which lies between Bussorah and Baghdad, and can bring, it is said, 70,000 warriors into the field, though this estimate includes every male capable of bearing arms.

On losing sight of Koorna, the first object of any great interest that we passed—except an occasional Arab encampment with its swarm of indigent occupants, who stared wonderingly at the steamer, clad in long brown shirts, extending to the knees and confined at the waist by a girdle—excepting these dirty, yet rather picturesque groups, we saw nothing worth chronicling till we arrived at a tomb called by the Arabs Ozair, and which is said by tradition to hold the ashes of the prophet Ezra. A good sun-burnt brick wall surrounds it, inside which is a spacious domed cloister, enclosing a square sepulchre; the interior is paved with sky-blue tiles, which also cover the dome, affording a rather pretty effect when the sun shines upon them. This tomb is an object of great interest to the Jews of the neighbouring

cities, who make pilgrimages to its shrine, and complacently undergo being waylaid and robbed by the Arabs, to whom they never dream of offering resistance.

Occasionally, while steaming along, we would pass some Arabs crossing the river on inflated sheep or goat skins; the most primitive, one would think, of all methods of voyaging. On these, Arabs, male and female, with their burdens commit themselves to the perils of crossing the broad and rapid waters of the Tigris; the women even carrying bowls of milk this way. The next step in the art of river navigation, is the using of two goats' skins attached to one another by means of a hoop; then comes a species of raft called a "kelek," which can be made of any number of goat-skins ranging between four and two hundred. These skins are taken off with as few incisions as possible, and then dried and prepared, after which the air is forced in by the lungs, and the aperture tied up with string. Four such skins being attached by means of withes of willow or tamarisk, there is placed over them a kind of platform consisting of branches in layers at right angles to one another, and reaching from side to side. This constitutes the smallest kind of "kelek," on which may be seen an Arab family moving with the stream from one pasture ground to another, and carrying their bags of corn and worldly effects.

For commercial purposes, or when proceeding long distances, a larger construction is made, as follows: A rectangular, or more generally a square, platform, having a sort of well or inlet at one end, is first constructed by means of successive layers of branches of trees, or poplar beams and reeds, crossing at right angles till the whole has become sufficiently stable, which is usually the case when the flooring is eighteen inches or two feet deep. On this platform there is a fire-place, or hearth, within a little enclosure of damp clay, to prevent accidents from fire. Rough planks are then laid over the rest of the space, which is occupied by the boatmen and the merchandise; inflated skins are then tied to it by osier and other twigs. The raft is then moved to the water, and launched, while care is taken to place the skins with their orifices upwards, so that in case any should burst or require re-filling, they can be easily opened by the raftmen and replenished by means of a reed pipe; the inlet already spoken of giving access to those not at the sides. People of wealth have small, rude huts constructed on their keleks, while their poorer brethren ensconce themselves, during the journey, among the bales of goods with a most commendable patience, only carrying with them a small earthern chafing dish, containing a charcoal fire, which serves to cook their food.

The ordinary "kelek," or raft, ranges in length from sixteen to eighteen feet by fourteen to sixteen in diameter, and is supported by about thirty-three skins, but the larger ones are thirty or even forty feet in length, and have at least fifty skins, while some require three hundred to support them; it was with rafts of this size that Mr. Layard was enabled to float the gigantic winged bulls he removed from the ruins of Nineveh. When under weigh they are kept in mid-stream by means of two rude oars made of the branches of trees, with blades of palm branches. On the cargo reaching its destination the raft is broken up, and the materials are sold for fire-wood, with the exception of the skins, which are carried back to be used afresh.

Chesney states that similar rafts were used by merchants and cultivators of the soil when conveying their fruit and wares from Jellalabad to Peshawur and the Fort of Attack. The Portuguese traveller, Pietro della Valle also writes of rafts of this description, while history speaks of numerous instances in which they were employed for military purposes; notably when Zenophon's army, as mentioned in the "Anabasis," crossed the Euphrates, opposite Carmandæ, on rafts made with the skins of their tents stuffed with rushes and tightly sewn together.

There is another sort of boat built and used exclusively upon the Euphrates, which does not require particular notice, as it is not very generally employed; it is usually about forty feet long, and coffin shaped.

The "kufah," or basket boat, I have already described; they are constructed of all sizes, from a diameter of three feet eight inches to fifteen feet, which latter can convey a camel, but in the present age are not made as large as is mentioned by Herodotus. Chesney speaks of their having been employed by the late Duke of Wellington, for crossing the Malpoorba river, in his Indian campaign of 1803, and I am rather inclined to think that these were the vessels spoken of as pontoons, and which gave rise to a somewhat fervid controversy in the columns of the *Times*, between Captain Tyler and the Chaplain General.

Three or four times during our passage to Baghdad, the *Comet* "brought to" alongside the river bank at certain stations, and took in fuel for supplies of wood that had been previously stored ready for her use. On such occasions, as we were detained some few hours, the captain with one or two of his officers and myself, taking with us an armed escort, amused ourselves by going ashore to shoot wild duck, or any other game that offered itself, not to take into consideration a probability of encountering lions, which we frequently saw at the river's brink. We were never fortunate enough to kill any of the noble brutes, though we followed their tracks. However, we had good sport with our fowling-pieces, and never came into collision with the desert Arabs, whose encampments we stumbled across oftentimes in the most unexpected manner. The men only scowled at us at a respectful distance, while the women and children stared with all their might, in one or two instances mustering up sufficient courage to cry after us for the inevitable "buck-sheesh."

We passed an ancient building on the right bank of the Tigris, consisting of a large square mound of sunburnt bricks, which tradition assigns as having been built in honour of a lady of rank in the reign of Kisra, or Cyrus, a name applied to the kings of Parthia, much as Cæsar was to the Roman emperors, and Ptolemy to the rulers of Egypt, but which is generally meant to denote King Chosroes Nurshirvan, surnamed the Just, the greatest sovereign of his line.

The Tigris, under the name of Shatt el Amarah, preserves a course of E. by N. for a distance of about twenty-eight miles. Its greatest distance from the Euphrates is at a point ninety-five miles from a bend in the latter river. We found the current running very powerfully, owing to the recent November rains; but it decreases and swells at irregular intervals, till the different feeders are, in the month of January, bound up by the frost and snow in the Kurdistan mountains. This retards for a time its periodical great rise, which, like the Euphrates, does not usually begin till the middle of March. The river may be said to be at its greatest height between the middle and end of May, when its velocity is 7·33 feet per second, or about five miles an hour. Though the length of

the Tigris is only 1,146 miles, being little more than half the length of the sister stream from its sources to Koorna, yet it discharges a greater body of water, owing to the numerous tributaries it receives on its eastern side.

We now arrived at Koote, a village half-way between Bussorah and Baghdad, and situated opposite the canal Hye, which joins together the waters of the Euphrates and the Tigris, running into the former river at a place called Sook Sheikh, or the Sheik's Bazaar. The canal Hye is more than a hundred miles in length, with an average breadth of 150 feet; it is dry in the summer months, but in winter and during eight months of the year is or was navigable, as has been proved by Lieutenant (now Captain) Lynch, C.B., of the Indian navy, who in 1828 passed down its entire length in a steamer.

During the navigable season, the canal is preferred by the boatmen to the passage along the main stream, on account of the heavy dues exacted by the Beni Lam Arabs, who infest the banks of the Euphrates. The Tigris appears to preserve its original size, notwithstanding the diminution of its waters in consequence of the canal diverging from it. A few miles below Koote may be traced the ancient bed of a branch, now dry, running in a direction through the ruins of Wasit, and onwards from thence in the same course under the name of Shatt Ibrahim, till it enters the Euphrates about midway between the Hye and Koorna. This appears to have been the bed of the river described as passing between the two towns of Wasit, which were in former times, according to Albulfeda, the Arabian geographer, connected by a bridge of boats; and the state of the ruins on each side, as well as the size of the ancient bed, confirm the opinion. The tract about the canals is marshy, and resembles that of Lumlum, near the Euphrates, to which, also, it corresponds in latitude. Chesney thinks it may be a part of the celebrated Chaldean Lake, which at the season of floods extended not only across Mesopotamia, but also to some distance eastward of the Tigris, so as to receive the waters not only of the Karun, but of the Kerkhah, with which river it communicates near Hawizah, by means of the El Hud.

The town of Koote is the head-quarters of the Montafik Arabs, who spread themselves hence to Sook Sheikh. The Hye canal is said to have been cut by two powerful Arab tribes. Lions and other wild beasts haunt its banks in great numbers. Two miles north of Koote are some extensive ruins, which we did not, however, explore; and, indeed, from this spot to Baghdad, the banks of the Tigris present a constant succession of remains of ancient cities, that make the journey deeply interesting to every educated traveller.

Near Koote, we passed a large encampment of Arabs, who appeared very bellicose, and expressed their impotent hate and defiance of us unfaithful dogs of Feringhees, to adopt the uncomplimentary and expressive phraseology which they habitually employ when speaking of Christians, by following us on horseback a long distance along the banks of the river, and shaking their spears at the *Comet* and her crew in a manner intended to denote what they would only do for "each and several" of our number could they but catch us on their "native heath." They rode small, weedy-looking horses, but though in appearance there was nothing striking about their mounts, these latter were full of that wonderful blood and stamina for which the breed has been ever famous. Before quitting the subject of the Arab horses, it may be interesting to state that the generally received opinion as to the utter uselessness of attempting to induce an Arab to part with his mare (a delusion fostered, if not engendered, by a well-known poem, in which a Bedouin hesitates before parting with his "Arab steed," in exchange for no end of gold mohurs, and soliloquises that dumb, but intelligent quadruped, while taking a rapid survey of his family, in which their comparative value is set considerably below the said steed), is, like many other harmless bits of romance, a fallacy, founded on a mistaken conception of the desert Arab's character.

It is true that the exportation of mares has been expressly forbidden by a mandate from the Pasha of Baghdad, owing to an idea that it would militate against the interests of the stud department of the army in the event of a war; but the business was found to be so advantageous in a pecuniary point of view, in that a heavy duty was paid on every horse or mare exported, that the carrying on of the trade was at first winked at, and ultimately openly conceded by the authorities at Bussorah, the chief port of embarkation. The supply has always equalled the demand, and provided your offer is liberal enough, you can carry off the most valuable and highly-domesticated mare that was ever foaled in "Araby the Blest."

The country on the banks of the Tigris abounds in brush-wood, where capital partridge and hare shooting is to be had; and we took advantage of its capabilities. Shortly after passing some mounds at Hoomania, the colossal remains of one of the most famous cities of antiquity break upon the sight. Before us, as we turn a bend of the river, is all that time has left of Ctesiphon, whose fortunes fill so conspicuous a place in the works of Gibbon and other historians. Although the whole surrounding country, which is almost a dead level, is covered with mounds, denoting the remains of a populous city, there is one feature of the landscape alone that rivets the eye. This is the Tauk Kesra, or arch of Kesra, or Chosroes Nushirwan. It is a truly magnificent and unique ruin, and is composed of two wings and one large central hall, extending the entire depth of the building. This wonderfully-preserved monument of by-gone years is built of fine, furnace-burnt bricks, each measuring twelve inches square by two and three-quarters thick, and coated with cement made of white lime, the layers of which are much thicker than is seen in any of the burnt brick edifices at Babylon. The full extent of the front or eastern face is 300 feet. It is divided by a high semicircular arch supported by walls sixteen feet thick, the arch itself making a span of eighty-six feet, and rising to the height of 103 feet. The front of the building is ornamented and surmounted by four rows of small arched recesses, resembling in form the large one. The style and execution of these are most delicate, evincing a fertile invention and great experience in the architectural art. From the vestibule a hall extends to the depth of 156 feet, east and west, where a wall forms the back of the building, a great portion of which, together with part of the roof, is broken down.

The wings leading out on each side of the central arch are now merely thick walls, but these had originally apartments behind them, as may be seen from undoubted marks that remain, as well as from the side-doors leading from thence into the great central hall. The walls which form these wings in the line of the front, were built on the inclined slope, being about twenty feet thick at the base, tapering to a thickness of ten feet at the summit.

The walls of the great hall seem also much thicker below than above, and Buckingham observed hollow tubes of earthenware or pottery in the masonry of the vaulted roof, bending with the arched form of the work, and also large beams of wood, still showing their ends, in the wall near the arch of entrance in front.

Both the wings are similar in their general design, though not perfectly uniform; but the great extent of the whole front, with the broad and lofty arch of its centre, and the profusion of recesses and pilasters on each side, must have produced an imposing appearance when the edifice was perfect, more particularly if the front was once coated, as tradition states it to have been, with white marble, a material of too much value to remain long in its place after the desertion of the city. The arches of the building are all of the Roman form, and the architecture of the same style, though far from chaste. The pointed arch is nowhere seen throughout the whole of the pile, but a pyramidal termination is given to some long narrow arches of the front, and the pilasters are without pedestals or capitals.

The front of the building, although facing immediately towards the Tigris, lies due east by compass, the stream winding here so exceedingly that this edifice, though standing on the west of that portion of the river flowing before it, and facing the east, is yet on the eastern bank of the Tigris in its general course.

In the centre of the wall, or western face of the structure, a doorway, measuring twenty-four feet high by twelve wide, leads to a contiguous heap of mounds, extending to the bank of the river, about a quarter of a mile distant. The general shape of these hillocks is elliptical, and their circumference two miles. To the right are fragments of walls and broken masses of brickwork; to the left, and therefore to the south of the arch, are the remains of vast structures, which, though encumbered with heaps of earth, are yet sufficiently visible to fill the mind of the spectator with astonishment at the extent of these remains of remote antiquity.

The natives of this country assert that the ruins are of the age of Nimrod, of whom in Scripture it is said, "And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar" (Gen. x. 10). A celebrated French antiquary, M. de Broses, supposes that Calneh stood on the site of Ctesiphon.

North Polar Discovery.

BY J. E. DAVIS, STAFF COMMANDER R.N., F.R.G.S.

HALL'S JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF SURVIVORS OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the success attending M'Clintock's voyage in determining the fate of Franklin and his companions, Captain C. F. Hall, of Cincinnati, U.S., who had previously meditated going to the Arctic regions to join in the search, did not relinquish the idea, hoping still to find some of the hundred and five individuals who, according to the record found by Lieutenant Hobson, were alive when the ships were abandoned; in this idea he was supported by the well-known philanthropist, Mr. Henry Grinnell, and others interested in the cause of humanity.

Captain Hall's intended method of exploration was simply this—to be conveyed with a boat and such provisions and instruments as she could conveniently carry, to the entrance of Frobisher Strait, and then, accompanied by an interpreter, trust himself for progress and sustenance to the native Esquimaux; thus equipped he proposed passing through the strait to King William Land, at which place his search would probably commence.

Means were found to supply Captain Hall's modest requirements, and on the 29th May, 1860, he left New London in the barque *George Henry*, a whaler, the owners of which afforded him and his equipments a free passage.

On the 7th of July the *George Henry* reached Holsteinborg, and on the 24th crossed Davis Strait to Kowtukjua (Clark's) Harbour, and from thence proceeded to Rescue Harbour (a small harbour in a bay north of the entrance of Frobisher Strait), where the ship was to winter; this position was everything that could be desired for Captain Hall, it being so near the entrance of the strait he was about to explore, and it was also frequented by Innuits (Esquimaux), who, with their families, encamped in the neighbourhood, among whom he was enabled to study their habits and language (his interpreter, a native who had been in the States, unfortunately died on the passage out). During the winter he made acquaintance with the Innuits, and exercised himself in many acts of self-devotion; at times he lived as they lived, and slept as they slept, conforming to all their habits, even to eating and drinking; he ate the raw flesh of a seal and drank its blood, or dined off the skin and krang (flesh) of the whale, and even the entrails of the seal were partaken of; all of which Captain Hall pronounces excellent, delicious, and ambrosial.

Captain Hall was fortunate in finding the Innuits in the neighbourhood of Frobisher Strait much farther advanced in civilisation than those of other parts of the Arctic regions visited by voyagers, and even than those of Greenland, who have had the advantage of a Christian education; such being the case it would follow that they must have improved from their original state much more rapidly than other tribes. Here is a description of their state at the time of Frobisher's visit. He found "both Ilands and men void of all civility; they live upon raw flesh of wilde beasts, which they take by hunting; they eat also raw herbes, like bruit beasts. Their houses are covered with whale skins. It is there most bitter colde. They learne their dogs to bear the yoake, and draw upon the ice all things necessary. Their weapons are bows and arrows and slings." They have "great store of harts, and as the countrie is barren, so are the inhabitants stupid and blockish, slow and dul, and without any spirit or understanding; the men are stout hunters,

and, above all, cunning foulers; they use a kinde of boat made of skins, wherein onely one man can sit, who hath no need of any oares but one; in his right hand he holdeth an instrument wherewith hee shooteth at birds."

Captain Hall found them possessing a great amount of intelligence, particularly in traditionary history, by which means he was enabled to identify a number of relics found by him as belonging to Frobisher's expedition; they were able to answer many questions; and one of the natives was so great an adept at drawing that he delineated the coast as they proceeded in the boat. This also contrasts strangely with the experience of others regarding such tribes as exist by the same means, and live in the same way as those Captain Hall met. The most intelligent Esquimaux, as a rule, will answer about two questions correctly, but the third is not to be trusted implicitly, and the fourth not at all; in like manner they will, on a slate, delineate the coast line in their immediate vicinity with tolerable accuracy, but as they proceed they get wider from the truth, and put in islands and straits from fancy, with a desire to please the enquirers.

Of course, communication with whalers, who frequently visit that part of the coast, will account for many of the natives possessing muskets and other things appertaining to civilised life; but the visits of whale ships do not generally tend to the civilisation of savage nations and tribes; on the contrary, it is well known that the most strenuous efforts of the missionaries in New Zealand were neutralised in a great measure by the contamination of whalers.

To accustom himself to the mode of travel, and to inure himself to the climate, Captain Hall left the ship in January, when the temperature was thirty degrees below zero, with a sledge and dogs and two natives, for Cornelius Grinnell Bay, and after crossing a neck of land he reached the frozen surface of the ocean, on which he travelled, building each night, with blocks of frozen snow, an igloo (or hut) to sleep in; at times in these huts he was in great danger; and on one occasion, during a storm, he could hear the ice breaking up, and the waves lashing near them.

On the tenth day of travel he found himself short of food, and was obliged to subsist on black skin, krang, and seal; the natives he fell in with were very kind, and shared what food they had with the traveller. When on the verge of starvation a native came in with a seal, and, according to custom, a seal feast took place, a description of which would be rather disgusting than otherwise; however, Captain Hall enjoyed the seal-blood soup and the raw seal entrails. After an absence of forty-two days he reached the ship.

Previous to the above recorded trip, Captain Hall had found on Look-out Island a large piece of what he supposed to be iron ore, weighing nineteen pounds; this he afterwards ascertained to be an undoubted relic of "Frobisher's" expedition. He now made it his object to inquire of the natives what they knew concerning any strange objects in the vicinity, and learnt that timber, chips, and bricks were to be found at Countess of Warwick's Sound. An old woman, whose age must have been quite a hundred years, told him of two ships having visited Countess of Warwick's Sound, and after that three more; she related also that five white men were captured by the Innuits, and that all this happened many, very many, years ago. Upon making independent inquiries among the other Innuits he found the old woman's account confirmed in every respect; comparing this with Barrow's "Chronological History of Arctic Discovery," Captain Hall came to the conclusion that the chips, bricks, &c., and the tradition, all coincided with the idea he had formed, viz., that he was undoubtedly on the track of that celebrated voyager Frobisher.

In the spring Captain Hall made short excursions from the ship, and on the 9th of August left for a longer cruise in a whale boat, with a crew of Innuit men and women. He first visited Niountelik, the island in Countess of Warwick's Sound, where the natives had told him the various articles would be found, and here he found a pile of coal, which discovery overwhelmed him with joy, for, by comparing the old woman's account with that of the Innuit who accompanied him, it appeared to confirm the conclusion he had come to, and convinced him that the coal had lain there for centuries. On asking what it was, he was told, "Innuit kook-um," meaning that the natives occasionally used it for cooking.

When encamped on an island near Niountelik, Captain Hall heard a noise resembling thunder, and at times felt the earth tremble, which, he relates, was caused by bergs falling from Grinnell Glacier, about forty miles distant.

On the 29th Hall reached a position which enabled him to determine that Frobisher Strait was in reality a bay. Here, on a mountain summit, he raised, with all the pride of a true American, the flag of his country.

The head of Frobisher Bay terminated in a river, near which Hall discovered a mount of limestone, half a mile long and over a hundred feet high, containing fossils; this he named Silliman's Fossil Mount. In returning down the bay Hall wished to keep on the south-west coast, but his Innuit attendants mutinied, and feeling that his life was in their hands, he was obliged to yield, and cross to the north-eastern side, returning down the bay by the route he came.

On reaching Countess of Warwick's Sound, Hall visited a small island called Kod-lu-naru, on which, according to native tradition, many years ago the white men built a ship. On examining the island he came upon a trench eighty-eight feet long, and six deep; this, Hall considered, was the commencement of a mine dug by Frobisher. On the north side of the island, at some distance from some ruins of stone houses, he found another trench, one hundred and ten feet long, running in an inclined plane towards the water, this was where, according to the natives, the ship was built. He also found coal, flintstone, fragments of tile, glass, and pottery, and in digging under the ship-trench found chips of wood. On the summit of the island were the ruins of a house built with stone and cemented with lime and sand.

After an absence of fifty days, Captain Hall arrived once more on board the *George Henry*.

He had learnt from the natives that another large mass of iron was to be found on the island of Oopangnewing, and from a model they prepared for him, and by the account of another who had been to the States, he ascertained that it was an anvil; this Hall also considered was a relic of Frobisher, and, anxious to obtain it, he made an excursion, and carefully examined the island, but without success in finding it.

Although Captain Hall's heart beat high at the discoveries he had made, he could not but feel disappointed at his inability to get to King William Land to execute the great object of his mission, viz., to ascertain if any of Franklin's companions were yet alive, as he felt assured, from the know-

ledge he had gained of the Innuits, that he would have gathered facts relating to that ill-fated expedition which would have astonished the world.

The *George Henry* was detained by ice a second winter in Rescue Harbour; at length, on the 9th of August, 1862, she was freed, and taking leave of his Innuit companions and friends, Captain Hall sailed in her, and safely arrived at New London on the 13th of September.

Some instances of animal sagacity communicated by the natives to Captain Hall are so curious, that they are well worthy of notice here.

According to the Esquimaux, the seal constructs its habitation beneath the surface of the ice in such a manner that it can enter it from the water below; here the young seal passes its infancy, and when the returning heat of summer has destroyed its igloo, or dwelling, the young seal is old enough to take care of itself; but this mode of lodging its young beneath the ice is well known to the bear, who with its keen scent soon detects the whereabouts of the seal's nursery, and in order to gain an entrance, the bear, retiring a short distance, makes a spring and comes down with all his weight on the roof of the igloo, crushes it in, and immediately seizes the young seal with its paw. Here it might be supposed the hungry bear at once devours its prey; but no, it is far too wary to do so, it knows full well that where a baby is there must of necessity be a mother, and that she will be in search of her darling, therefore the bear scrapes away the snow from the seal hole, and holding the young seal by the flipper allows it to flounder about, and when the mother approaches, the bear slyly draws the young seal towards it until the old one is within reach, when he seizes her with the other paw, and thus captures both.

The mode in which the bear captures the seal on the ice is very similar to that followed by the Esquimaux. When at a distance from a seal, the bear throws itself down and stealthily crawls or hitches along towards the seal, and if the seal looks up it lies perfectly still, and makes at the same time a noise which lulls the seal; the bear repeats the operation until it approaches its victim so near that escape is impossible, when it falls a prey to Bruin's appetite.

Another mode of obtaining food by the bear, is to watch from a cliff the movements of the walrus, who are fond of sunning themselves on the rocks, and when one of these has taken up a convenient position for the bear's purpose, the latter lifts a large piece of rock, and, with astonishing accuracy, throws it down on the animal's head. If the walrus is only stunned, the bear rushes down, and with the rock hammers its victim on the head until it is dead.

When attempting to capture a seal in water the bear sinks its body beneath the surface of the sea, leaving only the head above water, which resembles a piece of floating ice; when the seal raises its head above the surface, Bruin quietly sinks, and swimming under the seal, seizes it.

THE SUPPOSED OPEN POLAR SEA.

THE existence or non-existence of an open polar sea has been a subject of much discussion among the geographers of our own and other countries, the information of some of the arctic voyagers who have penetrated farthest north having led to the belief that the sea in higher latitudes is navigable and free from ice. But the reports of Morton, who saw water from one side of Kennedy Channel, and those of Doctor Hayes, who observed the same from the other side, are not sufficient to prove that an open polar sea really exists; nor do the enormous masses of drift ice in Smith Sound and near Spitzbergen, which are always moving southward, indicate that such is the case; all that can be concluded from these facts is, that when that ice breaks up and moves south there exists a space free from ice somewhere in its rear.

Some geographers are of opinion that the Gulf Stream which passes along the coast of Norway sends a current of warm water towards the pole, and exerts a great influence on the waters surrounding it; but the absence of a series of thermometric observations of the sea surface renders such an opinion very questionable, and prevents any accurate reasoning from analogy by isothermal lines; but it has long been asserted, and may be admitted as a fact, that inasmuch as the equator is not the belt of maximum heat, so the pole is not the centre of extreme cold, and the known direction of the isothermal lines of the globe tends towards that conclusion.

Another fact must not be overlooked in connection with this subject, and that is, that the surface water only retains the freezing temperature, and that the deeper the water the higher the temperature, until it reaches forty degrees, which is considered the mean temperature of the ocean; so that, towards the poles, the lighter body lies below the heavier, the warmer and therefore lighter water, in rising to the surface, is continually cooled by the temperature of the air until it reaches the freezing point.

Another and an astronomical reason in favour of the comparative warmth of the region round the Pole has been advanced by Mr. W. E. Hickson, who asserts that the temperature there must be more equable than that of any other quarter, because the Pole is neither the furthest nor the nearest point to the sun at any period of the year; but its power of transmitting heat is, of course, much less than where its rays fall directly on the plane of the ecliptic, on account of their striking obliquely on the Pole.

Without deciding whether these arguments are sound in themselves, they can only be considered in relation to the hypothesis of an open sea surrounding the pole, and, in that respect, they may be granted, as the question will resolve itself into one of mean temperature and the physical condition of the pole itself, rather than one of comparative temperature between the pole and a lower latitude; and if that mean temperature is below the freezing point (which may be conceded), it matters not whether it is zero or fifty degrees below it, as all water at a temperature of twenty-seven degrees becomes ice; therefore, all the surface water surrounding the pole must become ice. What form that ice takes we have no means of knowing, but if we may reason from what is known of the formation of ice near the southern pole much must depend on the presence of land to form a nucleus for the ice, and also on the actual depth of water about the pole.

In the antarctic region, at the seventy-eighth degree of south latitude from the southern termination of Victoria land, a perfect wall of ice, averaging 200 feet in height, runs eastward for a distance of about 450 miles, or one-twelfth the circumference of the globe in that parallel. Having been a member of Ross's Expedition, I have had the high privilege of beholding this stupendous icy barrier;

no other land was visible except the point where the ice commenced. Against this wall Sir James Ross found, in February, many miles of newly-formed ice, which in a few weeks would become pack ice, and which, with a few days' calm, would have frozen him in. The icy wall may be considered everlasting (with the exception perhaps of occasionally giving off bergs), but the newly-frozen surface of the contiguous sea becomes the pack of the following summer, which on breaking up and drifting northward, leaves a clear water space between the wall and the pack.

If there is the same physical formation near the North Pole, a similar space of open water will be found between the pack and the eternal ice; and Dr. Petermann's argument that "the pack once passed an open sea will be found," would be correct.

The drift-wood so frequently found on the east coast of Greenland, and the total absence of such in Kennedy Channel and Smith Sound, indicate that the sea seen by Morton and Hayes is closed, and also lessens the probability of an open sea to the pole.

The solution of this question is one of great interest and importance to all physical geographers, and although we cannot expect to derive from it any material benefit, it would not fail to throw light on the physical condition of a part of the globe with which we are not acquainted, and probably explain much that is at present obscure in its past history. Whatever may be the arguments in favour of or against the existence of an open polar sea, the only way to solve the mystery is to send out an expedition to decide the question, and there can be no doubt that sooner or later this will be done.

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

VI.—King Theodore: his Person and Character—March with the Army through Damot and Metcha.

We found ourselves in the presence of a man apparently between forty-five and fifty years of age—a period of life at which, in temperate climes, the frame has perhaps attained its *maximum* of physical vigour. I do not attempt to fix the exact date of King Theodore's birth. In a country where parish registers are unknown, and nearly all depends upon a mother's testimony, that, of course, is impossible; but putting personal appearance and historical evidence together, he must, I think, have passed his ninth lustrum. He was a native of the *Kwolla*, or low-lying country of Kwara on the extreme west of Abyssinia, and in many respects exhibited the characteristics which are described by that acute observer, M. Arnauld d'Abbadie,* as peculiar to the inhabitants of those depressed regions. He was about five feet nine inches in height; but, from his erect carriage, appeared taller. His frame, hardened by continual exposure and exercise, was lean almost to emaciation; his extremities, and especially his hands, were small, thin, and well-shaped; and as he walked, grasping his spear in his firm right hand, he looked every inch a king. He was well fitted to be the monarch of a people whose highest boast was of proficiency in deeds of arms, and in those martial sports which are the image of war. Unrivalled for his skill in the use of the spear, he delighted in the national game of *gooks*;† but, even in this mimic strife, his inherent cruelty of disposition would often lead him to inflict desperate wounds, even to the loss of an eye, as many a luckless tilter found to his cost. Dismounting from his horse, he would lead his followers on foot, and outstrip the fastest runner amongst them. His wiry and muscular frame and his marvellous powers of endurance made this an easy task. The Amhâra is seldom a good shot, and in this respect I do not think Theodore was superior to his countrymen; he generally, to all appearance, aimed point-blank at his object, and, of course, in four cases out of five, would miss it; still, to his credit it must be said, he never seemed chagrined at his failures. I am, of course, speaking of him on occasions when wild-fowl, and not human lives, were concerned.

His forehead was square and open, crossed by a few furrows, and well-exposed by the mode in which he wore his hair, which was drawn back from the brow, and plaited in three broad divisions; not, as I take it, in a dandified way, but simply as part of his uniform as a soldier, so to speak. Six or seven little twisted tails hung down the nape of his neck behind. He was careless about his hair, and had neglected it for months before his death. His eyes were dark and of medium size, and were surmounted by curved brows, which, at moments of emotion, wrinkled into a horse-shoe in the centre of his forehead. Their ordinary expression was mild and almost benignant, and though they were usually bloodshot, this was probably the result of debauchery, and not of any latent cruelty or ferocity. His nose was arched, and shaped much like that of Mephistopheles in Kaulbach's pictures. His mouth, though rather large, was not voluptuous, and, if anywhere, cruelty must have resided in those thin straight lips, which would warrant any physiognomical theory of this description. I have seen a pretty smile play on them, too, as he received a present, or listened to a neatly-turned compliment; and he could also bow, and return an appropriate reply, with as much grace and sincerity, as I have thought at the time, as a French marquis of the pre-revolutionary era. A scanty moustache and beard, the latter usually carefully shaved, shaded his lips and jaw; and his chin, which was rather rounded than square, hardly betokened that determination which was such a salient point of his character.

* See D'Abbadie's "Douze Ans dans la Haute-Ethiopie," tom. i., chap. 3., page 97. The passage, though full of eloquence, is too long for quotation.

† This game closely resembles the Turkish *Djereed*, and is played with spear-shafts and shields.

To conclude, his voice was commonly, "low, gentle, and soft"—an excellent thing in kings as well as women—but on occasions it would arise, ringing, clear, and nicely modulated as the tones of a trumpet, above all the clamour of a toiling and excited crowd.

Thus, to the best of my ability, have I attempted to pourtray the outward presentment of the living and breathing Theodore, as he has often stood before us. The strange complexities of his character present a problem which I shall not try to solve. Plato tells us, in the ninth book of his "Republic," that "a man becomes strictly tyrannical when-ever, by nature or by habit, or by both together, he has fallen under the dominion of wine, or love, or insanity."* Those few words were written upwards of two thousand years ago, but not all the experience of later ages can assail their truth, and by their light can be explained much that would otherwise be inexplicable. The Phalaris or Dionysius of old is re-produced in the Theodore of to-day. A slave to wine and unbridled debauchery, the Negoos was at times indubitably insane, and the worst vices of the tyrant were then developed. His rise to power, and his mastery over the minds of his countrymen, were alike attributable to one cause. Where the Abyssinian is weak, he was strong; where soft, he was hard. An indomitable strength of will, which stuck at no obstacle, respected no prejudice, knew no remorse, was the engine which raised him to unexampled power, and caused him to appear in the estimation of his fellow men as a demi-god. The Amhâra has a yielding, plastic, *laissez-faire* kind of temperament; this man, with his Napoleonic force of character, could mould them to his will like potter's clay; but, iron himself, he could not purge himself from the taint of cruelty, which was inborn in him, and which ultimately caused his fall. I think he sometimes strove against it, and at moments had sincere, if transitory, fits of repentance. Still, the leaven was there; and men who once were almost ready to adore him, presently looked on him with loathing and aversion. His ruin then followed, worked by his own hands.



TEUCRIUM.



OBITUS ABYSSINICUS.

ABYSSINIAN WILD FLOWERS.

* Davies and Vaughan's translation, p. 308.

He was seated on a low *alga*, or bedstead, at the further end of the tent, opposite the opening by which we entered. The walls were hung with silk of different patterns, and the ground was covered by a carpet of European manufacture. On either side stood a few of his principal officers, their *shamas* girt about their waist, and their arms folded in an attitude of respectful deference. Only the upper part of the king's face was visible, it being the custom in Abyssinia, on occasions when men of different ranks meet together, for the inferior to uncover as much of his person as is consistent with decency, while the superior covers up so much of his as does not interfere with his comfort. Mr. Rassam presented the Queen's letter, which Theodore took, and, without opening it, laid it by him on the *alga*. He desired us to sit down, and depositing our legs under us, we squatted as comfortably as we could on the carpet. He then entered into a detail of his

grievances, a subject which he was fond of airing on every possible occasion. It may save useless repetition if I briefly enumerate them here. The first was generally against the Aboona, or Metropolitan, of whom he would complain as being an intriguing, meddling, trafficking Copt in general, and in particular as having committed a most unjustifiable and unepiscopal offence against his own Royal honour. Consul Cameron invariably cropped up as number two, inasmuch as he hadn't brought an answer to his letter when he ought to have done so, but had gone to play with the Turks instead, and, in short, had grossly outraged all Ethiopian notions of propriety. The missionaries, Messrs. Stern and Rosenthal, were usually served up as the third course. The head and front of their offending was, that Mr. Stern had in his book stigmatised *Madame Mère* as the vendor of a useful anthelmintic, universally employed in Abyssinia, while Mr. Rosenthal had placed upon record the fact that the clerks in her Majesty's Foreign Office had been ill-behaved enough to laugh at certain expressions contained in a letter from the king to Signor Barroni, at Massáwa, inviting him to pay a visit to his Court, where they might drink and be merry together. Such, to the best of my recollection, were the serious offences for which the Aboona had been condemned to linger in a jail till he died, and the remainder until they were released by the victorious arms of a British force, after four years' imprisonment. I shall allude as little as possible to these grievances in the course of my narrative; indeed, I am not sure whether he touched upon them all on this occasion; but one or more he would bring forward whenever we had an interview with him. The preceding references to them are quite sufficient to show what were the ideas ever uppermost in the poor, wandering, unsettled mind—shattered by wine, and lust, and irresponsible power—whenever he caught a sight of his white victims.

Although unarmed himself to all appearance, we could discern through an opening in the tent his trusty henchman and body-servant, Walda Gâbir, standing just behind his master, his girdle studded with pistols, and himself quite ready, to use them should occasion require. This man, a tall, fine, stalwart fellow, after leading a kind of vagrant life in different parts of Abyssinia and Egypt, had settled down eventually at Massáwa, and had entered the service of the above-named Signor Barroni, who was an Italian merchant there, and for some time had filled the office of Acting British Agent and Vice-Consul. When Barroni accepted the kind invitation of King Theodore to come to him and participate in his merry-makings, Walda Gâbir accompanied his master. The latter unfortunately died on the road, and his faithful attendant, shouldering a rifle, marched off to the camp of his Majesty, whose service he entered, and whose fortunes he shared till death. I may mention here that Theodore had a curious fancy for surrounding himself with all the vagabonds he could pick up, who had at any time been employed by Europeans. His *entourage* was always composed of hang-dog looking fellows most unprepossessing and uncleanly in appearance, but by virtue of a slight smattering of French or Arabic, entitled to



METHONICA SUPERBA.

friendly recognition at our hands. Most of them had been in the service of one of the Consuls, Plowden or Cameron. I do not know the reason for the king's partiality for these men, except that he may have considered they had had more favourable opportunities for becoming skilful shots than the rest of their countrymen. At all events, he employed them as a rule to carry his most valued rifles and muskets.

Our interview lasted about half an hour, at the expiration of which time we were dismissed with the most friendly expressions of goodwill. The favourable impression which Mr. Rassam had produced was speedily known among the courtiers, and we had scarcely reached our tents when we perceived our friend the merchant, Walda Selâsyé Gobazyé, and another old acquaintance, running down to us, each bearing a sheep across his shoulders, of which, with many congratulations, our acceptance was begged. Visitors of a different description came in soon afterwards. Aïto Samuel, who had been appointed *Baldarăba* to the Mission, ushered in Alaka Engeda the King's secretary, and Walda Gâbir. They brought with them the Queen's letter, of which a translation was ordered to be made. The task occupied about two hours, and even then, I fear, it was accomplished in anything but a satisfactory manner. One of the clauses was garbled, and a phrase was inserted to the effect that Mr. Rassam was empowered to do everything the king required of him. It is needless to say that nothing of this import was contained in the original. It was the work of Theodore himself, and formed the pretext for much of his subsequent ill-treatment of us.

Early the following morning we were summoned to another interview, and found his Majesty standing outside the door of his tent, leaning on his spear, and talking to Râs Engeda. He invited us to enter, and after we had sat down, he asked a few questions about the interpreters, Omar Ali and Walda Gabriel, who had accompanied us. When he learnt that the former was a native of Massáwa, he expressed his satisfaction with him, saying that he had no quarrel with his country, but to Walda Gabriel he turned a decidedly cold shoulder, intimating that he could place no trust in any one who was born in Shoa, which had rebelled against him. The poor man, who had left his native country many years back, and had since principally resided at Gondar, where he had a petty business as a trader, looked aghast at the decision, which might have appeared to him as an omen of worse things to come, but of course he could make no reply. My own opinion is that our friend's birthplace had very little to do with the matter. Alaka Zenab, the keeper of the archives and royal historiographer, one of Theodore's most trusted adherents, was also a native of Shoa, and many of the court favourites, notably the Bedjerwands, or treasurers, came from Tigrê, which was equally in a state of revolt. The king, who was no bad physiognomist, probably found it easy to discover in Omar's child-like open face the real simplicity and guilelessness of his character, whilst in the features of the other there resided all the craft and suppleness of the true Habeshee. As may be imagined, it was not Theodore's object at that time to have any people about him who might assist in cleansing the eyes of his friends from the dust which was thrown into them with so lavish a hand.

This important point being settled, a conversation of the usual character ensued, at the close of which the king directed his secretary, Alaka Engeda, to read an Amharic letter, which he proposed to forward by Mr. Rassam to her Majesty, and in which he signified that he would release all the Europeans then held in confinement. It was written in a strain of deep humility and self-abasement, and concluded by requesting counsel and advice, pardon for his faults, and indulgence towards his shortcomings.

Well pleased with ourselves, the king, and the world in general, we returned to our tents, and began to employ ourselves in setting out the presents which we had brought from Alexandria and Aden for his Majesty. Towards three P.M. it was notified to us that the king was ready to receive them. Off we started, our interpreters and servants staggering up the rugged path behind us, one laden with the telescope-rifle, two others bearing each an immense cut-glass chandelier, while the rest conveyed barrels of gunpowder, rich carpets, drinking vessels of Bohemian glass, and other articles which we thought would prove congenial to Ethiopic taste. Once we heard a crash, and looking back, found to our dismay that one of the chandelier-bearers had tripped over a stone, and that one of the pendants had come to grief. However, the damage was not easily discoverable to any but civilised eyes, and we trudged on till we arrived at the spot where Theodore was sitting in a large open space before his tent. He was alone and unattended, except by his favourite, Râs Engeda; and a cordon of musketeers, posted at intervals of thirty or forty yards, kept guard around him, though considerably out of earshot. We sat down on a carpet which had been spread for us, and the presents were then carefully deposited on the ground near him. As each was laid down, the king inclined his head and murmured, "*Egziâbehêr yistihh*" (May God give it to you), the usual formula in which a gift is acknowledged in Abyssinia. When a large oval mirror, resplendent in its gilt frame, was produced, Mr. Rassam said that he trusted it might prove an acceptable present to the queen, whereupon with a deep sigh, his Majesty replied, that his domestic life had been very unhappy of late, but that there was a lady whom he hoped soon to raise to the position of his consort, and he would bestow the gift upon her. Soon after this we were dismissed.

On rising the following morning (30th of January), and looking around us, we soon discovered that the plain of Ashfa wore a very different appearance to that which it had presented the preceding day. All the little white and black tents had been struck, and nothing remained of the tiny green huts of the common soldiers but their charred and blackened skeletons. Theodore had left early with all his soldiers, and we were to follow him with the camp followers. We made all the haste we could, and shortly after starting, between ten and eleven o'clock, fell in with Râs Gabriyé, who told us that he had been deputed with his men to look after our luggage. We soon came up with the ruck of the army, chiefly composed of the families of the soldiers and servants of the chiefs. This day the road was level and open, generally speaking, but now and then we had to cross a small brooklet or pass over the sloping brow of a hill, and a scene of indescribable confusion was sure to ensue. As all the soldiers, except the sick and disabled, were on ahead, there was no one to preserve order; and women, bent double under the weight of jars of *tedj* or *talla*, old men who could scarcely crawl, and children who couldn't walk, were all huddled together, screaming and shouting, cursing and invoking all the saints in the calendar. Yet, strange to say, accidents rarely or never occurred; a fact highly

creditable to the temper of the thousands of led horses and laden mules which accompanied the throng.

Our road lay pretty nearly NNE., and we were four hours on the journey, accomplishing a distance of about seven miles. We encamped in the plain of Sáccala, only a few miles from those fountains of the Nile discovered by Paez and visited by Bruce. The latter mentions this territory as producing the very best honey in Agow Meder, but at the time we were there it was a perfect waste. Not a house, scarcely a tree, was to be seen; a sure proof, if none other were required, of the presence of the destroyer and his army. On arriving at the camp, an officer came to us from the king with a present of a gazelle and a brace of partridges. These are easily caught by the soldiers on the plains, as, on being surprised by this immense mass of men marching in line they know not whither to escape, and are picked up by the hand.

We were very desirous the next morning to be allowed to visit the famed springs of Geesh, which were so near, but our request to do so was met by a firm though courteous refusal. The march was a short one—only five miles I think—yet the road was so narrow and precipitous that it took us some hours to cover the distance. We halted at Bifâta, worn-out and exhausted, and quite satisfied with the experience we had gained whilst we "followed the camp" in Abyssinia.

But brighter days were in store for us. Early the next morning we received an invitation from the king to take our places amongst his retinue, as we should thereby be spared the inconvenience and discomfort inseparable from marching with the ruck of the army. We were up betimes, and took our places on the roadway by which his Majesty would pass. He soon came by on foot, and, after bidding us good morning, told us to mount and follow him. Theodore, generally preceded by a peasant who acted as a guide, invariably rode in front of his army, followed at a distance of about twenty yards by Râs Engeda,* and then by his personal attendants, gun-bearers, and pages. A dozen or fifteen of the latter—young lads whose ages varied from eight to sixteen years—were usually in attendance on him; their fathers were often powerful chiefs at a distance from the court, and the boys thus played the part of hostages. Amongst them were also the greatest chiefs who were in partial disgrace, and who had been deprived of their commands. Râs Mashesha,† the king's eldest illegitimate son, a boorish-looking young man of two or three-and-twenty, generally rode in company with Haïlu, one of Theodore's original Râses, a handsome bearded soldier, who had incurred the king's displeasure for some trifling fault or other. Behind followed the musketeers, in a compact mass, headed by their commandant, Râs Tsaga,‡ and the cavalry and spearmen brought up the rear. We did not march far this morning, halting within the confines of the same district as the preceding day. The army had a mission to accomplish, and we had no sooner encamped, than horse and foot were despatched in every direction, to burn, harry, and plunder any hamlet or cottage within a certain radius. Luckily, Theodore had been stationed so long in the vicinity that the inhabitants had had plenty of time to make good their escape, and the soldiers found but little to gratify their cupidity and the monarch his cruelty. The latter rode out with a small body of cavalry in the afternoon, but returned after a very short absence.

We had encamped on a plain on the left bank of the Abaï, or Blue Nile, and the army passed most of the following morning in fording the river. It was not more than ten or twelve yards in width at this spot, but the extreme steepness of the banks, and the rotten condition they were in after the recent heavy rains, made it a matter of extreme difficulty, both for mules and pedestrians, to cross in security. After the troops had passed by, Theodore still remained on the bank, leaning on his spear, and manifesting great anxiety for the women and children who had yet to get over this obstacle. He addressed them all with words of encouragement, and directed Râs Engeda and his attendants to assist in making the road a little better. Any work of this kind he had always to begin himself, but on the turf being cut, so to speak, by the royal lance, every one stripped and set to work with alacrity to improve the path, and in a very brief space of time the ascent was rendered comparatively easy. We encamped in a beautiful valley in the district of Gootta, which, under the name of Goutto, Bruce has so highly extolled. Not a village was now to be seen in this fertile and beautiful vale. The ground appeared to have lain fallow for many months, and the low hills on either flank were covered with the greenest verdure, enamelled with the blue and white of the many wild flowers which grow in unrestrained luxuriance in this part of Abyssinia. Mr. Rassam will, I dare say, long remember the loss of his *hortus siccus*, which he was able to fill with so little pains in this district, and which was afterwards plundered, with a good deal more of our property, when we fell into disgrace.

The next morning (3rd of February) we retraced our steps a part of the way, and diverged again to the north-west, a course which compelled us to cross and re-cross the winding Abaï more than once. The king, who made us ride quite close to himself, was exceedingly chatty, and kept Aïto Samuel incessantly riding backwards and forwards as the medium of communication between Mr. Rassam and himself. The European artisans in his employ had, so far as they were able, kept his Majesty *au courant* with the events which had lately taken place in Europe and Africa; and he put various questions relative to the Russian War, the affairs of Ashantee and Dahomey, and other matters, his knowledge of which we were somewhat puzzled to account for. His curiosity to know the way in which defeated monarchs were treated by their victorious foes was ill-disguised, and most of his questions tended towards satisfying it. Two hours and a half brought us to Fagitta, a plain surrounding a low hill, within the province of Agow Meder. Readers of Bruce will recollect the great battle which took place here on the 9th of December, 1769, between the forces of the young king Hatsê Takla Haïmânot, commanded by Râs Mikhaïl, and the wild Galla hordes under Waragna Fâsil. The defeat of the latter was said to be wholly attributable to the panic induced by the fall of one of their principal chiefs, who was killed by a chance bullet fired in bravado by a drunken buffoon called Walda Gabriel. The Galla, at that time, had an almost superstitious dread of musket-balls, or, as they called them in Amharic, *zabeeb* or raisins; now they are reckoned much finer shots than the

* Literally, "a stranger," or "foreigner."

† "A place of refuge."

‡ This chief's name was originally Negoosyé (*My King*); but after the rebellion of Agow Negoosyé, in Tigrê, all who bore the insurgent's name changed it, and this Râs called himself Tsăga—*i.e.*, "grace" or "favour."



VIEW ON THE RIVER ABAI.

Amhara. The terror formerly inspired by fire-arms has worn off, and the genuine *Watâdder*, or soldier, much prefers the national weapons—the spear and shield—to the muskets, generally old and worn out, with which a certain proportion of the troops is armed. The *Farasegna**, or cavalry soldier, as he gallops to and fro shouting out his *fakâra*, or defiance to the foe, and vaunting his prowess, has a fine martial appearance, which is not possessed by the *Naftegna*, or musketeer, although the latter has also a very characteristic war-dance, and a song with an inspiriting chorus. The latter brags by his weapon, which to our ears has somewhat a ludicrous effect. After capering till he is tired, he shouts as long as he has any voice, in a fine *crescendo* movement, "*Ya-Galla gădai! Ba-Ingleez gădai!*" Or, as the case may be, "*Ba-Toork gădai! Ba-Ibraheem Basha gădai!*" and so on; all which, being interpreted, signifies, "The slayer of the Galla! The slayer by the English" (scil. musket); or, "The slayer by the Turkish!"—*i.e.*, one of those taken from the Turks, all of whom are typified by the doughty son of Mohammed Ali Pasha. These *fakâras*, or boastings, generally go on after a feast given by the commander of a regiment to his men, and while the wine—represented by vast *gombos* of mead or beer—is briskly passing round after dinner. At

* *Faras*, a "mare" in Arabic, signifies "a horse" in Amharic. *Naft*, "a musket," is probably derived from the Greek νάφθα, like the Arabic *naffât*, and Persian *naft*, which denote a clear combustible petroleum.



ARMY OF THEODORE OVERTAKEN BY A FLOOD CROSSING THE BASHILO.

reviews, or in presence of the enemy, the gallant warriors scream till they are hoarse, in the hope of encouraging themselves or their comrades. A cavalry man *fakars* by shouting out the name of his horse, as, "*Abba Boolla!*" "*Abba Sangeyu!*"—"The master of Bayard; the master of the gelding"—which sounds tame enough in English, but makes an Abyssinian's blood run like quicksilver. Every chief, too, who has fallen by his hand, in battle or by less justifiable means, is crowed over in what we should consider a cowardly manner, but which is looked upon as highly laudable, and, in fact, a point of chivalry in a country where it is sanctioned by the usage of centuries. These remarks lead one to the consideration of the army in Abyssinia, a subject which I shall pursue in the following chapter.

English Mission to Mandalay, and Treaty with Burmah.

BY HENRY WOODWARD CROFTON, M.A., H.M. CHAPLAIN AT RANGOON.

I.—Treaties with Burmah—Mission of 1867—Voyage up the Irrawaddy—Cross the Frontier—Arrival at Mandalay.

Since the conclusion of the last Burmese war, in 1853, and the annexation of that large slice of Burmese territory in which it resulted, it has been one of the chief objects of our Government to obtain from the King of Burmah a satisfactory treaty, commercial and political. In the year 1853 a mission was accordingly despatched to the Court of Burmah, under the newly-appointed Commissioner of Pegu, Major, now Sir Arthur Phayre, whose long service in our previously-acquired district of Arracan, and intimate acquaintance with the Burmese language, literature, and character pointed him out as, *par excellence*, the man to whom this duty should be entrusted. The narrative of this mission has been given to the public in an interesting volume on Burmah, by Captain, now Colonel Yule, of the Bengal Engineers, which we would recommend our readers to consult. But it was unsuccessful in its object. The Burmese Government, though profuse in their professions of friendship, and cordial in their reception of the mission, refused most obstinately to grant a treaty. In 1862 Colonel Phayre was more successful. During the intervening period the suspicion with which the Burmese authorities regarded us had somewhat abated, while the value of commercial intercourse between both countries had become more apparent to them. Colonel Phayre had also kept up a friendly correspondence with the Burmese sovereign, and thus a "personal friendship" as the latter was wont to express himself, had been established between them. Accordingly, on his visit during this year to the capital of Burmah, Colonel Phayre succeeded in inducing the king to conclude a treaty with our Government. The chief provisions of the treaty were that the subjects of both Governments should be free to trade, travel, or reside in British or Burmese territories; provision was made for the transit of goods for the Chinese market through Upper Burmah, at a low charge, without breaking bulk; and the frontier customs duties were abandoned by the British Government, with an agreement for prospective reduction on the part of the Burmese.

Before long, complaints began to be made that the provisions of the treaty were almost entirely disregarded by the Burmese officials, and it became pretty evident that there could be no satisfactory commerce between both countries until the king could be prevailed on to make radical changes in his commercial system, and grant a new and greatly improved treaty. Our Government were therefore on the watch for a favourable opportunity of renewing their endeavours to place our relations with the court of Burmah on a better footing.

In 1866 that opportunity seemed to present itself. A formidable rebellion, headed as usual by the king's own sons, broke out in August. After some months' fighting, the king's authority was re-established; and as there was no doubt that the moral support and friendly feeling which the Chief Commissioner of British Burmah had shown to him during the rebellion, greatly strengthened his hands and enabled him to put it down, it was thought a favourable moment to renew our representations on the subject of a treaty. In the autumn of 1866 Colonel Phayre again presented himself before his royal friend, with congratulations on the suppression of the rebellion, and with a very excellent treaty which his Majesty was requested to consider. But either the flush of recent victory had unduly elated him, or, as he said himself, the country was too impoverished and unsettled after the late troubles for the introduction of changes, or for some other sufficient reason, he set his face steadfastly and determinedly against the new treaty. And so negociations were abruptly broken off.

But a new spirit was soon to come over the king and his advisers. It was made evident to them that they had incurred the disfavour of their British neighbours by their pertinacious refusal of a treaty. Proposals had been made, which reached their ears, of the re-imposition of the frontier duties which had been taken off in 1862. No arms or munitions of war were allowed to enter the Burmese territory; and thus and in other ways the unwelcome truth was brought home to them, how entirely they depended on the powerful neighbour who held all the sea-board of the country, and through whose territories the great highway of Burmese commerce—the noble Irrawaddy—held its course for three hundred miles. The result was, that by the middle of the year 1867, the Court of Mandalay professed itself as anxious to enter into the treaty as it before had been averse, and negociations were at once re-opened on the subject by the new Chief Commisioner, Colonel Fytche. All went smoothly; it was soon reported from Mandalay that every article of the treaty prepared by our Government had substantially been accepted, and that everything was ready for another mission to go up and conclude it.

All preliminaries having been thus arranged, the mission started for Mandalay on the morning of Friday, the 20th of September, 1867. It was composed as follows:—Colonel Fytche, the Chief Commissioner of British Burmah, with Mr.

Edwards, the Collector of Customs in Rangoon, and Captain Duncan, the Inspector-General of Police, as his interpreter and secretary respectively. An escort of some sixty men of H.M. 24th Regiment, now quartered at Rangoon, and about a dozen artillerymen, with five officers, accompanied the mission, as did also Captain Hannen, of the Artillery, on leave, and myself. Mrs. Fytche, and Mrs. Lloyd, wife of the Deputy-Commissioner of Rangoon, were also bold enough to risk the perils and discomforts of the voyage.

The party embarked on Thursday evening on board the *Nemesis*, a small sea-going Government steamer, and the *Colonel Phayre*, a river steamer of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, with a flat, as it is called, attached alongside for the troops. Considerable crowds of the motley population of Rangoon assembled to witness and cheer the embarkation of the mission, in the success of which they all felt a lively interest, and a salute of thirteen guns from the cantonment, replied to by the same number from the *Nemesis*, announced the fact at last accomplished of the envoy being actually on board. Our voyage to the frontier was on the whole peaceful, pleasant, and prosperous. The first day was one of some anxiety lest we should have to pass the night (in river voyaging we always anchor for the night) in the Paulang Creek, which connects the Rangoon river with the Irrawaddy proper, and which is of deserved ill fame for its musquitoes. Nothing but experience could enable one to realise the innumerable multitudes of these winged torments that at times invade the unfortunate steamer that is benighted there, and the exquisite misery which they inflict. The pathetic lament of the old Cardinal—Pallegoix by name—quoted by Sir John Bowring in his work on Siam, is scarcely above the gravity of the subject: —"Oh the misery of finding the blood sucked from every part of the body by myriads of winged insects, whose venomous incision causes the flesh to swell with an intolerable itching!" I have been credibly informed that in the last war two or three European soldiers, maddened by attacks of the Paulang musquitoes, jumped overboard to obtain a temporary relief, and were unfortunately drowned. Our anxiety was, however, needless, for though, with all our endeavours, we could not get into the Irrawaddy for the night, the Paulang musquitoes for once were merciful, or rather, a heavy fall of rain and a fresh breeze prevented their coming on board, and we passed the night in comfort. The next morning we found ourselves on the broad and noble Irrawaddy, the fresh southerly breeze usual at this season blowing up the river, and swelling the huge white sails of the numerous boats that ply between Rangoon and Upper Burmah. Life on board was pleasant, but after the first day or two monotonous. Until near Prome the country is flat and undiversified. You seem always to be passing the same villages; gazing over the same great plains, green with growing rice; watching the same boats sailing by or towards you; the same set of Burmese men, women, and boys coming out to look at you steaming by, and playing and sporting in the water like the half-amphibious creatures that they are. On board, the perpetual din of the paddles, the unceasing cry of the leadsman, "teen bām, mila naheen" (three fathoms and no bottom), and the rush of waters around you, conduce to a dreaminess and drowsiness that few are able to resist. After we had been a few days on board I heard a long and animated discussion going on among the soldiers outside my cabin, as to what day of the week it was, and it took at least ten minutes and some dozen speakers to settle the point. We had plenty of books on board, but it was hard not to fall asleep over them, under the somnific influences that surrounded us. Two large volumes in particular, one an Encyclopædia, the other Yule's narrative of the mission of 1855, seemed especially inducive of slumber; and one of our party was observed to fall asleep so often over one of these books, that we often wonder whether he can do so now without a heavy volume in his arms.

One of our favourite amusements was to converse with our friends in the other steamer by writing on a large black board, when smart questions and lively repartees were the order of the day. The progress the country had made under British rule was very evident, as we passed along, to those who remembered it a few years since. A large embankment, in particular, was visible at various points, the work of the last three or four years, by which whole tracts of country have been reclaimed from inundation, and made available for the cultivation of rice, the staple product of the country. The large native town of Prome, in particular, which after the late war was so unhealthy to the large garrison that occupied it, is now well-drained and laid out in wide uniform streets. Good substantial houses, with tiled or corrugated iron roofs, have replaced the thatched huts of former days. A large commodious bazaar, where all kinds of commodities are bought and sold in comfort, has been erected, and on the river banks several large pucka, or brick buildings, strike the eye, of which two are hospitals. At Thyetmyo, the frontier military station, the old mat barracks that many of our military readers of the 28th, 68th, 60th, and other regiments, may well remember, have all disappeared; and there are few stations where the British soldier has better and more spacious accommodation than in the fine new barracks just finished here. We reached Moyet-Myo on the 24th of September, the fifth day from our departure—a more rapid passage than usual. We did not land here, as the envoy was anxious to get to Mandalay as soon as possible. The regulated salute, however, of thirteen guns acknowledged the arrival of the chief Commissioner, and was returned by the *Nemesis* in better style than she had managed at Rangoon, where she took too long between each discharge. On the evening of the same day we passed the boundary pillars—two obelisk-like brick structures that mark on each side the line between British and Burmese territory. There is no kind of natural boundary whatever, and it is hard to say why the line was drawn here, as it was, by the late Lord Dalhousie, after the last war.

And now we realised to ourselves that we were actually on a mission to a foreign power. We were fairly out of British territory; no more English stations, civil or military, to be passed on our way; no more telegrams to be sent and received at each, for the telegraph-line which follows the banks of the river up to Thyetmyo proceeds no further. We were leaving all European civilisation and nineteenth-century associations behind, and entering a strange Asiatic land—the land of gold umbrellas and gilded war-boats, of perpetual pooays and pagodas.

Our first day in Burmese territory was unfortunate, the boilers of the *Nemesis* getting out of order, so that all we could accomplish was about twenty miles, instead of the sixty or seventy we had hitherto done. We anchored early in the afternoon at the village of Tsing-ponny-Way, on the left bank of the river. Here is the residence of the governor of the Burmese frontier, who, however, retains his old title of Meeaday-Won,

from the fort, now dismantled, of that name in our province. Like most Burmese names, the name of this village is significant—it means "elephant-raft whirlpool," and is founded on an incident said to have occurred on the journey of one of the white elephants, which the Burmese so delight to honour, to the royal city. The raft on which he was conveyed got into trouble, near this, in one of the large eddies often met with in the Irrawaddy, and His Excellency the white elephant was compelled to land here, a circumstance handed down to posterity in the name of the village. In an unchanging, monosyllabic language like the Burmese, the information contained in names is not, as with us, hidden under the gradual corruption of the original word. Names remain for many generations as significant as when first imposed. The village itself, as the first we had seen in Burmese territory, was an object of close scrutiny. We were struck, on the whole, by its inferiority in the style of the dwellings, and in general appearnce of comfort and prosperity, to those of the same class in our own Province. The difference was not, indeed, so apparent here as in many others which we saw afterwards, but yet, we thought, clearly perceptible to an impartial eye. Not that the people seemed very poor or miserable; the latter the Burmese never are, and generally they and their cattle are plump and well-conditioned; but there were not the same signs of wealth and prosperity as in many villages half its size in our territory.

We started the next morning, September 26th, with the disabled *Nemesis* in tow, and anchored off Maloon at night. This was formerly the residence of a governor, but is now a small village standing on the gentle slope of a hill, which rises behind to a peak crowned with numerous temples of various forms. This hill was the scene of an obstinate contest in the first Burmese war of 1826.

The scenery here, as it had been since Prome, was exceedingly picturesque. Long ranges of hills, clothed from head to foot in almost impenetrable forest, and with pagodas perched here and there on their summits, skirt the river side on the west, leaving between their base and the river a belt of low rich country, thickly wooded, in which lie numerous villages, for the most part on or near the river banks. On the east the country is more of the character of a somewhat irregular plateau, covered with thick jungle and small trees as far as the eye can reach. This is the general character of the country as it appears on each side of the river from Prome to Pagan. The next morning we had our first view of the Burman war-boats, of which we had read and heard so much. The news of our arrival at Maloon had been sent up sharp to Menhla, the Burmese frontier station, where customs are collected, and where certain officials, deputed by the Burmese Government to receive us, had been awaiting our arrival. Before sunrise the splash of many oars and the shouts of rowers were heard in the distance, and three war-boats soon shot round the corner and came alongside. It was, as we expected, a deputation from Menhla to bid us welcome. We soon, however, ascertained that the chief of the three personages, who had been deputed from the capital to escort the mission up, was not on board, and so our visitors were politely informed they would be received at Menhla, and not here. The Burmese are exceedingly particular on all points of etiquette, and one of their standing maxims, from the occupant of the throne to the lowest official, is to be as chary as they can of all marks of honour and recognition to the representatives of foreign powers. Hence the necessity of extreme vigilance on the part of the British envoy, to permit nothing in the mode and manner of his reception that could possibly be intended or construed as an omission or slight. We steamed slowly up to Menhla, and had an excellent opportunity of observing the novel and peculiar scene that greeted us. On sighting the town, seven or eight war-boats, with a host of smaller craft, put out to meet us. Their boats were of various sizes and adornings, from forty-five to sixty-six feet long, and all more or less profusely gilded. Each contained a band of from forty to fifty rowers, sitting from stem to stern as close as they could pack. They rowed round and round us, as we slowly approached our moorings, managing their boats most dexterously in the strong current and crowded waters in which they performed their evolutions. As they passed us, every boat would raise a deafening cheer and song of welcome, led by one or two frantic-looking individuals, who stood erect, and gave time to the singers by the most strange and grotesque contortions of their arms and whole bodies. It was, as Yule observed, on a similar occasion, an "Owhyhee" scene, reminding us strongly of the accounts of the receptions of the first English navigators by the South Sea Islanders. After a short delay, the expected deputation came on board. All had been in readiness from an early hour for their reception, which it was thought right to make as formal and imposing as we could. We all assembled in our several uniforms on the quarter-deck of the *Nemesis*, which had been gaily decorated with flags, and screened off by a curtain from the forward portion of the vessel. A guard of honour of some twenty men of our escort—Artillery and 24th—was drawn up on each side of the deck, and at the stern a semi-circular row of seats awaited our visitors' arrival. The envoy did not himself receive the deputies at the companion-ladder, their rank not entitling them to that honour, but they were courteously handed up by some members of the mission, and conducted hand in hand to their respective seats. As they came on the quarter-deck the guard presented arms, the envoy rose and shook hands with each, and motioned them into their seats. The officers who came on board were the Poopa-Wondouk (or minister of the second grade), the principal personage of the deputation from Mandalay, a venerable, well-affected gentleman, who bore his part with much composure and dignity; the Padein-Won, also from Mandalay, a young, intelligent, shrewd-looking man, who spoke English well, having been educated in Calcutta; and the Ex-Won of Tsingo, an old and pleasant-mannered officer of the court, who had frequently been employed on like duties. He received in a similar way the mission of 1855 to the court of Burmah, and had accompanied the Burmese ambassadors to Calcutta, when they visited Lord Dalhousie. The conversation which ensued was chiefly formal and diplomatic, consisting of repeated assurances on their part of the great joy they felt at our arrival, of the distinguished reception their royal master intended to give the mission, and of the instructions he had given them to let nothing be wanting to our comfort during the passage up.

They showed, as Burmese generally do, considerable tact and skill in making graceful, courtier-like, dignified speeches, with an under-tone running through them all, of their own and their sovereign's superiority to all the rest of the world. They told us of the arrangements for the journey; it was to be divided into ten stages, slowness being in their eyes an



THAPINYU PAGODA, AT PAGAN. (*From a Photograph.*)

essential requisite to dignity, and (a more cogent reason with us), the war-boats being unable to accomplish longer distances with convenience. After an interview of about half an hour, during which the heat was intense, they took their leave. The rest of the day was spent by some of the party in shooting, by others in strolling about the town, listening to the *pooay* or dramatic performance, which went on all day, and inspecting the arms, guns, and so forth, of the first body of Burmese warriors we had seen. After dinner, the chief commissioner and all the party went to the pooay, which, as in more civilised countries, was best and grandest at night.

The history of the next ten days is best given, for the purpose of these pages, in a brief notice of the principal points of interest, and not in the form of a diary. The ten stages, to which, with the exception of Tsagain, we adhered, were as follows, and may be traced on any good map of Burmah: Menhla, Magué, Yay-non, Khyonly-Pakham-nge, Tsile-Myo, Pagan-Konyua, Tsameit-Kiyon, Kyouk-taloon, Tsagain, Mandalay. The average distance between each was about fifteen miles. At each of these halting places we found a large roomy shed had been erected for our accommodation, with a raised bamboo floor at one end, on which to sit or recline. As many chairs—or foreigners' seats, as the Burmese call them—as could be mustered, were also provided for our use. In front of these buildings a company of Burmese actors and musicians performed, almost unintermittingly, during our stay. As the steamers approached, the music struck up, and the actors stepped forward and executed one of their peculiar dances in our welcome. The triumph of skill seems to be to twist and move all parts of the body in some peculiar way at the same instant. All members of the body—feet, legs, arms, hands, fingers, shoulders, and head—seem to move together and take part in the performance. The Burmese pooay or play, which was provided for our entertainment at each stopping place, has been admirably described in Yule's narrative, and by other observers. At first, most of us were much amused and interested by these performances, but the loud incessant music which accompanied them, the great sameness of the plots and character, and the interminable length of some of the scenes, soon made us think we had had enough of them. It is a strange and curious sight, no doubt, to see the great crowds of Burmese, of all ages and classes, gathered for the night to witness the performance of a play, and to observe the perfect good order and high delight which they manifest. There was never the least approach to disorderly conduct or disturbance of any kind among the multitudes at Mandalay, sometimes two or three thousand, who assembled on these occasions. They seemed altogether occupied with what they had come to see; and, except for the dresses of the actors and actresses, which sometimes were rich and handsome, especially at Mandalay, the *mise-en-scène* and surroundings of these plays were strangely rude and simple. The theatre, a few mats spread on the ground in the open air, with a green bough in the centre fastened to a pole; the lights, a few torches fed with rock-oil, and smoking most intolerably; the orchestra, some half-dozen or more of the musical instruments of the country, more

remarkable for noise than melody; the drama and characters, always the same long love story of a prince or princess, the same courtiers and attendants, the same clowns, fakeers, tigers, *nats*, and *beloos*, *i.e.*, supernatural personages of all kinds. The chief part of these plays, as in our operas, is sung or chanted, but the dialogue, especially where the clown is an interlocutor, seems decidedly the most popular part. The hearty applause that would burst forth from the audience, as if from one man, during this part of the performance, was almost contagious. A good deal of this part of the play is, I am told, extempore, and local and personal in its allusions; hence, doubtless, the force with which it tells on the people. It is sometimes far from decent or refined, but we had no reason to complain on this score. I am told that there was seldom or never anything said at these plays that exceeded the average license of an English stage.

Another feature of our reception at the several stages of the journey was the furnishing of such provisions and supplies for our use as could be procured. Shortly after our arrival, a long train of men would come on board, bearing rice, pumpkins, cucumbers, fish, and fruit of all kinds in great abundance, to the great profit and delight, principally, of the native portion of our party—our servants and ships' crews—to whom such things were favourite articles of consumption. It was equally impossible to refuse these things or to pay for them, though one could not help pitying the unfortunate people, on whom these exactions, little profitable to us, and yet felt by them, were levied. It was the King's order we were to get them, and his order there was no disputing. I believe the King was charged with all these supplies, but whether the people were ever paid for them or not is quite another question. A third mark of attention that awaited us at our halting places was the assemblage of all the best ponies of the neighbourhood, saddled and bridled in Burmese fashion, for those of us who might fancy a ride.

We had several pleasant excursions about the country, thanks to this thoughtfulness on the part of our conductor. There were generally more ponies than we wanted, so some of the soldiers who accompanied us had a gallop sometimes up and down the banks of the river, to the great delight of themselves and their comrades. The Burmese saddle was decidedly difficult to manage, its stirrups being about half the length of ours, and intended for naked toes and not for boots. Several loose ponies generally accompanied our cavalcade, being of a sociable disposition, and not wishing to be separated from their companions. The chief places of interest at which we stopped were Yennankhyoung, Tsile-Myo, and Pagan. The former is celebrated for its rock-oil wells, which before the late discoveries of oil in America, were the principal sources whence this commodity was obtained. We arrived here on Sunday afternoon the 27th of September. The strong smell of petroleum which abounded everywhere, and the crowd of boats which were taking it in, at once proclaimed the staple industry of the place. We were sorry to observe here one of those renegade Europeans who are to be found here and there throughout the East, adopting the manners and customs, and sometimes the creeds of the natives, in preference to their own. This man, who was tattooed all over his body in Burmese fashion, and whose only attire was a cloth of by no means ample dimensions wrapped round his loins, was, we were told, a Dutchman, and one of a party of sailors who had some time since gone up from Rangoon to the capital. He was now, however, alone, and was employed, we were informed, by the Burmese traders in taking cargoes of rock-oil to dispose of at Rangoon. The wells, which we all visited, are situated about three miles to the east of the village, in an elevated plain of a sandy reddish brown soil, intersected by numerous steep ravines on which a thin stunted vegetation grows. The wells are very deep, fully 200 feet on an average, and both dug and worked with considerable difficulty. It is impossible to remain below, where a considerable depth is reached, for more than one or two minutes. New wells are constantly being sunk, and old ones abandoned. They are the hereditary property of a family, or clan, and are worked, like our mines, by a special class of skilled labourers. The country round, as far as the eye can reach, seems of the same character and formation as that in which these wells are found, but we heard of none in the neighbourhood. There are some higher up the river on the west side.

The view of the valley of the Irrawaddy, towards the west, from the plateau is very fine; the river can be seen for some seventy or eighty miles of its course, with the fine mountains of the Arracan range in the background, illuminated, when we saw them, by the rays of the evening sun.

Tsile-Myo is a prettily situated village on the east bank of the river, and celebrated for the manufacture of that species of lacquered ware commonly called "Burmese boxes;" the best known and most popular with Europeans of the manufactures of this country. A large trade is done here in these articles, both for Rangoon and the Burmese capital. Our party invested largely in them, and, on the whole, at very moderate prices, about half what we should have paid in Rangoon. We saw them in every stage of finish, from the original frame of bamboo basket-work to the last coating of vegetable gum and colouring matter, with which the patterns, traced with an iron stylus, are marked out.

Our next station to Tsile-Myo was Pagan, certainly the most remarkable and interesting place between the frontier and Mandalay. The architectural remains for which it is celebrated far exceeded our expectations. We could have fancied, as we approached, that some great city of Italy or Spain, crowded with churches and ecclesiastical buildings of every variety and form, was before us in the distance. But a nearer view showed us that most were in ruins, that it was a silent forsaken city of the past, like Palmyra or Tadmor in the desert. The remains extend over an area of at least eight or ten miles long, on the east bank of the river, and from two to three or four miles wide. Pagodas of every size and form, hollow and solid, bell-shaped and octagonal; broken arches, crumbling walls and towers, mounds of rubbish, old roads and paths of brick pavement, are studded thickly over the whole of this large area. Most of the buildings were more or less in ruins, and an air of desolation and neglect pervaded the whole place. The square enclosures that surrounded the pagodas, and the once handsome paved approaches that led to them, were grown over with grass and bushes, in which hares and partridges abounded. Cattle grazed around the sacred precincts, and rested in the long corridors of the temples. In one temple only—the Ananda—we found a few people worshipping, whose voices sounded strangely, reverberating through the long vaulted passages. Here, too, they were making a new image for one of its quadruple shrines—the huge figure, thirty-two feet long

without the pedestal, lay along the ground, while the carpenters, in Isaiah's words, "stretched out their rules, marked it out with lines, and made it after the figure of a man." The three finest and most remarkable buildings at Pagan are unquestionably the three pagodas named the Ananda or the Eternal, the Thapinyu or the Omniscient, and the Gauda-pala or throne of Gauda. The general plan is the same—a succession of three or four gradually diminishing square terraces, each pierced by two arched intersecting passages, in the four entrances of which stand enormous images of Gaudana. From the highest of these terraces rises a high and graceful spire with rounded mouldings, and surmounted at the top by the gilt umbrella, to which are affixed a multitude of little bells that tinkle perpetually to the wind. When, our readers will naturally ask, did these vast and wonderful remains of former ages of Buddhist faith and Burmese greatness rise and flourish? Pagan was founded, the Burmese chronicles inform us, towards the commencement of the ninth century of our era. From this time to the year 1300 it was the royal residence, and most of its present remains probably belong to the latter portion of this period. The chronicle relates that, "Indignant at the murder of an ambassador by the Burmese King, the Emperor of China sent a vast army to invade Burmah. The King, in his anxiety to strengthen the defences of his capital, pulled down for the cake of the materials 1,000 large arched temples, 1,000 smaller ones, and 4,000 square temples. But under one of these temples a prophetic inscription of ominous import was found; the King lost heart, left his new walls defenceless, and fled to Bassein. The Chinese advanced, occupied the city, and continued to pursue the Burman army as far as Taroup-man or Chinese Point, a considerable distance below Prome. This was in 1284. Colonel Burney has indicated that this is the same Chinese invasion which is spoken of by Marco Polo. Turning to that traveller (in Purchas, vol. iii., p. 93), we find that when the great Khan minded to subdue the city of Mien (the Chinese name for Burmah), he sent a valiant captain, and an army chiefly composed of jesters, with whom his court was always furnished. It is curious enough to contrast the contemptuous view of the Burmese enterprise here indicated with the history of the same event as given by the Burmese in their chronicle. Instead of an army of jesters, they represent the Emperor to have sent a host of at least 6,000,000 horse, and 20,000,000 foot, to attack Pagan, and to have been obliged to reinforce these repeatedly before they could overcome the resolute resistance of the Burmese, who encountered the enemy near the mouth of the Baom river."

We were not sorry to arrive at our eighth station, Kyouktaloon, on Saturday, the 5th of October. This was formerly the place where customs were collected, and is looked on as a kind of outpost to the metropolis. Here foreign ambassadors are wont to be met by deputations from the capital, and taken leave of on their return. No one, however, appeared during our stay there, which was accounted for by the fact we learnt on arriving at Mandalay, that the letters announcing our approach had not been received.

The next day, Sunday, we started accordingly for Tsagain, but had not gone far before the *Nemesis* got aground on one of the sand-banks that form in such abundance in this river towards the end of the rains. Things looked very bad at first. The Wondouk reported that the river was rapidly falling, and whether it would rise again was very doubtful so late in the season. The whole day was spent in ineffectual efforts by the King's steamer (which had met us at Yaynankhyony) and our own to pull her off. However, during the night, the force of the current removed a good deal of the sand round the vessel's sides, and, to our great joy, she showed evident signs of moving. By eight o'clock she was fairly afloat again, and in a safer channel.

At 9 A.M. Captain Sladen, the British Resident at Mandalay, came down to meet us, and as we had lost a day by the accident in question, it was determined to go on straight to Mandalay, and so pass by the intervening station of Tsagain without stopping.

This day's run, as we approached the capital and our journey's end, was unusually interesting. We passed the sites of the two former capitals, now abandoned, Ava and Amarapoora, and beautiful and well chosen sites they seemed to be. The Shan mountains, bold and irregular in their outline, form an effective background to the well-wooded and well-watered plain that stretches between them and the river on its left bank; while, on the right, the long conical range of the Tsagain hills, crowned thickly with pagodas, approached by long winding flights of whitewashed stairs, bound the river most picturesquely for a considerable length. Yule is quite enthusiastic on the natural beauties of this neighbourhood. Both these cities stood on the left bank, about six miles apart, Ava the lowest. The only remains now to be seen of them are a great number of pagodas of all sorts and sizes, most of them in ruins. Ava was the capital of the empire for about 400 years—from 1400 to 1783—and is better known by name in England and America than either of its successors, as being the scene of the captivity and sufferings of Judson and his associates in the first Burmese war, and the seat of a British Residency for ten years, from 1830 to 1840. One of the members of the mission, Mr. Edwards, the present collector of customs in Rangoon, had lived here in the confidential employ of the Resident, Colonel Burney, for eight years, but the very site of his former habitation is now gone, having been washed away by the river, which constantly plays such freaks with its banks on either side. Amarapoora, the next capital, had a much more short-lived existence. It was founded in 1783; abandoned in 1822, on the death of its founder; for fifteen years then re-occupied; and, in all probability finally, abandoned in 1860. It was, however, *felix opportunitate vitæ*, in having received the mission of 1855, and having found so full and faithful a topographer in Colonel Yule. In 1860, the present King, induced partly by prophecies and auguries, which always exercise an important influence at the Court of Burmah, and partly, it is said, by the more rational desire to place the capital beyond the reach of a bombardment from the river, founded the present city of Mandalay, on an extensive plain about four miles to the north of Amarapoora, and three from the main channel of the river. This change of capital is of frequent occurrence in Burmese history, and is to be ascribed in most instances to a superstitious belief rather than to personal ambition. The unfortunate inhabitants, who have to migrate like bees with their sovereign, and build new habitations for themselves, their princes, and their religion, seem never to lift a murmuring voice, so long as the move is in accordance with the traditions and received opinions on the subject. At half-past two we anchored off the Thadan-Da, or royal wharf, lately erected by the King for the convenience of his own and other steamers, but so high above

the ordinary level of the river that it is useless except for two or three months in the year. The annual rise and fall of the Irrawaddy is enormous, being seldom less than thirty, and sometimes reaching to forty feet and more.

Our voyage thus successfully ended, we were naturally anxious to proceed to our destined residence in the city as soon as possible; but it was necessary first that we should give a formal reception to the Burmese prime minister and high officials on board; and, secondly, that they should arrange for a grand public entrance and procession through the city for the mission party. How this important business was arranged I will now proceed to relate.



JAPANESE WOMEN GOING ON A VISIT.

A European Sojourn in Japan.—II.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, SWISS MINISTER IN JAPAN.

We gradually established friendly relations between our Residence and the Yakonin quarter, by means of trifling presents, such as sugar and coffee, to some sick persons, which were gratefully received. One afternoon, when I was the only person at home, the monban came to tell me that a deputation from the Yakonin quarter wished to see me, consisting of females who had been authorised by their husbands to present their thanks, and who at the same time expressed a desire to be allowed to inspect the interior of the house, as they had never seen any European furniture. I told him I should be happy to receive them, and presently was heard the sound of a number of wooden shoes on the walk, followed by the appearance of a group of smiling faces at the foot of the steps leading into the verandah opposite the sitting-room. Amongst them were four married women, two grown-up girls, and children of various ages. The first could be distinguished by the simplicity of their attire, the absence of bright-coloured materials or ornaments in their dresses; their faces were not painted, but their teeth were stained as black as ebony, according to the Japanese idea of what is proper for a matron. The young girls, on the contrary, heighten the natural whiteness of their teeth by colouring their lips with carmine, and rouging their cheeks. They wear bright-coloured sashes, and twist bands of scarlet crape through their hair. The children wear variegated robes or sashes; they have no head-dresses, and even have their heads shaved except a few locks, which, according to their sex, are either fastened up or allowed to float loosely. After the usual salutations and reverences, the spokes



JAPANESE SCHOOL.

women (for two or three always spoke at the same time) made various complimentary speeches in Japanese, to which I replied in French, making signs to them to come in. I saw that they understood me, but were embarrassed about something. At last, between words and gestures, I made out that they did not know whether they ought to take off their shoes in the garden, or wait until they were in the verandah. I decided for the latter, on which they all came up the steps, took off their clogs, and ranged them along the verandah; the women had on socks made of calico, with a division for the great toe, but the children ran gaily over the carpet in their bare feet. They first appeared struck with astonishment, followed by universal merriment, when they saw themselves reflected from head to foot in the long pier glasses. Whilst the children remained riveted to the spot with admiration of this new and striking spectacle, the mothers inquired the meaning of the various pictures suspended round the room. I explained to them that they represented the Tycoon of Holland, with his wife and other members of the royal family, and they bowed respectfully before them, one girl timidly asking whether one of them was not a likeness of his Majesty's groom; and I had some trouble in explaining to her that it was the custom for a prince to have his portrait taken standing beside his horse and holding the bridle himself. After carefully examining the easy-chairs and sofas, they came to me to inquire whether they were not intended for sitting on cross-legged, and when I showed them our way of using them, they seemed to pity us very much for being obliged to sit in such an uncomfortable attitude, with our legs hanging down. My room, being the next, was soon invaded, and I cannot attempt to describe the numerous objects which excited the curiosity of these Japanese daughters of Eve. They seemed most tempted by some military buttons bearing the Swiss federal cross, and I was obliged to give them a few, though I could not imagine what use they would make of them, as the clothes of the Japanese, both men and women, are invariably fastened by silk cords. They were much pleased with a present of some articles of French perfumery, but declined a bottle of *eau de Cologne*, as cambric handkerchiefs are unknown in Japan. It was to no purpose that I showed them some beautifully embroidered ones, as they assured me that the humblest person would disdain to carry about her a piece of muslin which she had used to blow her nose! There is apparently no chance of our barbarous fashion supplanting the use of the little squares of paper which they carry in a fold of their dress, or in a pocket in their sleeves, and throw away as soon as used. Our visitors also considered themselves to have a decided advantage over us in the sort of writing materials they use, consisting of a roll of mulberry paper, a stick of Indian ink, and a pencil; they carry the former in their bosom, and the latter articles in a little case suspended from their belts, along with their little tobacco-pouch and pipe. In order to regain their admiration, I showed them a box furnished with pins, needles, and sewing cotton, and invited the Yakonin ladies to try them; they at once allowed their superiority over their own, which are not made by machinery; needlework, indeed, is not much practised by Japanese women, its place in friendly meetings is filled by the pipe. I ended by giving the children some prints of Swiss landscapes and costumes, and showing the women an album of family photographs, which they examined with touching interest. In the eyes of this people a traveller is an object of profound pity, on account of his absence from his friends and family—all, in fact, which makes life happy. To this is added a feeling of religious admiration if he is performing a pilgrimage; but it is beyond their comprehension that anyone should leave his home and cross the ocean for merely worldly motives. They, therefore, supposed me to be the victim of political animosity, and that I was banished from my native country, so that on my explaining to them that I was neither an exile nor a pilgrim, they regarded me with a mixture of astonishment and compassion.

THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE.

One of the attractions of our residence was the number of birds with which it was surrounded. A quantity of vegetable matter, as well as thousands of fish and mollusks, killed or stunned by the force of the waves, were daily washed to the foot of the terrace which bounded our garden next the sea. A crowd of birds, of various forms and plumage, assembled here at low water, to seek food for themselves and their young, and with the return of the tide flocked back to their places of shelter, some in the spacious roof of our house, and others in the cedars of the garden, the sacred groves of Benten, or the hills and marshes round Yokohama. I noticed amongst them the cosmopolitan sparrow, carrying on a noisy warfare against flies and other insects, and finding its reward in the stray grains which fell from the sacks of corn that were embarked in the neighbourhood. There was a colony of pigeons in our roof, which had settled there no one knew how, and lived in a most independent state. The ravens are somewhat different to those we are accustomed to see in Europe; they are smaller, and their croaking seems to form two distinct syllables —kā-wā kāwā. The crows utter a plaintive cry like the human voice. The shrill notes of the eagle and hawk are to be heard, mingling with the roar of the waves and the harp-like sound of the wind sweeping through the cedars. Our feathered neighbours were very tame; the hawks often perched on the flagstaffs or on our roof, which probably served them as a store-house for their fish, and the crows and pigeons scarcely moved from our path when we walked through the garden. Besides these there were large flocks of gulls and sea-mews hovering round the vessels in the harbour, to pick up the refuse which is thrown overboard, and in the creeks which separated us from the village of Kanagawa, numbers of wild geese and ducks sheltered amongst the rushes, and at nightfall sought their homes in the canals of the distant rice-fields. I could see them describing geometrical figures in their flights, and perfectly silent, except now and then two prolonged cries, which sounded like the word of command given by a leader to rally his lagging troops. Amongst solitary birds there is none more picturesque than the heron, patiently watching for his prey, with his eyes fixed on the limpid water, and his body balanced on one leg, while the other is tucked under his wing, the dazzling whiteness of his plumage being shown by the background of rushes, and, perhaps, the branches of a weeping willow. The appearance of the crane, as it slowly descends from the upper air, is so impressive and majestic, that the Japanese associate it with one of the demi-gods with which their mythology abounds. They imagine this divine personage resting on the back of a crane, or "Tsuri," and even give it the title of "Sama," by which they address superior beings — "O, Tsurisama," his lordship the crane! The crane shares with the tortoise the

honour of being the symbol of longevity and happiness. A large proportion of Japanese, living on the shores of the bay, exist in a manner very similar to the birds which I have just described. While the fishermen spend whole days at a distance from land, floating in their frail skiffs, a swarm of women and children assemble on the shore when the tide begins to ebb, they follow it as it retires, and heap their wicker baskets with the abundant harvest it supplies, consisting of edible seaweeds, oysters, mussels, and shellfish. The crabs are objects of lively pursuit; bamboo-sticks, furnished with iron hooks, are used to draw them from amongst the stones in which they take refuge; they sometimes came up the steps of the terrace, and as far as the foot of the verandah, and one evening I discovered a very fine one under the washstand in my bedroom; it was no easy matter to induce him to take his road home, namely, a trench in the garden leading to the sea. I used to carry on friendly conversations with the people on the shore; the children brought me the prettiest shells, and the women explained the culinary properties of the ugly little sea monsters which they picked up. This friendliness is a trait common to all the lower classes of Japanese; often when I have been walking in the neighbourhood of Nagasaki and Yokohama, the country people have invited me into their enclosures, showed me their flowers, and gathered the finest to make a bouquet for me; they always refused to accept money in return, and never allowed me to leave without offering me tea and rice-cakes in the house. The season which is most agreeable on the bay of Yeddo is spring; from the top of one of the hills which surrounds it there is a view, extending as far as the foot of Fusi-yama, of wooded hills and cultivated valleys, intersected by rivers and gulfs, which in the distance look like lakes; villages are seen on their banks, half hidden amongst the trees, and farms surrounded by gardens scattered here and there over the country. The precocity of the vegetation in the rice-fields and on the cultivated hills, and the number of evergreen trees on all sides give a degree of sadness to the Japanese spring; and yet there is nowhere a more luxuriant flora. Tufts of flowers and brilliant leaves adorn the hedges and orchards around the villages; camellias, grown to the height of our apple-trees; cherries, plums, and peaches loaded with blossoms of two colours, red and white, sometimes on the same branch, for the Japanese cultivate and graft these trees only with a view to their producing a variety of flowers, and do not care for the crop of fruit. The bamboos, which are frequently used to prop the young trees, often mingle their light foliage with thin rafts of blossoms; but I prefer to see them growing in single groups, like sheaves of enormous reeds. Nothing has a more picturesque effect than their long, green polished stems and tufted crowns, surrounded by a multitude of smaller shoots and long waving leaves. Bamboo thickets are amongst the favourite studies of the Japanese artists, and they generally give animation to the picture by adding some of the living forms which haunt these leafy asylums—dragon-flies, small birds, butterflies, and, in lonely places, squirrels, and little red-faced brown monkeys. The roads are bordered with violets, but without any perfume, as is the case with most of the flowers; and it is remarkable that there are very few nightingales, larks, or other singing-birds. Perhaps it is the want of song and perfume, amid the luxuriance of animal and vegetable life, that prevents one experiencing the sort of pleasure that is excited in the mind by the sight of a beautiful landscape at this season in Europe. The country here is almost over-cultivated; with the exception of the forests and plantations which Government insists upon being maintained, every spot is occupied by agriculture. As a specimen, I will describe the aspect of one of the valleys near the Bay of Yeddo in the month of April. On the skirts of the woods are large fields of buckwheat in full flower; a little further, wheat and barley, which had been sowed in November, nearly ripe for cutting. The Japanese sow corn as we plant potatoes, in regular rows separated by furrows, in which they raise a crop of beans, which shoot up when the corn is reaped. In another direction, and looking like a field of wheat in the blade, there was a large extent of millet which would be ripe in September—it is preferred to wheat by the natives; they grind and use it for cakes and porridge. On a neighbouring table-land, a countryman was preparing the ground by means of a small plough, drawn by a single horse, for sowing grains of cotton, which in September or October would each produce a plant two or three feet high bearing about twenty ripe pods. He was followed by some storks and cranes, who gravely plunged their long beaks into the furrow, and pecked up the grubs as they were turned up by the plough. The lower part of the valley is devoted to rice plantations; about a month previous they had been put under water by opening the sluices of the canal. When in this condition the soil is turned up by the plough, and trampled under the feet of the buffaloes and labourers; the latter up to their knees in the ooze, and breaking the obstinate clods with spades.

In rice cultivation, when the earth has been reduced to a sort of liquid paste, men and women proceed step by step along the surrounding banks, throwing handsfull of grain into the beds which are to act as nurseries, and which are then harrowed in order to make them level, and to bury the seed, After a time, the water is drawn off, and the young plants which are growing in a close mass are pulled up by the roots, and carefully transplanted, at regular intervals, into other beds, where they are left to grow and ripen till the month of October. at which time the crop is ready for the sickle.

In order to protect the ripening grain from the birds who come in flocks to devour it, different kinds of scarecrows are placed here and there; but they do not succeed in frightening the birds effectually, so, in addition, a sort of network of straw plait is stretched across the field, fastened to poles, and covered with a number of movable tails. These are kept in motion by a little boy, who has a cord which he pulls like a bell-rope; and when the bank of the rice-field is not high enough to afford him a convenient position, he is perched on a seat raised on four bamboos, and sheltered by a little roof made of rushes.

Japan produces several kinds of rice; the best is grown in the plains. The irrigation of the hills involves the formation of reservoirs at the top, and a number of canals to direct the water to the various terraces on which the rice-fields are formed. The Japanese have from time immemorial practised the succession of crops. Every rice-field is sown with wheat or millet every alternate autumn, but they never allow land to lie fallow. The tea-shrub is not much cultivated in this district; it is to be seen occasionally in favourable aspects, but the real tea district is some degrees further north. The production of silk is not much attended to, for want of room for the cultivation of the mulberry. To sum up, it seemed to me that the surrounding population, and, in fact, all the inhabitants

of the southern coast of Nippon, leave the production of the most important articles of trade—such as tea, silk, and cotton—to those in the interior, while they devote themselves either to fishing and navigation on the one hand, or to agriculture and horticulture on the other, united to the manufacture of articles made of straw, hemp, bamboos, and rushes.

Among the country population surrounding the Bay of Yeddo one meets occasionally some of the mountaineers inhabiting the mountain chain of Akoni, at the foot of Fusi-Yama, who have an appearance of greater vigour and independence than the former. They come down to trade in charcoal and timber. Some of them are employed in the transport of merchandise on horses, from the interior to some of the seaports on the bay, and others in towing boats along the canals. They supply recruits for a portion of the Tycoon's troops of the line, in which the use of European arms has been introduced. Unfortunately, the country to which they belong is almost inaccessible to strangers, for if the accounts given by the natives are to be believed, we should find among them, as in the mining districts of California, bridges, weirs, and aqueducts, which, considering the imperfection of their tools, must be really wonderful. Thus it is only in agricultural pursuits that we can see the Japanese at work; their dockyards, workshops, and manufactories, the most original conceptions of their self-regulated civilisation, are all closed to us by the policy of their government. Yet the day is coming when Japan will lay itself open to the investigations of Western science, as well in this as in everything else.



JAPANESE CITIZEN IN WINTER COSTUME.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

In going from Benten to the country it is not necessary to pass through the Japanese town, as a wide causeway has been constructed on piles near the river, overlooking the low streets and marshes of Yokohama, inhabited only by some poor workpeople, and protected by a military guardhouse and a custom-house station. Here a fine wooden bridge, raised on pillars high enough to allow sailing-boats to pass under, crosses the river and joins the causeway on the left bank, following which towards the north-east, we come to the great road of Kanagawa, and, towards the south-west, to the country roads leading to Mississippi Bay. We noticed many detached houses near the main road, and even some opening on the village streets, quite open on all sides; their inhabitants, in order to produce a current of air, draw back the sliding frames which enclose their dwellings, and so leave them exposed from one end to the other to the view of the passers-by. Under these circumstances, it is easy to form an idea of their domestic life. The conventional division of classes amongst the Japanese is not founded upon an essential difference of race or manner of life. From the governor of Kanagawa's residence on the top of a hill I have had several opportunities of overlooking, on one side, a block of buildings appropriated to Yakonin families, and on the other, a group of houses and cottages belonging to artisans and field labourers, and I observed that the same habits and manner of living prevailed inside the enclosed yards which separate the military quarters, as in the public space in front of the plebeian dwellings. Subsequently, on associating with high government functionaries, I was confirmed in the opinion that the same general features pervade the domestic manners of the whole central population of the empire—that is to say, of the three large islands, Kiusiu, Sikok, and Nippon.

The Japanese are of middle height, much smaller than the people of the German races, but not unlike the inhabitants of Spain and the south of France in figure. There is a greater disparity in the relative height of the men and women than amongst the European races. According to Dr. Mohnike, an old Dutch physician at Nagasaki, the average height of the men is five feet one or two inches (French measurement), and of the women, four feet two or three inches. The Japanese, without being absolutely ill-proportioned, have generally large heads, rather sunk between their shoulders, wide chests and hips; their legs are slender, and their hands and feet small, generally well shaped. The outline of their heads, seen from the front, often presents the geometrical figure of the trapezium rather than the oval. I have often noticed that the cavities of the

eyes being somewhat shallow, and the nose a little flattened, the eyes have a more staring look than those of Europeans. Still, somehow, their general appearance is not of the same type as that of the Chinese Mongolian; the head is thicker, and the face longer and more regular in its features. To me they appear to resemble most the natives of the Sunda islands. According to Dr. Mohnike, the head of the Japanese is of the Turanian type. Their hair is without exception smooth, thick, and as black as ebony; that of the women is not so long as amongst the Europeans and Malays. The Japanese have beards, which they shave at least every other day; the colour of their skin varies according to the different grades of society, from the tawny or copper-colour of the inhabitants of the interior of Java, to the dull white or sun-burnt shade of those of the south of Europe. The prevailing shade is an olive brown, but never the yellow tint of the Chinese complexion. Unlike Europeans, their faces and hands are generally of a lighter shade than the rest of their bodies. Amongst the children of both sexes, one sees the same rosy cheeks which amongst ourselves are considered the indications of health. The women have clearer complexions than the men, and amongst the higher and even the middle classes many are perfectly white; a dead white is looked on as the most aristocratic tint. Both men and women have black eyes and sound white teeth, regular, and somewhat prominent. It is the custom for married women to blacken them.



JAPANESE PEASANT IN WINTER COSTUME.

The variety of physiognomy and expression that one sees amongst the Japanese, is, I think, the result of a freer and more spontaneous intellectual development than is to be met with in the other Asiatic nations. The Japanese national dress is the "kirimon," a kind of dressing-gown, made a little longer and fuller for men than for women; the former fasten it across by means of a silk sash or narrow scarf, and the latter wear a wide piece of stuff, fastened in an odd-looking knot at the back. The Japanese bathe daily, they wear no under linen, but the women have chemises made of red silk crêpe. In summer the peasants, fishermen, artisans, and coolies, go about their business almost naked, and their wives wear only a short petticoat round the waist. In rainy seasons they protect themselves by cloaks made of straw or oiled paper, and hats of bamboo bark, the shape of bucklers, like those of the Javanese. In winter the common men wear a close-fitting jacket and trousers of blue cotton, under the kirimon, and the women wadded mantles. The dress of the various classes differs only in the materials of which it is composed; the nobility alone have the right to wear silk, but they only attire themselves richly to go to court or to pay visits of ceremony. Government officers wear full trousers, and instead of the kirimon, a short garment with wide sleeves, and not inelegant in shape. Every one is shod in the same way, with sandals of plaited straw, and socks of cloth or cotton, or wooden clogs fastened by a string. When the roads are muddy they wear a mere wooden sole raised on two pegs, and all on entering a house take off their sandals or clogs and leave them on the threshold. The floors are always covered with mats made of rice-straw carefully plaited; they are all of the same size, six feet three inches long by three feet two inches wide and four inches thick, and are used as a current measure, there is consequently no difficulty in suiting them to the different rooms, which can also be modified at pleasure by means of the sliding partitions which the Japanese use to divide their apartments. The mat supplies the want of other furniture; it is the bed on which the Japanese passes the night, wrapped in a large wadded covering, and his head resting on a stuffed wooden socket; it serves as a table cloth on which to spread the porcelain and lacquered vessels which he uses at meals; it is the carpet which his barefooted children tread on, and the divan where, squatting on his heels, he invites his friends to seat themselves and enjoy a prolonged gossip, while sipping a decoction of tea unmixed with any other ingredient, and puffing tobacco in lilliputian pipes. In the inns we see what is called in Java a "bali-bali," a kind of table, raised only a foot from the ground and covered with mats, on it the traveller sits, eats, drinks, or takes his siesta.

One day I was present when half a dozen little boys were reciting their lessons, squatted in a group round their teacher, I asked the meaning of the words they were repeating in chorus; I was told they were reciting the "irova," a kind of alphabet consisting of four lines, in which are contained, not the vowels and consonants, but the fundamental sounds of the Japanese language, of which there are forty-eight. These, instead of being classed grammatically, are formed into a verse of poetry, the first word "irova" giving its name to the alphabet; I subjoin the verse as correctly as I was able to catch it, premising that the consonant *v* is in some dialects *f*, and in others *h* aspirate; that *w* has the same sound as in English, and that they often confound the sounds of *d* and *t*, and of *g* and *k*, as well as of *s* or *ds* with *z* and *ts*. "Irova nivovéto tsirinourou wo. Wagayo darézo tsoune naramou. Ou wi no okouyama kéfou koyété. Asaki youmémisi evimo sézou oun." Its meaning is as follows:—"Colour and perfume vanish away. What can there be lasting in this world? To-day has disappeared in the abyss of nothingness. It is but the passing image in a dream, and causes only a slight trouble." There is more of the Japanese character to be learned from this national primer than from many voluminous works; generation after generation has repeated this popular philosophy of nothingness, the unsatisfying effect of which is to be traced in many details of their domestic life.

The dwelling of the Japanese is adapted every hour only to the needs of the hour, and retains for the time no traces of its uses at other periods. All that is poetical about it is owing to its harmony with the outer world for the time being. Thus, at the approach of night they close the windows and draw the partitions which form the sleeping places, and light a large lamp in a sort of cage covered with oiled paper, which diffuses a subdued light like that of the heavenly luminaries. But with daylight all that forms the arrangements for repose is carried away; the sashes are withdrawn, and the house swept from end to end; the morning air circulates through it, and the sun gilds the mats in broad streaks. During the afternoon heat they close the house so completely with hangings and screens that it seems like a dark cavern. This way of looking on existence as a mere succession of days, hours, and years—of living entirely under the influence of the present—gives a simple vivacity to all their enjoyments, a character of fatality to their sufferings, and of triviality to death which excludes repining. The children are the greatest gainers by this mode of life; and those travellers who state that Japanese children never cry, have only been guilty of a slight exaggeration of the real fact.

The Japanese are strict monogamists; the women marry very young, and preserve their childish character long after, their infants taking the place formerly occupied by their dolls. Custom, however, does not allow them to bring up their nurslings too delicately, and they make them hardy by exposing them daily to the air, and even to the mid-day sun, bare-headed. The countrywomen are often to be seen at work with an infant fastened on their back, between their chemise and kirimon. At home they let them creep and roll about on the mats, as there is no furniture for them to hurt themselves against, and nothing that they can overturn or break. Their companions are domestic animals, little poodle dogs with fat round bodies and short legs, and a species of cat, with white fur, marked with yellow and black spots, very playful, but very bad mousers; like those at Java, these cats have no tails. Every family that can afford it possesses an aquarium, stocked with gold, silver, and red fish; some of the latter round as a ball, others with long and wide tails, or webbed fins, which act as rudders. They also make pretty cages of bamboo bark, on the model of the most elegant dwellings, in which, on a bed of flowers, they confine butterflies, or large grasshoppers, whose monotonous noise pleases them continually. Such are the surroundings amongst which the Japanese child grows up. The paternal residence is little more than a place of shelter; its parents do not interfere in its games or amusements; its education consists in shouting in chorus the "irova," and other reading exercises, and in drawing with Indian ink, first the letters of the alphabet, and afterwards words and phrases; there is no coercion used, and yet the whole adult population of both sexes can read, write, and calculate. On the whole, the Japanese educational system is not to be despised.

ORIGIN OF THE JAPANESE.

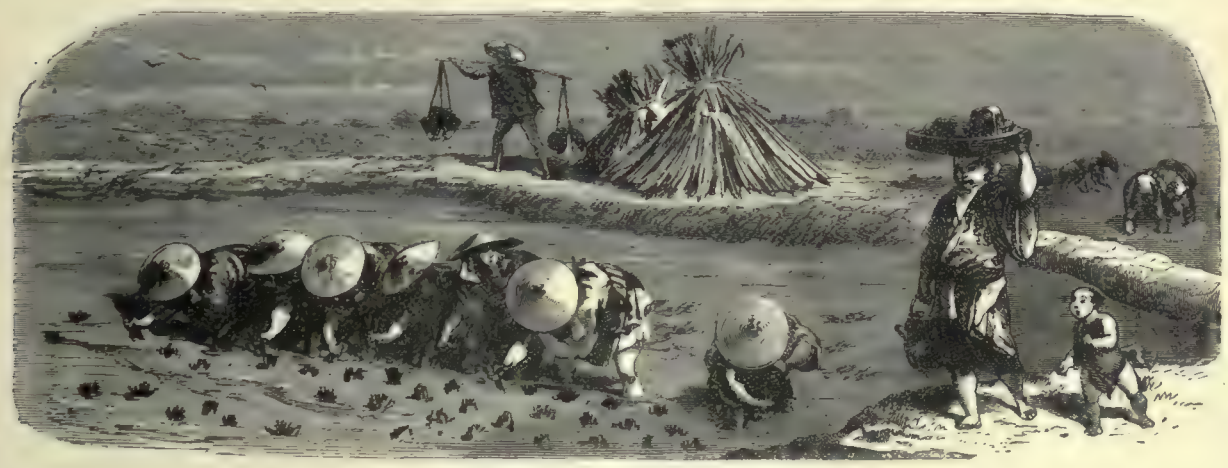
When observing the habits of the Japanese, I have often asked myself, what was the origin of this interesting people, but I have never arrived at a satisfactory answer. Comparative philologists alone will be able to solve the problem in some degree, but there is a wide field of inquiry before them, for it will be necessary to go back as far as the nomadic Tartars of Turania; perhaps it will be necessary to direct inquiries into the languages of the Malayan Peninsula and the Indian Archipelago, and I have no doubt the result will prove that there is no connection between the Chinese and Japanese races, the two languages appearing to me to have no relationship. It is true that the supposition of the Japanese archipelago having been peopled by a Chinese emigration naturally suggests itself to the mind, and I will even admit that there may have been in very ancient times relations between the Corea, the north of Japan, the Kuriles, and even Kamschatka; for this chain of islands, extending from the Asiatic to the American continent, seems like the dismantled arches of a gigantic bridge, and suggests the idea of their having been successively peopled. But the southern isles of Japan appear to me rather to have been colonised by emigrants who came from still further south. Sea currents have probably played an important part in the still mysterious history of emigrations; by this means many voyages of surprising length have been accomplished. All the European residents in Yokohama know the Japanese interpreter, Joseph Hico, who once, when out fishing with some members of his family, was driven out to sea by a gust of wind, and caught by the great equatorial current which washes the south and east coasts of Japan, and describes a curve of some thousands of leagues to California. The unfortunate fishermen were carried far into the Pacific in a north-easterly direction, but they fortunately met an American vessel, which rescued them, and landed them at San Francisco. Navigation between China and Japan is difficult and dangerous, a counter current of cold water issuing from the icy seas near the North Pole, and flowing south through the channel which separates the two countries, whilst the great current of warm water proceeding from the Indian Ocean through the Straits of Malacca and Sunda, runs from south-west to north-east, and spends itself, not on the Chinese coast, but as I have already said, on the southern and eastern coasts of Japan, and on the north-western shores of America.

The first Europeans who landed in Japan were three Portuguese deserters named Antonio de Moto, Francisco Zimoro, and Antonio Perota; they embarked in a native junk from one of the ports of Siam, were driven out to sea in a gale, and carried by the equatorial current to the southern shore of the island of Kiusiu, in the year 1542. The very same thing happened to the famous Portuguese adventurer, Fernando Mendez Pinto, with his two companions Diego Zeimoto and Christopher Borello; when leaving Macao in a Chinese junk, they were cast on the Japanese island of Tanegasima in 1543. In connection with this subject, it may not be uninteresting to recal the fact that at one time the island of Java with its dependencies formed a powerful empire, which carried on commercial intercourse, on one side with Madagascar and Arabia, and on the other as far as China and the archipelagoes in its neighbourhood. It is in this direction, and on the region peopled by the Malay race in general, that my thoughts involuntarily turn, whenever I am struck by any unlooked-for analogy between the public manners, or domestic habits, of the Japanese and people of Java.

I confess that I can only throw out these remarks by way of suggestion, the whole subject at present belonging to the domain of conjecture. The natives themselves, when questioned, give nothing but evasive answers; either from ignorance, or from repugnance to unveil to profane eyes the sanctuary of their national traditions. Not that these have remained entirely unknown, for, on the contrary, they have been the object of considerable research both by Roman Catholic missionaries and by physicians in the service of the Dutch East India Company. The "Archives of Nippon," published by F. de Siebold, contain some remarkable fragments of Japanese literature, devoted to cosmogony and national history. They were translated by the learned Dr. Hoffmann, of Leyden, with explanatory notes which leave nothing to be wished for. But such fragmentary gleanings, however conscientiously they may have been obtained and put together, are not calculated to give us the key to a civilisation so complete in all its ramifications as that of the Japanese. We will give in our next the history of the Creation, as the Japanese receive it from their priests and annalists; for it is only by adhering to their own account that an idea can be formed of the Japanese cosmogony.



RICE CULTIVATION.



JAPANESE IN THE RICE-FIELD.

The Country East of the Abyssinian Plateau.

THE numerous works which have appeared in consequence of the late Abyssinian war have made the British public tolerably well acquainted with the physical features of the Abyssinian highlands, or, at least, the eastern side of the great plateau, which rises abruptly to a height of many thousand feet from the plains skirting the shores of the Red Sea. It appears, from a narrative recently printed as an official document in Bombay, written by Mr. Werner Munzinger, our vice-consul at Massowa, that the region of plains stretching from the foot of the colossal wall which commences the interior plateau, are not much less interesting and extraordinary than the highlands themselves in their physical geography. Mr. Munzinger was requested by General Merewether, before the arrival of the English expedition, to explore this region, commencing from the port of Amphilla, with a view to its bearings on the approaching campaign; and he commenced his journey in June, 1867. The coast near Amphilla is a desert sandy tract, where there is neither tree nor shrub, and the village consists of about twenty huts, ruled by a chief who has no influence over the wild tribes further inland. After a short delay, in obtaining a guide, the journey was commenced, the party consisting, besides the guide, of Mr. Munzinger and eight well-armed attendants, furnished with instruments for making a rough survey of the route. They marched in a south-westerly direction, and after crossing, at a distance of forty miles from the coast, a ridge formed of gypsum, with fragments of shells and quartz, they descended into a level region called the Great Salt Plain, which was ascertained to lie below the sea-level. Part of the surface of the plain consists of clay, containing crevices filled with powdered salt; in other parts the ground resembles a ploughed field frosted over; and in others, where the salt is thicker, it presents the appearance of a frozen lake. In walking over the plain the hot wind was almost unendurable, and their mouths were filled with the particles of salt. This extensive tract of low land forms a huge basin, bounded by a high wall of gypsum with the volcanic peak of Artali to the south, from which smoke continually issues, and to the west the lofty, precipitous slopes of Abyssinia. The streams which descend from the slopes, producing fertility and beauty in the narrow valleys, all lose themselves in swamps on arriving in the plain, or are dissipated by evaporation. The region is inhabited by a singular race of people called the Afars, who work the salt, and prepare it for exportation to the Abyssinian highlands. They live during the whole year close to the plain, under the shade of palm trees or in caverns, and form a number of small tribes known by the names of Dumhoita, Danakil, Dahimela, and others, but all speaking the same language. Their villages are scattered over the country, many miles of desert intervening between them. Each tribe has a chief called *Makaben*, and, although the rank is hereditary, it is usually the cleverest or most energetic of the family of a deceased chief who succeeds him. The colour of the people is generally black, varying to light brown shades; the features are regular, except the lips, which are large and thick, and the hair is short and straight, the women plaiting it like the Abyssinians. The men wear a piece of cotton as a cloak, and another piece round the loins; and every man has a curved sword, worn on the right side, a long heavy spear, and a shield of buffalo-hide. The women wear a leather apron, embroidered with cowries, round the loins, falling to the feet, and a few ear and wrist ornaments. Their houses are usually rude mat tents, or conical huts of palm-leaves. The Afars have camels, cows, goats, sheep, and asses; horses and mules are rare. The flocks and herds give very little trouble; they are in charge of the children and girls, and come of their own accord to the wells to be watered. Nominally the Afars are Mussulmen in religion, and subjects of the Viceroy of Egypt; but in reality they have little respect either for God or king; they pay no tribute, and neither pray nor fast. In disposition the Afars are avaricious, obstinate, false, and cruel. The slightest dispute provokes blows with the knife, and murder is considered honourable. Like the Gallas, they mutilate their slain enemies, and wear the spoils as trophies. But they have some good qualities. They pay great respect to old age, and have a profound disgust for stealing, which is an extraordinary virtue for so avaricious a people; yet, in the whole of Africa, there is not a race more barbarous than the Afars.

Mr. Munzinger succeeded in traversing the whole region peopled by these unamiable savages, from Amphilla to Ala, a little settlement on one of the lower elevations of the Abyssinian borders, a distance, in a straight line, of about eighty miles. He did not return by the same route, but marched to the north, along the base of the hills, until he struck the eastern side of Annesley Bay, whence he continued his journey by land, *viâ* Zulla, to the coast near Massowa. When about half way between Ala and Zulla, in 14° 30′ N. lat., he came upon the river Ragolay, which, rising in the centre of Agamé, on the Abyssinian plateau, makes a breach in the mountains, and pours its abundant waters from the high country far into the Salt Plain. An oasis of so much fertility in the middle of the desert, and on the same level, filled him with surprise. The soil is fertile, clothed with rich grass, and, in some parts, densely wooded. This district Mr. Munzinger believes to be well adapted to the culture of cotton.

New Russian Expedition to the Coast of Northern Siberia.

THE Imperial Geographical Society of Russia sent, last autumn, a scientific expedition, under the command of Baron Maydell, to the country of the Tschuktches, situated in the extreme north-eastern part of Asia, near Behring Strait. The Baron was accompanied by two competent assistants—one to attend to astronomical, magnetical, and meteorological observations, and the other to make a survey of the country. The instructions for the expedition were prepared by the veteran philosopher, Dr. Karl Ernst von Baer, and the attention of the travellers was particularly directed to obtain every possible information regarding "Kellett Land," a mysterious island, or tract of land, in the Polar basin, lying opposite the territory of the Tschuktches, first discovered by Captain Kellett, H.M.S. *Herald*, in August, 1849, when in search of the memorable Franklin expedition. This land was again sighted in the summer of 1867 by the American whaler, Captain Long, who a short time ago published additional information regarding it. It extends towards the Pole, as a line of snow-covered peaks, north-west of Behring Strait, and about eighty miles distant from the Siberian coast. With so well-arranged an expedition as Baron Maydell's we may soon hope to learn more of this remote land, and, perhaps, of the nature of the Polar basin.



RIVER BERHAN, ABYSSINIAN PLATEAU.

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.—VII.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

KUARATA AND ZAGE—GAFFAT AND DEBRA TABOR.

IN a previous chapter I have adverted to the fact that King Theodore changed, in the most radical manner possible, the ancient constitution of the Abyssinian empire, by subverting the old monarchical feudalism of the country, and substituting in its place a military autocracy. Under the preceding dynasty, each province was under the command of a *Dedj-azmâtch*, the literal meaning of which title is, "The Warrior at the Door," signifying that, if the royal army were to encamp within the boundaries of any particular district, the post of its governor would be at the entrance of the king's tent. Either side of the pavilion was to be guarded by the *Kegnâzmâtch* and the *Gerâzmâtch*, meaning respectively the "Warriors on the Right and Left;" but the position of honour and trust was always confided to the Dedj-azmâtch, and it was on his spear that the safety of the royal life was felt to depend. His position, in many respects, was similar to that of the Thegns in England under the Saxon rule; or, perhaps, to the earls and palatines of the Norman dynasty. At command of his suzerain, the Dedj-azmâtch of Godjâm or Dembea would collect his vassals and rally round the royal standard, just in the same way as the Earl of Chester or Lancaster would hasten with his retainers to the rendezvous when bidden by his liege lord. Within his own government the power of the Dedj-azmâtch was well-nigh uncontrolled. The symbol of his authority was the *nagareet*, or kettledrum, and if his sway extended over more than one province, he was entitled to a drum for each. His household was formed on the model of that at Gondar, and even the *Afa-Negoos*, or "King's Mouth"—an officer who was always required to act as a medium of communication between any suitor and the great man—was not wanting. As in most feudalisms, the arms of the vassal were as often directed against his suzerain as used in concert with him; and it is chiefly owing to this that the pages of Abyssinian history present such a confused picture of intestine struggle and anarchy, leaving the Christian people at times an easy prey to the Moslem and the Infidel—from the sixteenth century, when it was nothing but the stout hands and hearts of a few Portuguese veterans that saved the country from the ruthless Adal chief, Mohammed of the Left Hand, to our own times, when it required all the fervid enthusiasm of religion and patriotism, as exemplified in the Kâsa of those days, to stem the rapidly-advancing tide of Galla invasion.

Theodore, when his power was to some extent consolidated, saw that this state of things emphatically *would not do*. He therefore devised a plan for bringing the whole military power of the country within his own grasp. At the time of his coronation he found but little difficulty in effecting this. With the exception of the King of Shoa, who was shortly afterwards subdued, all the former governors of provinces—the post of Dedj-azmâtch had by time grown, in nearly all instances, into an hereditary office—had either fallen on the battle-field, were exiles, or in prison. His first step, then, was to place on an entirely new footing an ancient title and post, the origin of which is lost in the mists of antiquity. From the earliest times we read of the *Râs*, or "Head," an officer who could only be appointed by the descendant of Solomon himself; a kind of *alter ego*, foremost in the council-chamber as in the field, keeper of the king's conscience as well as leader of his armies. From the days of Seëla-Krestos* and Atanâteos, to

* "The Picture of Christ," brother of Hatsê Susneos, and the principal leader of the Catholic party during that king's reign.

those of Mikaïl, Walda Selâsyé, and Gooksa, we always find that this office was bestowed on men of capacity and ability (whether for good or evil). Under a long series of weak or aged sovereigns the power of these functionaries gradually increased, until ultimately, like the *Maires du Palais* under the later Merovingians, they usurped every attribute of royalty except the name. After the fall of Râs Ali all that was changed by Theodore. Instead of one Râs, as heretofore, he appointed three, making the title that of a mere military office, and giving each the command of ten thousand men, with a corresponding salary. The number of appointments to this grade went on increasing, until at the time of the king's overthrow by our troops, I suppose there were at least a dozen, including those out of favour. Once a Râs always a Râs is the rule of Abyssinia, and the loss of command does not invalidate the title.

The next in rank to the Râs was the *Bitwăddad*.* Under the old régime the Râs was also specially named Bitwăddad by the king when confirmed in his rank, and the title was borne by no one else; but, under Theodore, it became the appellation of officers of a subordinate grade, having command of the wing of an army. The Dedj-azmâtch was now no longer an official of great territorial power and influence, but held a post somewhat analogous to that of brigadier-general. Below him was the *Ambal*,† answering as closely as possible to our colonel. Here commenced the distinction between the horse-soldier, who gloried in his shield and spear, and the foot-man, who relied more on his gun for protection. The captain of cavalry was called *Yashalăka*, or Shalăka, signifying literally the "Chief of a Thousand," although, in practice, they were never in command of so many men. The officer of fusiliers was always denominated *Basha*, a title derived from the Turks, to whom the Abyssinians were first indebted for firearms. Beyond these were a crowd of *Hamsalăkas* and *Asralăkas*, or captains of fifty and captains of ten, until the humble Watădder, or private soldier, was reached. All of these were, in theory at least, however badly they may have fared in practice, entitled to a fixed monthly stipend for their services, and a standing army was thus at once established in lieu of the old irregular feudal levies. The governments of the different provinces were bestowed by Theodore on favourites of his own, with various titles, chiefly military; but Dembea and Bagemder, the two nearest to the capital, and the most productive in grain, cattle, and sheep, were given to two brothers, with the title of *Azâzh*, literally meaning "Commander," but generally signifying an "Intendant," or "Steward."

The camp of Theodore was always pitched with every attention to regularity and order, so that no one was ever at a loss to know his proper position in it. The king's marquee generally crowned the crest of some eminence; around it were the tents occupied by his women and household; while the surrounding plain was covered by those of the soldiers, who were told off into regiments and brigades. In the centre of each regiment was the tent of the commandant, generally made of a soft white material, like the common cloth of the country, and modelled after the Egyptian pattern, but occasionally differing in no way from those of the common soldiers, which were simply sewn out of a coarse black stuff, called *mâk*, woven from the thick fleece of the Galla sheep. Two uprights supported a transverse pole, over which this stuff was thrown, and the tent was complete; and since there was no aperture at either end, the occupant had always to creep in and out *ventre à terre* whenever he wished to make his exit or his entrance. The chief was surrounded by his followers in such a way that from a height the ground appeared as if it were covered with a numerous series of concentric circles. If a stay of any length was made at a place, the soldiers used to construct for themselves little huts of branches covered with straw to keep the wind or rain out. From our tents at Fagitta, which were pitched near those of the king, an admirable view of the whole of the camp and its interior economy might be obtained.

In character the Abyssinian soldier is patient, abstemious, faithful, and obedient, even when only tolerably well-treated; but, on the other hand, vain-glorious in the extreme, and, though seldom cruel, fond of teazing and inflicting petty acts of tyranny. From want of discipline, though each man may be individually brave, courage and endurance are rarely displayed upon the field of battle. The result of the first shock generally decides the issue of the conflict. He is capable of enduring the greatest hardships, and of making the longest marches without a murmur; though, when in quarters, he is as idle and dissolute a reprobate as well can be. With regular pay, decent food and clothing, strict discipline, and a heavy hand always ready to enforce it, I feel no hesitation in saying that, properly trained under British officers, they would form as fine and trustworthy a body of irregular troops as can be found anywhere.

While we were at Fagitta we had another interview with the king, after which it was arranged that we should proceed, *viâ* the Tsâna Sea, to a large town in Bagemder, called Kuarâta, where we should reside until we were joined by the captives, an order for whose release was to be conveyed by an officer who was to accompany us. Accordingly, the next morning (February 6th) we started, escorted part of the way by a squadron of cavalry, under Râs Engeda. It took us three days to reach the lake, close to Kanohâ, where we were to embark. The governor of the district, Bâlambarâs Gabru, received orders to prepare at once as many boats as would be required to transport ourselves, our followers, and baggage. But this was no very weighty task. A sufficient number of bulrushes, which grow in abundance on the borders of the lake, having been cut, they are bound together so as to form a prow, curved up like the neck of a swan at one end, while the other is left so as to lie level on the water. A few bundles of stalks are laid crosswise, partly to impart a greater amount of buoyancy to the frail craft, and partly for the rowers and passengers to sit upon, and the *tankwa* is complete. Although for the most part flush with the water, and possessing a general air of insecurity, they are perfectly safe, and only get water-logged on the very rarest occasions. They vary in length from nine or twelve to eighteen or twenty feet, and are propelled by bamboo paddles, wielded sometimes by one, sometimes by two, rowers. Three days sufficed to get off the stocks a couple of hundred of these little canoes.

The shores of the lake are inhabited by a singular race, called Waïto, who belong to one of the heretical sects of Mohammedanism. They are a quiet and inoffensive set of

* The etymology of this word is uncertain. A chief once told me that it was a corruption of *Ya-bêt Wadâdj*, *i.e.*, "Friend of the [king's] House."

† I believe this is the same as *Wambar*, or "Chair," a title formerly given to the judges at Gondar.

people, much looked down upon by their Christian neighbours, and have a great predilection for hippopotamus flesh, which is an abomination in the sight of the Abyssinians. One morning, while we were waiting till our fleet should be ready, news was brought us that a large *Gomârê* was close in to the shore a little way off, and was presenting an easy mark to the rifle. Rassam and I immediately started off, and soon came upon him, standing with his body half out of the water and head on to the shore, at between twenty and thirty yards' distance. My companion let fly, and was fortunate enough to hit him just over the left eye, about the only vulnerable spot in his carcase, as they all declared. Down he went like a shot, but soon reappeared with his legs upwards, kicking and splashing about as if he still had lots of life left in him. But he soon sank, to the intense joy of the Waïtos, who rushed into the water, and having tied a rope round the huge trunk, towed it quickly in to shore, and began immediately to cut it up. We put in a claim for a steak or two for our own private *cuisine;* and I can vouch for the fact that, barring a little toughness, the meat was as succulent and well-flavoured as any to be found in the city of London.

We started at an early hour (February 13th), and directed our course to the island of Dek, which lies almost in the centre of the lake. Tsâna, as every one knows, is the largest fresh-water sea in Abyssinia, and is of a rhomboidal shape, about sixty miles in length by twenty-five in breadth, with a large promontory jutting out at either end. That on the north, which is called Gorgora, was taken possession of by the Jesuits two centuries and a half ago, and formed the principal seat of the Catholic patriarchate. Schools and a church were founded, of which no vestiges now remain. The southern headland, Zagê, I shall have occasion to describe hereafter. We did not arrive at Dek till nearly evening, and were glad to find that some of the quicker canoes had already come to shore, and amongst them those which had conveyed Aïto Samuël and Agafâree* Golam, the officer who had been commissioned by the king to proceed to Magdala with the order of release. They had made the best use of their time by foraging amongst the villages on the island, and had found plenty of good cheer to regale us with, as we landed half dead with thirst, after enduring all day the pitiless rays of the sun, reflected in the dazzling waters of the lake. They had also another errand, of which we knew not then. Before leaving Fagitta, Theodore had commanded Mr. Rassam's acceptance of ten thousand dollars—I say commanded, for at that time our peculiar position did not, of course, admit of our saying nay to any wish of the tyrant. A considerable portion of this sum, as we learnt afterwards, had to be supplied by these poor islanders; they were compelled to give up all their money and jewels, down to the ornaments which decked their little children; and as we stepped on board our canoes next morning, we left nothing but ruin and misery behind us. Agafâree Golam was always in his element on occasions like these. He possessed such an unprepossessing cast of features, that his intimates would jestingly call him the "Shankela," or Negro; and the accidental loss of an eye little tended to make up for the churlishness of nature. Still, expert as he was always held to be in the use of the stick and the torturing-rope, he showed great attachment to us; and I remember on one occasion, when our prospects were looking rather gloomy, he lamented, with tears in his eyes, his hard fate at perhaps becoming the unwilling instrument in expediting our exit from this world of troubles.

Dek is the principal of a cluster of islands almost in the centre of Tsâna. The others are mere reefs, but Dek is of considerable size, and there are, I believe, four villages and as many churches on it. It was formerly used as a state prison for distinguished criminals, and, from its insular position, has always enjoyed great immunity from those evils attendant on civil war, which are the curse of Abyssinia. It is nominally a dependency of the province of Bagemder, but to all intents and purposes is under the rule of the priests, who swarm upon it. We slept on the island, and started betimes the next morning for Kuarâta, where we arrived about noon. Theodore had bidden two of the principal merchants of the town, Wandê and Kâsa, to give us lodging and board on our arrival, and as soon as we landed we found them—respectable elderly men—waiting for us, and accompanied by all the priests of the church, who, with their ecclesiastical paraphernalia, and amid much religious dancing and singing, conducted us to the town. We were allowed to ride through the steep and narrow lanes, a privilege denied to all Abyssinians, as Kuarâta is one of those sacred cities which should never be defiled by the hoof of horse or mule.

Although our worthy hosts had put us into their best houses, and did everything in their power to make us comfortable, we were yet troubled by so many nameless inconveniences, that we petitioned to be allowed to pitch our tents on the shores of the lake, and live there till our companions, whom we expected soon to join us under the guidance of Agafâree Golam, should arrive. Our request was acceded to, and thither we repaired, with all our numerous followers, including a couple of lion-cubs and a *worbo*,* the latest gift of his Majesty. We could not have chosen a more beautiful spot for our residence. A few hundred yards to our right, as we faced the lake, was the town of Kuarâta, built upon a gentle eminence, the houses rising one above the other, but scarcely visible, so deeply were they embosomed amongst the groves of cedars, juniper, and olive, which abound in this favoured clime. In front of us, at the distance of sixteen or seventeen miles, was the tall hill of Dek; and on some days far-away Metraha, and still more distant Gorgora, could be seen rising bluely above the haze. The green islet of Medhâné 'Alam,† whose sward the foot of woman has never pressed, was a stone's throw from us. To the left stretched out the long promontory of Zagê, on which the king had lately pitched his camp, after having destroyed the large and flourishing village of that name.

Here we lived for two months a regular and quiet life, unbroken except by two or three events: once when the captives arrived from Magdala, and shortly afterwards by a mock trial, which Mr. Rassam was ordered by the king to hold on them, and again when the mission paid a visit to Zagê, and was received by his Majesty with condescension and honour such as he had never before shown to living man. Looking back, this seems all so baseless and intangible,

* *Agafâree* primarily signifies a "door-keeper." Two of these officers —for there are several attached to the court—always stand before the king, or chief, during a trial or state reception. The principal, called the Nagareet-Agafâree, has under him the corps of kettle-drummers (whence the name), as well as all the executioners.

* This antelope very much resembles the neel-ga'e of India.

† So called from the church dedicated to "The Saviour of the World," the only building upon the island.



VIEW ON THE BASHILO.

although real enough to us then. Lastly, came the permission to depart for our homes, and a request that we would pay another visit to receive some farewell gifts and tokens of esteem.

It was on the 13th of April that we leaped into the *tankwas* to make our adieux to the monarch, of whom up to that day we ourselves could say nothing but what was good, however he might have behaved to our companions, who were also starting by the land route, and who expected us to join them at Tankal, in Taccosa. When we arrived at Zagê we were received as before by Râs Engeda, and a numerous train of attendants with caparisoned mules for us to ride. On our former visit we had been lodged in rich silken tents close to the king's palisade, but on entering it now we looked in vain for them, and supposed that, as the heat of the weather had now much increased, we were to be put up in a large rectangular building towards which the Râs was conducting us. Several paces from the door we dismounted, understanding that the king was within, and then followed our escort; but no sooner had our feet crossed the threshold than we were pounced upon and seized by several sturdy ruffians (three had been told off for each of us), our swords and belts torn off, caps and sashes flung away, and our persons mauled and handled *sans cérémonie*. We couldn't for the life of us imagine the meaning of this strange reception. An idea crossed our minds at first that by an oversight we had



PUNISHED BY ORDER OF THE KING.

passed the king without the usual bow, and that our arrest was simply a vindication, by the well-meaning courtiers, of Ethiopic etiquette; but after we had been forced, like criminals, up to the further end of the room, we knew at once that we were the victims of no unintentional mistake on our part, but of as gross a violation of good faith and honourable dealing as the brain of a madman ever conceived. At that moment the mask fell: African royalty showed itself in its true colours; and fair words were ever afterwards held by us but as the precursors of foul treachery.

The room—a large one which had been built by Theodore as an *adderâsh*, or banqueting-hall—was filled by between three and four hundred officers, all in their gala costume, as if summoned to witness some holiday spectacle. At the further end, to which we had been dragged, were seated the Râses, and immediately below them we were placed, our captors still retaining a firm hold of us. Theodore himself was nowhere to be seen; he was, however, close by, and within earshot—as we were afterwards informed—of all that passed. After the German artisans in Theodore's employment had entered, his Majesty sent several messages to Mr. Rassam through his foster-father, Kantiba* Haïlu, and Aïto Samuel. He asked why the released captives had not come to bid him farewell. As he had himself given them permission (by letter) to depart, he was reminded of this; and then he asked something else of equal pertinence, and so on for about an hour, when we were sent to a small tent which had been pitched close by, and left to make ourselves as comfortable as we could there. All our boxes had been opened, and our money and arms abstracted; the former because the royal treasury was somewhat empty at the time, and the latter for equally obvious reasons. We were rather uneasy at first with regard to our journals and papers, but were relieved to find them untouched, and lost no time in destroying them.

Our unfortunate companions had, in the meantime, been arrested at the first stage on their homeward route, and arrived at Zagê, coupled together with heavy irons, on the 15th. We were not allowed to see them, as they were confined within a thick hedge some distance off. The next morning we were summoned to an interview. We found the king, surrounded by all his officers and courtiers, standing before his throne in the open air, and in a tolerably good humour. He told us to sit down, and chatted away with Mr. Rassam in quite a friendly way. Half an hour afterwards the prisoners arrived. Captain Cameron and Mr. Bardel were at once released, and took their places on the carpet by our side. The wretched men had then once more to go through their justifications and excuses. A rather lame attempt—involving the summoning of divers witnesses, including the deposed emperor, Hatsê Johannes, who declined to appear on the plea of sickness—was made at reading the royal pedigree; then Rassam, Blanc, and myself had to answer for divers transgressions and offences which we had unconsciously committed; and, finally, we were dismissed with Cameron as our comrade, and Bardel as the king's. The next morning all the prisoners were sent to our tent; Mr. Rassam gave his personal security for their good behaviour, and the fetters were wrenched off. We all then went to the *adderâsh*. The king bowed his head and asked us in the name of Christ to forgive him; we did so, and begged for pardon in return; and all seemed to go as merry as a marriage bell.

But, unfortunately, his Majesty had the same desire as his ancestor, Hatsê Takla Haïmânot,* to introduce foreign arts and crafts into his land. He therefore indited a letter setting forth his wishes, and let us understand pretty plainly that we must make up our minds to remain his guests until Mr. Flad, whom he was sending to England on this mission, should return with what he wanted. Meanwhile, in order to gild the pill, he bestowed on us some of the best mules and horses in his stables; and shields, armlets, &c., ornamented with that silver-gilt filigree work, of which the knowledge came into the country over a century ago with some Greek artists who settled at Adwa.

The camp at Zagê had been formed on a low-lying piece of ground nearly level with the lake. The surrounding country was hilly, especially the extreme end of the promontory, the site of that formerly flourishing town which Theodore had destroyed. It was thickly overgrown with coffee and lime trees, and that dark-leaved shrub, the gêstou, which lends the narcotic element to the national liquor, *tedj*. Picturesque and beautiful the scene often was as we rode along the devious pathways down the side of the hill, but still it was the beauty of desolation. From the top of the headland there was a fine view over the lake; but rarely was a boat, or even the smoke of a village, to be seen; for all the youth and manhood of that country was either a unit in the toiling seething mass below which formed Theodore's army, or had fled away from a spot where every breath was drawn at the risk of life.

We remained here for six weeks, not with the name of prisoners, but still far from being free men, for watchful eyes were on us wherever we went. We soon became inured to all the miseries of that court and camp. It was considered a bad sign with us when the king threw off all restraint, and gave vent to his wild passions, as he did now, thus showing that he was heedless and indifferent to the good opinion of Europeans. The crack of the murderous *jerâf* was often to be heard now, and prisoners were mutilated close to the palisading, though, we thanked heaven, never under our very eyes. But the tyrant felt no shame in flogging delicate women and brave chiefs to death within the hearing of those to whom he well knew such deeds were horror unspeakable. We never thought, however, that we had anything personally to fear, until the return of Mr. Flad, as we all thought, unsuccessful in his pleadings with the British Government.

At last the cholera broke out, and the king sent to ask our counsel as to how the scourge should be met. He was recommended to remove his camp at once from the low, unhealthy plains, full of miasmata and all uncleanness, which bordered the lake, to the high, breezy uplands of Bagemder. For once, under the influence of the panic which such a visitation always inspires amongst barbarians, he yielded to good advice. On the 8th of June we started, marched but a short distance, and halted close to the lake again, in a thick, jungly district. Two large boas were almost immediately killed by the soldiers, and sent by the king to us for inspection, as he had a great idea of our always wishing to see whatever was rare or marvellous. They were from sixteen to eighteen feet in length, and no

* This is the title of an office somewhat analogous to that of an English mayor. The Kantiba of a large town was charged with all the police and sanitary regulations of it.

* See Bruce for an account of the commission which the emperor gave the Frenchman Poncet.

wonderful curiosities, as they abounded in the regions bordering on Tsâna. Next day we crossed the Abaï, at a point not far from the bridge, which was built by the Portuguese artificers of Hatsê Fasilidas in the seventeenth century. Rain had fallen recently, and the river was considerably swollen, and nearly choked in some places by immense boulders. It was from forty to fifty yards broad, and the opposite banks were very high and precipitous, presenting much difficulty for the passage of the mules and followers. This river forms the boundary between the provinces of Metcha, in which Zagê is situated, and Bagemder. The following morning we resumed our march, and, after traversing a vast plain, arrived about mid-day at an eminence overlooking the town of Kuarâta, and here the camp was pitched. Mr. Rassam obtained leave for us to return to our old quarters, but we did not remain there long, as a couple of days afterwards all the troops removed to the other side of the town, and we were obliged to go with them. The disease increased in intensity and virulence. Hundreds were now daily carried off, and among them our old acquaintance Agafâree Golam. It was he who had brought the royal permission to pitch our tents on the old spot; he had cantered up with the message, and five minutes afterwards was rolling in agony on the ground. Dr. Blanc took his case in hand immediately, and he would probably have recovered had not his friends foolishly moved him from Kuarâta.

The town was now a perfect pest-house, and Theodore, becoming more alarmed, moved his camp on the 14th, and halted near the river Goomâra, one of the small streams which flow into Tsâna. The king, all through the march, displayed the greatest consideration for his troops, often remaining in the rear until the sick came up, and addressing words of comfort and encouragement to their relatives. Next day we crossed Ootoo, and halted near the Reb, and the following morning arrived at Debra Tâbor. On the road we had heard the sounds of wailing and mourning in the distance, and, looking round, had seen a large funeral procession moving towards a village to our left. It was the unfortunate Agafâree being carried to his last resting-place, the burial-ground of his native village. He had died of weakness and exhaustion one stage out of Kuarâta, whither his injudicious friends had brought him. The king had already arrived at Debra Tâbor, and we had scarcely dismounted from our mules when we received orders to get ready again, as we were immediately to repair to Gaffat, the village where the homes and workshops of the European artisans were situated. Off we went, escorted by the king himself and a dozen cavaliers, through the heaviest hail-storm I was ever in. The stones beat down upon our unprotected hands until we could scarcely hold the bridles through pain; even Theodore himself was now and then obliged, when the storm beat fiercest, to take shelter beneath a tree. Arrived at Gaffat, which was about three miles off, we went, first of all, into a large building used as a factory, until the houses of the artisans, who were not to leave Kuarâta till after us, could be got ready for our reception. The king came in too. A large fire was soon kindled, and we sat down round the blazing logs warming ourselves and drying our wet clothes, while his Majesty chatted away in the most friendly manner possible. When the announcement was made that the houses were ready, Theodore led the way to Mr. Waldmeier's, which was the largest, and which he destined for Mr. Rassam. His throne—which, by the way, was nothing but a large *atga*, or bedstead, covered with rich silk—was placed at one end of the long room, and carpets were laid on the floor, which Theodore, in his usual impatience, assisted in spreading with his own hands. This done, he wished us good-bye, and returned to Debra Tâbor.

On the following Sunday, shortly after our usual morning service, we were informed the king was coming to see us, and we accordingly went down to meet him. He was accompanied by the artisans, and we could see from their faces that they quite disapproved of the way we had taken possession of their houses. Theodore knew it too, and his principal object in coming was to instal us gracefully in other abodes. The large factory was cleared out, the walls were hung with white cloth, the floor carpeted, and the throne placed in the centre; so that which was formerly a dingy edifice of stone and wood, was transformed into a comfortable dwelling-place. But the king was not yet satisfied. The next morning he came again, and having turned out the native artisans from their houses on the hill over against Gaffat, gave them to us. Mr. Rassam's was again decorated with carpets and cloth, including the ceiling; but as he lodged a respectful protest against the throne, it was removed for good and all.

North Polar Discovery.—III.

BY J. E. DAVIS, STAFF COMMANDER R.N., F.R.G.S.

PROPOSED ROUTES TOWARDS THE NORTH POLE.

THERE are four modes or routes proposed by which attempts to reach the pole should be made, viz. :—

1st.—By Smith Sound.

2nd.—By the east coast of Greenland.

3rd.—By the open sea between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla.

4th.—By Behring Strait.

First, as to the "Smith Sound route." We have no greater enthusiast in the cause of polar discovery than Captain Sherard Osborn; he maintains that the route by Smith Sound would be the best and most practicable to reach the pole, and it is but right to state that this opinion is shared by several who are well competent to form one on the subject. The arguments in favour of this route are:—1st. That the northern land of Kennedy Channel, discovered by Morton and Hayes, is the nearest known land to the pole. 2nd. That the Danish settlements extend along the west coast of Greenland as far as seventy-two degrees north. 3rd. That animal and vegetable life exist further to the northward in that direction than any other. 4th. That the distance to be travelled to reach the pole, from points already attained, is only four hundred

and eighty miles. And lastly, That such a distance has been repeatedly exceeded by the sledge and boat parties of former expeditions.

Captain Osborn proposes that two vessels should sail early in the year, so as to reach Cape York, at the entrance of Smith Sound, in August; one vessel should then be secured near Cape Isabella, and left there with twenty-five persons in charge of her, while the other vessel, with ninety-five souls, should press on along the western shore of Smith Sound as far as possible; taking care not to exceed a distance of 300 miles from her consort; the southern ship to connect herself in the autumn by depôts with the northern one, whilst the latter would place depôts towards the pole for spring operations; the next two summers to be devoted to sledge and boat operations for the attainment of the desired end, which having accomplished, the expedition would return, having been three summers and two winters in the arctic regions.

The advantages to be derived from an expedition of this nature, in addition to the fact of reaching the pole, are—Geographical discovery through an unknown area of upwards of a million of square miles; the ascertainment or otherwise of the existence of an open polar sea; contributions to science in general—for instance, botany and zoology, gaining a knowledge of the distribution of vegetable and animal life in the polar basin; and, in geology, the investigation of the phenomena of the great glaciers and ice streams; lastly, valuable observations in meteorology, of which we know but little in the arctic regions.

It will be seen that by this scheme the ships would proceed at once to a latitude within a few miles of the most northern limit ever reached by a vessel in that direction, one of them continuing, if possible, five degrees further north, from which point the calculation of the above-mentioned distance to be travelled is made. This distance is in a direct line, or as the crow flies; so that every mile short of the position to be taken up by the northernmost ship, and every sinuosity of the coast (supposing the land to run north) would increase the distance to be travelled by boats or sledges in a compound ratio; and if, as is possible, the region from Cape Union to the pole is of a similar nature to that between Smith Sound and the continent of America—namely, consisting of islands and straits—the additional distance and difficulties would be considerably increased. An expedition by this route, however, in connection with another by the open sea, is greatly to be desired.

The route to the pole by the east coast of Greenland has found less favour in the eyes of our arctic navigators than any other; this, probably, arises from the fact that arctic research has never been prosecuted in that direction, for, with the exception of the expedition under Captain Clavering, in 1823, who landed Captain (now General) Sabine on an island off the east coast of Greenland for the purpose of pursuing his pendulum observations, no Government expedition has made an attempt to approach this coast; and for our knowledge of the part delineated on our maps we are principally indebted to that expedition and Captain Scoresby. However, it has an advocate of no mean authority, for Dr. Petermann directed the German expedition (of which we propose to give an account), to pursue this route in an attempt to reach the pole.

Captain David Gray, an intelligent navigator, has noticed many interesting facts tending to support the evidence in favour of an attempt by this route, which have been gathered from many years' experience in the whale fishery along this coast. He states that in the vicinity of Shannon Island, in latitude seventy-five degrees, which is about the northernmost known land of East Greenland, loose fields of ice have frequently been seen, with a considerable amount of open water, and a dark water sky extending to the northward, and also that, during the season when the south-west winds prevail, the ice separates from the land very fast, and being generally field or floe ice, it leaves broad navigable channels, through which a ship could pass by watching for a favourable opportunity, and, by pushing towards the land and keeping near it, easily proceed northward.

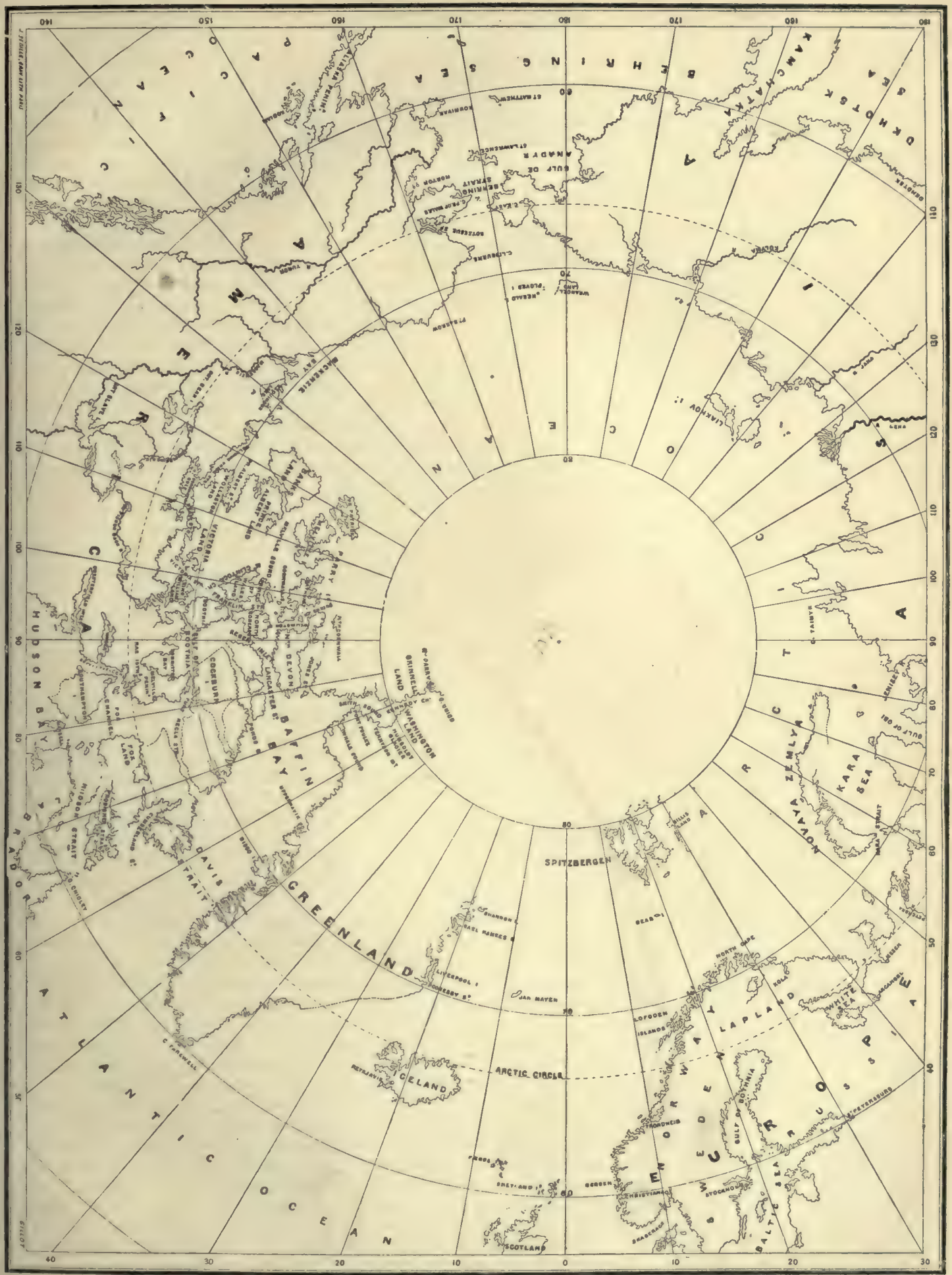
In considering this route much would depend on the trend or lay of the coast towards the pole; if it should continue in the same direction as the 300 miles with which Captains Clavering and Scoresby have made us acquainted, namely, due north, Captain Gray's reasoning is decidedly good; but if, as we are at liberty to suppose, it should trend to the westward, then the known fact that the current sets a vast body of ice to the south-west, would cause such an impingement on the coast as to prevent any ship from keeping in with the land, the main feature of the argument in favour of this route being based on the supposition that a sufficient space of open water exists along the eastern shores of Greenland.

There is no doubt that an expedition sailing from England could reach Shannon Island much easier and in far less time than Smith Sound; the difference would probably be as much as five or six weeks—an advantage of much importance in an arctic summer. This island could be made the base of operations, and the establishment there of a depôt would greatly contribute to the success of such an expedition. The vessels which pursue this route, at any rate would not be hampered in straits and narrow seas, through which the most experienced and persevering arctic leader might fail to make his way, and be foiled on the very threshold of his hopes.

In the event of its being necessary to winter in those latitudes, there is every reason to believe that the coast has some safe harbours, and from the accounts which have reached us, it appears that the country possesses an average amount of such animal life as would be very acceptable for food during the winter season.

The arguments in favour of the route by the open sea between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla are:—1st. That Spitzbergen being easily accessible to vessels, an expedition, accompanied by a transport, could start from the eightieth degree of latitude as perfectly equipped and provisioned as from any port in England. 2nd. Because it could be effected in ships. 3rd. That the ice, which is always moving southward, and which baffled Captain Parry in his journey, must necessarily leave clear water behind, and being once penetrated, the ship would be able to proceed in clear water beyond it. 4th. That the problem of an open polar sea could be better solved by this route than by Smith Sound. And lastly, that if the ice was penetrated, and land met far north, the remainder of the distance to the pole could be accomplished by sledge.

The *modus operandi* of such an expedition scarcely needs description. Two ships, accompanied by a transport, would proceed direct to Spitzbergen, which would form a base of operations; a depôt would be established there as well as an observatory to carry on a series of observations simul-


ARCTIC OCEAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
BEHRING SEA
ASIA
KAMCHATKA
OKHOTSK
SEA OF JAPAN
SIBERIA
NORTH AMERICA
ALASKA
MACKENZIE
VICTORIA LAND
PRINCE ALBERT LAND
PRINCE OF WALES LAND
BANKS LAND
PARRY
MELVILLE
DEVON
LANCASTER SD.
BAFFIN BAY
HUDSON BAY
SOUTHAMPTON
COCKBURN
FOX LAND
BOOTHIA
GULF OF BOOTHIA
REPULSE BAY
CHESTERFIELD INLET
ROES WELCOME
WAGER BAY
MACKENZIE BAY
FRANKLIN
BEECHEY I.
WASHINGTON LAND
GRINNELL LAND
GREENLAND
DAVIS STRAIT
BAFFIN BAY
SPITZBERGEN
NOVAYA ZEMLYA
KARA SEA
BARENTS SEA
WAYGATS STRAIT
JAN MAYEN
ICELAND
ARCTIC CIRCLE
LOFODEN ISLANDS
NORWAY
LAPLAND
SWEDEN
FINLAND
GULF OF BOTHNIA
WHITE SEA
ARCHANGEL
PETERSBURG
STOCKHOLM
BALTIC SEA
SCOTLAND
FAROE
SHETLAND IS.
BERGEN
CHRISTIANIA
SKAGERRAK
NORTH CAPE
HOLY NOSE
C. FAREWELL
C. CHIDLEY
C. TAIMYR
GULF OF OB
JENISEI
LENA
YAKUTSK
OLENEK
ANADYR
GULF OF ANADYR
BEHRING STRAIT
PT. BARROW
MACKENZIE R.
YUKON R.
KOTZEBUE SD.
NORTON SD.
ST. LAWRENCE I.
ST. MATTHEW
KOMANDORSKI
WRANGEL LAND
HERALD I.
PLOVER I.
PT. HOPE
PT. BARNEO
PT. BARROW
PT. BARNEO
PT. BARROW
PT. BARNEO
PT. BARROW

taneous with those on board the ships; these latter would proceed along the margin of the ice, and, at a favourable opportunity, "take the pack," and force themselves through; if this could be done (as many believe it can), an open sea would be found, and the distance then to be accomplished would be about six days' voyage for a sailing ship; the ships would then proceed until they were finally stopped or the pole reached, and the flag of Old England hoisted over the axis of our earth.

The most speculative of the four proposed routes is decidedly the one we have last to consider, namely, that by Behring Strait. This arises from our scanty knowledge of the physical conditions of this part of the arctic regions; the little we do know of it is not very favourable, and deprives it, therefore, of the support it would otherwise merit; but, notwithstanding this want of information, it has its advocates, whose judgment deserves the greatest respect; and it has long been the opinion of many that, if ever a vessel should accomplish a passage from one ocean to the other by the north, it would be by way of Behring Strait.

A glance at the map will show that whereas the straits and channels leading into Baffin Bay widen and also deepen outwards, the great expanse of water on the other side of America converges at Behring Strait to a narrow, bottle-like entrance, towards which the water shallows. These conditions, arctically considered, are widely different; the one offering facilities for the escape of ice which the other does not.

The only discovery since M'Clure visited these latitudes has been made by some American whalers, and described by Captain Long of the *Nile*, who reported the existence of land towards the north-west of Behring Strait, in the same direction where Captain Kellet had already seen it in 1849, but under circumstances that caused him to mark its existence as doubtful. The land which was described to Captain Wrangell, in 1820, by the inhabitants of the Siberian coast, as being occasionally visible from Cape Yakan, refers probably to the same.

Captain Long describes the lower portions of the land as being entirely free from snow; it appeared green, as if covered with vegetation; one mountain, 2,840 feet high, was seen, appearing like an extinct volcano, and lofty mountain ranges extended in a northerly direction. Captain Long believes that the land is inhabited, because he observed on one cape a number of upright and prostrate columns in clusters of fifteen or twenty each, with intervals of several hundred yards between; but he met with no human beings. Other American ships passed within sight of this land, and it is considered that it may be safely mapped to 74° N.; drift-wood was seen, and many walrus.

Notwithstanding the unpromising features of this route as a means of reaching the pole, it not only meets the approval of many, but is actually the one entertained a short time ago by French geographers, who have had their attention drawn to it by the indefatigable exertions of M. Gustave Lambert, and great efforts were made to raise the sum necessary for the outfit of an expedition. Although the subscription list was headed by the Emperor Napoleon with the liberal donation of fifty thousand francs, the requisite amount has not yet been attained.

M. Lambert based his prospect of success on two principal features, the first of which is, that in the months of June, July, and August, when the temperature of the pole becomes the same as that of the sixty-sixth degree of latitude, the annual phenomenon of the breaking up of the ice takes place, and at this favourable period it would be possible to penetrate towards the pole; and the second, that the ice seen by M. Lambert north of Siberia was not of the nature of berg ice, originating from glaciers on the land, but partook more of the nature of field ice of moderate thickness, and being much broken, he judged that a vessel could easily force a passage through it towards the polar sea.

There can be no doubt (and M. Lambert is perfectly aware of the fact) that this route is the most hazardous of all that have been proposed, and one requiring the greatest amount of public support in order to carry it out, as well as the greatest means for accomplishing it. Before the commencement of the real arctic work a long and tedious voyage, either round the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn, has to be undertaken; but, having a due consideration to the inviting nature of the ice, in conjunction with the physical state of the sea, as described by various arctic navigators, he feels confident that to a bold sailor there is every prospect of success, and he is in full hope, and expects to achieve great results for the benefit of science in its several departments.

Although M. Gustave Lambert has not yet been able to accomplish the desire of his heart, he must not despair, but take courage from the example of others, bearing in mind that the old saying, "Rome was not built in a day," holds equally good with arctic expeditions. Frobisher laboured hard for thirteen years before he was furnished with ships to start on his celebrated voyage, and it is scarcely on record that an expedition, such as that proposed by M. Lambert, has not laboured under much disappointment and many difficulties before it has been matured.

Although honourably emulous not to be beaten in a field Englishmen consider peculiarly their own, they are not ungenerous when bold deeds and the cause of science are in question, and to no one will they hold out the right hand of fellowship with more free will or open heart than to the countryman of the gallant "Bellot"—Gustave Lambert.

GERMAN EXPEDITION, 1868.

AMONG the advocates of arctic exploration, the distinguished German geographer, Dr. Augustus Petermann, stands pre-eminent; not only has he taken a warm interest in the subject, and advocated the cause of polar discovery by his writings, but his enthusiasm has led him to make great sacrifices both of time and money in furtherance of the cause; in time, by creating an interest among his countrymen, and inciting them to furnish the means; and in money, by contributing largely himself to the formation of a German expedition. Although the means by which the German attempt to reach the pole last summer were ludicrously small, still the very smallness of the means is a proof of the spirit that animated the promoters of the undertaking, which deserved a better success than was attained.

A vessel of eighty tons was purchased at Bergen, and strengthened in the bows by additional planking to enable her to do battle with the "thick-ribbed ice." She was christened the *Germania*, and the command given to Captain Koldewey. The route by which the pole was to be reached was that already described as by the east coast of Greenland.

The *Germania* left Bergen on the 24th of May, and on the

16th of June sighted the coast of Greenland from Hudson's "Hold-with-Hope" to Sabine Island; here they were stopped by the ice, amongst which they had been struggling from the 5th; they, however, persevered in trying to get in with the land, but after speaking a Bremen vessel, the captain of which reported the ice everywhere very close, they gave up the attempt, and proceeded to the eastward, with the view of reaching Gilles' Land, to the north-eastward of Spitzbergen.

On July 3rd they made Spitzbergen, and after encountering much difficulty from the ice, succeeded in reaching a harbour, where they took in water and ballast, and again proceeded to sea and towards the Greenland coast, but again only to be doomed to disappointment. Most tantalising it was to have the coast clearly in view with no possibility of getting in with it, although for several days they remained close to the ice for that purpose. Returning to Spitzbergen, they hoped to reach Gilles' Land, but that object was also frustrated by ice, although they saw the desired land from the summit of Cape Fortell. Repulsed in the attempts to reach a higher latitude than had yet been attained, the *Germania* at length was steered towards the south, and reached Bergen on the 3rd of October.

Although this little expedition was unsuccessful as far as the great object of the voyage is concerned, it has not been altogether unproductive, for Captain Koldewey made some interesting hydrographical observations, on the edge of the Gulf Stream, and on the currents and winds generally. He attributes his want of success in getting near the Greenland coast to an unusually unfavourable ice season. He obtained some interesting statistics of, what may be called, the seal fishery. The seals are found in great numbers about Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen, and vessels make yearly voyages for the sake of the oil and skins (three good seals yielding a cask of oil); and as many as twenty-two vessels—principally from Peterhead, Aberdeen, and Dundee—have been seen together, all engaged in seal-killing. Some idea of their numbers may be gathered from the fact that the crew of one vessel killed nearly six thousand seals in seven days, and another vessel, the *Alexandra*, succeeded in capturing no fewer than three thousand four hundred in one day.

SWEDISH EXPEDITIONS TO SPITZBERGEN.

ALTHOUGH scarcely coming within the category of polar voyages, it will be necessary to mention here the Swedish expeditions to Spitzbergen, by which so much has been added to our knowledge of those far northern regions by a band of hardy men of science, with whom arctic men may well feel proud to be associated.

In 1858, Messrs. Otto Torell, A. Quennerstedt, and A. E. Nordenskiöld, in the yacht *Frithiof*, visited the western part of Spitzbergen, and made valuable geological and botanical collections and observations. Such was the success attending the expedition, that a second and more extensive one was soon after determined on, and the Swedish Government, Prince Oscar, the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, and many private individuals, generously aided the promoters in fitting out two vessels, which left Tromsö in May, 1861, under the leadership of M. Otto Torell.

In addition to other scientific observations, the second expedition had in view the measurement of an arc of the meridian, from the north to the south of the Spitzbergen Islands; but this they failed to complete, although the results of the voyage were by no means barren, and great progress was made in ascertaining geographical positions and rectifying the extremely faulty maps of the country.

In 1864, a third expedition, under Professor Nordenskiöld, fitted out at the expense of the Swedish Government, visited Spitzbergen, and confined its exploration to the southern parts and Stor Fiord, or Wijde Jans water, which was delineated with an accuracy never before attempted; the heights of the mountains were correctly ascertained, and from the summit of one, White Mountain (about 3,000 feet high) they saw the distant and mysterious Gilles' Land, far to the east.

The results of these expeditions were so important, and brought so much credit to the country from which they emanated, that the king of Sweden resolved to despatch another in 1868, under the command of Professor Nordenskiöld. The mail steamer *Sofia* was equipped for the purpose, and furnished with the necessary provisions from the Royal Victualling Department. The vessel was commanded by Captain Von Otter, and left Tromsö on the 20th July, 1868, proceeding direct to Bear Island, the precipitous shores of which were sighted on the evening of the 22nd. One of the great objects of this expedition was to attempt to advance towards the pole, choosing the end of the summer for the purpose.

From Bear Island the expedition sailed to Spitzbergen, and reached Ice Fiord on the 31st July; here they met the late Marquis of Hastings, and other English gentlemen, enjoying the sport of reindeer-stalking. The geological specimens obtained at Ice Fiord were most interesting; amongst them were fossils of the miocene period, which proved that the island once enjoyed a more genial climate; colossal bones of animals belonging to the crocodile order were also found, between the coal and the miocene deposits. The whole of the interior of Spitzbergen, excepting a small portion between Ice and Bel Sounds, is covered with ice, broken here and there by rugged rocks; but the low land near the coast becomes free during the summer, and a scant vegetation appears; the line of everlasting snow being considered to lie at an elevation of from 1,200 to 1,500 feet; the average height of the islands is about 2,000 feet, although some two or three mountains exceed 3,000, and one, "Horn Sound Peak," reaches 4,500 feet. There are many good harbours round the coast, and many anchorages protected from certain winds; but the currents are strong, although the range of tide is not great. Considerable quantities of drift-wood are met with on various parts of the coast, a perfect god-send to mariners wrecked or left on the island. Along the shores large masses of strongly magnetic rock are to be found, and, indeed, so strongly attractive of the needle as to render the magnetical observations useless. Many rich layers of coal are in the mountains; one seam was found to be about a mile long and four feet thick.

As may be imagined, great quantities of sea-fowl find a habitation in these arctic isles, the crevices in the cliffs being well adapted for laying their eggs and hatching their young. The eider fowl keeps to the low islands, which are clear from ice early in the season, and it is believed that the same birds return each summer to the same breeding-place. A curious migration of birds takes place early in the spring, when great

flocks leave the coast and fly directly towards the north; this fact is very suggestive, and gives rise to much speculation. Next to the seal and walrus, to which animals the islands are solely indebted for the periodical visits of numbers of vessels, the reindeer is the most important, furnishing as it does the principal fresh animal food of the crews; the meat is excellent, especially in summer, when the animals fatten. Bears are to be found on the northern and eastern parts, but they are not numerous. Salt-water fish are not plentiful, but fine salmon are taken in the lakes.

In the attempt made towards the autumn to penetrate to the north, the expedition met with little success, on account of the ice; but the latitude of 81° 22′ was reached, and, like Parry, the ship was driven southward by the current. Another attempt was made a few days afterwards, and by dint of perseverance, and taking advantage of every navigable passage between the ice, they succeeded in reaching 81° 42′, but were then obliged to return. Again did they make the attempt, and getting amongst heavy ice, which was fast becoming consolidated by the formation of new ice over the water between the masses, they were again forced to retreat. On the 4th of October, in a gale, they were in great danger, and in a heavy lurch to leeward a hole was stove in the vessel's starboard side by the ice, and it was only by great exertions, in which the whole scientific corps were obliged to work at the pumps, that they succeeded in getting the ship into a harbour to stop the leak and repair damages. No sooner was this done, than they were warned, by the harbour beginning to freeze over, that it was time to get away, which they did as quickly as possible, taking on board a boat and a depôt of provisions which had been left by the expedition of 1861, all of which was found in an excellent state of preservation.

Captain Von Otter is of opinion (and in this he is joined by Professor Nordenskiöld) that the only means of reaching the north pole is by sledges over the ice, in the spring, before the snow, with which the ice is covered, has lost its hardened crust.

CONCLUSION.

Since the completion of the above sketch of the history of polar discovery, considerable interest has been created on the subject, proving that, so far from polar discoverers and travellers being satisfied with resting on their laurels, they are as enthusiastic in the cause as ever; and although the inroads of time have made sad havoc in the ranks, and tinged with grey the locks even of the youngest of arctic voyagers, they still

"Shoulder their crutch, and show how fields are won."

The circumstance of the coming transit of Venus in 1882 being observable under very favourable conditions from some points on the antarctic continent has been brought before the scientific world by the Astronomer-Royal, and the possibility and probability of attaining so desirable an object fully discussed before the Royal Geographical Society; the almost unanimous conclusion arrived at was, that if so important an undertaking was to be entertained, it was absolutely essential that our race of polar men should be maintained and renewed by fresh expeditions to the arctic regions.

Whether the feelings of the Government will be influenced by these considerations remains to be seen, but private gentlemen of wealth and enterprise seem disposed to keep up the national reputation in arctic deeds. Already has our gallant countryman, Mr. Lamont, sped his way north, on "daring deeds intent;" not, as we have been led to suppose, to win his way to the pole itself, for Mr. Lamont assured the author that he utterly disclaims the intention of attempting it, believing it, with his means, to be an impossibility. He modestly called his expedition "a sporting and scientific excursion to the polar seas." Mr. Lamont's steam-yacht, the *Diana*, of 250 tons, has been strengthened to resist the pressure of the ice, and the course intended to be taken is that between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, trusting that an exceptional season (which, undoubtedly, occasionally does occur) may open the ice more than usual, and enable him to push north. It should be remembered that this little expedition is fitted out entirely at the expense of Mr. Lamont, and well may we be proud of one who has so generously devoted his energies and fortune to the cause of science and discovery, and who has so modestly slipped away from England on his grand enterprise; well does he deserve success. He left Greenock for the icy north on the 20th of April last.

Nor is Mr. Lamont's the only expedition likely to take the field in arctic exploration this summer. Dr. Hayes, the American arctic navigator, already so greatly distinguished, is anxious to resume his labours, and explore the open polar sea beyond Smith Sound, hoping eventually to reach the pole by that route. For this service a patriotic fellow-countryman has placed a steam-vessel at his disposal. From Bremen, a screw-steamer, the *Bienenkorb*—the property of M. Rosenthal, a gentleman who has always taken a great interest in polar questions—sailed on the 21st of February, with the intention of visiting Jan Meyen for the purpose of seal-hunting, and then to attempt to sail north in June or July. The *Bienenkorb* is commanded by Captain Hagens, has a crew of fifty-five men, and is provisioned for eight months. Dr. Dorst, a scientific gentleman, is on board, and prepared to make magnetical, astronomical, and other observations.

As may be readily supposed, Dr. Augustus Petermann has not been idle during the arctic recess, and the German Polar Expedition this season will take the field far better equipped than last. It is expected to sail about the commencement of June. It will consist of a screw-steamer of about 120 tons and 30 horse-power, which will take the name of *Germania;* while her consort, the little *Germania* of last year's expedition, will be called the *Grönland.* The route proposed to be taken is the same as last year—viz., along the east coast of Greenland. It is proposed that the *Grönland* shall serve as a transport to the larger vessel, and keep up the communication with Europe, returning about October with a report of the results obtained. The expedition will again be under the command of Captain Koldewey, who will be accompanied by a complete staff of scientific gentlemen, and attempts will be made to measure an arc of the meridian in as high a latitude as possible.

The Swedes are also preparing to resume their polar labours, under the indefatigable Professor Nordenskiöld, and, doubtless, the experience gained in so many expeditions will enable them to take such precautions this time in the equipment as to ensure a better prospect of success. It is, however, with much regret we learn that the proposed French expedition to Behring Strait is at present in abeyance. With so many expeditions afoot, we trust that the patriotism of the French nation will not allow it to be given up altogether.

Journeyings in Mesopotamia.—II.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE INDIAN NAVY.

CHAPTER III.

RUINS OF CTESIPHON AND SELEUCIA—HISTORICAL SKETCH.

We now approached the ruins of the famous Parthian city of Ctesiphon. All along the banks of the river, and between it and the Tauk Kesra, lie vast mounds, composed of furnace-burnt bricks as a foundation, and sun-dried bricks mixed up with chopped straw for the superstructure, one course separated from another by irregular layers of reeds. One of these measures 750 feet, with a height and thickness varying from thirty to thirty-six feet. The elevation of the wall that edged from out this mound in the margin of the river's bank was forty feet. It then formed an angle and stretched away north-west for 800 yards, when there was a breach or gap 135 feet wide, probably once occupied by some grand gate or entrance. The wall or rampart line then recommences, and runs on the same bearings for 750 yards more, when we come to another break, which Mignan supposes to be a canal, as the channel varied from fifteen to twenty feet in depth, the breadth being 150 yards, and therefore capable of admitting a large body of water. The direction of the dry bed of this channel was north-east, and appeared to extend to an unbroken ridge of mounds running north-west and south-east, at a distance of eight or nine miles. The high wall already followed embraces an extensive area, where no vestiges of former buildings exist, and runs to the verge of the river. Its summit and sides are covered with the remains of ancient buildings; and it is astonishing that after the lapse of many centuries those walls appear to have lost nothing of their regular construction. The foundations of these mounds are invariably composed of kiln-burnt bricks, while the superstructure is formed of sun-burnt bricks. Coins of gold, silver, and copper are dug out of these ruins in large numbers, and there is a regular trade in Baghdad in these antiquities.



JEW OF BUSSORAH.

Regarding the erection of Ctesiphon, Pliny says, "The Parthians, in order to do by Seleucia as the Greeks who built that place had done by Babylon, built the city of Ctesiphon within three miles of it, in the track called Chalonitis, in order to dis-people and impoverish it, though it is now the head city of the kingdom."

Ctesiphon is said by Ammianus Marcellinus, the historian and contemporary of Julian, to have been built by Vardanes, and afterwards beautified and walled by Pacorus, a Parthian king.

In the expedition undertaken by Trajan against the Parthians, as the country near the Tigris produced little wood, he conveyed thither on carriages the materials prepared in the forests near Nisibis or Nisibeen, for the construction of a fleet; and on reaching the river he essayed to throw a bridge across it. The Assyrians, who were posted on the opposite bank, prepared to prevent his passage, yet this consummate general effected his purpose; parts of the vessel were lashed together to form the bridge, while others, with soldiers and archers on board were posted, as if to cover the operation of passing the river, or to manœuvre on each flank. Owing to this judicious plan of attack, and the consternation caused by the appearance of such a fleet in a country where, from want of timber, it could not have been constructed, the enemy fled. The Romans immediately crossed the river, and subdued the whole of that part of Assyria which is near Nineveh; from thence, and not meeting with any resistance, Trajan marched to Babylon. The historian, Dion Cassius, says that he descended the Tigris; but Chesney is of opinion that the Roman fleet passed down the Euphrates, as the name of one river is often confounded with that of the other by ancient writers. Trajan at first proposed to transport his vessels from the Euphrates to the Tigris, and he commenced the canal now called Nahar Malka, for this purpose; ultimately, however, he abandoned the scheme, but carried his vessels, by means of carriages, across the intervening country, and, bridging the Tigris, he captured Ctesiphon.

About A.D. 230, Sapor, King of Persia, son of Artaxerxes, and the restorer of Persian power, after the signal defeat of his father by the Roman legions of the Emperor Alexander, invaded the Latin territories at the head of a numerous army,

captured the cities of Nisibis and Carrhæ, and overran Mesopotamia; his success, however, was but short-lived, for Gordian turned the tables upon him by boldly taking the offensive, and wrested from him the cities he had conquered. Immediately succeeding this, Mesopotamia was the constant scene of devastation and pillage by the rival Persian and Roman armies, until at length Odenatus captured Ctesiphon from Sapor, A.D. 266.

After the wars of Sapor against the Arabs and Greeks, it is stated in De Sacy's "Memoirs" that the Persian king returned to his country, and laid the foundation of a city on those of Ctesiphon and Seleucia, which were united under the the name of El Modain, the dual number of an Arabic word signifying a city. Modain was beautified many years afterwards by Chosroes Nurshirwan, surnamed The Just, with numerous stately palaces, the principal of which was the Tauk, or arch, just described. The sack of this same palace by the Saracens, in A.D. 637, is related in an animated style by Gibbon.

Abu Dawaniq, the Khalifah, was desirous of removing the materials of this city for the use of his projected capital at Baghdad; Sooleiman, his wazir, dissuaded him from this, saying that he would be reproached by mankind for the destruction of the city, to aid in the foundation of another, as betraying a want of resources.

The monarch reprobated his minister's lurking tenderness for the fame of the Kesra, and, commencing the work of destruction, soon found that the expense attendant on the disjunction and removal of the materials of the city would far exceed the cost of new preparations. He was now anxious to desist, but was reminded by the wazir that, having commenced, he should persevere, or he would be exposed to the imputation of being less powerful than the founders of the city. Sooleiman advised, however, at the same time, that the Tauk, or arch, should remain untouched, as a lasting evidence to mankind of the prophetic character of Mohammed, on the night of whose birth it was miraculously rent.

To the south-west, and consequently in an oblique direction between the Tauk and the river, stand the ruins of a mosque and two mouldering tombs, containing the ashes of Hadhaifah, the secretary of the prophet, and the caliph Moostasem Billah, who was killed by Hulakoo, a prince who established the Mogul dynasty in Persia, and grandson of the renowned conqueror Genghis Khan. As is usual over all the ruins and mounds in Mesopotamia, quantities of brickwork in a fragmentary state are mixed with loose pieces of tile and stone; and rubbish of this sort covers the space enclosed within the ruined quadrangular wall surrounding the tombs.

Crossing the river from Ctesiphon, one immediately finds oneself on the site of the scarcely less magnificent city of Seleucia, built by Seleucus Nicator, the immediate successor of Alexander the Great. Pliny, in the twenty-sixth chapter of his sixth book, writes of it:—"Seleucia was built by Seleucus Nicator, forty miles from Babylon, at a point of the confluence of the Euphrates with the Tigris by a canal. The territory on which it stood was called Babylonia; but it was itself a free state, and the people lived after the laws and manners of the Macedonians. The form of the walls was said to resemble an eagle spreading her wings, and the soil around it was thought the most fertile in the East. There were 600,000 citizens here at one time, and all the commerce and wealth of Babylon flowed into it."

Long before Ctesiphon was thought of, Seleucia was formed on a Greek model, and received from the founder a free constitution. It was built with the object of effecting the ruin of Babylon, and gradually drew to itself the population and commerce of that city. The site of this city was on the west bank of the Tigris, in the neighbourhood of a place still more ancient, called Coxe, or Coche, at the mouth of a canal leading from the Euphrates to the Tigris. This canal is mentioned by Pliny, and is that already spoken of as the Nahar Malka.

It is somewhat singular that Seleucia was sometimes called Babylon. Dr. Prideaux writes on this head:—"It must be acknowledged that there is mention made of Babylon as of a city standing long after the time when I have placed its desolation, as in Lucan, Philostratus, and others. But, in all these authors, and wherever else we find Babylon spoken of, as a city in being after the time of Seleucus Nicator, it must be understood, not of old Babylon on the Euphrates, but of Seleucia on the Tigris. For as that succeeded to the dignity and grandeur of old Babylon, so also did it in its name. At first it was called Seleucia Babylonia—that is, the Babylonic Seleucia, or Seleucia of the province of Babylon, to distinguish it from the other Seleucias which were elsewhere—and after that Babylonia simply, and at length Babylon. That Lucan, by his Babylon, in the first book of his "Pharsalia," means none other than Seleucia, or the new Babylon, is plain; for he there speaks of it as the metropolis of the Parthian kingdom, where the trophies of Crassus were hung up, after the vanquishing of the Romans at Carrhæ, which can be understood only of the Seleucian or new Babylon, and not of the old; for that new Babylon only was the seat of the Parthian kings, but the old never. And in another place, where he makes mention of this Babylon, he describes it as surrounded by the Tigris. And as to Philostratus, when he brings his Apollonius to the royal seat of the Parthian king, which was at that time at Seleucia, then called Babylon, he was led by that name into this gross blunder, viz., to mistake it for the old Babylon; and, therefore, in the describing of it, he gives us the same description which he found given of old Babylon in Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, and other writers."

Seleucia continued to flourish for several centuries, renowned for such genuine Greek virtues as love of freedom and promotion of arts, as well as of all the military excellences that had made the parent state of Macedonia famous for all time. Pliny, who flourished 500 years after its foundation, says that even in his time it enjoyed the blessings of freedom. The walls of the city were strong, and, had patriotism continued to inspire her inhabitants, she would have been safe; but a dangerous enemy was posted at her very gates, and she did not learn the necessity of concord until too late. The Parthian monarchs, like the Mogul sovereigns of Hindostan, delighted in the pastoral life of their Scythian ancestors, and they quartered their soldiers in the neighbouring village of Ctesiphon, in which they also set up their court. Gradually the little village increased in wealth and importance, until a formidable rival arose within three miles of the gates of Seleucia, which in its turn was thus overtaken by a fate similar to that it had brought on Babylon. The Romans, in the time of Marcus, A.D. 165, penetrated as far as Ctesiphon and Seleucia. The Parthian city fought for her existence, while the Greek colony received the advancing legions as friends; yet a like fate awaited both, and Seleucia was given to the flames, while, it is said, 300,000 of her inhabitants fell beneath the Roman sword.

I have already described how the twin cities were united under the name of Modain. It is true that little remains to attest the grandeur of Ctesiphon, but still less meets the eye of the traveller who wends his way over the ruins of Seleucia. Time, violence, and repeated inundations, have levelled everything, and one looks in vain for monuments or buildings of any kind; literally nothing remains but mounds covered with rubbish, similar to the contents of a dust-heap.

The reader will be better able to judge of the extent of the irregular mounds and hillocks that overspread the sites of these renowned cities when I tell him that it would occupy some months to take the bearings and dimensions of each with accuracy. The greater part of the remains of Ctesiphon extend in a northerly direction, whilst the masses of ruin on the site of Seleucia stretch away to the southward, and are altogether at a greater distance from the bank of the river. The Greek city appears to occupy a more considerable tract of country, although its remains are, to all appearance, of less magnitude than those of its Parthian neighbour.

Truly, never was desolation more complete than the desolation which broods over this once imperial city of Seleucia. Every sense and every faculty appears as if overwhelmed at the vastness of the chaos, that stretches around as far as the eye can see; an intense feeling of depression overcomes the mind, while the ear longs for some sound to break the stillness, oppressive as that of the tomb; and the eye looks in vain for some living or moving object on which to dwell, and so vary the sad monotony of mounds and bricks and tiles that strew the surface. Hark! a sound startles us, and it comes from a spot quite near at hand. We are wrong, then, in supposing that no living thing exists on this God-forsaken site. We turn round, and find that we had aroused some bitterns which occupied a neighbouring pool of water. Immediately there recurs to the memory that solemn passage in one of the prophets (Isa. xiv. 23), in which the anger of an offended God is pronounced against Babylon: "I will also make it a possession for the bittern and pools of water: and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord." Curiously and reverently we regard the fetid pool, and the bitterns, as they make their peculiar "boom" and sail away. The thoughtful traveller turns away from a spot accursed with the judgment of an offended Deity, full of sad musings on the fate of cities and nations.

CHAPTER IV.

BAGHDAD—ENGLISH POLITICAL RESIDENTS IN BAGHDAD—THE CITY; DEFENCES, GATES, PALACE, MOSQUES, CARAVANSARIES, BAZAARS, BRIDGE OF BOATS, PRIVATE DWELLINGS.

From the sites of Ctesiphon and Seleucia the white minarets of Baghdad, nineteen miles distant, can be seen at sunrise. The *Comet*, passing the mouth of the Diala—a river with steep banks, that discharges itself into the Tigris—soon steamed over the intervening space, and we were transported in a few hours from the contemplation of the sublime past to a practical experience of the squalor and wretchedness of a modern Turkish town. And yet there is very much to interest in this city of Baghdad; the very name arouses recollections of those delightful Arabian tales that whiled away so happily many weary hours in childhood. Without any heavy call on the imagination, one might wander about its streets at the present day, and see the very sights and recal the familiar shapes, dressed in the costumes in vogue then as now. There is the identical barber's stall multiplied a hundred times; there are the merchants selling their carpets and wares in the selfsame shops; there is the bazaar, through which we will take a stroll; there are also the narrow lanes called streets; and the pariah dogs; and, listen! there is the muezzin calling the people to prayer, as in the days of the good caliph, the contemporary and rival, in the East, of Charlemagne in the West. Not only, also, is the air laden with the sounds and Oriental ejaculations of which we have read in that enthralling story-book, but, as if to complete the parallel, and transport us bodily back to that picturesque mediæval period, music is heard in the distance, the people fall back, and, as we look eagerly forward, almost expecting to see the greatest of the Abassides heralded with becoming Eastern pomp, we behold the Turkish Pasha proceeding with a gorgeous retinue from his palace to the mosque, like the procession of the caliphs eight hundred years ago.

Baghdad is situated on the Tigris. No river in the world washes the ruins of so many famous cities as the Tigris. Its banks on both sides are covered with an almost unbroken series of remains of places that at one time or other were the capitals of mighty kingdoms, and the seats of government of powerful dynasties. The thoughts of the traveller brood on the spectacle of fallen greatness as he floats down its broad and rapid stream. The canals which furrow the plain of Mesopotamia, and might still be made to irrigate and fertilise the country, rendering it again the garden of the earth, are, by the short-sighted policy of the indolent Ottoman Government, suffered to fall into decay. Any one having the happiness of the population at heart must earnestly join in the prayer that some political change may occur in the destinies of the country, seeing that by no turn of events can worse happen to the wretched inhabitants. Chesney states (and his words read like a corroboration of Herodotus, who has always been accused of painting the richness of the soil in his day in too glowing colours) that about seventeen miles from the commencement of the Dujeil canal the country is particularly fertile, and this is owing to the works of irrigation being kept in a serviceable state.

Five miles below Baghdad is a canal that crosses Mesopotamia, joining, during the season of floods, the waters of the Euphrates and Tigris, and passing near Akerkouf. The Tigris may be considered as having an average width of two hundred yards from Mosul to Baghdad, with a current, in the flood season, of about four and a quarter miles per hour. The country from Mosul to Tekrit only is cultivated; for the remainder of the distance the cultivation either wholly ceases, or is of a partial character.

Baghdad has been singularly fortunate in the gentlemen who have filled the important post of British representative at the court of the Turkish Pasha who governs the province. Chief among these is the name of Mr. Rich, a diplomatist who was immensely popular with the natives of the state to which he was accredited, and was looked up to as the second most powerful man in the pashalick. Mr. Rich was appointed the East India Company's Resident at Baghdad in the year 1806. In 1821 he quitted that city on a visit to Shiraz (*viâ* Bussorah and Bushire), whence he was destined never to return, being carried off by an attack of cholera, after an illness of eight hours.

Captain Felix Jones, who filled at Bushire the same post of Political Resident, at the trying time immediately preceding and during the continuance of the last Persian war, was also a man of mark, and his surveys of Mesopotamia are of great value, from their perfect reliability. Then we have General Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., and late M.P., a man of world-wide fame as a profound Oriental scholar, antiquarian, and historian. Sir Henry Rawlinson, while an incumbent of the post, built the handsome and convenient Residency House, with its billiard-rooms and other luxurious adjuncts, and which those who have been in Baghdad, and enjoyed the hospitality of the Resident, will remember as the most comfortable and home-like dwelling in the city. I ought also to mention Captain (now Colonel) Sir Henry Kemball, C.B., K.C.S.I., of the Bombay (now Royal) Artillery, a gentleman of whose kindness and genial hospitality I have a lively recollection. These were all, not only able representatives of British diplomacy, but were also specimens of the English gentleman which, it was satisfactory to see, were fully appreciated by the quick-witted people among whom they were placed.



JEWESS OF BUSSORAH.

The whole of the country to the north and east of Baghdad, as far as the eye can reach, is one flat waste, with scarcely a tree or a hovel to be perceived in the distance. The city of Baghdad stands on this level plain, two-thirds lying on the north-east bank of the Tigris, which is spanned by a bridge of boats, and the remaining third on the Mesopotamian side of the river. The city is surrounded by a high brick parapet-wall, flanked at intervals with bastioned towers, and surrounded by a ditch. When viewed from a distance, but particularly from the river, Baghdad presents, like many Eastern cities, a truly beautiful appearance, due in part to the whiteness of its buildings, but chiefly to the luxuriant date-groves and rich gardens enclosed within its walls, and which contrast agreeably with the graceful minarets and green domes of its numerous mosques. A closer inspection of the streets, however, discovers a labyrinth of alleys, unpaved, and so narrow that three persons can scarcely pass; they appear almost empty, and one would fancy that the city was stricken with plague, until a visit to the bazaar would dispel every such illusion. As the eye looks on either side, or upwards, one sees two hideous black walls; for windows opening on the thoroughfares are rarely seen, while the doors giving admission to the houses are small and mean. The streets of Baghdad are more intricate and winding than in most Eastern towns, and were it not for some tolerably regular lines of bazaars, and a few open squares, the interior of the city would justly merit the title it has received from an eminent traveller, of "a labyrinth of alleys and passages."

There are three gates of entrance and outlet; one on the south-east, another on the north-east, and a third on the north-west of the city. The last of these is the principal one, and leads from the most frequented road to the most populous and busy part of the town. Near this gate is the exercise-ground for playing the Turkish game of the "jereed." The Talisin gate, also, is well worthy of observation, though it was walled-up by the Sultan Murad IV., who quitted the city by it, on his return to Constantinople after having recovered Baghdad from the Persians. Some writers erroneously suppose that the gate was built on the occasion of the Sultan's triumphal entry; but Mignan, who is of a different opinion, observes, "This custom is only observed at the departure of royalty, from which time the gate is held sacred." The Talisin gate is the finest and largest in Baghdad, measuring fifty-six feet in height by fifty-one in breadth. A dry ditch of considerable depth surrounds the entire wall, which encloses a vast space of ground unoccupied by buildings, particularly in the north-eastern quarter; even where edifices abound, the trees are so thickly interspersed, that Baghdad looks like a city arising from amid a grove of palms. All the buildings, both public and private, are constructed of furnace-burnt bricks of a reddish-yellow colour, and appear to be of a great age. I shall say something now of the chief public structures, though, truth to say, Baghdad does not possess them in so great number, or of as pretentious a character, as one would suppose from a consideration of her world-famous history, and of the



ARABS BRINGING SKINS TO MARKET.

liberal and art-loving caliphs who have adorned her earlier annals.

The Serai, or Palace of the Pasha, is an extensive rather than an imposing or handsome building, being composed of a somewhat incongruous mass of buildings, constructed at different periods of the Turkish occupation, and with no attempt at architectural beauty in any part. It contains within its walls most of the public offices, also the stables of the stud department, and the apartments for the suite. My acquaintance with the interior of this palace owed its origin to a personal adventure, which I will here narrate, and the occurrence of which enabled me to witness the infliction of the bastinado, or, as the Persians term it, "the turning up of the heels," and which, I can vouch, is not of so severe a character as is generally supposed.

One evening I was strolling about the town with one of my friends, when we decided on making for a particular shop in the bazaar, for the purpose of purchasing some handsomely-dyed carpets we had previously seen exhibited for sale. On our reaching the shop, we found a knot of young Persians lounging about the entrance. As we could not pass in, my friend civilly asked one of the obstructives to move on one side. Instead of doing as desired, the individual to whom he had spoken refused compliance with our request, and applied some abusive epithets to Feringhees in general, which our acquaintance with Hindostanee (a language greatly resembling Persian) enabled us to understand. This, of course, could not be borne. We were not going to be deterred from making our purchases by the insolence of such fellows, and my friend, who was of a choleric nature, raising his walking-stick, rushed forward to force an entrance *vi et armis*. I was close at his side, and it was fortunate I was, for just as the hot-headed Saxon was in the act of bringing his stick down on the pate of his opponent, I caught sight of a long knife which the treacherous Oriental had concealed under his girdle, and which his hand had already half-removed from its sheath. I dragged my friend back, and saved him from the impending blow. It would never do, however, to leave the group of natives in triumphant possession of the doorway. A crowd had gathered round us, and we were deliberating what course to pursue, when, to our great relief, a strong party of Turkish soldiers came by. Forcing their way through the mob, they recognised who we were by our uniforms, and one of them asked what all this row was about. On my explaining how grossly we had been insulted, and demanding the arrest of the insolent Persians, the non-commissioned officer in charge of the squad seized the whole of the loungers, who looked crestfallen enough now, and hurried them off with little ceremony to the Pasha's palace. We, of course, followed to substantiate the charges, and the crowd made way for us with every demonstration of respect.

On arriving at the extensive building occupied by the Pasha, which also contained the courts of justice, the prisoners were forthwith arraigned, and, notwithstanding the denial on oath of any provocation by a host of witnesses, were convicted solely on our unsupported testimony—so great is the trust reposed in the honour and veracity of Englishmen all over the East—of the offences of using insulting language and threatening to stab with a dagger, and were sentenced to be bastinadoed. We were requested, according to custom, to attend on the following day, and witness the infliction of the castigation, which was to be carried out in the presence of the Governor.

On the delinquents being brought forward and identified by us, they were ordered to receive the award of their crime. I desired, on the part of my friend, that only the individual who had directly insulted him should be punished, and the others were accordingly released. Presently the "lictors," or "ferroches," as they are called, made their appearance with a long pole and a bundle of sticks. The criminal appeared to take the matter very coolly, and looked about him with the utmost unconcern.

Having stripped off his shoes, he placed himself flat on his back. The ends of the pole, which is about eight feet long, were held by two men, and the culprit raised his legs high enough to rest his ankles on it. His feet, with the soles uppermost, were then firmly lashed by cords. Thus prostrate, the "ferroches," one on each side, commenced to inflict the flagellation with the sticks. Directly the first stroke was administered the wretch set up a most horrible noise, shouting and yelling as if he was being murdered. We saw it was "put on," but to spare ourselves witnessing such an unpleasant scene, and satisfied with the punishment that had been inflicted, we interfered, and requested the Pasha to remit the remainder of the sentence. This was at once done, and the sufferer limped off, first "salaaming" to us, in the most contrite manner, his thanks at our astounding clemency.

There are numerous mosques in the city, but they certainly cannot compare in beauty or magnificence with those of Cairo. The most ancient of them is thought to be the "Jamah el Sookh el Gazel," so called from its standing in the market where cotton-thread is sold, from three Arabic words—"jamah," a mosque; "sookh," a bazaar; "gazel," cotton-thread. The original building appears to have been destroyed by violence, for only the minaret and a small portion of the outer wall remain. The former is a short column terminating in a rounded summit, and boasts no beauty either of proportion or general effect. Its exterior surface is in parts highly ornamented with fanciful sculptures of arabesque work, and an inscription, of which Niebuhr took a copy, stating it to have been erected by the Caliph Mostanser, in the year of the Hegira 633, or 1235 of the Christian era, about fourteen years after the erection of a tower not far from the central gate, which also bears an inscription, copied by the same traveller.

The Jamah el Merjaneeah, a mosque not far distant from this, is also worthy of particular mention. The body of the mosque is modern, and its interior presents nothing remarkable, though the door of entrance is a fine specimen of its kind. This is formed by a lofty arch of the pointed form, bordered on each side by a succession of rich bands, exquisitely sculptured, going up the sides, and meeting at the top nearly in the form of the arch itself. The outermost of these is followed by a large moulding, spirally fluted all the way up, and with minute and elaborate sculptures, and a profusion of inscriptions on the projecting parts of the flutings. Upon the walls is a lengthy inscription, commencing with the usual introduction, "In the name of God, the merciful and the beneficent," and stating it to have been commenced by the most merciful King Merjan, A.H. 758.

The Jamah el Kessakey, like the two former mosques, has but a small portion of the original edifice standing. In this can be seen a niche, for prayer, of remarkable construction, pointing to its being of mixed Roman and Saracenic architecture.

The Jamah el Vizier, or Vizier's Mosque, which is near the Tigris, and just above the gate of the bridge, is of considerable size, and has a lofty minaret and handsome dome, but its interior is out of repair. The mosque of the Pasha, which is very near the last-named, is better lighted than the others, but in other respects it possesses no remarkable feature. The great mosque in the square of El Maidan, in the way from the north-west gate to the palace and the British Residency, is also a noble building. It has a handsome dome and minaret, adorned with coloured tiles and paintings, is well-lighted, and has the Christian (but eminently un-Oriental) merit of cleanliness. The mosque of Abass el Kadar is the largest, and, on the whole, perhaps the finest in Baghdad, though there is little to admire beyond its noble domes.

The domes of these mosques are said to be in the Persian style; some are of a flattened form and plain surface, but the principal ones are all high, and disproportionately narrow. They are richly ornamented with glazed tiles, the colours used being chiefly green and white. Some of the inscriptions are also executed in this fanciful manner, in bands running round the foot of the dome, much after the style of triumphal arches of welcome in England. The glitter of these colours reflected from a polished surface gives an air of gaiety and liveliness, rather than the majesty and magnificence which are to be found in the rich and stately domes of Turkey and of Egypt, or in those of the noble fanes of St. Paul's and St. Peter's in Christendom. The minarets, being ornamented in the same manner, are open to the like objection. Both in the domes and minarets of Baghdad the high green rod, with a globe surmounted by a crescent, as familiarly represented in pictures of Eastern scenery, is frequently seen. The number of mosques in the city is said to exceed a hundred, but of these only some thirty boast the possession of minarets, from whence the voice of the muezzin may be heard sonorously calling the faithful to their devotions.

There are few practices which more strongly mark the many striking differences existing between Eastern and Western manners and customs than this to which I have referred. The muezzin's call to prayer, in the midst of a busy city, strikes the traveller from Europe. The piety of Orientals, though ostentatiously displayed, is, I should say, not more real than among ourselves; yet there is a certain simplicity, and invariably a regularity, in their private and public religious exercises that is pleasing to note, after the open disregard of things spiritual among us even in England.

The public khans, or caravansaries, amount to about thirty. One of these is called the Khan et Oorthweh, and bears the mark of considerable antiquity; it is well built, and has all the usual ornaments of Arabic and Turkish architecture, such as overhanging niches, &c. There is also a khan, founded in the year of the Hegira 758, by Merjan, minister to the Sultan of Turkey, who came to Persia, whence he solicited permission to proceed on a pilgrimage to Mecca; though his subsequent conduct in seizing on the government of Baghdad proved that this holy project was but a pretence. There is another khan, of historical importance, on account of its having been founded by the Caliph Mostanser, in A.D. 1227, and originally intended as a school.

The bazaars, in which are constructed the shops—little open rooms about eight feet in length—mostly form long, straight, and tolerably wide avenues. The best of these are vaulted over with brickwork, but the greater number are merely covered by flat beams, laid across from side to side, and supporting a roof of straw, dried leaves, or branches of trees, and grass. These bazaars are almost deserted during the day, but at night are thronged with a multitude of idlers, all dressed in their smartest attire, and as the outer garment in general use is the light shalloons of Angora, of divers colours, the scene is brilliant and pleasing to the eye; the more so as the gloom reigning throughout the day in these dark, brick-vaulted passages is removed at night by a profusion of lamps and torches, with which the shops and coffee-rooms are brilliantly illuminated.

One of the peculiar features of Baghdad is the bridge of boats, the only one that spans the broad and rapid waters of the Tigris, which here has a breadth of two hundred yards. These boats, thirty-two in number, are moored with their bows stemming the current, and form a scene of great animation, the pedestrians being mixed with a crowd of horses and camels crossing it in a continuous stream. At the head of the bridge is the Medrasset el Mostanser, or "College of the Learned," so often mentioned in Arabian story. On its walls is an inscription, stating "this glorious college" to have been built by the Caliph Mostanser Billah, in the year A.H. 630.

The interiors of the private houses of Baghdad, particularly those of the wealthy classes, are comfortable in an Eastern sense, and compare favourably with those in other cities that I have visited. They consist of a succession of square courts, surrounded by galleries, each forming a distinct habitation, giving egress to an open space in the interior. In the outer court is a room, or rather a recess, forming three sides of a square, and open towards the front; this is the office where the ordinary business of the day is transacted. The second court is somewhat larger, but of similar construction, in which is also a recess; this is the audience chamber, or "dewan," called in English "divan." From the galleries, in some houses, several rooms are partitioned off, having windows opening to the court, formed of small diamond-shaped panes of glass, of every colour, and disposed in various fantastic shapes. The ceiling of some of these rooms is composed of a kind of trellis-work, describing flowers of different colours. The walls are formed into small arched recesses, and are gilded in a gaudy manner. The number of these courts is increased according to the size of the house; the innermost always comprising the harem, or women's apartments. The few windows that look towards the street are covered with a frame of lattice-work. During the warm weather the inhabitants sleep on light bedsteads, called in India "charpoys," placed on the roofs, which are flat, and surrounded by parapets.

During the intense heat of the summer, when the thermometer for days together, in some years, ranges between 110° and 120° Fahrenheit, frequently marking 114° at daybreak, the coolest period of the twenty-four hours; at such times the inhabitants take refuge in underground cellars, called "serdaubs," where they pass the days in gloom, coming out after sundown like owls, and taking their evening meals and night's rest on the house-top, whence they flit away again at sunrise.

English Mission to Mandalay, and Treaty with Burmah.—II.

BY HENRY WOODWARD CROFTON, M.A., H.M. CHAPLAIN AT RANGOON.

VISIT OF BURMESE DIGNITARIES—ENTRANCE INTO MANDALAY—INTERVIEW WITH THE KING—BURMESE COURT CEREMONIES.

IT was decided that the visit of the Burmese prime minister and his suite should take place next day, and that the arrangements for our public entry should be then discussed and settled. For the remainder of the day we were left to ourselves. A company of Burmese troops, who were on the bank close to our vessel, afforded us considerable amusement. Their arms and accoutrements; their green and gold uniforms; their mode of throwing out their legs in marching; their sidelong looks at us; presented a *tout ensemble* of a most ludicrous character, and reminded us strongly of the stage army in a burlesque. A walk ashore in the evening showed us a wide plain, covered with rice and other crops, stretching between us and Mandalay, which was partly visible and seemed about four miles off. Preparations commenced early the following morning, the 8th of October, for the reception of our visitors. The arrangements were much the same as at Menhla, only slightly more elaborate, as befitted the more exalted rank of those we had now to receive. A few more flags, if that were possible, decorated the quarter-deck of the *Nemesis*, our guard of honour was slightly increased, and to the ceremonials of the day was added the blast of a trumpet, to announce their entrance.

As usual, our visitors were considerably after their time, punctuality being a vice rather than a virtue, according to Burmese notions. At last, about 11 o'clock, a number of handsomely caparisoned elephants, each carrying a white-robed official with the inseparable golden umbrella borne aloft over their heads, and flanked by a numerous train of followers, were seen to emerge from the belt of trees that bordered the river on the side next Mandalay. These were our friends, and their rank and designation were as follows:—The Yaynan-Khyoung Mengyee, or minister of the highest rank, name, Oo-Tso, a venerable old man, who had served as commander-in-chief for many years, and been wounded in the late rebellion; his youngest son, a boy of about fourteen, was with him. The Keng Wondouk, or minister of the second grade; a much younger man, but high—and it seemed to us, deservedly so—in the King's confidence, and in general reputation for ability. Some half-dozen secretaries and minor officials were in attendance on these personages. They took their seats in the gilt war-boats which were in waiting, two in each boat, at the forward end, where a certain raised place, generally spread with carpets, is set apart for persons of rank. The Burmese would never let us step on this part of their war-boats without a protest as hearty and indignant as sailors are ever wont to employ against those who violate the sanctities of their vessels. The interview lasted about half an hour, and the conversation was more free and general than at the former reception. One of the ministers—the Keng Wondouk—decidedly took the lead, and displayed considerable conversational powers. The only non-European topics on which they touched were our ages, in which they took particular interest, and whether we were married or not, or if not, whether we intended to be, and a few other such personal matters. They admired the *Nemesis* particularly, and seemed much struck with all they saw on board, she being much the most considerable vessel, in size and warlike appearance, that had ever visited Mandalay. At their request they were taken all over her, and they took care that everything was shown and explained to them.

It was arranged at this interview that our entry into the city should take place the next day. Concerning this, and the public and political incidents of our residence in Mandalay, I am permitted by the kindness of Colonel Fytche to extract the following account from the official narrative furnished by him to the Government of India:—

Early on the morning of the 9th the march to the Residency was commenced, the order being as follows:—First, about fifty of the king's troops in uniform; then Mrs. Fytche in a handsome gilded litter sent to her by the queen of Burmah, followed by the Paopa Wondouk on an elephant; then the Chief Commissioner, followed by Mrs. Lloyd, and in due order the officers composing the suite of the envoy, all on elephants, followed by the escort of British infantry and artillery on foot. About a mile and a half from the river, a creek was crossed by boats, of which a great number were collected. At this point the procession was met by the Keng Wondouk and a number of minor officials, when the march was resumed, the procession being headed by the newly-arrived officials, and accompanied by about 500 cavalry and probably 3,000 foot soldiers. The cavalry were generally in red jackets and trousers, a few wearing a red jerkin over these, and still fewer were dressed in the full uniform of the cavalry, shoulder-pieces, gilt helmet, with ear-pieces and embroidered jerkin; all had the white saddle-flap and high-peaked pommel and cantle. The men were armed with a spear and a sword each; the infantry had only the white jacket worn by the ordinary population: all had flint muskets. These troops accompanied the *cortège* through the suburbs of the town to the Residency. This suburb was that called Kalar-dan, or the foreign quarter. It is traversed by a handsome, broad, and clean street, at least half a mile in length, planted with tamarind trees, of good growth considering that the town was only commenced in 1856. The sun was hot, and the Residency was not reached until 10 A.M. The distance altogether was not three and a half miles, but the pace was slow and the halts frequent.

At the Residency, the envoy was received by the Yaynan-Khyoung Mengyee, or prime minister, and a large party of officials. The whole morning's proceeding went off very well indeed.

During the 10th, Captain Sladen, the British Political Resident at the Burmese capital, visited the king, and his Majesty consented to receive us next day. This early reception was considered as a mark of condescension, as it has been the custom of the court to require a much longer interval before receiving an embassy; but it was important that it should thus be granted, as the 11th was the full moon, during which day religious ceremonies prevent all business, and the 12th, 13th, and 14th were to be festival days, during which

the kadaws, or royal presents, are presented to his Majesty by his subjects. They are frequently called "beg-pardon days," as the offerings are intended to propitiate his Majesty, and to obtain forgiveness for any faults committed. It would have been unbecoming for the British envoy to have had his audience on one of these days; and as no business can be transacted until after a formal reception by the king, a considerable delay would have taken place had this ceremony been put off until the festival was over.

On the morning of the 11th, the envoy and suite proceeded to the palace, starting at about 10 A.M. The order of the procession was as follows:—Leading the way, a considerable distance in front, was the Myo Won, or governor of the city of Mandalay. He was followed by the escort of European infantry on foot, then the British flag was borne aloft, carried by ship's lascars, after which came the envoy, Colonel Fytche, attended by two golden umbrellas. He was followed by Captain Sladen, Captain Duncan, Mr. Edwards, the Paopa Wondouk, and the officers of the escort and some officers on leave at Mandalay from the frontier station of Thayetmyo. The same number of Burmese troops that escorted the mission from the steamers to the agency, accompanied the *cortége* on this occasion, and on entering the chief gate it was found that the road leading from it to the palace gate was lined with men bearing arms, probably about 5,000. They had the common white jacket, were manifestly untrained to the use of arms, and seemed to be people called out merely for the occasion. About one-fifth were armed with spears, the remainder with muskets; a similar proportion, viz., one-fifth, were old men or young boys, unfitted for military duties. The procession entered the city by the western gate, and then moved round the palace to its eastern gate; there the party dismounted, and swords and umbrellas were dispensed with. The palace is enclosed first by a strong wooden stockade, then, at an interval of 100 feet, by a brick wall, and at a further interval of 100 feet, by another brick wall. Between the two walls some pieces of ordnance, with their field carriages, were placed, lining the road; and just outside the inner wall was placed the Hlwotdan, or supreme court. At the side of the gate of the inner wall there was a wicket, through which the embassy passed. About twenty yards intervened between this wicket and the steps of the palace, where the party took off their shoes, and were then led through the Myaynan, or principal hall of audience, in which is the throne. Leaving the throne to the left, and passing out of the Myaynan, a smaller chamber just behind the throne was reached; here it was that the audience was given. It was an open hall or portico, supported by white pillars, and was about thirty feet square; at the western side, before a golden folding-door, was placed a low couch for his Majesty; immediately in front of this, at a distance of four or five yards, the envoy and party sat down. At the side of the king's couch, on the left, were four of the king's grown-up sons—the Thouzai, Nyoungyan, Mek-ka-na, and Myeengon princes; behind them were several more of the royal children. Some fifteen or twenty minutes elapsed, and then the doors were thrown open. The king was seen approaching from a considerable distance up a vista of gilded doors of various succeeding chambers. He was preceded by two officers carrying dhas, and accompanied by a little child of five or six years of age, one of his little daughters. He took off his shoes at the further side of the couch, and sat down reclining on one side. Silence prevailed for some time, and then the king opened the conversation, which proceeded as follows:—

King. "Is the English ruler well?"

Envoy. "The English ruler is well, your Majesty."

King. "How many days is it since you left Rangoon?"

Envoy. "Nineteen days, your Majesty."

Here the list of presents from the Viceroy to his Majesty was read out.

King. "I trust you have found everything prepared in accordance with the friendship existing between the Governments."

Envoy. "We have received every possible attention on our way through your royal dominions, and I beg to thank your Majesty for the kind treatment we have experienced."

No reply.

Envoy. "I have been surprised and pleased to see how fine a city Mandalay is, seeing that it was only founded a few years ago."

King. "It is not finished yet, but next time you come it will be in a still better state. What is the age of the envoy?"

Envoy. "Forty-four years, your Majesty."

Here the king said something in a low voice to his sons, and a nephew of his majesty brought to the envoy, on a golden salver, a small packet, which, when opened, was found to contain a collar of the Burmese Order of the Tsalwé of the first grade. The Burmese minister, on a motion from his Majesty, said, "invest the envoy," and Captain Sladen put it over the envoy's left shoulder. Colonel Fytche bowed, and thanked his Majesty for the honour conferred on him.

Envoy. "The house which your Majesty has prepared for us here is very handsome and commodious, and we are grateful for the trouble that has been taken in getting it ready."

King. "It has been constructed mainly through the activity of Sladen."

Captain Sladen. "And also your Majesty, with the assistance of the officials you were pleased to direct to help me."

King. "Sladen is a good man, and has done all he can to advance the interests of both the British and the Burmese Governments."

Envoy. "I have every confidence that he has done so."

King. "Sladen is an honest man. It is from honest men being in such a position as his, that good friendship is preserved between governments."

Envoy. "I am glad to learn your Majesty's good opinion of Captain Sladen, and I shall report to his Excellency the Viceroy all that you have been pleased to say concerning him."

Capt. S. "I feel highly honoured, your Majesty, by your royal approbation, and I shall never forget this public expression of it."

King. "Sladen must visit me daily while the envoy is here:" (addressing him) "you must come every day; come with the Kalar Won" (Mr. Manook, the official through whom the king communicates with all foreigners).

Having said this the king got off the couch and stood up with his back to the audience. The doors were opened, he passed out, and they were at once closed. During the interview the king spoke in quite a low tone. His Majesty had an opera glass, through which he frequently looked at the members of the embassy.

After the departure of the king considerable general con-

versation ensued between the officers of the mission and the numerous Burmese officials present. The audience was quite an open one, and it was found that all the servants of the officers who had accompanied them to the palace had been present, seated at the back. Sweetmeats and cakes in great profusion were brought in. There were fried locusts also, which were pressed on the visitors as delicacies. After a short time passed in trying the various dishes, and talking the while on sundry subjects, the envoy left. Shoes were resumed at the foot of the palace steps. The Mengyees again greeted the party at the steps of the Hlwotdan, and the Wondouk and other officials accompanied them to the gates of the palace, whence the return to the agency was quickly effected on elephants, the troops still lining the streets as before, and cavalry accompanying the *cortége*.

On the 14th, Mrs. Fytche and Mrs. Lloyd visited the palace, having interviews with the principal queen (who is also the king's half-sister), her mother, and the second queen, or Alaynandaw Phara. It was arranged to-day that the king should receive the envoy, attended by Captain Sladen, Captain Duncan, and Mr. Edwards, on the 16th, at a private audience, when business would be commenced, the object of the mission officially announced, and permission asked to discuss matters with the ministers. It was hoped that the official visits to the ministers might take place the same day. On the 15th Captain Sladen saw the king, and informed him of the communications which would be made to him next day, and his Majesty expressed his readiness to receive them from the envoy. On the 16th, however, Captain Sladen was so unwell as to be unable to attend with the envoy at the palace. Information to this effect was conveyed to his Majesty, and he was asked whether it would be agreeable to him to receive the envoy and other officers without Captain Sladen, or whether his Majesty would prefer to wait for a day or two for Captain Sladen's recovery. His Majesty suggested that the audience should be postponed till the 18th, and the ministers at the same time sent to the envoy requesting he would pay his visits to them also on the 18th. The delay in seeing the king did not really interfere with the transaction of business, and none could have been gone into with the ministers until after they had been visited.

On the 18th the visits were again postponed until the 19th, when the envoy had what was called a private audience with his Majesty. Colonel Fytche was accompanied by Captain Sladen, Captain Duncan, and Mr. Edwards. The reception took place in the southern garden, in a summer-house. There were present the Keng Wondouk, the Paopa Wondouk, an Atwen Won, and the Kalar Won (Mr. Manook). The following conversation took place :—

King. "I hope you continue well and comfortable."

Envoy. "Everything is most comfortable. I have already had the honour of thanking your Majesty publicly for the reception and accommodation afforded us, and I beg now to repeat the same. It will give me much pleasure on my approaching visit to Calcutta to inform the Viceroy and Governor-General of India of the kindness and consideration your Majesty has shown."

Pause.

Col. Fytche. "The water in the river is now falling fast, and I should be glad if your Majesty would give me an opportunity of concluding the business upon which I have come."

King. "Do you mean the business you have written about, and which Sladen has conducted with me?"

Col. F. "Yes, your Majesty."

King. "That is arranged: nothing remains but to meet the Wongyees and conclude matters with them."

Col. F. "I had great pleasure, before leaving Rangoon, in writing to inform the Viceroy of your Majesty's assent to the several treaty propositions which were laid before you by Captain Sladen. On my return to Rangoon it is my intention to proceed to Calcutta to visit the Viceroy."

King. "When you visit Calcutta, there is one thing I wish you to mention to the Viceroy—viz., that he would give you permission to visit me once a year at least."

Col. F. "I shall do so, your Majesty."

King. "I see Mr. Edwards. (To Mr. Edwards.) Edwards, you never get old; what is your age? (To Colonel Fytche.) Be kind to Mr. Edwards; he has served Government faithfully for a number of years. (To Mr. Edwards.) Edwards, when the British Government cease to employ you, come to me, and I will keep you here. I shall not expect you to work, but I shall keep you in comfort."

Pause.

King. "There is no state or condition of life which is not made more perfect by a good friendly understanding. I wish for sincere friendship with you, Colonel Fytche. When I make a request, you must not think that I wish merely for my own personal interests. I look to the interests of both countries. In return, any requests which you may have to make of me should have reference to mutual advantages; our friendship will then be complete. But there are certain ways in which friendship will be completely broken off and utterly destroyed. No more effectual means exist than listening to the idle stories of evil-minded men. Even the most affectionate couple, whether as husband and wife, brother and sister, or father and son, may soon be made to hate each other by reports from intriguers. Lately, for instance, before you came, there were people who told me you were a bad man, and that I might expect the worst from your visit; I now see how false were those words. They also tried to make me believe that you were no friend of Sladen's."

Col. F. "I have every confidence in Captain Sladen. He has been known to me for many years, and served directly under me when I was Commissioner of Tenasserim."

King. "A man like Sladen is rare even among foreigners. You will do well to give him your confidence. He works for the interests of both countries. He is as much in my confidence as any of my own ministers, and I often say more to him than I would to them. Sladen, you know the duties of a ruler; what is the first duty?"

Capt. S. "That he should have patience (or self-restraint), your Majesty."

King (laughing). "Exactly; a ruler should never lose his temper; he should listen to all sides of a question, but never allow himself to be angry," and so forth.

Pause.

King. "I wish you, Colonel Fytche, to see my hospitals for the sick and old; they will interest you. I myself derive much satisfaction from being able to exercise charity towards the afflicted and the priests, besides which I thereby lay up for myself future reward; but I am not supposed to keep all this to myself. There is no gift of gold and silver which can be

compared to the priceless one of a share in the reward or merit of good actions. I want you, Colonel Fytche, to say you will accept what I have of that to give you."

Col. F. "I do so, your Majesty. The tenets of the Buddhist faith resemble those of the Christian religion in this and in many other respects—'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; what he layeth out it shall be paid him again.'"

King. "Then I admit you to share the merit of my charitable works. I cannot make you a greater offering than this. I have long known you by report, and have had your portrait for some years. Although we have known one another personally for a short time only, you must still consider that we have long been friends. Who is that sitting near the envoy?"

Col. F. "It is the Inspector-General of Police, Captain Duncan."

King. (To Captain Duncan.) "Do you understand Burmese?"

Capt. Duncan. "I do, your Majesty."

King. "Then I hope you will remember all I have been saying."

Col. F. "Captain Sladen, under my instructions, spoke to your Majesty a day or two ago regarding the exploring expedition which the Viceroy proposes to send from Bhamo to China. I wish to write on the subject to your Majesty."

King. "Do so by all means. I will sanction the expedition (literally I will give permission for the party to go); when will it start? where will it go?"

Col. F. "It will leave this in December, and proceed from Bhamo to China."

King. "Who is to go with the party? If you send Sladen, I will assist him throughout to China, and send my own people with him."

Col. F. "It is my intention to send Captain Sladen, but arrangements will have to be made for any business which may have to be transacted here during his absence."

King. "Sladen will only be away a short time. It will be better not to appoint any one here in his absence. I shall order my Wongyees to communicate direct with you in Rangoon on business matters."

The King here pointed out to Colonel Fytche the Keng Wondouk, and said he wished Colonel Fytche to know him and like him: he (the King) had reared the Wondouk from the time he was a child. Colonel Fytche replied that he had met the Keng Wondouk once or twice since his arrival, and had liked him from the first. His Majesty also pointed out the Padein Won, Shwé Beng (a young Burmese who received an English education in Calcutta), and requested Colonel Fytche to look upon him as his son. Colonel Fytche mentioned to the king that the Paopa Wondouk (who was present) had been most attentive since the mission had entered Burmese territory.

King. "I should wish to have two river steamers, one of them to be armed. During the rebellion my country was saved by the steamers that came up from Rangoon; as soon as they appeared the rebels dispersed everywhere. Colonel Phayre advised me to have two war steamers, one between this and Bhamo, and the other between this and the frontier. I want your Government to supply me with these steamers; what would they cost?"

Col. F. "The steamers can be furnished easily enough, but it will be necessary that your Majesty should furnish details as to the kind of steamer you want, its length, breadth, draught, horse-power, and so forth. There are so many varieties of steamers suitable for river navigation."

Here ensued a short discussion as to what would be required, and it was eventually arranged that the Burmese ministers would furnish details regarding the steamers, and Colonel Fytche would make enquiries in Calcutta as to the cost, and so forth.

King. "I also want 1,000 rifles. You have already consented to my having 2,000, which I am now getting from Dr. Williams; and if you let me have 8,000 more, I shall have 10,000 men well armed with rifles, and they will always remain near me at the capital."

To this Colonel Fytche replied that the rifles could be furnished, but that the kind of rifle wanted should be settled. A conversation ensued regarding smooth-bores, rifles, and breech-loaders, and it was explained to the King that to use rifles or breech-loaders the men had to be well instructed, and then to take great care of their arms. The King replied: "In time, no doubt, my men would learn all that," and it was arranged that his Majesty should decide and let Colonel Fytche know what kind of arm he desired to have. The King then turned to leave, and turning round on the sofa, said: "Sladen, I am sorry you have been sick. I shall send you something to-morrow to make you well," and with that withdrew.

The party then adjourned to an open pavilion, where sweetmeats and fruits were served. Subsequently, the Chief Commissioner, Captain Duncan, and Mr. Edwards, visited the Wongyees. The first was the Loungshay Mengyee, an officer who had been most severely wounded during the late rebellion, and who was still disabled. During the visit there was no business discussed, but a friendly conversation lasted for some time. The next visit was to the Yaynan-Khyoung Mengyee, Oo Tso, an old soldier of high repute among the Burmese. He had been engaged in a good many campaigns, and during the rebellion last year re-established the king's authority in all the districts south of Mandalay to the frontier. He received a bullet wound in one of the fights, and, indeed, the bullet had not been extracted. The Mengyee is a man of very quiet and affable manners. Some of the ladies of his family were present. He spoke on general subjects, and only casually adverted to the fact of a treaty being in negotiation, asking when it would be concluded. He seldom mixes in politics, and his reputaton is entirely military. The Pakhan Mengyee was next visited. This official may be described as holding the position of prime minister; he is the cleverest of the officials now in office, was a fellow-priest with the king before he came to the throne, and has always been employed in political matters. At his house the Keng Wondouk (who has already been frequently mentioned) was present. The visit was a most agreeable one, as they are both men of unusual intelligence. The subjects were general, and no business was referred to. The subjects talked of were some points of the Christian religion, the deluge, the solar system, the duration of night and day in different portions of the globe, and so forth, all carried on with great vivacity and good humour. At each of the officials' houses refreshments were served up in the English style, with plates, knives and forks,

glasses, and napkins. At the Yaynan-Khyoung Mengyee's house beer and sherry were on the table; at those of the others, tea was served.

On the 21st October Colonel Fytche visited the Pakhan Mengyee for the purpose of discussing matters regarding the Treaty, and some corrections were made in the draft making more clear the provisions of the articles. The Treaty generally was finally agreed to, leaving only one clause in the article, regarding the jurisdiction of the agent, for reference to His Majesty the King.



TORI, OR HOLY GATE—AVENUE OF THE TEMPLE AT BENTEN.

A European Sojourn in Japan.—III.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, SWISS MINISTER IN JAPAN.

JAPANESE COSMOGONY—THE CREATION—THE GODS.

In the beginning there was neither heaven nor earth; the elements of all things formed a confused liquid mass, like the contents of an egg in which the white and yolk have been mixed together. From the midst of this chaos there sprang forth a god, who is called the Supreme Being, and whose throne is in the midst of heaven. Afterwards came God the Creator, who is over all creation, and then God the Creator who is the sublime spirit. Each of these three gods had a separate existence, but they were not revealed, except in their spiritual nature. Gradually a work of separation took place in chaos; the subtle atoms quickly rolled away and formed the celestial vault overhead. The grosser atoms agglomerated slowly into a solid body; and thus the earth was not formed till long after the heavens. While the terrestrial matter still floated like a fish sporting on the surface of the waters, or like the image of the moon trembling on the limpid wave, there appeared floating between earth and sky something like a branch of a thorn-tree, endowed with motion, and capable of being transformed. It was changed into three gods, their names being Kuni-toko-datsi, no Mikoto; Kuni-satsu-tsi, no Mikoto; and Toyo-kumu-su, no Mikoto. After these three principal gods, there were four couples of gods and goddesses, namely, Wu-hidsi-ni, no Mikoto, and his companion; Oo-to-tsi, no Mikoto, and his companion; Omo taru, no Mikoto, and his companion; lastly, Izanaghi, no Mikoto, and his companion Izanami.

THE LEGEND OF IZANAGHI AND IZANAMI.

One day Izanaghi, the seventh of the celestial gods, determined to call into existence a lower world. He felt attracted towards the new creation which he saw rising from the waves of the ocean, and proposed to his divine companion, Izanami, to descend with him to earth. The goddess willingly accepted his invitation, and the celestial pair, leaning on the balustrade of their ethereal dwelling, considered what part they would select for their intended peregrination. Looking down on the inner sea of Japan, they with one accord made choice of the beautiful isle of Awadsi, resting like a basket of leaves and flowers on the calm, deep water, protected on one side by the rocks of Sikok, and on the other by the fertile shores of Nippon. Having reached it, they could not sufficiently enjoy the charms of this delightful retreat, now wandering through fields enamelled with flowers, now climbing hills to breathe the fragrance of myrtle and orange groves, or sitting on the bank of a cascade, the murmur of whose waters blended with the warbling of birds. The middle of the island contained high mountains, whose summits were crowned with shady pines, camphor trees, and other aromatic shrubs, and whose sides were pierced with grottoes carpeted with moss and curtained by waving plants. On beholding these beauties, which they had themselves evoked from the elements, it seemed to them that a terrestrial existence was not unworthy of the gods themselves. Days, seasons, years passed away, and a group of gay children sported around the divine couple, on the threshold of their dwelling in a smiling valley. But as they grew up a veil of sadness clouded the vision of their parents; they could not ignore the fact that all that is born on earth is subject to death, and that their children must sooner or later submit to the inevitable law. The tender Izanami trembled at the thought; she could not realise the fact that she must one day close the eyes of her children, and yet continue to enjoy immortality herself; indeed, she would rather descend with them into the grave. Izanaghi resolved to put an end to a position which daily became more painful, and accordingly persuaded his companion to return with him to their celestial abode, before their happiness should be interrupted by the sight of death, urging that, although their children could not accompany them, he might leave them a legacy which would enable them to hold as much intercourse with them as their mortal nature permitted. When the time for parting had come, he exhorted them to dry their tears, and listen to his last wishes. He commenced by describing, in language more than human, the perfect and unchanging happiness which is enjoyed by the inhabitants of heaven; he pictured it as a star, which, although far beyond their reach, appeared as though they could touch it, from the top of a lofty mountain which bounded the horizon. "Thus," he added, "without possessing that happiness which belongs only to a higher sphere, it depends on yourselves whether you will enjoy the contemplation and anticipation of it by faithfully attending to my commands." At these words he raised, in his right hand, the disc of polished silver which had so often reflected the image of his divine helpmate, and making his children kneel before him, he continued in a solemn voice: "I leave you this precious relic; it will recal to you the beloved features of your mother, but it will also show you your own image, which will suggest a humiliating comparison. Do not, however, give yourselves up to vain regrets, but endeavour to assimilate yourselves to the heavenly image of her whom you will no longer see on earth. Every morning place yourselves on your knees before this mirror; it will show you the wrinkles engraved on your foreheads by some earthly care, or the agitation produced by some deadly passion. When these marks are effaced, and you are restored to serenity, offer up your prayer to us without hypocrisy, for be assured that the gods read your hearts as easily as you read the image reflected in the mirror. If during the day you feel excited to emotions of anger, impatience, envy, or covetousness, which you are unable to resist, hasten to the sanctuary, and there renew your morning ablutions, your prayers and meditations. Finally, when retiring to rest each night, let your last thought be an act of self-examination and an aspiration towards that better world to which we have gone before you."



ZINMU. (*From a Japanese Painting*).

THE FIRST ALTAR—THE KAMI RELIGION OF JAPAN.

Here the legend ends; but tradition adds that, on the spot where they received the farewells of their divine parents, the children of Izanaghi raised an altar of cedar-wood, adorned only by Izanami's mirror and two vases made of bamboo-trunks, containing bouquets of her favourite flowers. A simple square hut, thatched with rushes, protected the rustic altar; in bad weather it was closed by sliding-shutters. There the children of Izanaghi celebrated morning and evening the worship taught them by their father. They lived on earth from generation to generation for a period of from two to three million years, and became in their turn immortal *Kamis*, happy spirits, worthy of divine honours. Science confirms tradition, and proves that, six centuries before Christ, there existed a religion in Japan peculiar to it, and which had never been practised elsewhere,

as is observed by Kæmpfer, and which is preserved to the present time, although in an altered form and in an inferior position to other sects of later origin. It is the worship of the Kamis, and has since received various names, borrowed from the Chinese language, which I therefore pass over. It cannot be regarded as the worship of the spirits of their ancestors in general, nor of the ancestors of particular families. The spirits worshipped under the name of Kamis belong certainly to the mythological or heroic legend which reflects glory upon certain existing families, but they are especially national genii, the protectors of Japan and its inhabitants. Besides, who could the primitive Kamis have been if not the fabulous persons of the national cosmogony, and some others of secondary rank, those genii and mythological heroes who receive divine homage in various parts of Japan, where chapels were erected in their honour in very remote periods? These rustic buildings are known by the name of mias, and the most celebrated of them are in the south-west portion of the archipelago, which appears to have been the cradle of Japanese civilisation. Even in these days, and especially in spring, thousands of pilgrims flock there from all parts of the empire. The chapel dedicated to Ten-sjoo-daï-zin, in the country of Isyé, is supposed to be the most authentic memorial of the primitive religion of the Japanese. Kæmpfer asserts that the Sintoïstes (which is the Chinese name for this sect) make a pilgrimage to Isyé once a year, or at least once in their lives. "The temple of Isyé," he says, "is a low mean-looking building with a thatched roof, situated in a wide plain. Great care is taken to preserve it in its original condition, as a monument of the extreme poverty of its founders, 'the first men,' as the Japanese style them. The temple contains only a mirror of cast metal, polished in the native fashion, and pieces of cut paper round the walls. The mirror is placed there as an emblem of the all-seeing eye of the Great Being they worship; the cut white paper represents the purity of the place, and reminds worshippers that they must present themselves with pure hearts, and bodies cleansed from all stain." This account, remarkable as it is, is far from giving a perfect idea of the architectural type to which the Kami temples belong. The temple of Isyé belongs to a period when art was in its infancy, and had not attained the purer form which it took under the reign of the first Mikados. Its essential characteristics are the following:—In the first place, the situation of the building is a special point, a picturesque spot being always chosen, and one where there are plenty of full-grown trees, with a fine avenue of pines or cedars generally leading up to it, and it is always approached by one of the Toris which I have already described. The mias are usually built on a hill, which is sometimes artificial, and faced with walls of Cyclopean construction; they are ascended by a staircase, at the foot of which is the chapel for ablutions, consisting merely of a roof covering a stone basin, which is kept full of water. The actual temple is raised one or two yards from the ground, supported by four massive pillars, and surrounded, like most Japanese houses, by a verandah, which is reached by several steps. It is built of wood, closed on three sides, and open in front, although furnished with movable shutters, which can be closed when necessary. The interior of the sanctuary is, therefore, exposed to view, and its severe simplicity is not without an elegance of its own, the wood-work being brilliantly clean, and the mats with which the floor is covered of the finest quality The metal disc which decorates the altar is effective from its simplicity; and there are no hangings, statues, or images to distract the attention and interfere with meditation. The roof of the chapel is not the least original part of it; it may be of thatch, slates, or tiles, but the framework is always of the same shape—it slopes gradually on both sides, and bends outwards towards the base, where it projects over the verandah; and its height is greatly disproportioned to that of the building. It is finished at the top of each gable by two pieces of wood in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross, and along the point of the roof small spindle-shaped pieces of wood are placed at intervals, a style of ornament of which I have never been able to discover the object. The strips of white paper mentioned by Kæmpfer are still in use amongst the various sects, and are suspended to the walls of the temples, the lintels of the houses, and to the straw ropes which they hang in the neighbourhood of some of their sacred places, and in the streets on religious festivals. Still I am inclined to believe that the use of this consecrated paper is an importation from Buddhism, as the priests of that religion make use of little strips of wood surmounted by a tuft of paper-ribbon, like a holy-water sprinkler, which they have before them on entering the temple and approaching the altar to purify the air from evil influences; and this has, doubtless, led to the custom in some of the Kami temples of placing one of these sprinklers on a step of the altar before the sacred mirror. Among innovations more or less recent, I may mention, first the introduction, at the entrance of some of the mias, of two mythological figures in bronze, representing, under fantastic forms, a dog and a kind of unicorn, both crouching on their hind legs, and symbolising, it is said, the two purifying elements of fire and water; and next, the custom of placing a wooden coffer at the foot of the altar to receive offerings, which sometimes has a grated cover, to prevent the pieces of money which are thrown in being taken out except by the priests, who keep the key; but it as often has a solid cover surrounded by a ledge, on which the devotees throw their "szenis" (little iron coins) wrapped in paper. Besides these, I have sometimes noticed a gong or a bunch of little bells suspended to the front of the temples, to enable visitors to summon the priests when absent from the altar. The fact that these objects have been lately introduced into the Kami worship is plainly proved by the circumstance that their religion had originally no priesthood. The primitive mias were, as we have seen, memorial chapels raised in honour of national heroes, like William Tell's chapel on the lake of Lucerne. The chief of a country which could boast of one of these monuments watched over its preservation, but no priest served its altar, and no privileged sect interposed between the worshipper and the object of his adoration. The act of worship, performed before the mirror of Izanami, was not limited to the Kami of the particular chapel, but through him to the gods whom he represented; consequently the temple was free to every one, and there was an utter absence of ceremony in the worship. This state of things has not been preserved; the younger members of families were charged first with the superintendence, and afterwards with the service of the sacred place. By degrees processions, litanies, offerings, and even miraculous images were introduced. The priests assumed the surplice during the performance of service, but resumed their usual dress and arms on quitting the sacred precincts; they did not form themselves into a distinct caste or class, but instituted an inferior brother-

hood of a monastic character, especially devoted to the service of pilgrims, and called Kanouses. The deviation of the Kami worship from its original purity may be attributed to two causes—first, to the foundation of the power of the Mikados; and in the second place, to the introduction of Buddhism into Japanese society.

THE FIRST SOVEREIGNS OF JAPAN—HISTORY OF ZINMU.

The history of Japan opens with the story of a conqueror, who came from the southern isles. The annals of the empire represent him as a native prince, lord of a small territory at the southern extremity of Kiu-Siu. Obscure traditions assign to him a foreign origin, the cradle whence his family, and probably he himself sprung, being the small archipelago of the Liu-Kiu Isles, which may be said to link together Formosa and the southern part of China with Japan.

Six centuries before him, an expedition had set out from Formosa or the Asiatic continent, conducted by a prince named Taïpé, or Taïfak, and moving on from isle to isle, reached at length the coast of Kiu-Siu. However, the first historical personage whose memoirs have been preserved in the annals of Japan, where he is called Zinmu, made his appearance in the year 667 before Christ. Although the youngest of four sons, his father named him his successor at the age of fifteen, and at forty-five he ascended the throne without opposition from his brothers. An old dependent, whose adventures had led him to distant islands, delighted to describe their beautiful shores, which the gods themselves had formerly chosen as an asylum, but which were now inhabited by barbarous tribes, at war with each other. He represented to his chief that this people, although skilful in the use of the lance, the bow, and the sword, would be incapable of resisting a disciplined army, protected by iron helmets and breastplates, since they were clothed only in coarse fabrics and the skins of wild animals. Fired by the hope of conquest, Zinmu collected his forces, under his elder brothers and his sons, and taking the chief command himself, embarked with them in a few well-equipped junks, and sailed from his native place, which he was destined never to revisit. After doubling the south-east point of Kiu-Siu, they coasted along the eastern side of the island, landing here and there, giving battle to the tribes who resisted them, and forming alliances with such chiefs as were disposed to join in their enterprise. There were evident signs of this coast having been the scene of former invasions, the population consisting of a superior class of serfs bound to the soil. At the time of Zinmu's advent they surrounded themselves with walls and palisades, the warriors being armed with a bow and long feathered arrows, a long sabre with a chased hilt, and a naked sword fastened in a fold of their belts. Their most precious ornament consisted of a chain of magatamas, or cut jewels, which they wore suspended over the right hip. These jewels consisted of rock crystal, agates, jasper, amethysts, topazes, &c., some egg-shaped, and others carved into the shape of crescents and other forms. The women wore similar chains; and this custom of displaying all their wealth on their persons still prevails in the islands of Liu-Kiu and at Yeso in the north of Japan, but had disappeared in central Japan, under the influence of a greater degree of refinement.

After ten months of difficult navigation, interspersed with brilliant feats of arms and successful negociations, Zinmu reached the north-east extremity of Kiu-Siu. From this point he hesitated to proceed farther; but having met with a fisherman sailing courageously in an immense turtle-shell, he placed himself under his guidance as pilot, and safely crossed the strait which separates Kiu-Siu from Nippon. This latter extends from east to west, in the shape of a semicircle, which forms the northern shore of a sort of Mediterranean Sea, bounded on the south by the large islands of Sikok and Kiu-Siu, and interspersed with little archipelagoes. Zinmu advanced towards the east, carrying on his movements with great prudence and caution, and leaving no place of importance unsecured; and as the native tribes opposed him vigorously, as well by sea as by land, he fortified himself on the peninsula of Takasima, and spent three years in the construction and equipment of an auxiliary fleet. On resuming the campaign, he completed the conquest of the sea-coast and islands of the inland sea, and then penetrating into the interior of Nippon, he established his rule over the fertile country extending from Osaka to the Gulf of Yeddo. From this period all the cultivated countries and civilised tribes of ancient Japan were in the power of Zinmu. The remainder of Nippon and the southern islands of the archipelago consisted of vast forests, the home of wandering tribes of natives living solely on the produce of the chase, who had been gradually driven towards the north by the invasions of the southern tribes. Along the sea-coast, and in the islands of the northern part of the Pacific, there is still to be met a race of men with squat figures and hairy bodies, and broad, massive features, called by the Japanese Aïnos (the first men); and this type is even seen amongst their own lower classes, and seems to show that the Aïnos were the original inhabitants of Japan, especially as this name is never used as a term of reproach, "Yebis" being their equivalent for barbarian.

Japanese civilisation seems to me the result rather of a fusion of races than a simple importation; this mixture, without absorption of the native element, having produced a new type, as it has done in the parallel case of Great Britain.

At the end of seven years Zinmu had attained the object of his ambition, but his three brothers had perished—one in battle, and the others victims of their devotion to his cause, having thrown themselves into the sea, in order to appease a tempest which threatened the destruction of the hero's junks. Zinmu was believed to be under the special protection of the divinity of the sun, who on one occasion sent a raven to guide him through the dangerous and intricate passes of Yamato, a country which occupies the centre of a large peninsula in the south-east of Nippon. It was there Zinmu built a strong castle, on a large hill whose summit he caused to be levelled, which he called his "Miako," or head-quarters, and there established his court, or "Daïri." Native historians often make use of the word Miako instead of the proper name of the city in which the emperor resides, and that of Daïri for the title Mikado. They say indifferently that such a thing is done by order of the Daïri, or by order of the Mikado. Zinmu, who had been raised to the throne by the choice of his father, made a law that in future each Mikado should select his successor from amongst his sons, or in default of them, from amongst the princes of the blood royal. Zinmu had a glorious reign of seventy-six years, and at his death (B.C. 587) was enrolled amongst the number of the Kamis, and his chapel, known by the name of Simoyasiro, is placed on Mount Kamo, near

Kioto, where he is still worshipped as the founder of the empire. The hereditary succession has remained in his family for more than 2,500 years, without being interfered with by the new power which, under the name of the Tycoon, now governs the empire of Japan. The ancient Mikados were a strong and handsome race, and their wives, who sometimes governed in the capacity of regents, showed themselves worthy of their dignity. One of them, of the name of Zingu, A.D. 201, equipped a fleet, and embarking at the head of a picked army, crossed the Sea of Japan and made the conquest of the Corea, the institution of a postal communication on horseback, the distillation of saki, and the art of sewing, which was taught to the Japanese housewives by workwomen from Petsi in the Corea. In the fourth century the Daïri had rice-granaries built in different parts of the empire, in order to prevent the recurrence of famines, which had several times raged among the people. In 543 the court of Petsi sent the Mikado "the wheel which points to the south." The introduction of hydraulic timepieces took place in 660, and ten years later the use of water-power in manufactories. It was only near the end of the eighth



CIVIL AND MILITARY OFFICIALS RETURNING FROM DUTY.

returning to her capital only in time to give birth to a future Mikado.

EARLY INVENTIONS.

It was from the Corea that the Japanese brought the horse, ass, and camel; but the first only of these domestic animals has become naturalised in Japan. The formation of ponds and canals for the irrigation of the rice-fields dates from B.C. 36; the tea-plant was introduced from China; Tatsima Nori brought the orange-tree from "the land of eternity;" and the cultivation of the mulberry and the manufacture of silk date from about the fifth century of our era. Two centuries later they became acquainted with

"The earth which burns like oil and wood,"

and discovered the silver mines of Tsu-sima. Several important inventions date from the third century: for instance, century that the Japanese system of writing was invented; but from the third century the Chinese characters had been in use at court. The mystery which surrounds their ancient literature prevents our being able to judge the effect which it had upon civilisation; but it is interesting to observe the civilising influence of the fine arts upon them. Formerly it was the custom to sacrifice human victims at the obsequies of the Mikado or his consort the "Kisaki," and they were generally chosen from among their immediate attendants; but in the year 3 B.C., a native sculptor, by name Nomino Sukuné, was daring enough, on the death of the Kisaki, to lay some of his clay figures at the emperor's feet, and proposed to throw them into the tomb instead of the usual funeral offerings. The Mikado not only accepted the substitute, but gave him a signal mark of his favour by changing his family name to that of Fasi (artist). Their laws remain to the present day more cruel



BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT NAGASAKI.

than their customs. The political administration has been calculated to develop the genius of the nation, and to preserve its strength and originality. In 86 B.C., the Mikado had a census made of the population, and ordered the erection of dockyards. In the second century of our era, the state was divided into eight administrative circles, and these again into sixty-eight districts. In the fifth century a registrar was appointed in each district to collect and record the customs and popular traditions of his department. An imperial road united the cities, five in number, in which the Mikado held his court in succession; the most important of these in the seventh century was Osaka, on the east bank of the inland sea. The crowning event of founding a capital to be the centre of the language, literature, and general civilisation of the country, was accomplished in the eighth century, and Kioto has been the favourite residence of the Mikado since the twelfth century.

THE INLAND SEA OF JAPAN.

In making the voyage from Nagasaki, or the Chinese coasts, to the bay of Yeddo, most vessels pass through Van Diemen's Straits, south of the island of Kiu-Siu. There is, however, another route, which will probably become the most generally used when the ports of Osaka and Hiogo are thrown open to the commerce of the west. It was this route that I followed in going from Nagasaki to Yokohama. The voyage occupied seven days; but we passed four of the nights at anchor, the first at an island in the Corean Sea, before we reached the straits of Van der Capellen, the rest of them in the ports of Nippon after passing through the channel. There are as yet no nautical maps sufficiently accurate for the guidance of steam vessels at night, so we were obliged to trust to the native pilots, and stop wherever they thought proper. The inland sea of Japan measures about fifty miles at its greatest width, and about 250 miles in length; it is formed into five separate basins by the outlines of the greater islands of Nippon, Kiu-Siu, and Sikok, and by the charming groups of smaller islands which are scattered in their vicinity. These basins, called by the Japanese "Nadas," receive the name of the province whose shores they wash: they are Suwo, in Nippon; Iyo, in Sikok; Bingo, Arima, and Idsumi, in Nippon. The strait of Capellen is bordered by wooded hills, adorned with temples and monasteries; at the foot of the range lies the city of Simonoséki, extending a mile and a half along the shore of Nippon. Before the foundation of Yokohama it was the principal port of the island, and chief place of commerce in the empire, for, although Japan was closed to foreign trade previous to 1859, it maintained a limited intercourse with China, the Corea, and the Dutch factory of Decima. The port of Simonoséki is well protected from the waves of the Corean Sea by the little island of Hikusima, which lies across the strait, and leaves a passage of only three miles long by half a mile broad between itself and Kiu-Siu. A little lower down we came to the small town of Kokwra on the opposite bank, but we soon lost sight of the coast, and found ourselves in the widest part of the inland sea, the basin of Suwo, called by the natives Suwonada, which name is also applied to the entire Japanese Mediterranean. A number of heavy merchant junks, fishing, and other boats, cover these waters; but it contains no archipelagoes like the other basins, which present an unbroken succession of islands of various sizes and degrees of cultivation, forming a chain around the two great islands, Sikok and Nippon, and hiding all except the tops of the highest mountains. Many of these islands are merely masses of black or brown rocks of volcanic origin, and present the appearance of a sugar-loaf or some fantastic form; others are hills of sand, whose undulations remind one of the dunes of Holland. On some of the islands—which, although uninhabited, are cultivated by the neighbouring villagers—we saw large fields of rice and corn, and hills and valleys covered with luxurious vegetation. But in the midst of this wealth of nature the agricultural population of Japan lives in a state bordering on want; the produce of their labour belongs to the daïmios, or lords of the soil. Owing to the absence of a middle class, the Japanese villages have a wretched appearance. A free civilisation would have covered the banks of the inland sea with picturesque villages and elegant villas; as it is, the only important objects are the temples, and these, at a little distance, can only be distinguished by the venerable trees which surround them. The manorial castles are usually at some distance from the towns and villages, and consist of a spacious quadrangular enclosure of high and massive walls, surrounded by a moat, and flanked at the angles, or surmounted at intervals all round, by square turrets with slightly sloping roofs. Within are the park, the gardens, and the residence of the nobleman, comprising a principal building and numerous offices. Sometimes a separate tower, of the same form as the other buildings, rises several stories higher than the level of the outer wall, each storey being surrounded by a projecting roof in the style of the Chinese pagodas, but generally without an accompanying gallery. All the masonry is rough, and joined by cement; the wood-work is painted red and black, and enriched with copper ornaments; while the *pise* (brick-work) is white-washed, and the tiles on the roofings are slate-coloured. In these edifices the details are less considered than the general effect produced by their height and harmonious proportions; and from this point of view, some of the manorial residences of Japan are worthy to rank amongst the most remarkable monuments of Oriental architecture.

The shores of the inland sea present a series of views of infinite variety; some of them so extensive that the sea-line blends with the distant sandy spits bathed in sunlight, beyond which rise the shadowy summits of a mountain range; there, a village, buried in a forest at the extremity of a peaceful bay, reminds one of a landscape on a lake in the Jura on a fine June morning. Sometimes, also, the basin narrows so that the opposite islands seem to bar further progress, in a way which reminds one of the Rhine near Boppart; and yet the Japanese landscapes are calmer and more brilliant than those romantic shores; but one seeks in vain that sentiment of melancholy, which seems, according to European notions, indispensable to the true enjoyment of the picturesque. The basin of Arima is not unlike the shores of Nagasaki bay; it is almost completely shut in on the east by the island of Awadsi, thirty miles long, and which extends between Arimanada and Idsuminada. This island is shaped like a triangle, of which the apex faces northward, opposite the province of Arima in Nippon; its plains are covered with luxuriant vegetation, and towards the south it gradually rises from little wooded hills to a chain of mountains from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in height. This island is said to have been formerly the habitation of the gods, and the towers we saw on the opposite shore of

Nippon serve as monuments of the conquests made by Zinmu. We are, in fact, looking on the very cradle of Japanese mythology, the sacred soil of their Kamis, the classic land of the ancient empire of the Mikados.

The town of Hiogo, situated on the rising shores of the basin of Sasumi, opposite the island of Awadsi, possesses a commodious harbour, which has been for centuries the maritime centre of the Japanese empire. It is there that the Simonoséki junks discharge the merchandise which that city receives from China, and the isles of Liu-Kiu, Nagasaki, and the western coast of Nippon, and even from the Corea and Yeddo, for the consumption of the interior and east of Japan; and from it thousands of junks carry the agricultural produce and the works of art and industry of the southern provinces of Nippon to the islands of the inland sea. In time a double line of steamboats will unite the port of Hiogo to China, and then to the great commercial services of England and France; and, on the other side, through Yeddo and Yokohama with the ocean line to Hawaii and California.

Up to 1868 this port was closed to Western commerce, the native navigation being confined to coasting voyages —the imperial laws, which regulate even the construction of these junks, not allowing them to keep the open sea. The coasting commerce, of which Hiogo is the seat, is almost exclusively in the hands of the Osaka merchants. This latter large and ancient city is only an eight hours' journey from Hiogo; its position at the mouth of a river, which divides into several branches before falling into the sea, has afforded the means of intersecting it with a network of canals, from which it is called the Japanese Venice. From the years 744 to 1185 it was the residence of the Mikados; but the heroic period has passed when the Mikado, like the Doge of the Venetian republic, used to fill the office of admiral in person, and, from a litter borne on the shoulders of four warriors, inspect his troops, or regulate their movements seated on the top of a hill, holding an iron fan in his right hand. At Osaka, the Mikado, having reached the summit of power and wealth, built himself a palace in the centre of a spacious park, which secluded him from the noise and bustle of the city; his courtiers persuaded him that it was suitable to his dignity, as the grandson of the Sun, to withdraw himself from the view of his subjects in general, and to abandon the cares of government and the command of the army and navy to the nobles and favourites by whom he was surrounded. The daily life of the Daïri is subjected to ceremonials which regulate its most trifling details, and which surround the sovereign with a barrier insurmountable except by those who belong to his court. The imperial power throws but a very few stray sunbeams across the nation's path. The citizens, disappointed in their expectations, and tired of the arbitrary rule of favourites, raised murmurs, which penetrated to the ears of the monarch, who instituted offices where the complaints of the people were registered. His courtiers believing that the dynasty of the grandson of the Sun was hastening to ruin, withdrew, with their emperor, to the little inland town of Kioto, thirty miles north of Osaka. There they established the permanent residence of the Mikados, and the settled capital, or Miako. By leaving the city, which was the great centre of commerce, industry, and intellectual activity, independent of the Daïri, they obtained the double advantage of cutting off all communication between the sovereign and the people, and of moulding the new capital according to their own tastes and fancies. Kioto is situated in the centre of a fertile plain open to the south, and bounded on the north-east by a chain of verdant hills, behind which extends the large lake of Oïtz. Its southern portion is built on the bank of the river Idogawa, which issues from Lake Oïtz, and divides into two branches, which wash the east and west walls of the capital, and fall into the inner sea a few miles below Osaka. Kioto is thus completely surrounded by a network of running water, which is serviceable for the irrigation of rice-fields, as well as for the formation of canals in the streets and ponds in the imperial parks. Rice, wheat, buckwheat, the tea shrub, cotton plant, and mulberry, are cultivated in the suburbs, as well as an immense variety of fruits and vegetables. Groves of bamboos, laurels, and chesnuts crown the heights. There is an abundance of springs, and the variety of birds gives animation to the scene. The country about Kioto is celebrated for the mildness of its climate, and it is less subject to earthquakes and hurricanes than most parts of the empire. The descendants of Zinmu could not have found a more favourable retreat in which to enjoy the fruits of their ancestors' labours, to deify themselves complacently on the pedestal of the ancient traditions of their race, and to forget the realities of human life, even to the extent of letting one of the finest sceptres in the world drop from their enfeebled grasp.



BIRDS OF JAPAN. (*From a native drawing.*)

Sir Samuel Baker's Nile Expedition.

THE great expedition of discovery and conquest, proposed by Sir Samuel Baker, and accepted by the Viceroy of Egypt, up the Nile to the equatorial lakes of central Africa, has already occupied a large share of public attention in England, and will yet create more interest when the news arrives of its being fairly on its way, and beginning to contend with the many difficulties which lie before it. Very little is at present known of Sir Samuel's plans, but they appear to include the ascent of the whole length of the river by a flotilla of steamers, in which will be embarked an exploring party and a strong detachment of Egyptian troops. On the way military posts are to be established, to suppress the slave trade, so long carried on by the unscrupulous ivory-traders of the White Nile; to gain the goodwill of the oppressed negro tribes; and to put an end to the petty wars which continually exist among the more turbulent sections of the native race. One or more of the steam vessels is, meanwhile, to be taken to the Albert Nyanza; circumnavigate, if possible, the whole of its vast but unknown extent, and ascertain how far the picturesque shores of this immense sea of fresh water can be brought within the influence of civilisation and commerce. Three steamers have been built for the purpose, under the direction of Sir Samuel, and in a marvellously short space of time, by Messrs. Samuda, of London; one of them (paddle-wheel) 130 feet in length, 20 feet beam, and 251 tons; another, with twin screws, 80 feet long, 17 feet beam, and 109 tons burthen; and the third, 50 feet long and 13 feet beam. All the steamers are of steel, and will be transported to the Nile in sections; they are so made in fact as to be capable of being taken to pieces and put together again, on encountering the obstacles to navigation which are known to exist in the upper part of the White Nile. The costs of the expedition are to be defrayed by the Egyptian Government, under whom Sir Samuel acts as the commander-in-chief, invested with unlimited powers, and it is to be supposed that the Viceroy sees some hope of recompense, in the addition to his territory of fertile provinces along the shores of the Upper Nile, as well as in the credit which his humane intentions towards the native tribes, and his endeavours to extend the boundaries of knowledge and lawful commerce, will bring him.

The present ruler of Egypt is not the first of his family who has taken an active part in promoting the exploration of the sources of the Nile; for the founder of his dynasty (Mohammed Ali), between the years 1839 and 1842, despatched three expeditions up the river, with the object of solving this greatest of geographical problems, and his officers succeeded in reaching a point much further than any that had been previously attained —in fact, within 140 miles of the outlet of the Nile waters in the Albert Nyanza. The annexation of the Nile banks, as a result of the success of the present expedition, may be looked forward to as a blessing to the inhabitants; the whole tract, south of the present boundaries of Egypt, having been hitherto a kind of no man's land—a tract of country, as large as France, being rudely parcelled out among themselves by a small number of powerful ivory and slave-traders, who annually marched their bands of armed and lawless ruffians across the devastated land in search of fresh fields for trade and plunder.

Khartum, a large Egyptian town at the confluence of the Blue and White Niles, will probably be the base of operations of Sir Samuel; this place lies about 1,500 miles above Alexandria, following the bends of the river; and the navigation up to that point is impeded by six cataracts, insuperable to vessels, except during the few weeks of the year when the waters of the Nile have reached their highest level. From the uppermost cataract (about eighty miles below Khartum) no further obstacle exists to the progress of either sailing or steam vessels for about 1,000 miles, when a short distance above Gondokoro—the remote trading-station rendered famous as the rendezvous of Speke, Grant, and Baker, in 1863—a succession of rapids and waterfalls occurs, which will probably be found insurmountable by the vessels of the expedition, and will have to be turned by portage, the steamers being taken to pieces and again re-constructed. The White Nile has already been navigated by a steamer up to the foot of the first of these falls—the Dutch ladies, Mdlle. Alexine Tinné and the Countess Van der Capellen having advanced to that point in their vessel in 1864. The falls were not seen by Speke, Grant, nor by Baker, the route followed by them lying along the high ground at some distance from the river banks; and we are indebted for what we know of them to an account published by Dr. Peney, a French *savant*, who visited them a few years before the journey of our countrymen. Khartum lies rather more than half way between Alexandria and the equatorial lakes; but the banks of the Nile for 350 miles to the south of the town already belong to Egypt—indeed, it would appear that the Viceroy considers the whole valley of the Nile as far as Gondokoro to belong to him. The narrative of Captain (now Colonel) Grant (Speke's companion) gives a pleasing picture of the change in the condition of the people on entering the peaceful district under the dominion of Egypt, immediately south of Khartum, after the journey through the barbarous regions further south. Beyond the present Egyptian frontier, however, the physical as well as the social condition of the country seems to deteriorate. Sir Samuel Baker, in his description of his first journey, speaks of the region between the Ghazal river and Gondokoro as a dead flat—a world of interminable marsh overgrown with high reeds and papyrus rush—as far as the eye could reach all was wretchedness, with nothing but the dull croaking of water fowl and the hoarse snort of the hippopotamus to entertain the traveller. This description applies to the region as seen in the height of the rainy season, when the surrounding country is inundated by the overflowing of the Nile and its tributary streams. At Gondokoro, and to the east and west, on both sides of the river valley, an elevated, partially wooded, and picturesque country commences, which seems to extend over nearly the whole of the rest of the vast area constituting the basin of the Upper Nile. It is evidently, however, no part of Sir Samuel's plans to advance into the interior of the country far away from the banks of the river; the object he has in view is one that he has cherished and frequently expressed since his return from his former journey—the circumnavigation of the great lake he then discovered, and the settlement of its shores.

Sir Samuel Baker left England early in May to arrange, in Alexandria, the details of the expedition, and news has since arrived of his commission under the Viceroy having been definitively signed and sealed. He will leave for Khartum, travelling with Lady Baker, *viâ* the Red Sea, and across the desert from Souakim to Berber, as soon as the flotilla and forces, ascending by the river, have reached that point.



ENTRANCE INTO THE HARBOUR OF KANASAWA.

A European Sojourn in Japan.—IV.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, SWISS MINISTER IN JAPAN.

KIOTO, THE CITY OF PRIESTS.

THE descendant of the Japanese Kamis was naturally chosen to be the head of the national religion, for this had no priesthood. The Mikados created a hierarchy of functionaries, invested with the sacerdotal character and charged with all the details of public worship. They were the guardians of the temples and their treasures, and arranged the sacred and patriotic festivals, the funeral ceremonies, and the preservation of the cemeteries. All the high dignitaries were chosen from among the members of the imperial family. Everything concerning the service of the court was arranged in the same way, and the court acquired an exclusively clerical aspect, the chiefs of the civil and military administration being seldom admitted to it.

The capital of the empire, in consequence of this policy, presented the strange spectacle of a place from which everything belonging to the army, navy, and public affairs was excluded—these being given up to the care of functionaries placed in different parts of the country. On the other hand, all the religious sects which recognise the supremacy of the Mikado, made it a point of honour to fix themselves in the capital, and vie with each other in raising monuments of their special form of religion. Thus, when Buddhism was imported from China, and was assured of the Mikado's protection, on condition of doing him homage as spiritual head of the empire, it quickly outdid the Kami religion in splendour. The Japanese Buddhists have adorned Kioto with the largest bell in the world, and with a temple which is perfectly unique in style; it is called the Temple of the Thirty-three Thousand Three Hundred and Thirty-three, which is the precise number of the images contained in it—the larger statues supporting a number of smaller ones on their heads, feet, and on the palms of their hands. The temples and chapels of Kioto, belonging to the ancient religion, preserve to some extent the character of simplicity for which they are remarkable in the provinces. Some of them are dedicated to the seven celestial dynasties of native mythology, others to the spirits of earth, and others again to the divinity of the sun, Ten-sjoo-daï-zin, or his descendants, the first Mikados. Towards the end of the seventeenth century there were 2,127 mias belonging to the Kami religion in Kioto and its outskirts; while the temples, pagodas, or chapels of the various Buddhist sects numbered no less than 3,893. These are the only noticeable monuments in this singular capital.

The palaces of the Daïri are numbered among the sacred edifices, which they resemble also in their style of architecture; they are situated in a large enclosure, which occupies the north-east portion of the city, while lofty trees of thick foliage appearing above the distant roofs give an impression of great extent to these parks, in which the imperial residences are sheltered from the vulgar eye. As it often happens that the Mikado abdicates in favour of the hereditary prince, in order to pass the end of his life in still greater privacy and retirement, a separate palace is reserved for him in an enclosure south-east of the Daïri. Nearly in the centre of the city there is a strongly fortified castle, which served as a place of refuge for the Mikado in times of trouble; it is now used as the quarters of the Tycoon's garrison. The officials and employés of various grades in the service of the emperor and his numerous family may be counted by thousands; their exact number is not known, as the court enjoys the privilege of exemption from the general census.

The Japanese Government has always paid particular attention to national statistics; in the holy city every individual is classed in the sect to which he belongs. Kæmpfer relates that in 1693 the permanent population of Kioto, exclusive of the court, consisted of 52,169 ecclesiastics, and 477,557 lay people; but both these denominations reappeared in the classification of sects, of which there were about twenty, the strongest of them numbering about 159,113 adherents, and the weakest, a kind of Buddhist fraternity, only 289 members.

It must not be supposed that this enormous development of the sacerdotal life in the capital of Japan had the effect of impressing on it a gloomy and austere

character; on the contrary, the pictures and accounts we have of Kioto in the time of its prosperity, give the idea of its carrying on a continual carnival. Any one approaching Kioto at the hour of sunset would be greeted with a noise of instruments, which would suggest the vicinity of an immense fair. On the various hills occupied by sacred groves, temples, and convents the priests and monks celebrate their evening devotions by beating drums, tambourines, copper gongs, and brass bells. The suburbs are lighted by paper lanterns of brilliant colours and various sizes—the largest, of a cylindrical form, adorn the columns in front of the temples; the smallest, which are like globes, hang before the doors of inns and places of amusement, and the close proximity of these sacred edifices and profane establishments gives the whole scene the air of a festival in Venice. In the city itself a number of persons of both sexes crowd the footpaths of the long streets, extending from north to south of the city, to the boundaries of the Daïri, and surround the shops and stalls. A large proportion of them are priests, those belonging to the Kami religion wear a little glazed black paper cap, surmounted by a kind of crest of the same colour, ornamented by a narrow white cross, and with an appendage in the form of a stiffly starched ribbon fastened at the back of the head and falling on the nape of the neck. This ancient national head-dress is not the special peculiarity of the priests, but is to be met with, subject to certain modifications prescribed by the sumptuary laws, amongst the nineteen officially appointed classes of the Kioto population. A wide robe, full pantaloons, and a large curved sword, probably only for show, complete the city costume of the attendants of the Kami temples. All members of the Buddhist priesthood have their heads shaved and uncovered, except certain orders who wear wide-brimmed hats. Grey cassocks are the most usual costume, but black, brown, yellow, and red are also to be seen—sometimes with the addition of a plastron or surplice. There are even some hermits in Kioto, who have selected the capital as a place of retirement from the world. The grateful citizens have converted the cells of these anchorites into storehouses of plenty. There is one mysterious retreat hollowed out in the face of the rock; no one knows how or by whom it is inhabited, but an ingeniously devised pulley crosses a pond, which separates it from the public road, and draws up the baskets of provisions which are brought to the recluse.

Begging, regarded as a sacred profession, exhibits itself at all hours in every street of the city. The mendicant monks carry a crosier surmounted by metal rings, which they jingle upon the pavement, and strike a little hammer on a bell fastened to their belt. Some of them recite monotonous litanies, and others exhibit relics. On the other hand, jugglers, tumblers, and street-performers solicit public patronage by a deafening noise of fifes and drums, and the sound of music and laughter is heard from the tea-houses, theatres, and places of amusement, which are open all night, and afford places of rendezvous for the young nobility, where they finish a day spent either in the retirement of the court, or divided between the riding-school, horse-races, games of archery or tennis, and the tea-house in the outskirts.

Besides the public theatre, there is one belonging to the court, which is the oddest thing to be met with in Japan: parts, costumes, decorations—everything, in fact, is conventional, like the classic tragedy in the reign of Louis XIV., with "Madame" Phædra, Agamemnon in a wig, and Achilles with high heels; except that in the French drama there were the old Greek personifications of human passions under the conventional mask of tragic heroes; whereas no such signification can be given to the personages who figure on the imperial stage at Kioto. What can possibly be meant, for instance, by the old man with a crutch on which a green parrot is perched—a bird quite unknown in the Japanese archipelago? and the hero pursuing a venomous serpent, a reptile equally foreign to Japan? Whence come the bucklers, helmets, and swords, whose shape is equally unlike the arms belonging to the demigods of the national mythology and those worn by warriors under the rule of the Mikados? The musicians composing the orchestra of the theatre wear the same head-dress as those belonging to the pontifical chapel. It is shaped after the pattern of the ancient national helmet, which was in the form of a half globe without a crest, but with flaps protecting the nape of the neck. Their principal instruments are the flute, the pan-pipe, the conch-shell, the kettledrum, and a gong called the *kak-daï-ko*, supported on a pedestal. This latter is a disc, over which a tanned skin is stretched, adorned with symbolical shapes, which probably refer to the worship of the sun. A sacred character is attributed to these five instruments. It is supposed that at one time the great divinity who enlightens the world, being unable to endure the sight of human barbarity, retired to the sea caves, and was only induced to re-appear by the sound of a concert of flutes, conch-shells, kettledrums, and gongs; and with the invention of music darkness vanished from the face of the earth.

The musical and dramatic taste of the Japanese people finds its chief nourishment in the national religious festivals. The Kami worship is remarkably simple in its dogmas; it may be summed up in the belief that the gods who created Japan continue to interest themselves in their work, and that the heroes to whom the kingdom owes its power, dwell amongst the divinities, and act the part of intercessors for their country. It is indispensable that the worshippers of the Kamis should be in a state of purity, when visiting the places dedicated to them, and celebrating festivals to their memory. There is no great difficulty experienced in adhering to these rules, the diligent employment of the two great elements of purification—fire and water—and the presentation of unblemished offerings at the shrine, being all that is exacted, except in the case of those who have contracted impurity by immoral conduct, by touching a corpse, shedding blood, or eating the flesh of domestic animals, or other causes. In these cases it is necessary to go through a form of expiation of greater or less severity according to the character of the offence. In the case of men it consists generally in allowing the beard to grow, and in covering the head with an unsightly straw hat; and for women, in wearing a white handkerchief wrapped round the head; while in both cases they must either undertake a pilgrimage, or keep themselves closely confined, and abstain from certain kinds of food and all noisy recreation. The restoration of the penitent to his family and friends is the occasion of great rejoicings, accompanied by a general purification of the dwelling by salt and water, in addition to a large fire lighted in the courtyard.

At the anniversary festivals in honour of the principal Kamis, no sacred rites are performed beyond the ceremonies of purification; and even these were not introduced till towards the end of the eighth century. On the eve of the great solem-

nity the priests go in procession by torchlight to the temple where the arms and other relics of the deified hero are preserved in a costly shrine called *mikosi*. The mikosi represents the terrestrial abode of the Kami, but it must undergo a thorough purification annually. In order to accomplish this, the relics are removed from the shrine, which is then carried to the river; and while a certain number of priests wash it carefully, others light large fires to drive away evil spirits; the Kagoura, or sacred choir, by its instruments and songs, appeasing the spirit of the Kami thus temporarily deprived of its earthly dwelling-place. He is, however, soon restored to it, when the relics are solemnly placed again in the shrine; but this is not yet replaced in the temple, which, in its turn, has to be purified; and so, during the festival, which lasts several days, it remains in a place of shelter, constructed on purpose, and duly protected from malignant spirits. If any of them should venture to cross this sacred enclosure, formed of rice-straw ropes, they would be received with showers of boiling holy water, with which the abode of the Kami is sprinkled at intervals; and woe to any spirits which hover within reach of the guard of honour, for the priests who compose it are skilful archers, and discharge flights of arrows so straight in the air, that they fall back within the enclosure, to the great admiration of the lookers-on.

Such are the ceremonies which are considered to bestow on the festival a religious character; but it was not to them I referred when speaking of the influence of the Kami religion on the dramatic taste of the Japanese nation. Besides these trivial juggleries, there is what may be called the historical procession, in which priests, masked and in costume, perform scenes from the life of the hero at various stations in the open air, accompanied by music, songs, and pantomimic dances. Sometimes the effect is heightened by an exhibition of trophies of arms, or groups of clay figures representing the features and traditional costumes of the principal Kamis. They are arranged on cars, or scaffolds of a pyramidal shape, on which they also represent some building, bridge, or junk connected with the exploits of the hero whose memory they celebrate. When these festivals, or *matsouris*, as they call them, were first instituted, they were confined to a few of the most ancient towns in the empire. Only eight provinces enjoyed the distinction of possessing Kamis. But from the tenth century every province, district, or place of any importance wished to have its celestial patron; so that at last the number of Kamis worshipped in Japan has increased to 3,132, of whom the more ancient, to the number of 492, are styled Great Kamis, to distinguish them from the crowd of inferior ones. From that period there have been matsouris held in every part of Japan, and the taste for heroic narratives and performances calculated to promote patriotism and other manly virtues, has spread from end to end of the empire. The national religion has created a people who all of them possess the sentiment of patriotism—an empire which has never submitted to a foreign yoke, and a government which even to the present day has, in its intercourse with the most powerful nations of the old and new world, fully maintained its independence.

JAPANESE LITERATURE—A POETESS—THE GREAT LITERARY ERA.

When the illustrious Emperor Shi-hoang-ti, who occupied the throne of China from 246 to 209 B.C., had arrived at the height of his power, he cast an envious eye on the isles of Japan—not, however, with a desire for conquest, having already extended the frontiers of the Celestial Empire to the utmost, and defended them by erecting the Great Wall, which still remains as a memorial of his power. His ambition was not satisfied with glory and happiness, he thirsted for immortality; and having heard that a plant grew on the summit of one of the mountains in Nippon whose root possessed the property of prolonging life, he dispatched Sjofou, one of his favourites, to procure him the miraculous herb. His messenger visited the shores of the inner sea without success, and on reaching the country of Ksiu, in Nippon, he established himself and his followers there, and abandoned the emperor to the fate which sooner or later overtakes every one. Neither he nor any of his companions returned to their native country; and it was from them the Japanese acquired their first knowledge of China. The Mikado was, however, not content to rely on the accounts which he received from the Ksiu colony, and he dispatched an embassy to the head of the Celestial Empire to ask for a copy of the annals of his court. Not only was his request granted, but some learned men were sent to interpret the precious volumes. They soon taught the Chinese language to the residents in the Mikado's court, and it became the fashion to make use of Chinese characters and quote passages from their classics, as well as to compose poetry in the style of their lyrics. The literary influence which China exercised on Japan may be compared, with various reservations, to that of Greece on the nations of the western world. When the heroine Zingu achieved the conquest of the Corea, she brought back a number of works belonging to Chinese literature—the books of the Buddhist religion, treatises on the medical art, and new musical instruments. These were, in the opinion of the Japanese, the most precious trophies of her glorious expedition; but their admiration of the art and literature of the Celestial Empire had not the result of raising its inhabitants equally high in their estimation. The chivalrous islanders of Nippon looked with a certain disdain on the peaceful and studious inhabitants of Nankin, and while receiving from them teachers of language, music, philosophy, and morals, they gave their instructors a position analogous to that held by the Greek sophists in Roman society.

Japanese literature, although developed under the influence of Chinese models, has preserved a certain degree of originality, but, restricted by fashion to certain conventional forms, it has continually revolved in the same circle, and made the perfection of style consist in a strict observance of academic rules. Poets composed distiches to fit the shape of dwarf trees, on paper, and gave a description of the ocean within the limits of a sonnet. The Japanese pencil has transmitted to us the features of the writers who excelled in works of this kind, and their portraits are always accompanied by a representation of the subject of their poetic masterpieces. Thus we see the poet of the sea reclining on the shore; another surrounded by flowers; and so on. Various places are pointed out which are celebrated in the annals of Japanese poetry, such as Mount Kamo, where Tsjoo-meï composed his volume of odes, on the banks of the Çicada stream; another locality is the convent which served as a place of refuge to a prince overtaken by a midnight storm, who, on leaving, entrusted to the superior a piece of poetry inspired by the occasion.

The Chinese did not remain insensible to the progress made by their pupils in literary taste and elegance of manners, and an embassy was sent by the "Son of Heaven" to the Mikado, for the express purpose of presenting him with a collection of poetry. The culture of the poetic art was carried to the highest degree by a noble lady of the court of Kioto—the beautiful Onono-Komatch, who is generally represented kneeling beside a basin of water, and washing out what she has just written—so far did she carry her desire for perfection of style. Admired for her talents, but exposed to the jealousy and resentment of the fops whose attentions she repulsed, she fell into disgrace, and ended her life in misery. For many years she might be seen wandering from village to village barefooted and leaning on a pilgrim's staff, and carrying a basket containing a few provisions and some manuscripts. Her white hair was covered by a large straw hat, which shaded her worn and wrinkled features. When she seated herself on the threshold of a temple, the children from the neighbouring village would gather round her, attracted by her gentle smile, and she would teach them a few verses, directing them to the admiration of Nature. Sometimes a studious monk would beg the privilege of copying one of the poems which the poor wanderer carried in her basket. The Japanese still religiously preserve with veneration the memory of Onono-Komatch, the inspired maiden, who in extreme age and the most profound adversity preserved her love of the ideal.

The great literary period in the history of Japan dates from the reign of Tenziten-woo, the thirty-ninth Mikado, who lived in the latter part of the seventh century of our era. This prince undertook the task of improving the national idiom; and the services he rendered, both by his writings and by the institutions he founded for public education, have placed him at the head of the hundred poets of the ancient idiom called the language of Yamato, from the name of the classical province of Nippon. The most memorable literary productions of the reign of Tenziten-woo, are the Koziki, a book of antiquities; the Foutoki, or monograph of all the Japanese provinces; the Nipponki, or annals of the empire; another collection of national legends; the first grand collection of lyrics; the book of court customs; and a universal



JAPANESE PILGRIMS.

encyclopædia, in imitation of the works of that nature already possessed by the Chinese. In turning over these enormous collections, rudely illustrated with wood engravings, one cannot avoid comparing the world as it is with what it would be if its formation had been entrusted to the hands of Chinese philosophers. It is not to be wondered at that they consider themselves perfect models of superior beings, but the stages through which they supposed humanity to have passed before arriving at this type of perfection, is truly astounding. Some of the human beings represented in their sketches have but one arm, leg, or eye, others have horses' legs, or limbs so long as to allow them to gather the fruit of the highest trees, or to catch fish in their hands from the top of a cliff. These and other monstrosities gradually disappear with the growth of intelligence and the capability of using their resources. Although the Chinese encyclopædists allow that there are no traces remaining amongst themselves of this humiliating series of malformations, they think its existence is testified by the number of monkeys, negroes, and red-haired barbarians still existing in the isles of the south and beyond the limits of the Celestial Empire, as if to increase the contrast with the favoured race which inhabits it. The Japanese have not arrived at quite the same conclusion, but they regard negroes as a species of terrestrial demons. The first of them who landed on an island near Kiu-Siu, driven by a tempest from some unknown region, were judged unworthy the light of the sun, and were pitilessly massacred.



ACTORS AND BALLET-GIRLS OF THE MIKADO'S COURT.

The university of Kioto was founded, it is probable, in imitation of the Chinese universities.

AN EXCURSION TO KANASAWA.

The summers in Japan are rarely characterised by a succession of fine days. During the months of June and July there are frequently torrents of rain alternating with the most oppressive heat; but I have not observed that storms are of frequent occurrence or very dangerous. Those which I have witnessed seemed to gather around Fusi-Yama, and advance towards the bay with a threatening appearance; but after two or three peals of thunder they passed over in the direction of the open sea, leaving behind the most brilliant rainbows and ultimately an exquisitely clear blue sky. I have never encountered one of those frightful tempests known as "typhoons" in the latitudes of the extreme east.

The earthquakes to which Japan is so much exposed occur in the hot season, in the proportion of at least two in every three months, but do not cause any disastrous results. The finest weather we had at Japan was from the end of June to the middle of July. At Benten nothing occurred to disturb the tranquillity we enjoyed, but I was obliged to quit this solitary retreat during the few weeks of excitement which followed the representations made by the English relative to the murder of Richardson. One could have believed at the time that we were on the eve of a rupture between Japan and the powers of the West. Having remained during this critical period some-

times at Yeddo and sometimes at Yokohama, I returned to Benten with one of the companions of my diplomatic adventures, and found myself master of the house. The Consul-General of the Netherlands was summoned temporarily to Nagasaki, and on leaving he told me that the only thing which prevented him from giving up the keys of the house to me, was simply that there were no keys to give. My installation was not difficult, since all the furniture of the legation, including my writing-table and bamboo arm-chair, were placed exactly as I had left them, with the exception of my bed, which had changed its form. It was only composed of a mattrass extended on the matting of the floor, and covered merely with a linen sheet. This cool bed was now surrounded by a large mosquito-net of white gauze, held by four high frames arranged in a square; a door which shut wonderfully close gave access to this enclosure, which was so ingeniously contrived for my comfort. Notwithstanding all this, it many times happened that after I had entered the sleeping-place with all the necessary precautions, and put on the slight costume which they wear in India at night—just as I thought I was falling asleep, I had to jump up to defend myself from some of these irrepressible enemies, who had gained admittance into my retreat.

The nights in the tropics, and especially those of the hot season in Japan, are excessively trying to Europeans. Perspiration and the attacks of the mosquitoes render every sedentary occupation quite a punishment. Walking ceases to have any charm after dawn, and during interminable hours sleep refuses to visit what we will persist in calling our beds. After long struggles we often sought refuge on the terrace at the top of our house. We used to take with us our tobacco-box—that is, our smoking apparatus, with an ample stock of Manilla cigars, and a little cellaret of liquors adapted for making American grog. Our first impression in this elevated retreat was a sensation of freedom and rest: the immense extent of sky, spangled with stars; the calmness of the harbour, which reflected the dark outlines of the vessels; the silence of the streets of the Japanese town, broken at intervals by the peculiar, uncertain step of the watchman—all disposed one for grave contemplation; but we were soon disturbed by various slight incidents: the descent of a falling star; the light from a rocket sent up in some public garden, or the phosphoric gleam from the fireflies which hovered about us. Moreover we were obliged to confess that we had not entirely escaped the attacks of the mosquitoes, and, finally, found that the damp air began to penetrate our clothes, and sometimes great drops of dew fell on our faces, so that we were forced at last by fatigue and cold to return to the heavy atmosphere of our hermetically-sealed dormitories.

We contrived some boating parties in the consul's boat, which we were obliged to give up after the first two attempts; for on our return the tide was so low that the heavy boat could not be brought to land; and, as we were at a considerable distance from the landing-place, we had to cross on the shoulders of our boatmen. It was afterwards suggested to us that the inconvenience from which we suffered could be avoided by prolonging our excursion till sunrise. This simple hint met with a success that we were far from expecting. We discussed with some friends the idea of making a long aquatic excursion, proceeding by degrees towards Cape Sagami, and even doubling it in order to reach the island of Inosima. Our projects having arrived at this point, at once took a serious turn: a road which crosses diagonally the peninsula formed by Cape Sagami would enable us to gain Inosima without running the risks of a long voyage. It was agreed finally that one-half of the party should go in boats and the other on horseback, to the village of Kanasawa, situated ten miles south of Yokohama, and from thence by the road to Inosima, not omitting to visit on the way the monument of Kamakura, an ancient town, four miles south-west of Kanasawa. The chancellor of the consulate was entrusted with all the preparations for the maritime portion of the expedition.

On the evening of our departure, two of our friends, who had decided on accompanying me on the journey to Kanasawa, met me on the terrace of Benten just as the guardship of the squadron, which was anchored in the harbour, was firing the gun as a signal for putting out the fires. The trumpet-calls and the boatswains' whistles sounded from the men-of-war, and then everything subsided into silence. It was nine o'clock and not a breath of wind was stirring. We saw the moon rise over the sea beyond the hills of the bluff, and shortly after the chancellor came to tell us that the *sendos* were waiting for us. Two Japanese sentries on duty on the bank of the river, each armed with a gun, without a bayonet, saluted us as we passed with a friendly "good-night." We replied to them in a manner suited to the simplicity of their military pass-words. From all the boats moored on the river there issued in mournful cadence the reiterated prayer of the fishermen to the supreme intercessor and patron of souls—"Amida, have pity on me!" The efficacy of this prayer is in proportion to the number of moments which they devote to it uninterruptedly, according to the rules of the priests. Our crew was composed of five boatmen, the chancellor, two *coskeis*, and the Chinese *comprador* in charge of the commissariat. All these people were installed on the deck, while the cabin was reserved for our occupation. We arranged three beds by means of some bags, chests, and coverings which our forethought or chance brought to hand, and quite contented with the circumstances in which we were to pass the night, we established ourselves on the roof of our improvised dormitory, and waited till sleep should compel us to descend. We rowed across the whole extent of the bay occupied by the fleet. The Japanese boatmen always stand upright in the stern, two on each side, leaning heavily on their long oars, to which they impart a sort of semicircular motion, like the Venetian gondoliers. The fifth, who is generally the coxswain of the boat, managed the oar which took the place of a helm. The combined action of the two first oars produces the effect of the working of a screw. When the work becomes more laborious than usual the rowers mutually encourage each other by a soft, sustained whistle.

Amongst the many noises which reached us from the European town we were particularly struck by the sound of a clarionet, which seemed to be interpreting the melancholy feelings which overflowed the heart of some young German at the end of a day spent at the counting-house. On approaching the *Euryalus*, the flagship of the English squadron, we suddenly heard sounds of music from the vessel: they were playing the national anthem, as the signal of the termination of a fête which was being celebrated on board. At the same moment, from the door of our own cabin, a musical box, of the existence of which we were quite ignorant, replied gaily with the air, "Ah! quel plaisir d'être

Soldat." The moon shining full on the triumphant face of the chancellor, showed to whom we were indebted for this surprise. He assured us that the box was his own property which he had bought with his earnings, and that it played no less than eight tunes, which he made us listen to one after the other, and even went over them again with renewed energy. Meanwhile, a slight breeze having got up, our boatmen quitted their oars and hoisted the sail. We were soon speeding on, losing sight of the coast and shipping. The sky by degrees became covered with a whitish vapour, and the moon only gave a very pale light, so we had nothing better to do than to retire to our cabin and seek sleep. Alas! to our horror, the mosquitoes had got there before, and we could not imagine where they had come from. After fruitless efforts to escape from them by covering our hands and face, and even heroically going to sleep, we were obliged to abandon the place and return to our former position. As a Japanese craft has always a fireplace and the necessary utensils for doing a little cooking, we ordered our Chinaman to prepare us some tea, and we passed the latter part of the night, cowering before the flames which blazed in the stern of the boat and were reflected in the waves. Just as our patience and strength were almost worn out, we found that our boat had changed its course. The boatmen took down the sail and rowed with vigour: we were nearly at the end of our voyage. In the fantastic light of the moon, wavering over banks of clouds, and the dawn which commenced to lighten the horizon, we distinguished on our right a steep, picturesque promontory, covered with beautiful groups of trees, and opposite to us the masses of foliage which crown Webster Island. We coasted by the foot of the high wall of rocks which faces the promontory, while sonorous echoes signalled from either shore the noise of our passage. A moment after, we were at the entrance of the harbour of Kanasawa. To avoid the shoals which extend round the promontory, we described a large curve, until we had nearly reached the other shore, at the extremity of which the island of Sivosima stood out like a tower. It was by tacking about in this way that we managed to enter the channel, in which the water was so shallow that we were obliged to push the boat on with a pole. On either bank of this canal are little cottages with small boats moored near them, and we passed several fishing-boats setting out noiselessly to take their morning draught of fishes. By degrees, we discovered the winding outline of the bay: on our left, rocks, pine-forests, and thick woods appeared, and beneath them groups of houses which looked like white walls. On the other side we saw a sandy shore, a village, a long causeway, stretching along an arm of the sea, intersected by two arched bridges, whose dark outlines were reflected in the calm sheet of water over which we were slowly rowing.

At last we were in front of Kanasawa—a pretty little town, whose white houses enlivened the background of the bay, extending to the foot of some low hills thickly covered with trees, amongst which we perceived some buildings intended for worship. Although on first landing it appeared to be quite enclosed by a circle of mountains, it presented some charming vistas as we approached nearer to it. Here an arm of the sea disappeared in the rice-fields below the bridges, which connected the causeway with the landing-place for which we were making; while at the other extremity of the village we distinguished a deep creek in the middle of an expanse of salt-marsh. At the entrance of the port a little temple surrounded by fruit-trees occupies the centre of a flat island, communicating with the market-place by a jetty. A little farther, on the top of a high mass of rocks, on which was a group of sacred buildings, we perceived a tea-house with a terrace, from which there is a panoramic view of the bay, and even of the distant outline of the gulf of Yeddo beyond the islands of Webster and Sivosima. The Japanese show a keen appreciation of the beauty of their country; they draw attention to every picturesque site by raising a chapel, a *tori*, a tea-house, a pavilion, or some kind of resting-place, and the traveller is frequently induced to stop on the road to refresh himself under some hospitable roof, or under the fresh foliage, or to give himself up to the soft seductions of a beautiful landscape—in short, to forget the flight of time and the toils of the road. Kanasawa is pre-eminently one of those calm retreats where one would wish not merely to make a hasty excursion, in the hurried way that characterises the recreations of young colonists, but to give oneself up to a life of repose. It is true, however, that in these more frequented places one does not find the simplicity of manner, or the simple good-nature of the rustic population of Japan, for these qualities become inevitably spoilt by contact with strangers.

The hotel where we alighted stands near the port, not far from the jetty, which ends at the little sacred island. The equestrians of our party arrived there towards the middle of the day, without any other misadventure than the inconvenience of a horse going lame. The animal died the same evening, under the treatment of the veterinary surgeons of the country, and in sight of a great concourse of people, who crowded in their curiosity into the interior of the inn. There had been placed at our disposal a large gallery over the ground-floor, and some planks supported on props; two benches and some empty casks provided us with the necessary furniture for arranging our table in the European fashion. We breakfasted on our own provisions, to which the hostess added some *saki*, tea, rice, fried fish, and *saya*. She was assisted by two young servants, well-dressed, and with their hair tastily arranged. When we had nearly finished our repast, the children of the house came to the top of the stairs and looked at us timidly. I made a sign to the youngest to come to me, but he immediately began to cry; so I appeased him by taking out of my pocket some little engravings, which I always carried about with me in my excursions. He came to me at once and asked for them; and afterwards they went the round of the whole party—his mother, the maidservants of the inn, and the other women and children. One old grandmother expressed a wish to taste some white sugar, as they have only brown sugar in Japan, from the Liu-Kiu Islands. This occasioned another distribution, more abundant than the first. However, we were at last obliged to make them understand that, in spite of the great pleasure we derived from their company, we felt in want of some rest. The visitors, male and female, retired immediately in the quietest manner possible. They improvised a dormitory for us on the ground-floor, by partitioning off the two large rooms into a number of small separate chambers; but as the partitions consisted only of paper stretched on a wooden frame, they did not secure absolute privacy, especially as they had little holes in them every here and there, so that when I lay down on the mats, my head resting on a travelling-cushion, I frequently saw an eye shining at one of the holes in the paper. Still, I did manage to sleep, though not for long. I

fancy that the mats of the Japanese cabins must serve as a retreat for the hordes of those insects which Toepffer designates by the name of domestic kangaroos—the same thing struck my companions, and the result was that we soon found ourselves all assembled in the principal gallery. We set out for a walk to see the curiosities of Kanasawa, which we had not visited in the morning; but we were soon obliged to come back in consequence of the rain, which began to fall just as we left a convent marked by its grove of bamboos. On our return to the inn we began to talk of departing, but the boatmen declared that the wind would not allow of our leaving the bay; so some of us set the chancellor's musical box playing, some drank tea, while I sketched the gate of a neighbouring temple. In the meantime the hostess entered with her attendant, carrying a bundle of Japanese engravings for sale; they were views of Kanasawa and Kamakura, and pictures of their national gods. Her husband offered us some fish; we descended with him to the fish-pond—a labyrinth of freestone communicating with the sea, but at the same time perfectly sheltered from the disturbance of the waves. We had our choice for dinner, which was a perfect triumph of ichthyophagy—fish-soup, boiled fish, fried fish, and even thin slices of raw fish covered with *soya*, which they serve like anchovies for a side-dish. At desert I asked if any one in the hotel knew how to play the samsin. The hostess reminded me that the study of the samsin is a necessary part of female education in Japan, adding that she would bring us a teacher of this instrument. Accordingly she presented to us a neighbour of a certain age—a professor from some of the tea-houses in the capital, who, on our invitation, took her place at the table with all the forms of extreme politeness. The chancellor's musical box delighted her, and it was very remarkable that while we found it most difficult to catch the Japanese melodies, this clever artiste not only was able to tune her guitar to the European pitch, and to accompany the airs, but she even reproduced one or two of them pretty accurately. We retired early to our nocturnal compartments; mine was furnished with a Japanese mosquito-net—a kind of tent made of thick green silk serge, which is suspended from the ceiling by cords. I slept pretty well, in spite of the heavy atmosphere I had to breathe; but the hostess was not able to provide every one with mosquito-nets. I was surprised to hear, at an early hour of the morning, the sound of glasses and hoarse voices, and the metallic notes of the inevitable refrain, "Ah! quel plaisir d'être Soldat!"



MENDICANT PRIEST.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE SIOGOUNS.

As we were not able to make our intended expedition to the island of Inosima, I did not wish to give up my visit to Kamakura, from which we were within three hours' walk. I went there on foot, with two of my companions and the chancellor. It was four o'clock in the morning when we set out from the hotel; we crossed the deserted streets of Kanasawa in the direction of the south as far as the last of the chain of hills which rise at the back of this little town. At this point a building of a peculiar style announces the dwelling of some great man—strong walls surrounding or supporting terrace gardens, with a gate consisting of two pillars crossed by a beam made of oak, polished black, and covered with copper ornaments, opening into a large court. We saw there a guard-house and several other buildings, behind which rose some fine trees, which added to the antique character of this residence. I learned that it was inhabited by a daïmio of the family of the Hossokawa, one of the most illustrious in Japan, and that this prince is lord of Kanasawa, and of other places subject to the supreme sovereignty of the Tycoon.

Farther on we passed a bridge over a rapid river, and, going in a westerly direction, approached the chain of mountains which divides the peninsula of Sagami into two parts. The ground was cultivated all around us; fields of beans had replaced the wheat, which had been reaped in the month of June, and the waving rice though still green, was full of grain. The paths only leave room to put one foot before the other, while even on the road we were following, two horses had barely room to walk abreast. We came across a singular obstacle on the road; a good old man and his wife had chosen this spot as an economical resting-place for the night. They slept on two bamboo mats, which were probably their travelling cloaks, while a few burning cinders showed that they had made a fire to keep away the mosquitoes from their bed. From the foot of the hills the road winds amongst rocks of sandstone, sometimes quite perpendicular, and frequently

pierced with grottoes containing little idols and votive offerings. At the top of the hill there is a small cabin constructed of planks and mats, with a wall of rocks at the back, and containing some benches, a fire-place, and some utensils for cooking tea and rice. At this early hour it was quite deserted, and the furniture hazarded to the honesty of the public. I have seen something like this in the passes of the mountains of Java. The descent is rapid. A beautiful golden pheasant looked at us from the outskirts of a little wood, and one of my companions could not resist the temptation of taking a shot at him. The pheasant was not touched, and seemed not much put out by such a trifle; however, he thought it advisable to perch himself on the top of an oak, where to my great satisfaction he was out of reach of our arms.

We passed a village picturesquely situated amongst trees and flowers on the banks of a stream, which they have turned into a canal for conducting water to the rice-mills. Some of the inhabitants were occupied round their houses, and on seeing us a woman hastened to call her children, who were performing their morning ablutions in a quiet nook of the stream, and the little savages ran at full speed to the house. By degrees the road became enlivened with pedestrians and horses. The country around us was a succession of gentle undulations, sloping gradually towards the sea, which formed in front of us a blue gulf, reflecting the cliffs of the island of Inosima, and the snow-white peak of Fusi-Yama added another beauty to the dim outline of the picture. The country is cultivated in every direction, and is interspersed with groves and sparkling waters, over which are thrown light arched bridges. Rustic cottages and handsome houses, freshly varnished and ornamented with flower gardens, are scattered in great numbers along the road and on the slopes of the hills, and here and there are chapels, sacred candelabra, idols of granite, and funeral monuments. The environs of Kamakura are those of a large town, but the large town no longer exists. A luxuriant vegetation marks here and there the irregularities of the ground, which was covered by rubbish and overthrown walls, and intersected by canals. Antique avenues of trees end in waste grounds overgrown with brambles; formerly these avenues led to some palace, of which there now exists no trace; for in Japan even the palaces are constructed of wood, and no ruins remain after their fall. It is in this place that the Siogouns had established their residence, by which name the generals-in-chief, temporal lieutenants of the theocratic emperor, are known. They governed Japan, under the supremacy of the Mikado, from the end of the twelfth century to the beginning of the seventeenth, from the time of Minamoto Yoritomo, who was the founder of their power, to that of Hiéyas surnamed Gongensama, who was the thirty-second Siogoun. Hiéyas made Yeddo the political capital of Japan, and created a new dynasty, the last representatives of which have adopted, dating only from 1854, the title of Taïkouns.



KANASAWA: THE TEA-HOUSE AND THE SACRED ISLE.

The history of the transfer of the political power of the Japanese empire from the Mikados to the active chiefs of Yeddo, who thus became the *de facto* rulers without deposing the Mikado or lawful Emperor, is a curious one. The first steps were due to the hopeless corruption and sloth of the court and the enterprise of Yoritomo, who was born of a princely family, and owed to the education given him by an ambitious mother those qualities which made him the ruler and true chief of the empire. How this change was brought about I will endeavour to explain.

English Mission to Mandalay, and Treaty with Burmah.—III.

BY HENRY WOODWARD CROFTON, M.A., H.M. CHAPLAIN AT RANGOON.

CONCLUSION OF THE TREATY—LIFE IN MANDALAY—THE KING'S GARDENS—MAGNIFICENT PAGODAS—THE HAIRY FAMILY—POLITICAL CONDITION OF BURMAH—ENGLAND'S MISSION.

ON the 23rd the entire mission visited the palace on the invitation of his majesty to see a sort of amateur ballet performed by the young ladies attached to the households of the queens. The reception took place in the same building that was the scene of the last interview. A large circular shed had been constructed, as for a native play; at one side was a raised alcove with a low railing, within which was the couch for his majesty. Immediately in front of the alcove there was a rough attempt at scenery, forming the background to a troupe of professional actors and actresses who were in attendance. To the right of the king's position sat several of his officials and the officers of the mission. To the left were seated Mrs. Fytche and Mrs. Lloyd, and the wives of the Burmese ministers. After a short delay the king entered and took his place on the couch. He made a few remarks to the effect that he wished the English officers to visit his gardens and any other objects of interest in the palace, and concluded by asking whether we wished to see the ordinary play, by the professionals, or the ballet. A preference was expressed for the latter, when he called attention to the fact that the players on the drums, gongs, and clarionets were all women.

The performance commenced by the entrance of about thirty young girls in single file, who arranged themselves in a semicircle, and kneeling down bowed to his majesty. They wore the ordinary *tamine*, or Burmese petticoat, but the jacket was more of the fashion after that worn by princes in the plays. The tamines were all red and green, the jackets white satin, with circular pieces of silver stitched on, so as somewhat to resemble armour. On their heads the girls wore peaked helmets, such as are used by male performers in the ordinary plays. The girls, rising, first performed a slow graceful dance round the theatre to the accompaniment of the band, varying the step and pace from time to time, and again kneeling down; one of the number, taking up her position in the centre, then sang or chanted a slow hymn in honour of his majesty, describing his greatness and goodness. This was acknowledged by all of us to be one of the most effective exhibitions we had ever witnessed in the East. The dead silence of the whole assembly, the clear and exceedingly sweet tone of the girl's voice, and the peculiar measure of the air, half-recitative, half-melody, made the whole scene most striking and beautiful. The hymn consisted of three verses, at the end of each the girls, still kneeling, bowed low to his majesty. They then resumed the dance, which they accompanied with a low chant, and varied it by beating time with two ornamental sticks which they now carried. This, too, being ended, the king rose and left. During the performance the Namadaw Pahra, or principal wife, entered, and seated herself close to his majesty on a sofa placed for her reception. A considerable retinue of ladies accompanied her, but as they were seated at the back of the alcove it was difficult to see who they were.

On the departure of his majesty we were served with fruit and sweetmeats in a kind of open arbour, and afterwards proceeded to visit the so-called white-elephant. The animal was a small specimen, and could only by great courtesy be called white. He had a few light-coloured marks, and the hair was not so coarse as in the ordinary elephant, but he might be more truly described as brownish; the lighter tint being more observable by contrast with a very black female elephant, his companion in the stable. The party then visited the stone-cutters, now busily engaged in engraving on marble slabs the entire Pitagât, or Burmese scriptures. These are to be placed round the king's temple in the neighbourhood of Mandalay. After a cursory look at some of the ordnance, the mint was visited, where the coinage of rupees was going on. The machinery was procured from Birmingham, but, although the engine is under the charge of an African, the actual operations of smelting and coining are performed by Burmese. They told us they could coin about 15,000 rupees per diem, but this seemed a large out-turn for so small a machine, there being only one die at work.

It was arranged that the treaty should be fairly written out next day, and signed on the 25th, when the farewell visit was to be paid to the king. On that day the mission went in procession to the palace, in much the same order as on the occasion of the first visit. On arriving at the Hlwotdan, or Supreme Court, the officers took off their shoes at the steps, and entering the building joined the Pakhan and Yaynankh-young Mengyees, who were there seated; there were also present the Keng Wondouk, the Kalar Won, and some secretaries. The treaty was prepared on large sheets of parchment, and the two Burmese copies were read over and compared. The English copies were read over carefully by the Padein Won (who understands English), and all being found correct they were signed and sealed. The mission then entered the palace building and were conducted to the reception-room, where the first interview was held. The same arrangements had been made as on that occasion, but there was only one of the king's sons present.

After taking his seat as usual, his majesty first observed that the weather was very hot; to which remark, no doubt, all silently assented, as the heat had for some days been very great. The king then said that he wished the mission to visit his gardens before they left, mentioning to his officers the particular places to which they should be taken. Then followed a short conversation regarding the return of the mission to Rangoon.

He then directed that the presents for each member of the mission should be brought in. In addition, two rings (a ruby and a sapphire) were given to Col. Fytche.

King. "I understand that you have an English clergyman here?"

Col. F. "Yes, your majesty (pointing to the Rev. Mr. Crofton), this is the chaplain of Rangoon."

King. "Is that the Inspector-General of Police sitting near you?"

Col. F. "It is, your majesty."

King. "Where is he generally stationed in the British territory? In Rangoon?"

Col. F. "Yes; his head-quarters are at Rangoon, but he has to visit all the districts in Arracan and Tenasserim as well."

King. "I understand that you wish for some wormwood seed, which I have procured for you." [It was here brought in.] "Now, I think, you would like to visit the garden;" and with these words his majesty rose and went off.

The envoy and the officers of the suite then visited the gardens inside the palace, and were served with sweetmeats, &c. &c. After this they proceeded to the house of Mr. Manook, the Kalar Won, to lunch. This officer, who is the official medium between the king and foreigners generally, had been most attentive to the mission from the time of its arrival, and all were much indebted to him for the constant anxiety he showed to make the visit agreeable.

The 26th and 27th were passed without official business of any interest, and on the 28th, the day fixed for our departure, the ministers came to bid Col. Fytche good-bye; their visit was a lengthy one, and of the most friendly and agreeable kind. His majesty sent to the envoy a small Whitworth gun with field carriage, which had been made in his arsenal. It carries a one-pound shot, and was made from a small Whitworth presented to the king, two or three years ago, by a gentleman from England, who visited Mandalay regarding the construction of a railway.

In the afternoon the members of the mission embarked on board the steamers, and next day proceeded down the river.

All went smoothly, it thus appears, as to the object which brought us hither—namely, obtaining a treaty with Burmah. Meanwhile we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, and saw as much of Mandalay and its sights as possible. We all lived together in the British Residency—an enclosed space of about twelve acres, surrounded with a high and close palisade that effectually screens the interior from public view. Here barracks for the soldiers and officers of the escort had been erected, which had at least the merit of being airy, if not affording protection from the sun and rain, to which they were decidedly exposed. For the envoy a more commodious and weather-proof residence had been prepared, at a cost, we were informed, of £2,000. Two spacious passages, which served for church on Sundays and for dining and reception rooms in the week, ran through the building from side to side, intersecting at the centre, and thus forming four separate compartments, each of which contained a comfortable suite of rooms. It was duly surmounted by the honorific roof before described, by which the king's palaces and sacred edifices are distinguished. Here we assembled every day to enjoy the king's hospitality, for we and every servant and follower of the party were his guests during our stay. The arrangements for this rather troublesome part of our reception devolved upon the Kalar Won, or minister for foreigners, who, as I have already stated, was so courteous and attentive to us, and who was by birth an Armenian. Mandalay supplied the eatables, our steamer the European stores and drinkables, and under his management a combination between the two was effected that resulted in a capital table being provided. The chief difficulty, which had been apparently overlooked, was a supply of crockery and glass sufficient for our large party. However, by dint of borrowing, a miscellaneous collection of glasses and cups of various sizes and colours was got together, that answered our purpose sufficiently well. A liberal supply of fruits, sweetmeats, and other little delicacies, was sent every day from the palace, some of which were prepared, we were informed, by the fair fingers of the queen and other ladies of the court. These supplies arrived every day after breakfast, borne in silver and gold dishes with high, conical covers, on the heads of a long train of some thirty or forty of the palace servants, preceded by the chief eunuch, a man of immense stature and fatness, who looked every inch a cook. The profusion and variety of the articles supplied were truly royal. Walnuts, pomegranates, and a kind of hard pear from the Shan states, chicken, and goat-mutton pâtés, sugared nuts, sweetmeats, and spices, with all kinds of cakes and pastry, were the principal good things. The chief part of the spoils fell, as may be supposed, to the share of the servants and followers of the party. Some of us tried to keep a few of the fruits and comfits for absent friends among the young folk of Rangoon, but except the walnuts and pears they proved perishable commodities. For entertainment, we had for the first few days after our arrival the performances of a company of jugglers, and gymnastic performers in the afternoons. These men were Munnipoorians—that is, people from a border district between Burmah and Hindostan, who had been deported from their own land by their Burmese conquerors about a century ago, and who now form a large and most industrious portion of the inhabitants of the capital and the adjacent district. Some of their tricks and performances, which they always commence with loud claps, as of Mallengo, with the hand upon the naked breast and thighs, were as good as could be seen anywhere. Besides this, we had, of course, the unfailing Pooay, before described, but here better got up and performed than we had seen elsewhere. The king's own troupe of performers (amongst whom we must particularise by name the Yenthan Mah-lay, a young girl conspicuous for sweetness of voice and gracefulness of manner) were placed for the time at the disposal of his visitors, and they were prepared to perform daily from eleven to four, and at night from nine to three or four in the morning without remonstrance. We soon dispensed, however, with the day performances—the constant noise of the instruments, and the hubbub of the crowds to whom free access was given, being rather too much of a good thing for most of us. But the nocturnal drama was kept on, and largely patronised; we stopped it, however, at about eleven o'clock, out of regard to

our own slumbers, but, I fear, to the great disgust of the throngs of people who came to make a night of it. In the evening we generally rode out, the king providing us with ponies, or elephants if we wished. In Burmah no one of consequence goes out without followers, and thus some half a dozen or more of us, with the same number of attendants, formed quite a respectable cavalcade. We saw most of the sights of Mandalay and the neighbourhood in this way, but the absence of decent roads out of the immediate precincts of the town, and the effects of the late rains upon the thick clay soil of the plains that surrounded Mandalay, restricted considerably the choice and variety of our rides. Besides, the thermometer marked about 90° during our stay—a state of things decidedly unfavourable to long hard rides. During the day, as may be supposed, this heat kept us close prisoners. But vendors of various wares were not slow to find us out and study our tastes. Silk pieces woven by the aforesaid Munnipoorians, marble images of Gaudama, erect and recumbent, artificial flowers and shrubs in pots, and precious stones, chiefly rubies and sapphires, were the goods most in request. The latter, it is said, were brought in surreptitiously, the king having a right to some dues on all sales. A new ruby mine had recently been discovered, much nearer Mandalay than that for which Upper Burmah has long been famous, but which no European but one, it is said, had ever visited. Most of us had to content ourselves with admiring and looking at the rubies and sapphires, or investing in the smaller and less valuable ones. Two magnificent sapphires were, however, secured by one of the party on what we may call favourable terms.

Mandalay itself and its sights must now have a word or two of description. The town consists of two parts, mural and extra-mural. The number of houses in both, according to the most probable estimate I could obtain, is about 8,000 or 9,000. We may, perhaps, take the entire population of the town and suburbs, which are extensive, at from 40,000 to 50,000. The walled part is a perfect square, about 2,000 yards each way, and surrounded by a wide ditch, the earth from which forms a mound about twenty feet high, which is faced on the outside with a battlemented brick wall. On each side there is a handsome gate of massive teak timber, protected by brick buttresses, on the inside of which the road passes. The great majority of the houses, both within and without the walls, are of mat and bamboo; here and there only brick buildings, generally the property of the Mogul and Chinese settlers, are to be found. In the principal streets there is in front of the houses an enclosure of bamboo lattice-work, nicely whitewashed, and gracefully festooned with creepers and climbing plants. A row of trees, principally tamarind, borders the streets on both sides, and adds greatly to the beauty of the town. The principal street is outside the walls, the Kala-dan, as it is called, or foreign quarter, inhabited chiefly by the Moguls, Armenians, and by the few European residents. Here is the Roman Catholic church, convent, and school, the only place of Christian worship of which the city as yet can boast. The Christians of this communion are chiefly the descendants of the Portuguese and other foreigners, who were brought up from the old town of Syriam, in Pegu, on its capture by the Burmese in 1613, and again in 1756. Very few converts have been made hitherto among the native inhabitants. The streets themselves are wide and symmetrical, but as yet unpaved, and hence full of ruts, and in many places almost impassable during the rains.

The palace, and what is contained in its enclosure, is decidedly the chief sight of Mandalay. It stands in the centre of the walled city, in an area surrounded by a high palisade of teak slabs, and with an extent of about 200 acres. The front, which faces the east, contains the reception-rooms and halls of audience, and over this rises the gradually ascending series of roofs, ending in a lofty pinnacle, by which royal and religious edifices are exclusively distinguished. At the back, towards the west, the private apartments stretch one behind the other further than we could see, for they are shut out by trees and intervening buildings. There is a certain grandeur and impressiveness in the rooms or halls to which we were admitted. In plan they are all the same, strikingly like the body of a church with nave and two side aisles. Magnificent teak posts, perfectly rounded and richly gilt, support the handsomely carved and coloured ceilings. All the more important government offices and establishments are located within the palace enclosure. Here is the mint (an institution of recent origin, and of which the Burmese seem particularly proud), the magazine and arsenal, the elephant stables, and the lofty belfry, which answers for the church clock of Mandalay, in which all the hours and quarters are struck by a soldier of the guard, who begins and ends his task by devout prostrations and reverence directed towards the palace.

But to us the most interesting of the palace sights were the private pleasure grounds or gardens, as they were called, which occupy the western side of the enclosure. These are very ingeniously laid out, so as to make the most of a small space. A perfect labyrinth of paths winds in and out through a shrubbery, or orchard-like plantation of fruit trees of various kinds, high enough to exclude the sun and afford a grateful shade. The trees are irrigated from an ornamental piece of water that intersects the ground in various directions, and is crossed by numerous rustic bridges. On the water are several barges and canoes, in which, we may imagine, the king and his ladies pass many agreeable hours. Here and there rise artificial hillocks, with rocks and ferns most naturally arranged on them, and winding paths leading to their top, and rude figures of native deer, and other animals of the forest; and stone seats at intervals have been constructed with considerable taste. These gardens seem the king's especial hobby and favourite haunt. All the more private and confidential interviews and conversations with the envoy took place in these out-of-door retreats. The king seemed especially pleased with a remark of Mrs. Fytche's about his gardens, which he told before the large assembly who were collected to witness the remarkable performance, by the maids of honour, which is described in the official narrative. Mrs. Fytche, it seems, having been interrogated as to her opinion of the gardens, had said they were pretty and peculiar, quite unlike any she had before seen. The version of the remark which the king gave us, and which of course so delighted him, was that never in England or elsewhere had this lady seen anything to equal his gardens in neatness and beauty.

Next to the palace, the pagodas and religious buildings, with their belongings and accompaniments, are the most interesting sights of Mandalay and its environs. About four miles to the south of the city stands the celebrated "Arracan Pagoda," a place of worship much frequented and highly venerated by the Burmese. The raised brick road that leads to it is lined for more than a mile with monastic buildings of all kinds, on which the highest skill of the country in carving

and gilding has been freely lavished. The place was crowded when I visited it. Frequent processions of worshippers in their gayest attire, and with the customary offerings, were coming and going, and from within the mingled sound of many chants and the ring of gongs struck upon the ear. Outside a busy traffic was going on at the long line of stalls, in flowers, tapers, flags, and other offerings. The object of all this veneration is a colossal brass image of Gaudama, said to be of great antiquity and of miraculous origin, which was brought from Arracan in several pieces across the mountains, in the year 1784. The image, which represents Gaudama in the usual sitting posture, is twelve feet high, and is placed on the "Rajah Talen," or throne-shaped seat, appropriated to royal and sacred personages.

On the other side of the river, nearly opposite Mandalay, is the unfinished but ruined commencement of the Mengoon Pagoda, the largest ever attempted to be built by the Burmese. The great earthquake in 1839 shattered the fabric from its base. This pagoda was commenced by the great-grandfather of the present king, and is said, as it stands, to be one of the largest masses of brickwork in the world. It measures, according to Yule, 460 feet at the base, and was intended to have been 500 feet high. A former envoy to the Burmese court, Captain Hiram Cox, was here when it was building, and describes the treasures deposited, after the Burmese custom, in the interior, to be of immense value. Here, too, is the great Burmese bell, next to that of Moscow the largest in the world. Its diameter is sixteen feet, height twelve feet, and the weight is estimated at ninety tons. Its supports were so much shaken by the earthquake that it was found necessary to prop it up at the sides, which of course prevents its sounding. There is another pagoda to the north-east of the city, in process of erection and adornment by the present king, which is remarkable for the marble tablets which are being placed round it, each in a neat, nicely whitewashed shrine of its own, on which the Betagat or Buddhist scriptures are being successively inscribed. This great idea—for when it is realised it will be the largest collection of inscriptions that is known—is due to the present king, who is eminently a pious man. The work is being done under the king's own supervision and inside the palace premises, where we saw the men busily employed at it. The total number of tablets required to complete the work is upwards of 700; of these there were about 400 put up at the time of our visit. The king's great wish is to live to see this pious labour completed.

Mandalay has another curious sight of a different nature, which we must not omit to notice, in its "hairy family," now in the third generation, and certainly one of the most extraordinary freaks of nature with mankind. The peculiarity consists in the face and most of the body being covered with long silky hair, which gives a most strange and inhuman expression to the features. The Burmese call them "monkey-men," and this exactly conveys the impression produced at first sight. There are at present three individuals in whom this peculiarity appears—a woman named Ma-phom, aged about forty-five years, and two of her three children, a boy eleven, and a girl eight years old. The mother and little girl were out when I visited them, collecting, I was told, the revenue which the king has assigned to them, in the shape of certain dues on articles sold in a neighbouring bazaar. The boy was certainly the strangest looking object in the shape of man I had ever seen; indeed, until he spoke, showing in what he said considerable intelligence, I felt sceptical as to his humanity. The ancestor of this extraordinary family, and, as far as is known, the first in whom this strange singularity appeared, was a native of the Shan states, who was brought to the Burmese capital in the early part of the present century, and who was seen and described by the British envoy, Mr. Crawfurd, in the year 1826. The wonderful boy whom I saw was an infant in arms at the time of Yule's visit, and was noticed by him as inheriting the family peculiarity. The absence of the back and eye teeth is another odd circumstance in this family; but whether it is in any way connected with their hairiness I leave to physiologists to determine.

We left Mandalay on the 27th of October, glad to have been there, and glad to leave it.

Our impressions of Upper Burmah and its inhabitants were most favourable. The natural resources of the country are unbounded, and the people intelligent, orderly, and easily governed. The population is doubtless thin, and lies chiefly along the valley of the Irrawaddy, and other rivers. In spite of this, however, the commerce of Upper Burmah would be large and important were it blessed with really free trade and good government. But that this is not the case a visit to Mandalay would convince the blindest admirer of native rule and institutions. The present king is universally allowed to be one of the best, if not the best, that the country has ever enjoyed. In personal character he is kind, amiable, just, and, according to his light, religious. His reign has been remarkable for the absence of any of those wild excesses and wanton cruelties that most of his predecessors indulged in. As a ruler, he is enlightened and liberal, very hard working and accessible. In many of his conversations with the envoy and his officers he showed great diplomatic skill, and a most creditable acquaintance with affairs of state and statistics relating to his dominions. He can make most courtier-like speeches, as when he told the envoy that he had long known and been favourably prepossessed with his personal appearance, through a photograph which he had had by him for many years, and had carefully preserved during the late disturbances, when many of his possessions had been lost or mislaid; or, as when he said that he wished to present him with what was of more value than gold cups and jewels—namely, a share in the merits of his good works (a thing not impossible with the Buddhist), especially of the hospitals and almshouses which he had erected for the aged and infirm. But with the present king's death it is hard to see how the country can be preserved from anarchy and civil war. It is one of the many evil consequences of polygamy in a hereditary absolute sovereign like the King of Burmah, that it raises up a vast multitude of aspirants to the throne, so that "a man's foes are eminently those of his own household." The palace at Mandalay, with its many queens, and families, and establishments, is a vast focus of intrigue, plot, and counterplot for the one great prize—succession to the throne and the rewards that follow it. So well does the king know this, that since the murder of his brother, the heir-apparent, in 1866, he has abstained from nominating a successor to the throne. To do so would be the signal for those princes and other followers who disliked or feared the person named, to plot against his life. If they did not destroy him, they would say—as was said by the author of the last rebellion—he will destroy us when he gets the power.

No occupant of the palace, from the king himself to the lowest of his courtiers, sits upon a bed of roses. The mine or counter-mine may be sprung at any moment beneath their feet, and no one spared who stands in the way of its contriver. It was very touching to hear that one of the nicest and most interesting of the queens had lately said she wished her child was dead, for she knew he would live on but to meet a cruel and violent end. It is only by the greatest vigilance on the part of the king and his ministers that such outbreaks as occurred in 1866 are prevented from continually taking place.

The conduct and demeanour of the several princes and their followers are narrowly watched, and not without reason. We had an instance, while we were there, of the insolence with which some of these gentlemen carry themselves, and of the dislike and jealousy with which their assumptions are regarded by the government. During the signing of the treaty in the Hlwotdan, or council chamber, one of our officers, who was strolling outside, was rudely pushed aside by a retainer of one of the king's sons, who was driving out of the palace at the time. The ministers at once assured us that summary punishment should overtake the offender, that the conduct of this particular prince and his followers had long been displeasing to the king and to themselves, and that now an example should be made of him. Their assurances were quite correct. The king was exceedingly angry at what had happened, and sent the culprit next day to the Residency to receive whatever punishment—death in any form included—we might like to award him. Our justice was, however, tempered with mercy: we let him off when he had been made duly sensible of the gravity of his offence, and of the consequences to which it might have led.

It seems, then, almost inevitable that sooner or later circumstances will arise which will compel us to annex Upper Burmah to our dominions in the East. But however this may be, certain it is that there are few portions of our Eastern Empire more important, and with a greater future before them, than our possessions in Burmah. Everything tends to the conclusion that before long a large and important portion of the trade of China with India and Europe will pass through Burmah, and be shipped at Burmese ports. It has now been established to a certainty that the western provinces of China, which border on Burmah and its tributary states, are among the richest and most productive of that wonderful country. A recent traveller, Mr. Cooper, whose letters have just been published in the *North China Herald*, places this fact beyond a doubt, and predicts the future path of this commerce taking this direction. A considerable caravan trade between China and Upper Burmah has long been in existence, although much interrupted of late years by internal disturbances in Western China. Previous to these disturbances, the favourite, because the shortest, route was by the town of Bhamo, on the Upper Irrawaddy, about 200 miles north of Mandalay. Here the Chinese frontier approaches the Irrawaddy within about sixty miles in a straight line, but a difficult mountain range intervenes, inhabited by a wild and treacherous race called Ka-Khigens. The temporary closing of this route did not, however, put a stop to this commerce, which found other outlets to the southward through the Shan states, *viâ* a town called Theinnee. In the winter of this year 20,000 mules reached Mandalay by this route.

Our Government has long been alive to the importance of these northern trade routes between China and Upper Burmah, and of the commerce of which they may become the channel. But nothing could be done in the way of sending a party to explore them without the countenance and co-operation of the Burmese Government. It was during our visit that the king for the first time expressed his willingness to give every assistance to such an expedition. In January last a party left Mandalay under the leadership of Captain Sladen; and though at first they met with sundry delays and difficulties, by the last accounts all was well, the Chinese frontier had been safely reached, and we shall soon doubtless be in possession of important and interesting information on the present state of these routes, the possibility of their improvement, and the prospects of the trade they may open up. But it is highly probable that the future commerce of China with British Burmah, and through it with the world, will not be confined to these old and now-existing channels. Thickly-peopled and fertile districts of China, and semi-Chinese countries, stretch far down to more southerly latitudes than Bhamo, and thus approach our eastern and north-eastern frontiers much more nearly. It is believed by many who have given the subject their best consideration, that our true commercial policy is to open communications by rail or by ordinary road with these nearer and more southerly regions. A project has been warmly and perseveringly advocated at home of a railway from Rangoon to Kian-Hung, a town on the borders of South China on the Cambodia River, a direct distance of about 450 miles from Rangoon, passing through the populous and productive states of the industrious and enterprising Shans. A survey of this route was ordered by Lord Salisbury (then Lord Cranbourne) during his too brief tenure of the Indian secretariat, and prosecuted as far as our own frontier, when it was unfortunately countermanded. From all we know of the country and people that would be made accessible by such a line, we may confidently predict it would be the outlet for a large and expanding commerce. But what we do not know as yet, and what this survey was intended to find out, is the physical character of the country through which it must pass, particularly in the latter half of its course from the Salween to the Cambodia River. If no serious obstacles are found to exist, the political and commercial reasons for carrying out this scheme are too weighty to be overlooked.

In little more than 200 miles from Rangoon this line would reach the Shan states, a country rich in natural resources, and inhabited by a numerous population, almost as industrious and fond of trade as the Chinese. Numbers of these people come every year during the dry season to Rangoon, Maulmein, and other places in British Burmah, bringing ponies, cattle, precious stones, lacquered ware, and a variety of manufactured articles, and taking away large and miscellaneous investments of European goods. Another 200 miles, and the Chinese frontier is struck, and no one who knows the ways and manners of this most wonderful race can doubt that they will flock as eagles to the carcass, taking their possessions with them, to the new emporium of commerce and seat of industry thus brought within their reach.

England's mission in this part of the East—the India beyond the Ganges of our older geographers—is but commencing. In many respects her task is easier, and her advantages greater than in her elder trust of the other India. She has to deal with populations less fanatical, less dissimilar, less numerous,

more simple and unprejudiced, with a milder and more tolerant religion, free from caste, from all cruel and impious rites, from fierce hatred and hostility to its rivals, and in its ethics almost Christian. She has the experience of the past to guide her—an experience often bitter and dearly purchased, but invaluable for her future guidance. Let us hope that her career in India, though not inglorious, will be eclipsed by that in Burmah—her success, though not inconsiderable, in civilising and evangelising the Hindoos, be surpassed by what she will achieve among the Buddhists.

Since the above was written, the expedition led by Captain Sladen has returned, having successfully accomplished the object in view—namely, that of ascertaining if there is a short, practicable, and easily improvable trade-route between Bhamo on the Upper Irrawaddy, and the Chinese province of Yunan. The furthest point reached by the expedition was the town of Momein, where they spent two months, and collected much valuable information about the part of China in which it is situated. Momein is described as a walled city of about one mile square, the surrounding country being thickly inhabited, and of great natural fertility and resources. There is no further room for doubt but that a very large and important commerce with China would at once be opened up by this route, were it not for these two obstacles :—First, that the Burmese Government is at heart entirely against it, and resorts to all kinds of means secretly to thwart and hinder it. Secondly, that the part of China penetrated by this route is the scene of a long and obstinate contest between the Panthay, or Mussulman population, and the Chinese Imperialists. It was thought at the time the expedition visited Momein, that the Mussulman insurgents had wrested the province permanently from the Imperial Government, and established themselves firmly in authority; but subsequent events seem to leave the issue of the struggle still uncertain. Let peace and order be re-established in these provinces, and let Burmese opposition and counter-working cease, and commercial intercourse on a large scale would immediately ensue, by this Bhamo route, between the south-west of China and the external world, *viâ* Rangoon and the Irrawaddy.

Journeyings in Mesopotamia.—III.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE INDIAN NAVY.

CHAPTER V.

DRESS AND CONDITION OF THE INHABITANTS OF BAGHDAD—THE CHALDEANS—THE KURDS—THE MILITARY CLASS AND GOVERNMENT OF BAGHDAD—THE TOMB OF ZOBIEDE—AKERKOUF—SEPHARVAIM—START FOR BABYLON.

REFORM among Asiatics in the matter of dress makes but slow progress; the present Sultan and the Pasha of Egypt, who have both so recently visited England, dress probably more according to European usage than any of their subjects. Your true Oriental is a strict conservative, and is content to encase his outer man in garments of the same cut as adorned his forefathers.

Less graceful than the flowing habiliments of the Arab, but still more becoming than our costume, is the dress of the Turkish part of the population of Baghdad. The short jacket, ample sash, and graceful turban still retain their places; the small "tarbush," with the close blue frock and trousers of the Europeans, which, by diminishing the figure, contrasts so disadvantageously with the old dress, is patronised only by the pashas and other public functionaries. The generality of Asiatic Turks continue to wear long beards and flowing garments, with heads covered; they also retain the ancient posture in sitting adopted by all Orientals, and affect the utmost simplicity, both in their household furniture and in their travelling equipage.

Turbans are rarely worn by the Osmanli Turks of Baghdad, the head being covered among them by the cloth cap, or "kaook," of a higher and more narrow form than that used at Constantinople, and is bound round in a peculiar way by gold-flowered muslin at the foot. In Baghdad, as elsewhere, notwithstanding all that is said of his tyranny in Crete and other subject provinces, the Turk is liked for his general amiability and *laissez aller* nature. Regarding the Turkish character, Chesney writes: "Although of a grave, phlegmatic, and even listless exterior, the Turk is remarkable for his gentleness towards children; and he makes no difference between them and his slaves or other servants. In addition to alms to the widow and the orphan, his generosity is frequently exercised in constructing khans, mosques, and fountains; trees and burial-grounds are his delight; and horses, dogs, cats, and pigeons share in his consideration. Scarcely anywhere else are birds so tame, and so much linked with mankind, as they are in Turkey; even children respect their nests; and it is not by any means uncommon to find tombstones on which, in addition to the sculptured devices indicating the vocation, and sometimes also the manner of the death of the deceased, a little basin has been hollowed out by the workmen, in which the smaller birds find a supply of water. These tombstones are usually beneath the shade of a cypress-tree or a rose-bush. In summing up his character, it may here be observed that truth, openness, and candour, contentment, and entire resignation to his lot, are qualities seldom denied by any one to the Turk. His memory is extraordinary, and his judgment generally sound; while the safety of travellers, as well as the attention commonly paid to them, sufficiently prove his fidelity and hospitality. Religion, such as it is, being founded upon the Koran, pervades almost every act of his life, and mixes with every occupation. Frequent prayer is universally practised, whether the individual be in the bath, the field, the coffee-house, or the mosque; and as alms are freely bestowed, abject poverty may be said to be scarcely known in the country. Amongst men of the higher class, the stranger meets with a

measured and distant, but a refined manner; and among all a ready attention to his personal wants. The chief inconvenience which he feels while in the country arises from the retardation of his progress, which is caused by the general indolence and procrastinating disposition of the people."

A stranger can have but little opportunity of forming a correct estimate of the condition of Turkish women, since the custom of excluding them from the society of men, which belongs to a period long antecedent to the introduction of Mohammedanism, is strictly followed, even to the extent of excluding them from public worship in the mosque. As they are allowed, however, to meet together in the baths, the cemeteries, and at country picnics, and also to visit each other, it is clear that they are not immured within four walls to the extent generally supposed. Of course this freedom does not apply to the harems of those wealthy enough to indulge in the luxury, or pay the penalty, of it—whichever phrase may be thought more appropriately to define the condition of the man who may be, according to the late Artemus Ward, "too much married."

Polygamy is the exception with persons of the middle and lower classes. As an example of this, it may be cited that the extensive city of Brusa, in Asia Minor, with a population of 70,000 souls, contained in 1830 but one individual who boasted the possession of more than one wife, and that was the Musellim, or Governor. Turkish ladies, when "they take their walks abroad," are enveloped in muslin dresses, and have only a portion of the face uncovered; at home they employ themselves in knitting, and plain needlework or embroidery.

The dress of the females of Baghdad is the same as that used by the natives of the country villages of Mesopotamia, the women of all classes being enveloped in a blue checked cloth, similar to what is worn by the lower orders in Egypt, and having the face covered by a piece of stiff black gauze.

The country women, who are seen in crowds in the markets, wear no such veils, but throw over their heads a checkered cotton cloth of red and yellow, exposing their faces to view with the exception of the mouth. As among the Bedouins of the Desert, these women have their lips stained blue, with lines and other marks on different parts of their faces; heavy bracelets and anklets are also worn by them, and the nose is either adorned by a large ring, or a solid flat circular piece of gold stuck in one nostril.

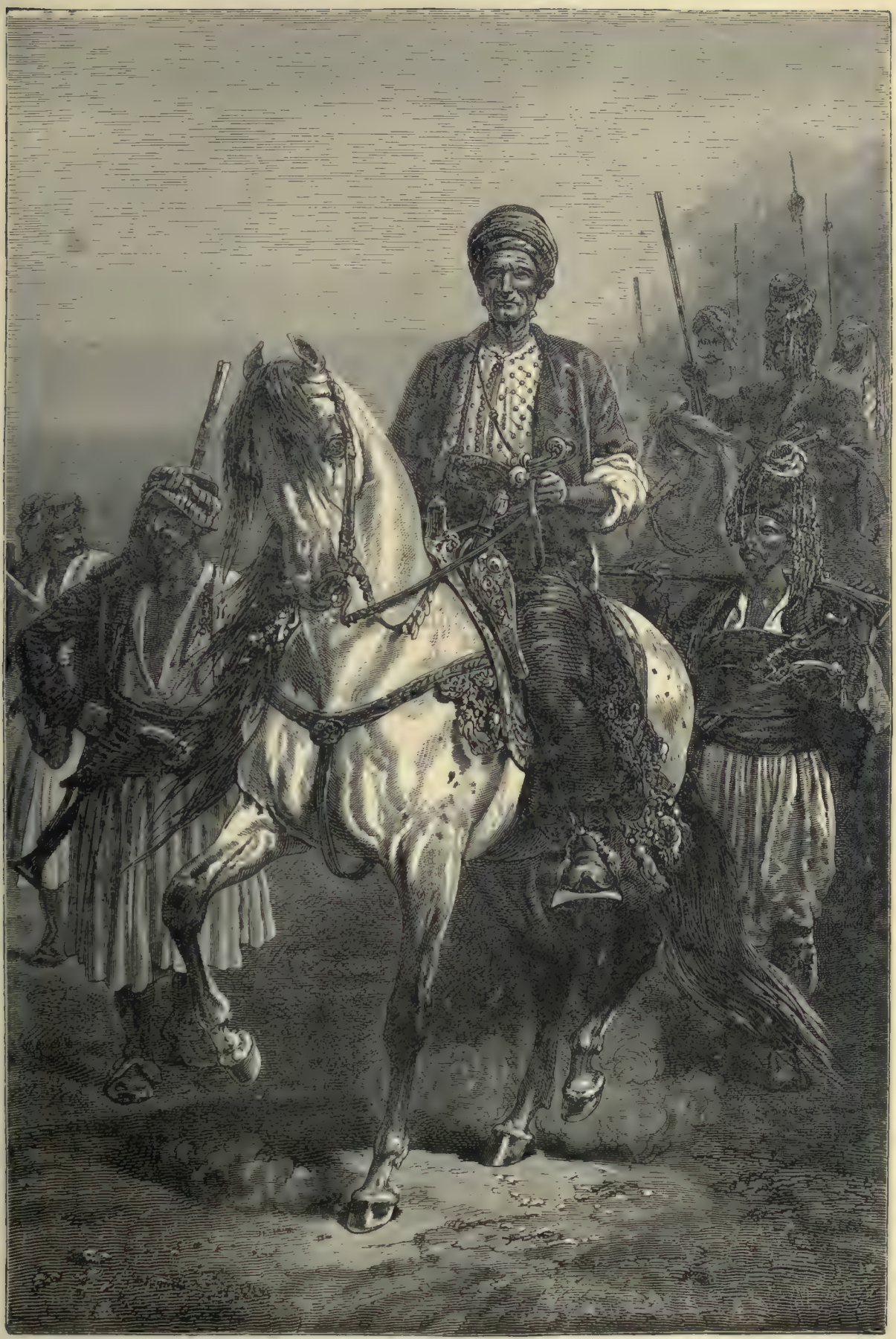
The costume of the merchants is Arab, the fabric being made up almost wholly of Indian cotton for the caftan, fine shalloons for the upper garments, and worked muslins for the waist and head. Nowhere are plain white turbans so general as at Baghdad; the very lowest of the Mohammedans wear them as a distinction of their faith. The Jews and Christians dress as elsewhere throughout Turkey, in dark robes, with Cashmere shawls, or blue muslin, for turbans. The Persians retain the costume of their own country, by which they may be easily distinguished from other nationalities; while the real desert Arabs are known by their "keffeah," or head-dress, their "abba," or large woollen cloak, and their curved "yambeah," or dagger of the Yemen shape.



GIRL OF BAGHDAD.

Before leaving the subject of the inhabitants of Mesopotamia, I must say something about the Kaldani, or Chaldeans, and a remarkable people called the Kurds, who may be seen gliding among the motley groups in the bazaars.

The Chaldeans inhabit a mountainous tract, stretching eastward of the district of Amadiyah, between Lake Van and the Taurus. According to their own account they were converted to Christianity by St. Thomas and two of the seventy disciples. By means of a rigidly enforced system of exclusion, they have preserved their freedom as a republic; their religious tenets and simple liturgy have also remained nearly unchanged since the introduction of Christianity. Almost every village has its priest and church of peculiar simplicity, in which a little before daylight, and fasting, the Kaldani of each sect assemble, on Sunday, for Divine worship. This is a vaulted building, without steeple or belfry, sometimes in front of a cave. Its interior walls are covered with printed calico, and it is without seats, images, pictures, or ornaments of any kind. The whole complement of the service consists of manuscript copies of the New Testament and liturgy, a brass cross, a small bell, a copper chalice and paten, with an incense chafing-



KARA FATIMA, THE KURDISH PRINCESS, AND HER SUITE.

dish. Having purified their hands in the smoke of frankincense issuing from the last-mentioned vessel, the priest, clothed in white trousers, a shirt, and a cotton surplice, administers to each individual the sacred elements of bread and wine. He then proceeds in Chaldee with the ritual, which concludes the service, and the people kiss the minister's hand as they retire to their dwellings. There is, besides, another sacrament—that of baptism. Fasts are frequently kept, and all kinds of meat are strictly prohibited to the clergy after ordination; but celibacy is not enjoined on the priests, bishops, or patriarch. The last dignity, with its temporal and spiritual power is hereditary.

The hardy life of these mountaineers has produced in them an open and erect bearing, so different from the sensuous, effeminate races of the plain. The Chaldean is courageous and revengeful abroad, though kind and hospitable at home. A constant state of warfare, or of preparation to resist attacks, has rendered him ferocious towards enemies, and even towards peaceable strangers; but the knowledge of Christianity, imperfect as it is in that country, has, notwithstanding this and other faults, made him superior to the Asiatics of the same class, who follow the Mohammedan creed. The women are neither masked with clothing like other Easterns, nor secluded from social intercourse. The diet of the people is almost entirely vegetable; their houses are scattered along the sides of the mountains, amidst groups of fruit and other trees, and are clean and commodious.

In the interior of the Chaldean country are terraces cultivated with rice or other grain, with a succession of deep, dark, wooded valleys, between high and rugged alpine ranges, which rise to the uplands, situated beyond the backbone of Kurdistan.

The Kurds, or more properly Kermanji, for the European name is unknown among them, are a very remarkable people. Nearly every male Kurd is mounted, and is armed generally with a gun and sabre, or pistols stuck in a showy vest; his dress usually consists of loose robes and stout leggings, while on his head he wears a gaudily striped turban, hanging loosely on one side in a fanciful manner. Occasionally he is to be seen with javelins about three feet nine inches long, which weapon he hurls with great dexterity; or else he is armed with a bow resembling that of the Turkomans, nearly six feet in length, and slung at his side ready for use, with a supply of arrows in a leather quiver at his back. In addition to the javelin and bow, the sling mentioned by Xenophon, in his Expedition of Cyrus, is still used in many parts of the country. The stones selected are rather large, and are thrown to a considerable distance from a leather case of suitable size, open at the sides, and having attached to it two strong cords. Of these three weapons, the javelin continues most in use; but even this, like the bow and the sling, is rapidly giving way to the firearms of civilised warfare.

The general elevation of Kurdistan, and the height of its mountain ranges, secure the province from the scorching heat to which the inhabitants of Mesopotamia are exposed in the very same latitude, whilst the valleys and long terraces on the sides of the mountains are clothed with the vine and other fruit trees, and yield crops of grain in abundance. The finest walnut trees, besides the ash, the oak, and the Oriental palm, grow in abundance in the forests. The honey, which is found in holes underground, or in hives made of mud, is remarkably fine in quality and plentiful in quantity. Besides this article of export, the valleys produce silk, cotton, Indian corn, and other products. But the most remarkable production of Kurdistan is the celebrated vegetable known here by the name of manna, which, in Turkish, is called the Divine sweetmeat. Chesney says it is found on the leaves of the dwarf oak, and also, though less plentifully, and scarcely so good, on those of the tamarisk, and several other plants, and appears to be more esteemed than the tree manna. It is collected chiefly at two periods of the year—first, in the early part of spring, and again towards the end of autumn. In collecting manna, the people go out before sunrise, and having placed cloths under the oak, larch, tamarisk, and several other kinds of shrubs, the manna is shaken down in such quantities from the branches as to give a supply for the market. The Kurds not only eat manna in its natural state, as they do bread or dates, but their women make it into a kind of paste; being in this state like honey, it is added to other ingredients used in preparing sweetmeats, which in some shape or other are found in every house in the East. The manna, when partially cleaned, is carried to the market at Mosul, in goatskins, and there sold in lumps, at the rate of $4\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. for about $2\frac{1}{2}$d. But for family consumption, or to send to a distance out of the country, it is first thoroughly cleaned from the fragments of leaves and other foreign matter by boiling. In the natural state, it is described as being of a delicate white colour. It is also still, as in the time of the Israelites, like coriander seed (Numb. xi. 7), and of a moderate but agreeable sweetness.

The Kurdish women are allowed greater licence than among most Eastern communities. They do not enshroud themselves with apparel to the same extent, nor do they keep so much to themselves as do Oriental ladies in general. Cooking and other domestic duties devolve upon them, but in the evening they join the guests and the rest of the family round the large wood fire blazing on the hearth.

There are many different tribes in Kurdistan: these are generally divided into small chieftainships, forming separate patriarchal governments, under an hereditary chief, called Dereh Beg (Lord of the Valley). The rent-charges drawn by the local chieftains from the people are on a moderate scale, and the taxes paid to the Sultan do not appear to be by any means excessive.

Kara Fatima (Fatima the Black), whose veritable portrait we have here, is a Kurdish princess—that is to say, she is chief of a clan of some importance in Kurdistan. She and her followers created a great sensation in Constantinople at the time of the Crimean war, with their gay dresses and damascened arms, and the princess herself was the lion, or rather lioness, of the day at Stamboul.

The government of Baghdad is in the hands of a Pasha of "three tails," assisted by a council. From the first, Turkey allowed her conquered provinces to retain a number of their ancient customs, and the conquerors made the rulers whom they placed over them nearly independent of one another, as they had been under the reigns of the ancient Persian monarchs. This kind of government exists at the present time, the rulers being, as in Europe during the middle ages, so many military despots, of whom the Sultan is the chief. As regards this latter potentate, his power, except a few restrictions imposed upon him by the Koran, is absolute; though within the last few years, and notably since his visit to England in 1867, the present

ruler in Turkey has shown a laudable disposition to incline towards the mode of government in force in constitutional monarchies. Regarding the gradation of rulers, below the Pasha is the Mutesellim or simple Governor, then the Agha, and lastly, the Delibashi, or head of the village; while in each district or town there is a Kadi, who administers justice in his court, though this commodity is usually for sale to the highest bidder, for bribery is universal in the administration of the law. Among the Arabs, in the rural districts of Mesopotamia, the government is conducted on the patriarchal system, the Sheikh being supreme. The choice of the Governor of Baghdad, though nominally in the hands of the Sultan, was for some centuries, and until their treacherous destruction by Mehemet Ali in 1811, in the gift of the Mamlouks, supported by the popular voice. A Divan or Council sits in the Pasha's palace once a week; it consists of the great officers of state and the heads of departments, who deliberate on affairs of general moment, while matters of detail are conducted by the individual members of the government. The audience hall in the palace, to which alone strangers can gain admittance, is gaudily decorated with crimson cushions and hangings, and the richest carpets, while the ceiling and sides are ornamented with a profusion of gilded and carved wood-work.

The revenue of Mesopotamia is about twelve and a half million dollars, and as the inferior government establishments at Mosul, Koornah, Hillah, and other places are chiefly maintained by local contributions, the disbursements are confined almost exclusively to Baghdad itself. These consist of the expenses of the Pasha, his followers, presents, salaries of state officers, the maintenance of about 5,000 regular troops, organised after the European fashion, and finally, the fixed revenue paid to the Sultan. This does not include considerable sums of money secretly distributed among the Arab Sheikhs, in order to secure their allegiance and support in the event of trouble arising, when, like feudal lieges, they are expected to march their armed followers to the assistance of their suzerain. It is understood that in this way nearly 100,000 men may be assembled on due notice being given, provided always the payments to the Sheikhs are not in arrear.

I made several excursions in the neighbourhood of Baghdad. One day I joined a party on a visit to the tomb of Zobeide. We left the city by the gate called the Bab él Jisser and crossed the bridge of boats. Passing from thence through a line of streets and bazaars on the west bank of the Tigris, we came to one of the principal hospitals of Dervishes. This presented nothing remarkable in appearance beyond the lofty Gothic arch of the front, and an inscription on each side of it executed in high-relief on an ornamental ground. After passing this we soon arrived at the tomb of Zobeide. Its appearance was somewhat disappointing, for we had been conjuring up romantic associations of the Caliph Haroun el Raschid and his lovely spouse, Zobeide, as related in those ever delightful "Tales of the Thousand and One Nights," and we quite expected to find a casket worthy of the jewel enshrined therein; for my readers will remember what an amiable and virtuous lady was the consort of the great Caliph. The tomb was erected by his second son, Abdallah, about A.D. 831, and is built in the midst of an extensive cemetery. It consists of an octagonal base with a porch before it, the whole being about thirty feet in diameter. The structure is capped with a high and pointed dome, or rather cone, very much resembling a pine-apple, and rising to an altitude of sixty or seventy feet.

The entrance from the outer porch into the interior of the building is through an arched doorway, over which is an inscription of modern date, copied by Niebuhr, and given by him as recording that in the year 1131 of the Hegira, Hussan Pasha had buried by the side of the celebrated Zobeide his deceased wife, Ayesha, the daughter of one Mustapha Pasha, and that he had on that occasion repaired the edifice, and built near it some accommodation for Dervishes, or poor wayfarers of the orthodox faith. There are three tombs in the building, erected side by side, and all in a very dilapidated state. Opposite the door is a fragment of an old Arabic inscription, executed in coarse enamel on tiles, many of which have disappeared. The inner surface of the sugar-loaf dome is covered with arched niches, which form the Arabic frieze. There are also two small windows facing each other near the commencement of the dome, and which, as well as a false doorway under the enamelled inscription, are constructed with pointed arches, though the entrance itself has the peculiarity of a flattened arch.

On the whole, our visit to the tomb of Zobeide was disappointing, but we were amply repaid by a trip we made to Akerkouf. After crossing the Tigris, we mounted some high-mettled Arab horses, and after a brisk ride across the desert in a westerly direction, came in sight of the ancient ruin. Though appearing to be quite close to Baghdad, from the fact of its being situated on a level plain, this vast mass of building was found to be a good twelve miles distant, with a compass bearing of W. by N. ½ N. Extending to a considerable distance around this colossal mound, called by the Arabs Akari Nimroud and Akari Babél, may be traced the ruins of a city of which this mound, like those of Babél and Erech, was, according to Ainsworth's "Assyria," the high altar; the name as well as the primitive construction of the pyramid serves, in Chesney's view, to identify the ruins as those of Accad, Nimrod's third city, as mentioned in the Bible. Around the ruin itself, in different directions, but more particularly on the south and west, are long mounds and smaller heaps, evidently amassed from the wreck of former buildings, strewed over with burnt and unburnt bricks, and plain and glazed pottery. As no stone is found in Mesopotamia, the remains of these ancient cities, including Babylon, form merely a wilderness of bricks. Sufficient vestiges are found in the neighbourhood of this Tower of Nimroud, to prove that in all likelihood a very extensive city once existed round its base. The word Akerkouf may be traced to Arabic etymology, and would signify, "The place of him who rebelled against God." This, as applied to the popular tradition of Nimrod's rebellion against the Almighty, and of the ruin of Akerkouf being his place after death, would sufficiently accord with the supposition of its being a royal sepulchre. It is called by the Turks Nimroud Tepessy, which also signifies the "mound," not tower, as is generally supposed, of "the mighty hunter."

Akerkouf, or Nimrod's Palace, is a shapeless mass of brick-work rising from a broad base, now so worn away as to be a mere heap of rubbish. The height of the whole is estimated by Mr. Rich to be 126 English feet; the diameter of the largest part is given as 100 feet; the circumference of the lower part of the brick-work, which is much above the real base, at 300 feet.

The bricks are 11¼ inches square by four deep, placed with much regularity; the layers of reeds which break the continuity of the bricks are usually placed after seven rows of the latter are piled on one another—that is, at intervals of about two feet four inches, or occasionally a little more; and the reeds forming these divisions are composed of three layers, which together form a depth of about 1½ inches. These layers are so arranged that they cross one another; the upper and lower ones being in parallel positions, and the centre one at right angles to both.

It is impossible to form a correct idea as to the precise kind of edifice of which it formed a part. Among travellers, conjecture has always run wild on this point, and it is not surprising considering the shapelessness of the mass. It has been supposed to be the remains of the Tower of Babel; but, as Niebuhr well observes, in his "Voyage en Arabie," that structure was, no doubt, in the neighbourhood of the Euphrates, whereas this is not far from the banks of the Tigris. That eminent traveller seems himself to have been of opinion that it was an elevation on which one of the early Caliphs of Baghdad, or even one of the Persian sovereigns, who resided at El Modain, might have had a country house built, to enjoy, from such a height, the luxury of cool and fresh air. But this is somewhat improbable, as the materials and style of the building have induced most of those who have seen it to pronounce it of the Babylonian age.



LADY OF BAGHDAD.

A canal once passed close to the eastward of Akerkouf; but it is now lost in the neighbouring swamp, presenting a dry bed of great magnitude. It is considered to have been the remains of the canal of Isa, which is represented by Major Rennell as connecting the Tigris with the Euphrates, at a part where these rivers approach each other, from the old Baghdad on the east, over to Felugia on the west, where the battle of Cunaxa was fought between Cyrus the Younger and Artaxerxes in the year 401 before the Christian era. Mignan, however, traced this canal, and found that it discharged itself into the Tigris four miles *below* Baghdad, a circumstance which he considers refutes its identity with the canal of Isa, which flowed north and south. This canal doubtless performed the double duty of irrigating the surrounding country, and supplying the inhabitants with fresh water from the Tigris. It is a curious fact that though Akerkouf and the Babylonian mounds are constructed with bricks of a similar character, yet the former are not marked with the well-known arrow-headed or Babylonian inscriptions. Between Akerkouf and Baghdad is a village containing a magnificent mosque, which we visited on our return journey. It is that of the Imaum Moosa el Kadeen, and presents a gay appearance, with its gilded domes and minarets sparkling in the sunlight. The mosque is a large building, occupying the centre of a spacious court, surrounded by a high and well-built wall. Its most striking features are the two domes and four lofty minarets, the latter highly ornamented with coloured tiles covered with gold. This mosque contains the tomb of one of the early martyrs of the Sheeah sect of Mohammedanism, who was executed in A.H. 185, for entertaining in his house the persecuted partisans of Ali. It is a great resort for the pilgrims of the Sheeah sect (chiefly Persians), and is considered inferior in sanctity only to the tombs of their leaders at Mesjed Hussein and Mesjed Ali, in the desert south-west of Hillah.

We encountered numbers of devotees about the village, nearly all of them being pilgrims from distant cities. After a cup of coffee at one of the little coffee-houses, we rode back to Baghdad, where we arrived about sunset.

Ancient as is the building of Akerkouf, there are some ruins in Mesopotamia which boast a still greater antiquity. I speak of those of Sippara, or Sepharvaim, the "city of the sun," distant about twenty miles from Babylon, and near Moseyb. The site of the city is matter for conjecture, but there is ground for believing that it originally stood on the ruins to which I have referred, now called Towaibeh, and situated on the El Muten, the old stream of the Euphrates; this channel, which is also called El Khoor, may be traced with its various twists or bends towards Babel, near which it seems to rejoin the Euphrates. Towaibeh is close to the eastward of the road between Baghdad and Hillah, and forms, with its tall, solid tower of sun-dried bricks, a very striking object to the eye of the traveller. On the ruins to the north-

westward of the tower (the word Towaibeh is derived from the Turkish word Tabeah, meaning tower) are two round knobs, which have the exact appearance of a porch or entrance to the building itself. There are very extensive but low ruins all about the supposed site of the ancient Sepharvaim; the plain to the eastward is covered for miles with *débris* of glass and pottery, in the greatest profusion.

After visiting the various places of interest in the neighbourhood of Baghdad, a journey to the site of ancient Babylon was projected, and a party was formed with that object. I had thoroughly enjoyed my stay in Baghdad, thanks to the hospitality, not only of the resident, Captain K——, but of other friends, English and Armenian.

Our travelling party was composed of three members—an officer of the *Comet*, who was to rejoin his vessel at Marghill, a young English merchant, and myself, with two guides and our servants, numbering in all, inclusive of baggage-animal drivers, twelve souls. At length our preparations were completed, and having bidden my Baghdad friends farewell (for I was not to return to the city), we set out on our journey.

A Summer Trip up the River Amoor.

BY RONALD BRIDGETT.

By a treaty with China in 1860 the Russian Government obtained possession of all the country lying to the north of the river Amoor, in Eastern Siberia, and both immediately before and since that time, settlements have been made along the whole course of the stream. During the summer months, steam communication is kept up between Strétensk, on the tributary stream known as the Shilka, in Trans-Baikâlia, and Nicolaievsk on the Pacific, a distance of 2,000 miles of uninterrupted navigation. The ice breaks up in the month of April, and moves away down stream with great uproar, at the rate of about twenty miles a day. The river remains open till ice begins again to form in the middle of October, and when sufficiently firm, a sledge track follows the course of the stream, post stations being established at intervals of fifteen to thirty miles; and, provided with the customary government order, a traveller can ordinarily obtain horses, though sometimes on the lower part of the river he has to content himself with a Gilyack sledge and a team of dogs. Not long since the journey from Nicolaievsk to St. Petersburg, was made by a government courier in thirty days, travelling uninterruptedly; the winter post, however, usually occupies fifty to fifty-five days in transit. In summer the steamers ascend the river in about thirty days, and descend in half that time, anchoring during each night.

The approach to Nicolaievsk, at the mouth of the river, is through the intricate navigation of the Leman, or head waters of the Gulf of Tartary, and when first seen, the town, with the shingle roofs of its houses, coloured red or green, presents a somewhat gay appearance. This is the principal place on the river, and numbers about 5,000 inhabitants, consisting chiefly of military and convicts, many of the latter being sentenced to long terms of penal servitude for murder and other crimes. While I was there, in August, 1867, one steamer brought a batch of twelve women, convicted of murdering their husbands, a crime possibly rendered more frequent in Russia, on account of the laws of the Russo-Greek church not sanctioning divorce, and there being, in consequence, no other way of getting rid of an objectionable husband.

The houses are single-storied and built of wood, with double windows to exclude the cold, which, during the seven months' winter, is very severe. The streets are wide, with a wooden plank-way on one side, raised above the road, and present a very deserted appearance. The town can boast of a public library and reading room, well provided with Russian and other newspapers, also a club, where balls and amateur concerts are held. There is also a public garden, or more properly an enclosure overgrown with weeds, where a military band performs in the summer evenings. The church, as in all Russian towns, is a prominent object, and on the outskirts of the town, among the stumps of trees left on the forest-land, cleared for firewood, is a cemetery. The river here is about a mile wide, and on the opposite shore rise lofty cliffs covered with pine trees.

Nicolaievsk is a naval station; vessels drawing less than twelve feet of water can come up to the town, but those of heavier burden have to discharge their cargoes into lighters at De Castries Bay, a fine harbour 120 miles to the south; to this place there is a telegraph wire, and thence proceeding inland and following the course of the rivers Amoor and Usurí, it is extended to Vladiovostock, the most southern Russian settlement on the coast of Manchuria.

We quitted Nicolaievsk in the month of August, in a steamer the size of a Thames Gravesend boat, and ascending the stream, which here flows from the south, we passed for two days through hilly country with woods and occasional islands, and reached the village of Mariensk, from which a road extends to De Castries Bay, crossing the isthmus of land which divides the river from the coast. A few hours above Mariensk is Sofiensk, another small village, occupied by two companies of soldiers. After shipping a supply of wood, and purchasing and killing a bullock for the consumption of those on board, the steamer proceeded, and next day but one reached the village of Gorin, with a small villa-like church, with a shining globe on the summit. Having embarked the mail, we steamed on under wooded hills, rising from the water's edge, and next day reached the small village of Margai, on the right bank, just under a bold promontory. Here the mountains recede from the bank, and the river widens to some six or eight miles, and divides into numerous channels with long low islands of an uninteresting character, fringed with willows. Another day or two's steaming brought us to Khabarofka, shortly before reaching which place the river contracts, and pleasant wooded hills rise on the right bank.

The Russian peasants occupying the villages on this part of the river grow grain for their own maintenance, and feed a few bullocks on the hay obtained in summer from the water meadows on the banks of the river, but appear far from prosperous. The usual accompaniments to village life, of barking dogs, bare-headed and bare-legged children are to be seen, and—while the steamer remains to embark fire-wood—fowls, milk, eggs, wild strawberries and raspberries, potatoes, cucumbers, &c., are brought for sale. The houses are mere log huts, ranged at equal distances along the river bank. In the principal apartment, which ordinarily serves for bed and sitting-room, a large brick stove fills one corner, and, the better to enjoy the warmth, the family sleep on the top of the stove, close under the ceiling. Besides the Russians, the only inhabitants to be seen are a few Gilyacks and Goldi, who live by fishing and hunting.

In summer mosquitoes abound in the woods along the river bank, and it is no exaggeration to say they may be swept off the face and hands by the dozen. Persons engaged in government surveying and telegraph work are sometimes obliged to wear a kind of helmet, with gauze netting of horse-hair, covering the face, to guard against the attacks of these troublesome insects. There are no roads, and the river forms the only highway. Bush fires are very frequent in summer, and in many places the country was enveloped in dense clouds of smoke.

Khabarofka, 614 miles from Nicolaievsk, from its situation at the junction of the river Usurí, which flows from Manchuria in the south, is probably destined to become of some importance as a place of trade. At present it consists of a cluster of wooden houses on the high bank of the river, barracks occupied by a battalion of infantry, and a few Russian and Manchurian store-keepers, who keep a supply of miscellaneous articles suitable to the requirements of the settlers on the river. On the top of the cliff and looking down on the river is a public garden, having a very neglected appearance.

The telegraph wire from Nicolaievsk here branches off, and follows the course of the river Usurí to Vladiovostock, on the Manchurian coast, and communication is also maintained by the line of Cossack posts on this river, which forms part of the eastern boundary of the Chinese empire.

For some days after leaving Khabarofka the river banks are flat, the country uninteresting, and the stream divides into numerous channels, separated by long low islands. The mouth of the river Sungari, flowing from the south, is passed, and having reached the village of Ekaterin-Nicolski, consisting of a line of log huts extending half a mile along the river bank, occupied by Cossack soldiers, the passage of the Hinghan mountains commences. The stream is very rapid, and narrows to about a quarter of a mile in width, and the scenery changes its character entirely. On either hand hills, 1,000 to 1,500 feet in height, rise precipitously from the water's edge, covered with mountain oak, birch and fir trees, while occasional valleys open out and add to the beauty of the scene.

The passage of the Hinghan, extending for about fifty miles, occupied two days, owing to the strength of the current, as with a string of barges and Manchu boats in tow we could barely make headway. The only habitation visible was a lonely post-house until reaching the village of Raddé, which is opposite to a lofty cliff, on which some enterprising man has erected a wooden cross. Here the high wooded banks cease, the river widens, and a fine extent of country opens, with swelling woodland interspersed with park-like patches of grass. This continues for several days, and the face of the country becomes not unlike our English downs.

There is considerable cultivation of grain at the Russian villages, which occur on the left bank at every thirty to fifty miles. In one of these, while anchoring during the night, some of us "assisted" at a Cossack dance, held in a small low room, filled to suffocation with peasants of both sexes, whom we plied well with refreshment. Selecting partners, we, as guests, opened the dance to the accompaniment of the band, consisting of three violins, and a very shrill chant in which all joined. This was followed by several male *pas seuls*, which for energy and grotesqueness were unrivalled, and, if seen on the stage of certain places of amusement in London, in the present state of the public taste, would have been rapturously applauded.

Before reaching the river Dsaya, which falls in from the north, we passed the Manchu town of Aigun, which, with the exception of the occasional huts of the Goldi, was the first sign of habitation on the right or Chinese shore since quitting Khabarofka, a distance of 570 miles. The town is of some size, but consists almost entirely of mud huts, and presents a wretched appearance. A few joss-houses or temples were noticeable, and there were a dozen gaily-painted junks, constituting the Chinese fleet in this part of the world, but they did not appear to be in commission.

Fifteen miles above Aigun, at the junction of the river Dsaya with the Amoor, in long. 137 degrees, is the town of Blagovéstchensk (*Anglice*, Annunciation), the residence of the governor of the district of the Amoor, and the principal place on the river with the exception of Nicolaievsk. It consists of two main streets running parallel to the river bank, the houses rather wide apart and built of logs. The house of the governor, the only one of any pretension, faces an open square; at the back, along the river bank, there is a public garden or esplanade. A considerable number of troops are quartered here, and for their use is an open gymnasium, in which they can practice the scaling of walls and earthworks. The country round is without a tree, but many cattle are grazed in the neighbourhood during the summer, which though short, is sufficiently warm to allow melons to ripen out of doors. We stayed here a few days, in quarters allotted by the governor; and though only the middle of September, the weather, which had been getting colder, became quite wintry, with sharp frosts.

Immediately opposite the town is the village of Saghalien, where the Manchu traders reside, as the authorities do not allow them to remain at night on the Russian side. They bring for sale flour, cattle, tobacco, &c., in return for European goods, hard roubles, and Mexican dollars, which latter are sent south to Tsitsikar, a large town 100 miles distant, and melted into what English merchants in China call *shoes* of silver or sycee. Several stores we visited contained a miscellaneous assortment of European articles, in addition to Chinese felt mats, pipes, crockery, fire crackers, skins, and articles of clothing. The house of one merchant was very comfortably constructed, and the room in which he entertained us with tea made with the Russian urn or "somovár," although entirely glazed on two sides, was said to be quite warm during the severest winter, as along one side ran a platform about two feet from the ground, underneath which passed the smoke from

a stove. The platform was covered with a thick carpet, and formed the couch at night.

Along the river Dsaya, which here joins the Amoor, are numerous settlers from Russia Proper, many of whom have left their homes in consequence of religious persecution. The ground in cultivation produces rich crops of grain, and supplies are being drawn by the government from this quarter to supply less favoured colonies on the Amoor, which, on their first establishment, were dependent on sea-borne provisions from the Baltic, and, more recently, received supplies from Trans-Baikâlia.

Quitting Blagovéstchensk in a steamer of lighter draught of water, the decks crowded with a number of time-expired soldiers returning to their homes, and towing a boat-load of convicts astern, we continued our onward course. For two days we passed between hills, rising 300 and 400 feet from the water's edge, covered with fern, stunted oak and birch trees, and presenting every imaginable tint of autumn, from the brightest yellow to the richest crimson, a bold rock here and there changing the character of the scene. A remarkable one, near the village of Kamâra, was passed on the second day, standing isolated, and with dark face rising quite a thousand feet precipitously from the water's edge. The stream is here very tortuous, and after pursuing a course of twenty miles returns to within half a mile of the same place, a high hill intervening. Two hundred miles from Blagovéstchensk, we pass the so-called White Mountains, a line of chalk cliffs extending for four miles along the river bank, and thence to Albazin. The character of the scenery for several days is very interesting, wooded hills rising now on one side and now on the other.

We saw immense quantities of wild fowl, but the noise of our steamer made them rise before they were within gun-shot. That royal fish, the sturgeon, is caught in this part of the river, and fresh caviare was added to our unchanging diet of beef. Large game is found in abundance, and the villagers attack the bear single-handed on foot. At one village where we stopped to take on board a supply of wood were some individuals of the native tribe called Aronchonee, who wander about this part of the country. We entered one of their tents, which are made of birch bark with an opening at the top to afford an outlet for the smoke of the fire, and found it occupied by two old crones with high cheek bones, flat noses, and eyes wide apart. The males of their party were away in the woods hunting for sable. In winter, these people still live in their tents of birch bark, but cover them with deer skins.

Albazin is a village of some importance, and, except in the most modern maps, is marked as *the ruins of Albazin*. The ruins, however, consist only of a few earthworks, which formed an advanced post of the Russians two centuries ago, and, defended by only a handful of Cossacks, held out for a long time against an army of Chinese. It was subsequently relinquished, and not re-occupied till General Mouravieff, on his trip down the river in 1858, selected it as a settlement, with better judgment than he displayed in other instances, as many sites for villages were selected haphazard, and have since been relinquished, owing to exposure to floods and other causes. In the summer of 1867 a great influx of miners and others took place to Albazin, owing to the discovery of gold in the neighbourhood, and workings on an extensive scale were undertaken by a rich capitalist of St. Petersburg. In the village we noticed a herd of reindeer, with noble antlers, grazing very quietly in an enclosure.

Two days' steaming from Albazin brought us to the junction of the rivers *Shilka* and *Argun*, which unite to form the Amoor; and, ascending the first-named stream, which is about as wide as the Thames at London, but very shallow in places, we passed for 120 miles through the Little Hinghan mountains. The scenery is very grand; lofty hills, covered with dense pine forests, rise from the water's edge, while here and there a limestone cliff presents an abrupt face. In general character it reminds one much of the Danube between Passau and Linz, with the exception that there are no ruined castles on the heights. The only habitations consist of seven solitary post-houses.

Hereabouts we met some rafts taking cattle down stream; also one or two parties of emigrants afloat, with all their goods and chattels, carts, horses, &c. Many of these people come from the southern provinces of Russia, and from the borders of the Caspian Sea, and occupy from twelve to eighteen months on the journey.

After passing the village of Gorbitza, the mountains recede from the river bank, and we enter the province of Trans-Baikâlia. The country generally has a more settled appearance, and the habitations are not confined to the river bank.

From Shilka to Strétensk rise swelling hills partly covered with pine and white birch, and showing considerable cultivation. Although October had commenced, the harvest was still standing in the fields, and in places only partly cut. Frosts had commenced, and the first fall of snow would allow the peasants to house their crops on sledges—a labour-saving process.

Although steamers can proceed higher up the river, to Nerchinsk, and sometimes even to Chetah, 100 miles distant, Strétensk is considered the head of the navigation, as here the carriage-road to Russia commences. Having hauled alongside the small jetty, the captain of our steamer, being an officer of the Imperial Navy, went ashore in full uniform to report himself to the governor, while the passengers found their way to a so-called hotel, finding there somewhat worse accommodation than at an ordinary staging bungalow in India.

Strétensk is on the right bank of the river, and consists only of a number of log-houses, with barracks for soldiers, and a convict establishment; the church, as usual, is the most prominent object. Hills covered with white birch rise gently at the back of the town, and two miles up-stream is the "port," with dry dock, work-shops, and all needful appliances for the construction and repair of steamers and barges navigating the river. The whole is under the superintendence of an Englishman, who seemed reconciled to his isolated position.

The few European articles required find their way here partly by the long land journey through Siberia, and partly by water conveyance from the seaboard; and as an instance of the thereby enhanced cost, loaf-sugar was selling at an equivalent of 3s. per pound, and English bottled porter at 4s. 6d. per bottle, and other articles in proportion.

Having thus attempted a sketch of the country through which passes the noble river Amoor, it only remains for me to add that the enthusiastic ideas once formed of its capabilities are scarcely borne out by facts. Excepting, however, the drawbacks presented by the long winter, and the great distance from the centres of redundant population in Europe, there would appear to be no great reason why the country should not offer at some future time as desirable a place for settlement as Canada.

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.—VIII.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

BOUND FOR MAGDALA.

We all thought that King Theodore intended us to remain at Gaffat during the rainy season, and began to furnish our houses as comfortably as we could. He paid a few visits to Mr. Rassam, was always cordial and conciliatory, and seemed to wish to render us, during our stay with him, as happy as possible. Mashesha, the Nagareet-Agafâree, came with a number of his myrmidons, to build a hedge round our houses, which is always done when a permanent stay at any place is intended, in order to keep off hyænas and beggars. But the next day a messenger arrived from the king at a very early hour, and said that as his Majesty was going to hold a trial that day, he wished Mr. Rassam and his companions, the consul and the missionaries, and any other gentlemen of our party, to come and be present at it. Off we started, directly after breakfast, with some misgivings in our hearts, it is true, but still not thinking there was anything very serious coming. Our party consisted of Mr. Rassam, Dr. Blanc, and myself, Consul Cameron, the Rev. Mr. Stern and Mr. Rosenthal (missionaries), and Mr. Kerans, who was the supplementary "gentleman." On arrival, we found the large court-yard almost deserted, and we were not saluted by the usual inquiries after



AN ABYSSINIAN HORSEMAN.



ABYSSINIAN WARFARE.

our health, but were ushered in silence into a large *mâk* tent, where we sat down on some carpets, quite at a loss to guess what our new crime might be. Aïto Samuel and the artisans, who had accompanied us from Gaffat, were next summoned to the king, and presently returned, with old Kantiba Haïlu and an Afa-Negoos, and a string of the most wonderful charges. The principal one was, as far as I remember, to the effect that the king's enemies, the Turks, were constructing a railway from Massáwa to Kássala, or from Kássala to Matamma, with money borrowed from the French and English, for the purpose of pouring troops into Abyssinia. "Such being the case," quoth the king through his mouth-pieces, "and as you must have seen the railway when you passed through Kássala a few months ago, it was your duty, as my friend, to have informed me of it. Why did you not do so?" What could one answer to this charge, and a dozen like it? Cameron, Stern, Rosenthal were all arraigned again for their special crimes, and had to make the usual excuses. The upshot of it was, that our arms were all seized a second time (and never again returned), "Since," said his Majesty, "I know it is the custom for you English to commit suicide when you are in trouble;" and we were moreover told, in very plain terms, that the king could not trust us out of his sight again, and that we were in the future to remain close to him wherever he went.

Dr. Blanc was presently allowed to return to Gaffat to see a patient of his, and remained there with the king's permission; Mr. Rosenthal also obtained leave, a day or two afterwards, to reside there with his wife. The rest of us spent a weary week in that black tent, although Theodore soon relaxed his severity, and allowed us now and then to spend the day with our friends at Gaffat. One evening he ordered his tame lions to be turned loose in the plain below, and invited us to come out and watch their gambols; and he also allowed Mr. Stern to pitch his tent separately from ours, which gave us a little more room in the tent. Another day, some rebels who had been captured on the frontiers of Bagemder were brought in, and among them two or three women. They had forked pieces of wood fastened round their necks, and looked miserable, but not in the least afraid, as their captor galloped about, *fakaring* and boasting himself, "*Ya-Têôderôs bârea*" (the slave of Theodore). The king asked them why they had revolted, and they merely replied, "At the instigation of the devil." The excuse not being satisfactory, they were taken away, and shot a little way off, in sight of the army. The women, who had expected the same fate, were graciously spared.

The next day the king went to visit his factories at Gaffat. On his return, Samuel brought us word that his Majesty wished to speak with us, just as we were, and told us to make no change in our dress. Down we went, and were marshalled into a line before the king, who was sitting on a rock a little way above us, looking not very sweet. We were surprised to see Blanc standing up too, and shortly afterwards Mr. Rosenthal was brought in by a number of soldiers. The same old story was gone through; in fact, I do not think any fresh charge was made against us, but what Theodore chiefly wanted to impress upon us was his right to Palestine and India, as lawful descendant of and successor to Alexander and Constantine. He was very angry when he thought of the way in which he was kept out of his rights, especially by France and England, whose business it was to dispossess the Mussulman of the Holy Land, and hand it over to its lawful owner. Thus he went on, brandishing his spear, and spitting right and left, as he always did when in a rage. At length he asked the Afa-Negoos if he could guard us best in the tent or the adjoining house. "In the house," rejoined the officer, and went there to make everything ready for our reception. This did not take long, and we were then summoned to our next prison.

This was a house which had been generally used as a magazine, and at that time contained a considerable store of powder in underground cellars. There was an inner room and a verandah, but as there was not a single aperture to admit light or air except the low door, it was everywhere pitch dark. We at once christened it "The Black Hole." The soldiers who escorted us thrust us in, and with the help of the candles which they carried we could just discern what sort of a place we were in. Leave was given us to have our bedding brought, and the few other necessary articles. The guards remained with us all the time, but did not disturb us while we were laying out our bedding. Their chief was Basha Abito, a tall, fine-looking man, and not a bad fellow at bottom, whom we knew very well. He pulled out a pistol from his belt, and showed it us as the one with which he had blown out the brains of the rebels the day before: not very reassuring to us, perhaps, but we had got so accustomed to such scenes that it seemed quite a matter of course, and we would talk and jest with these ruffians in the most familiar way.

Several messages had passed between Mr. Rassam and the king, in which the former had tried to point out to his Majesty the folly of the course he was now pursuing, but all to no avail. "Whether I treat you well or ill," said Theodore, "my enemies will always say the worst of me, so what does it matter?" However, he presently sent word that he could not sleep till he had seen with his own eyes that we were comfortable, so he would come and pay us a visit, despite the advice of his wife, who strongly counselled him not to do so. When he came, he was accompanied by several attendants and pages, bearing *tedj* and *arakee*, in which we all had to pledge his Majesty. He talked with us for a long time, without referring much to the events of the afternoon. "I am obliged to do all this," said he, "because of my people, but it is not from my heart; you should look at that, and not at my face." He then diverged into a conversation about the Roman Catholic Church, and the Pope, and so on, and at last went away, leaving the impression that he was decidedly mad. Indeed, he had said so himself. "I sometimes think," he remarked, "that I must be mad. My father died so, you know." Still, we were not pleased to find ourselves in his hands.

We stayed in the Black Hole for three days, without seeing anything more of the king. But on Thursday the 5th of July we received orders to pack up and make ready to start, as his Majesty was already on the march. This did not take us long, and with lighter hearts than we had had since the terrible oppression of that sunless room began to weigh on them, we mounted our mules again. We were placed—of course, we understood, as prisoners—under the especial charge of Basha Abito and his men, who were rough and ready, but not bad-natured fellows. As usual, the *vis inertiæ* of the army was so great, that we were only able to proceed a few miles that

morning. The bulk of the troops had been dispersed over the outlying districts, under the command of their respective chiefs, in order to counteract, if possible, the ravages of the cholera, and only the *corps d'élite* remained with the king. Still, this included the major portion of the followers, and most of the nondescripts, beggars, &c., so that comfortable travelling was out of the question. We halted at Zhân-Mêda (*Royal Plain*), and resumed our journey the following morning, but, being in better marching order, were able to travel a longer distance—as far as Kolkwâliko, about eighteen miles from Debra Tâbor, where we encamped on a small plain surrounding an eminence, on which the king was sitting when we arrived, watching his troops pouring in, and seemingly quite regardless of the rain, which pelted down upon his uncovered head. We were off again the following morning to Aïbaukab, an immense level plateau; and then we halted for the Sunday, it being unusual for Theodore to travel on that day, except on his forays. In the afternoon we received a message, inviting us to walk to a small hillock hard by, from which we had a capital view of Mount Goona, with its tall crest covered with white frozen hail.

Sunday passed quietly enough, but the next morning we were woke up by a very early visit from Samuel, and informed that we must prepare to start at once, with as little kit as possible. All our heavy baggage would be conveyed after us by the soldiers; but our equipments were to be of the very lightest description. Several old friends came to bid farewell to us before our departure; among them Paulus, a good, simple lad, who was one of the king's gun-bearers, who shed tears on seeing those who had so recently been the friends and favourites of royalty now reduced to this sad plight; and Tesamma Engeda, whose grave face almost spoke the prayer of *Absit omen*, which was evidently uppermost in his mind. This young man, the hereditary Meselenê (or royal *alter ego*) of the district of Gâhint, had, in consequence of a victory he had lately gained over some insurgents, been presented on the previous day with a robe of honour, and dignified with the title of Dedj-azmâtch. He was an acquaintance of Cameron and the former prisoners, and had rendered them considerable service in passing their messengers through his territory, which lay between Debra Tâbor and Magdala. Not long afterwards he was disgraced, chained, and sent to the Amba, on the very charge of killing too many of the rebels, for defeating whom his master had but now delighted to honour him. But to return to ourselves; we could learn our destination from the faces of these men. We knew at once that we were bound for Magdala.

A strong escort accompanied us, numbering between one and two hundred men, and under the command of Bitwăddad Tadla,* a morose and taciturn officer, who had had some experience in this kind of duty, having arrested Cameron and his party on their homeward journey from Kuarâta. These were quite different from the devil-may-care Abito and his men, and seemed to take a gloomy pleasure in making us feel the *désagrémens* of our position as prisoners as keenly as possible. If ever a mule lagged behind, a couple of fellows were sure to gallop up, and would belabour the poor beast until it fell into a broken amble for a few yards, when it would stop again; the most annoying thing to the rider that could well be imagined. The mildest man in the world finds it hard to keep his temper when he sees his horse or dog struck by a stranger, and in our case, to an almost insupportable sense of wrong and injustice, we had the element of personal discomfort added into the bargain. Aïto Samuel also came with us, rather *distrait*, and feeling not quite certain in his mind as to what his own position would be when he arrived on the mountain, a circumstance which prevented him rendering us such assistance as he might otherwise have done. We breakfasted an hour or two after we started, and then continued our journey through torrents of rain, till four p.m., when we halted at a village called 'Arb Gabea (*Friday Market*); and, as our tents had not yet come up, it was arranged that one of the largest houses should be vacated by its present occupants, and that we should take their place. In we went, braving smoke and dirt, and chiefly intent on satisfying our hunger after our long march.

It did not take our attendants long to kill and skin a sheep, and the meat having been cut up into strips, we took our seats round a blazing fire, and commenced forthwith to convert it into *tebs*. The Abyssinians are quite ignorant of the use of the gridiron; they simply hold the meat in the flame of the fire, or allow it to rest for a minute or two in the clear embers, and then, considering it duly broiled, they eat it with the addition of a few drops of the gall of the animal, or with *teff* bread and *dillihh*. We made our supper off this dish—and a most palatable one it was to hungry men—and, having washed it down with a few draughts of *talla*, which the goodman of the house produced from his stores, we wrapped our *shamas* round us, and, stretched on the hard and dirty floor, were soon forgetful of all our cares.

The next morning we arose at an early hour, and found that it was absolutely impossible for us to take on any baggage, with the exception of Mr. Rassam, who was allowed to have his bedstead carried. Grumbling was of no use, as the king had given strict orders that our journey to Magdala was to be performed as quickly as possible, the flooding of the rivers Jitta and Bashilo being daily expected. The mules which carried our things, and the people with them, being thus left to their own devices, of course came on only at their leisure, and we had been five days at Magdala before we could procure a change of clothing, or had anything softer to lie on than a dressed hide. Our road this day lay about E.S.E., and, after travelling about two hours, we came to the river Anseta, which is the northern boundary of the district of Gâhint, Tesamma Engeda's territory. This seemed bare and rugged, and almost depopulated, all the male inhabitants bearing arms, as usual, in the royal camp. We halted for about half an hour at a pass, which is called the "Gate of Bagemder." After crossing the deep valley of the Jitta, a very steep and precipitous path led to a small plateau called Mâgat, and here it was deemed advisable to halt for the day, as the rapid pace was beginning to tell on the mules. Two small tents of the ordinary country cloth were pitched, one for our party, and another for Aïto Samuel and his followers, and we passed the remainder of the day pretty comfortably, having taken care to bring some meat with us from 'Arb Gabea. A soldier, who had been convicted of stealing some on the evidence of the little interpreter, Dasta, was soundly flogged, by order of Bitwăddad Tadla, who, though he winked at a little bullying, never allowed us to have any tangible cause of complaint, which might hereafter come to the ears of his master. The old chief of Dâwoont, Waddi Yasoo, paid a visit to the camp in the afternoon. He was a venerable patriarch, his age verging on a hundred years, but he

* This name signifies "Joy" or "Pleasure."

seemed as hale and robust as a man of sixty-five. It was said that he had succeeded to the government of this province in the time of Râs Gooksa, at the beginning of the century; and if so, he was a remarkable instance not only of longevity, but of good fortune also. A few months afterwards we heard of his death. A band of marauding Gallas had made an irruption into Dâwoont, and had barbarously slain the old man at the threshold of his house. This cruel murder was never avenged, as his son had great difficulty in keeping even nominal authority in the district after his father's death. It was at the time when Theodore's power was at the ebb, and every one fought "for his own hand."

We passed a wretched night. Seven or eight of us were huddled up together in the small tent, exposed to all the discomforts of cold and wet, without any bedding, except a native cloth. About midnight the rain came down with relentless fury. One of the chiefs of the escort, solicitous for the brightness and safety of his silver-plated shield, thrust it underneath the wall of the tent, in order, as he thought, to keep it dry. In the dark he settled it upon the legs of one of our party, who, suddenly waking up and finding a heavy body resting on his extremities, mistook the shield for its owner, and fancied that he was serving as a couch for a sleepy Abyssinian. This was not to be borne. Samuel was appealed to; but, anxious and tired himself, he had no mind to come out of his own tent to our assistance, and we soon afterwards discovered the real character of the intruder. Shortly afterwards several violent gusts of wind swept down upon us, and wrenched away all the pegs from one side of the tent. For half an hour we had to sit up, drenched through and through, while we hung on to the ropes to prevent the tent from being blown bodily away. At last, as the first grey streaks of dawn appeared in the east, the rain ceased, and we were enabled to snatch a few minutes of sleep before we resumed our journey. Once up, our toilette occupied but a short time, and with a crust and a cup of coffee for our breakfast, we completed the little bit of ascent which remained before the plateau of Dâwoont was reached.



ABYSSINIAN TAILOR.

To cross this magnificent plain occupied about three hours. The tempestuous night had been succeeded by a lovely morning, and it was pleasant to observe the many signs of material prosperity which the clustering villages and lowing herds denoted. At that time, Dâwoont was a virgin district; it had never been plundered; the population, of mixed Galla and Amhara blood, had a high reputation for courage and military skill; and the deep chasms of the Jitta and the Bashilo were auxiliaries which no invader could afford to despise. After the murder of Waddi Yasoo, it suffered severely from intestine feuds and jealousies, the hereditary chief professing allegiance to King Theodore, while the head men of the villages were generally in a state of revolt; but, with the cause, the effect has doubtless passed away, and Dâwoont is probably now as prosperous as ever.

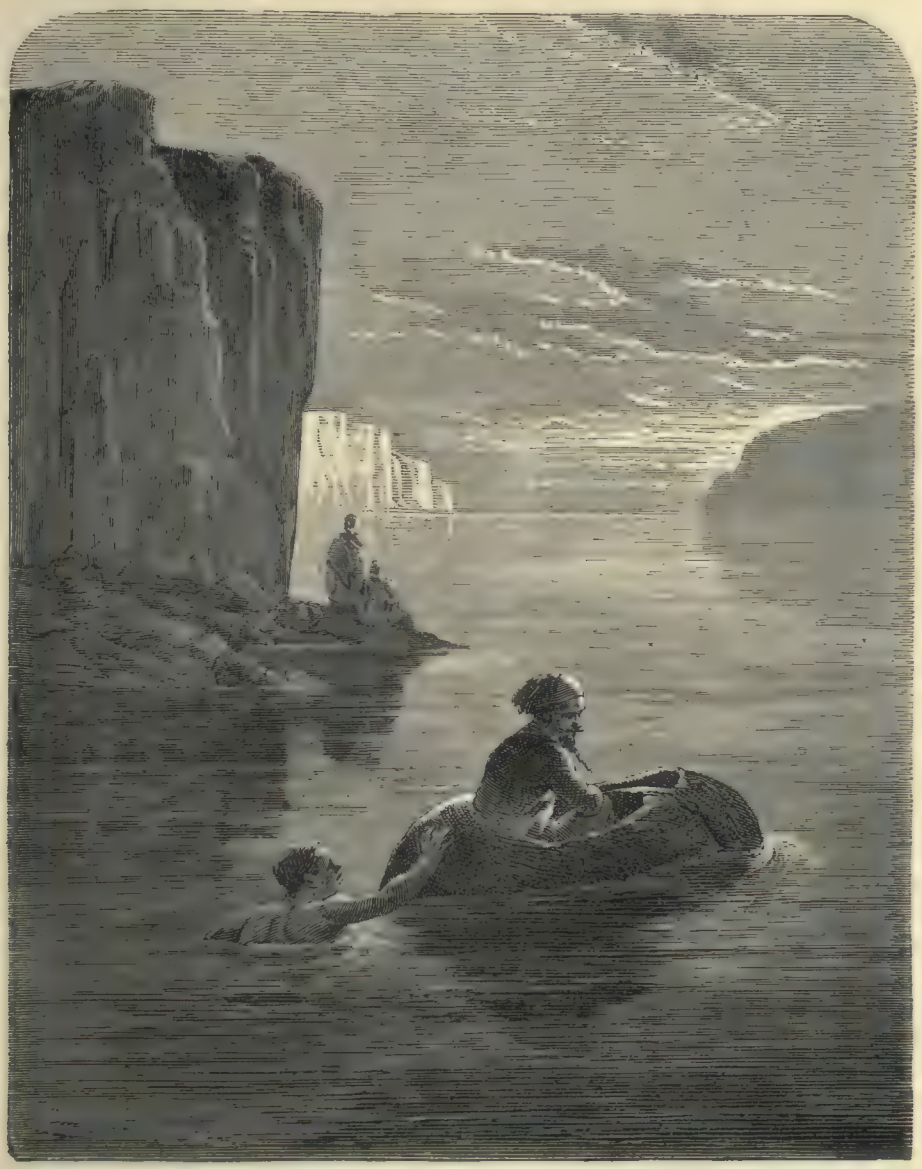
To cross the Bashilo that evening was scarcely practicable. We, therefore, after a short descent to the small plateau of Kwolla Dâwoont, pitched our tents there, and passed a much more comfortable night than the preceding one. We had seen, too, the tall basaltic walls of Magdala in the distance, and were glad to think that our toils were nearly over. We expected chains, of course, although our escort had often assured us that we might be easy on that score; still, even that was a state of things preferable to being driven about like a herd of cattle, in the very depth of the rainy season. We therefore hailed the morrow with thankfulness, feeling pretty sure that by sunset we should know our fate. A dense thicket led to the verge of the Bashilo. This was a likely spot to harbour roving bands of the Wallo Galla, always eager to spoil the Amhara, and especially the soldiers of the king. Consequently, arms were looked to, and ostentatiously displayed; even Aïto Samuel, emphatically a man of peace, made a great show of a brace of pistols in his belt; and great care was taken that the prisoners should not straggle. We crossed the river at a most difficult place. As this was the shortest and most direct route from Debra Tâbor to Magdala, it would, of course, have been chosen by Theodore when he made his forced march at the end of 1867; but the difficulties it presented were more than his engineering skill could compass, and he had to proceed by the round-about road of Tchetcheo, Wadela, and Dalanta. In some places we were stopped by ledges of rock, over which we could scarcely force our jaded mules; but, by dint of the greatest exertions, the ascent was at length accomplished, and we stepped on to the plateau of Watat, while the grim fortress seemed but a stone's throw off.

We rested under a tree for a short time, while we discussed some Abyssinian fare which had been sent down from the Amba for Bitwăddad Tadla, and in which he invited us to share. We then remounted, and in about a couple of hours arrived at the plain of Arogyé, a spot now memorable through

the fight which took place there on the 10th of April, 1868, and which decided the fate of the prisoners. Most of the troops composing the garrison of the mountain were drawn up there to welcome the Bitwăddad on his arrival, but no notice was taken of us until the parade was over and the men fell out, when several of them cantered after us and greeted those of our party who were old acquaintances. We felt that our imprisonment had already begun when we heard the frequent wish, "*Egziâbehêr yâsfatatchhu*" (May God cause you to be released), with which we were accosted. When we reached the first gate we had to stop for a short time, and then entered through the wicket one by one, the janitors taking careful note of our appearance as we severally passed through. Once on the summit, we had to wait a still longer time, while Samuel conferred with the chiefs and a letter regarding us was being read, and then, all preliminaries seemingly being arranged, we were conducted to a large house, and found on entering several officers assembled round a large fire, carpets spread on the floor, and everything evidently got up with a view to render us as comfortable as possible. The chiefs merely told us that we were to remain there for the present, and that our servants would occupy the adjacent house, and then left us to our meditations.

Shortly afterwards, a company of soldiers arrived to guard us for the night, but did not take up their quarters in the hut allotted us, contenting themselves with pitching a small *mâk* tent close to the door. The building in which we were lodged was usually occupied by Râs Engeda on the visits of Theodore to the mountain, but had been used as a prison also on some few occasions. Its smoke-blackened roof, windowless walls, and dusty floor, teeming with unmentionable insects, made it anything but an alluring abode, and it was some time before we could find room to stretch our limbs; but this point once settled, we turned in, and slept as soundly as if it had been a palace.

Our arrival took place on Thursday, the 12th of July.



BOAT OF BULLOCK'S-HIDE ON LAKE TSANA.

Nothing fresh occurred during the next few days, and the conditions of our new existence were so strange that some little time was almost required in which to collect our faculties again. But on Monday, the 16th, just as we had finished breakfast, Samuel came in with a long face and announced a visit from the chiefs. We felt at once that there was to be some change in our condition, and with the prescience which misfortune gives, immediately guessed the truth. Indeed, the clank of some chains which a sturdy fellow in the rear was endeavouring to hide behind his back, could not leave us long in uncertainty. After a few prefatory commonplaces, the head chief, Dedjâdj Kidâna Mâryâm, informed us that it was the custom to fetter all persons who might be in confinement on the mountain, and that he could not infringe this rule even in our case. He said this in the kindest way, and evidently wished to shift the responsibility from his master's shoulders on to his own; but the whole thing was so transparent that no one was taken in for a moment by it. Kerans was the first person called forward, and submitted to the operation with all the *sang froid* he had gained from experience.

It was a simple process after all. The foot was placed upon a large flat stone, and then the ankle encircled by an unclosed iron ring, into which the chain was inserted, after which one extremity of the open ring was made to overlap the other by repeated blows from a heavy sledge-hammer. The other foot was then treated in the same way. A rude and barbarous method, doubtless, and probably dating from the time of Solomon,* on whom the invention of gyves and shackles is fathered by the Abyssinians. Those of us who were novices viewed rather with dismay the mighty hammer, which, had it but swerved a hair's breadth from the mark, would have smashed the limb to pieces; but we soon found that we were quite safe in the hands of the accomplished practitioner to whom this duty was always entrusted. As each one staggered on his legs again after the operation, he was greeted by the chiefs with "*Egziâ 'hêr yâsfatihh*," to which the proper reply is "*Amen.*" Mr. Rassam's turn came last, but one of the rings snapped, and there not being another one at hand, he was respited till the next day. The chiefs then took their departure. They had but done their duty, poor fellows, and had felt the disgrace of the morning's work almost as much as ourselves; nay, had even tried to screen their ungrateful master; and we felt no ill will towards them. When they had gone we walked outside. Most of our servants were shedding tears. They considered it as bad an omen as we did ourselves. We soon found that it was irksome and even painful to move about without bandaging our ankles to resist the pressure of the irons, and accordingly we limped in to tear up an old pair of trousers for this purpose, and to think about the future.

* Fetters are often called in Abyssinia "Solomon's rings."

The First Journey of Exploration across Vancouver Island.—I.

BY ROBERT BROWN, F.R.G.S., ETC., COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION.

THE START.

An exploring expedition in the Far West, among the wooded mountains, great lakes, and rapid rivers of the distant shores of the North Pacific, is a very different matter from similar enterprises starting well-found, well-considered, and properly equipped from England. In the little frontier town where we start from, there are no philosophical instrument-makers to supply us with the tools for our work, no Geographical Society to advise us, and we miss the kindly God-speed of Sir Roderick. Apparatus has to be extemporised, and men found at a short notice. There is certainly no want of applicants, but though we only want ten, upwards of a hundred besiege the doors of our committee-room, in the city of Victoria, Vancouver Island. Every member of that local board seems anxious to select his own friends, or those whom he may suppose to be friendly to his interests; but, as the leader has to work this heterogeneous team, he has also to cut the Gordian knot by selecting them himself, in the short week which elapses from the day of his election until the day of starting.

A queer-looking lot they are universally pronounced (in stage whispers) to be, as they are mustered that bright June morning to hear the Governor's farewell advice. Most of them have been up all night, celebrating their departure after the approved north-western fashion, and late hours and frequent toasts have not improved the personal appearance of the first Vancouver Exploring Expedition. Dark, hawk-eyed half-breeds, quick of limb and stubborn of temper, stand side by side with miners from Cornwall and lumber-men from Canada, who jostle, in their turn, more than one Oxford graduate who, in many a long experience of wild north-western life, have come out double-first in wood-craft, and, save for a more intelligent air, would be hard to distinguish from their unlettered companions. We have a clergyman who, in his younger days, was given to Ritualism, but for many a year has hunted bear and elk, beaver and the black-tailed deer, as a profession; and an artist, very good in his way, who has for some time past been more familiar with the gold-miner's pick than with the painter's palette! They are of all ages—from one-and-twenty to one-and-forty—and no two are exactly of one nationality; religion we don't dispute much about. To keep law and order over this strange mob, and out of chaos to bring light geographical, I was appointed sole commander. Our duty is to explore the unknown interior of the great island of Vancouver, then an English colony of itself, but now united with British Columbia in one government.

The country we must traverse for months to come is not inviting. Only yesterday we climbed the highest hills, and looked out on it. There it stretched, wave after wave of forest-clad hill and valley—the sea of giant pine only broken by a quiet, glassy lake, or a fiery river rushing over its rocky bed in

foaming cascades, or winding in tortuous course through the silent glades, like a shining silver thread. It is in vain that we ask for some clue to that interior, so near at hand, yet, in knowledge, so far off. Trappers and hunters know nothing of it. Searching for bear or for beaver, these knight-errants of the West have gone into it a little way, trusting to luck and their good rifle, and have come back telling strange tales. Indians know less, for they all live on the coast, and are scared when out of sight of their villages. In awe-controlled whispers the elk-hunter tells of the strange sight *he* has seen, or which some equally reliable friend of his told him, about the terrible things which lurk in that great forest and by the banks of those unsearched rivers. His mythology grows rich on the fruit of such tales of wonder. Here live Indians, clad in beaver-skins, by the shores of a nameless lake; Smolenko's jointless fiends, who chase the hapless hunter along the mountain-side; Masolemuch, who hunts by the shores of Kaatza, the great lake—pans, dryads, and hamadryads, gods of the woods, the groves, and the running streams, are all conjured up by the superstitious Indian as inhabiting that mystical, strange, untrodden interior. We have *our* more prosaic misgivings regarding the task we have sworn to attempt. The whole country is a dense, trackless forest, thick with underbrush and long "drifts" of fallen timber, through and among which the explorer must crawl as best he may. Every ounce of baggage—limited indeed as it is, to a minimum of *sine quâ nons*—must be carried on men's backs, and to a great extent we must depend for our subsistence on the chance product of the hunt. Indians are frightened to go far into the interior, and the rivers can only be depended on as means to penetrate to a very limited extent, being shallow, and full of rapids and cascades, to work canoes around which, even to the most skilled of Indian pilots, is far more laborious than wearily trudging along through the swampy forest, broken by mountains and ravines, with loads on our backs.

Well-intentioned friends give us an abundance of advice, plentifully distinguished by a lack of reason or experience; and Sir Arthur Kennedy, wiser and less sanguine, tells us to do our best, and get through somehow or other. To add to our griefs, news comes in that the Indians have fallen on Waddington's* men up the coast, and murdered sixteen of them, who were making a trail some distance off Bute Inlet. Jocular acquaintances, therefore, discount our chances of escape on no very favourable terms, and beg us to insure our lives in their favour. Hudson Bay traders stand grinning like Mephistopheles, for they like the idea of exploration little enough, as they have a presentiment that it will not help the fur trade much, and give us Machiavelian advice in regard to our treatment of the Indians, while they prophesy—honest men!—to the bystanders that we shall never come back to claim our pay. The kindly mob, however, which now lines the "Hudson Bay Wharf" at Victoria, gives us the cheap tribute of applause, the flag on the Government House is dipped, and we are cheered and re-cheered by our friends, who run along the shore until our red-shirted band, on board one of Her Majesty's vessels, disappears round arbutus-covered Ogden Point.

Captain Verney soon lands us at the mouth of the Cowichan River, where we propose to break ground; and as we pitch our camp in front of the Comiaken Indians' village, a few settlers, who have found their way along with the priest and the peltry-trader thus far into the outer world, drop in to wish us luck, and to press upon us their little hospitalities and presents. Things don't seem to open well, for no sooner is the gunboat-party out of sight than an Indian, in the full-dress of a shirt-collar and a pair of socks, is good enough to threaten to shoot the writer, when disputing about the price of a canoe, for the hire of which he has been *only* offered about twice the value. Circumstances, connected with muscular action, cause him to hurriedly change his mind. Old Locha is the chief of this tribe, an ancient now quite blind, but a dandy of the first water, for his nose and ear pendants of *Haliotis* shell must measure, each of them, more than an inch square; and as we signify to him our admiration of the purity of the nacre, he informs us that they cost three blankets each. He condescends to finish our supper, and is so highly pleased with the quality of our cook, and the kindness of his friend, the "big chief" of the white men, that he offers his youngest son—a merry-faced lad of eighteen—for service on the expedition. Old Locha was once a great warrior, and he and this child, years ago, played part in a stratagem so bloody that, as a specimen of our friend, I may relate it. The Stekins, from the far north, were the scourge of Locha's tribe. They were, and are to this day, ruthless pirates and marauders, defiant in their pride of strength, who spare neither man, woman, nor child of any tribe who may fall in their power. One day his messengers brought to him news that a party of Stekins were on their way to attack his village. He took a strong party of his men, and posted them in the woods about a mile from his village, leaving his little son—our newly-acquired companion, Lemo—wrapped up in a blanket in a canoe drawn up on the beach, in convenient proximity to the ambush. Suspecting nothing, the Stekins sailed up Cowichan Bay until they spied what they took for an Indian girl, left in the canoe while her mother was gathering roots and berries in the woods. They immediately paddled in shore, anxious to secure this easily-acquired slave. The little boy had, however, received his directions. Waiting until they were close at hand, in apparent fright he ran into the woods. Every one of the Stekins was anxious to catch him, and accordingly, leaving their canoes on the beach, they ran into the woods after him; but the little boy was too nimble for them. Returning to the beach, they were horrified to find themselves unarmed and defenceless, surrounded by Locha and his warriors. It is said that every one of them was either killed or taken prisoner. "They absolutely cried, the dogs!" the old man tells us, with a contemptuous flourish of his knife, "when we commenced to cut off their heads. Ugh!"

In the morning our very modest baggage is sent up the river with some Indians in a canoe, and one of our party to see that they forgot not the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, while we ourselves take to the bank, and soon lose sight of the settlers who come out to the door to cheer us as we pass. We are soon amid tall forests, where the only sound that breaks on the ear is the echo of our own voices, the tap! tap! of Gairdner's woodpecker (*Picus Gairdneri*), or the distant sound of some pioneer woodman's axe. A trodden forest path is seen: following this, we suddenly emerge in front of a large Indian village, composed of long rows of square board lodges on either side of the shelving river banks, and crowds of red-skins, old and young, come out to look at the intruders on their rightful domain.

* See *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xxxviii.

Arizona and New Mexico.

THE resources of Arizona and New Mexico seem to be but imperfectly understood outside of those territories. There is a vague impression abroad that Arizona is rich in the more valuable minerals, but that it is a desert country, producing little in the way of vegetation except the various species of cacti. The truth is, that it is one of the most fertile of the North American territories. That portion of it lying north of the Gila River embraces some of the finest pastoral country in the world, and is also well adapted to the cultivation of the hardier cereals. The explored portions of the region have been found rich in gold and silver, and it is believed that the unexplored districts will prove equally rich. The ores are, however, of a very refractory nature, and the attempts made in the vicinity of Prescott, to reduce them profitably, have not hitherto been completely successful. The hostility of the Apaches and their allied tribes has proved the greatest drawback to the settlement of this portion of the country. The danger of venturing anywhere beyond the protection of a town or a military post renders the expenses of mining double or treble what they should be, since a constant guard must be kept over the workmen, and over the teams employed in hauling ore, to prevent surprises by the Indians. Farmers are annoyed and injured by having their horses, cattle, and mules stolen, and their corn harvested by moonlight by the unconscionable red men. When to this it is added that scarcely a week passes without the murder of from one to half a dozen white men by the Indians, it is not to be wondered at that this country does not increase in population. South of the Gila the country is low and the climate uncomfortably hot; but here excellent crops are raised with the aid of irrigation. Wherever the white settlers cultivate the ground excellent crops are produced; and although little attention has been paid to fruit culture, it is a well-ascertained fact that grapes, oranges, lemons, figs, olives, and all fruits which grow in a semi-tropical climate, can be raised in abundance. Young onions, radishes, and lettuce, are common upon dining-tables at Tucson in midwinter, and green corn and peas may be grown there in the open air at the same season.

New Mexico is supposed to be pre-eminently an agricultural and pastoral country. Notwithstanding the depredations of the hostile Apaches and the friendly Navajoes, large numbers of sheep of an inferior breed are still produced in the territory; also some goats and donkeys, a few scrubby horses, and still scrubbier neat cattle. The domestic beasts of New Mexico partake of the demoralisation of the inhabitants—the descendants of the Spanish settlers and Indian women—and that is something fearful to contemplate. Agriculture in New Mexico is carried on after a most primitive fashion. The extent of the land cultivated is limited to strips varying in width from half a mile to a mile and a half, along the water-courses, which is all that can be reached by the imperfect system of irrigation practised. This land is divided into small tracts of from two to twenty acres each, the smaller tracts belonging to the poorer, and the larger to the more wealthy classes of the natives. The plough used in breaking this land is a stick about four feet long and four inches square, pointed and tipped with iron, and drawn by a pair of stunted bullocks yoked by the horns. There are no fences—boys and dogs being employed to keep donkeys and goats off the fields. Yet the New Mexicans manage to raise a considerable quantity of corn and wheat for sale to the military posts and miners. Gold and silver are now mined in numerous localities, and new deposits and lodes are discovered almost daily. It is the opinion of some experienced miners that New Mexico will prove the richest mining territory in the United States.

Jebel Nakus, the Bell-sounding Mountain.

ABOUT midway along the western side of the peninsula of Sinai, and near the shore of the Gulf of Suez, rises a hill of moderate elevation, called by the Arabs Jebel Nakús, or the Bell Mountain, from which is occasionally emitted a resonant metallic sound, like the distant boom of a gong, but less vibratory in its note. The phenomenon has frequently been mentioned by travellers, but it has not been satisfactorily explained until the visit of the surveying party who were engaged—as already stated in the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS—during last winter and spring in mapping the district around mounts Sinai and Serbal.

The peculiar sounds, as previous accounts suggested, arise from the friction of moving sand. According to the accurate description given of it to the Rev. F. W. Holland, by Captain Palmer of the Royal Engineers, the mount is situated about three-quarters of a mile in a straight line from the sea-shore, and presents a slope of drift-sand 400 feet in height, facing about W.S.W. The sand is so extremely fine and dry, and lies at so high an angle—about 30° to the horizon—that it is easily set in motion from any point in the slope, or even by scraping away a portion at the base of the hill. When a considerable quantity is thus set in movement, rolling gradually down the slope like some viscous fluid, then the sound begins—at first a deep, swelling, vibratory moan, gradually rising to a dull roar, loud enough at its height to be almost startling, and then gradually dying away as the sand ceases to roll. It is difficult to describe the sound. Captain Palmer suggests that the very hoarsest note of an Æolian harp is perhaps the nearest approach to it, or the sound produced by drawing the finger round the wet rim of a deep-toned finger-glass, except that there is far less musical resonance in the note produced by this rolling sand.

The hot sand of the surface always appeared to be more sonorous than the cooler layers underneath, and the loudest result was obtained in the full heat of the afternoon sun, when the surface-sand had a temperature of 103° Fahrenheit. Sand which had long lain undisturbed seemed more sensitive than that which had been recently in motion. Thus, the first trial on any one part of the slope was always more satisfactory than subsequent ones; and the experiments made by Captain Palmer and his companions were better on the first day than on the second. There could be no doubt that the sound was superficial, and due, in the first place, to friction; indeed, it could be produced in a faint degree by moving portions of the sand rapidly forward, with a sweep of the arm. The ignorant Arabs—who of course believe the sounds to be supernatural—state that they can be heard only on Fridays and Sundays; and that they arise from the ringing of the Nakús (a wooden board used in place of a bell) of a monastery that was mysteriously engulfed to save the monks from the treachery of an Arab guest.



VIEW IN THE DELTA OF THE ORINOCO.

A Journey up the Orinoco to the Caratal Gold Field—Raleigh's "El Dorado."—I.

BY C. LE NEVE FOSTER, B.A., D.SC., F.G.S.

CHAPTER I.

ST. NAZAIRE—COMPAGNIE GÉNÉRALE TRANSATLANTIQUE—MARTINIQUE—ST. LUCIA—ST. VINCENT—GRENADA—TRINIDAD.

I LEFT London for Venezuela at the beginning of September last, with a Cornish mining captain as companion; and, having to see some people in Paris, I resolved to take the French steamer from St. Nazaire. This town is one of the two European stations of the "Compagnie Générale Transatlantique," which corresponds to our Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. The French Company has a fleet of more than twenty-one steamers, of which eleven exceed 3,000 tons in burden. One steamer every month goes to Vera Cruz, touching at St. Thomas and Havana, besides serving New Orleans, Porto Rico, Hayti, Cuba, Jamaica, Guadaloupe, and Martinique, by means of intercolonial boats. Another packet, leaving St. Nazaire on the 8th of each month, takes the Panama route, touching at Martinique and Santa Martha on its way to Colon (Aspinwall), whilst by changing at Martinique, passengers are conveyed to St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Grenada, Trinidad, Demerara, Surinam, and Cayenne, as well as to La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, in Venezuela. In addition to these, a steamer leaves Havre once a fortnight for New York.

I have entered into these details about the "Compagnie Générale Transatlantique," because it is a service little known in England, and I had the greatest difficulty last August to find out anything about it.

St. Nazaire, the packet station for the West Indian services, is situated on the north side of the estuary of the Loire, about thirty-five miles from Nantes. It has a large basin, which can be entered at high tide by steamers of 3,000 to 4,000 tons; and there is some talk of making a government dockyard here. Even now St. Nazaire can boast of good shops and houses, and looks like a rising town.

On the afternoon of the 8th of September I was taken out to our steamer in one of the company's tugs, and by six p.m. we were off. The *Floride* is a screw steamer of 2,000 tons and 650 horse-power, and, consequently, one of the smaller boats of the company. It has a saloon on deck, and the cabins are much about the same as those of our own packets. The arrangements for meals, however, are somewhat different, and, to my mind, not so agreeable. Coffee, tea, and chocolate, with bread and butter, are served in the saloon at seven a.m.; and, except in cases of decided illness, you are not allowed to have your coffee brought into your cabin. At half-past nine comes breakfast, a true French *déjeuner à la fourchette*, followed by dessert and *café noir*. *Vin ordinaire* is given *à discrétion*. At one o'clock there is an apology for a lunch, a basin of *bouillon*, without bread or anything else, being put on the table. Dinner at half-past four is, like the breakfast, a long succession of queer dishes with still queerer names, and at half-past seven or eight the passengers are regaled with *thé à la Floride*—a pale, bitter, scarcely drinkable fluid—and a few biscuits. Lights are put out at eleven p.m. I fancy I

was rather unlucky in my boat, as the complaints on board were loud and numerous; and my feelings cannot be put down to mere insular prejudices, as I was brought up in France, and am thoroughly used to French manners and customs. I heard from people who had often used the line that the fare was not so good as usual, and, to particularise one grievance, our stock of ice was exhausted before we reached the tropics.

Now as to my fellow-passengers. France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Peru, New Grenada, Venezuela, Trinidad, and the three Guianas, were all represented on board. We had, altogether, about a hundred saloon passengers; but it struck me that on the whole they were not of so good a class as those one meets with on an English packet. Among them were two priests, three *sœurs de charité*, and eight or nine *frères chrétiens*. We also had some monks in the steerage part, whose practice certainly did not conform to the doctrine that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

Life on board a steamer, whether English or French, even with fine weather, is sure to be tedious; and though we had a favourable passage, I was far from sorry to learn on the thirteenth morning after our departure that land was in sight. Before very long we ran in between Martinique and Dominique, and coasted along the western shores of the former island. The coast scenery is lovely, offering luxuriant vegetation down to the sea, pretty valleys with sugar-cane plantations, groves of cocoa-nut palms, and houses looking like those of a toy Noah's Ark dotted about the green hills.

Early in the afternoon we were at anchor in the port of Fort de France, with a motley crew of negroes, negresses, and creoles to receive us. The ship was soon surrounded by a dozen negro boys, who swam about in the hope of having coppers thrown in for them to dive after. The little black imps are quite amphibious, and seem perfectly happy and at home in the water. The gaudy handkerchiefs which the negresses wear as head-dresses, and their huge earrings are rather striking to the new-comer, who is apt, also, to go into ecstasies about the bananas, mangoes, and other West Indian fruit which is sold on the quay.

A little delay occurred in bringing alongside of us the intercolonial steamer which was to take us to Trinidad, and by the time all our things were shifted and new berths secured, the dinner-bell had sounded. A walk in the town after dark does not produce very much information about the place; I could only see that the streets were regularly built and the houses low; and, as far as I could learn, there is no great inducement to make a long stay in Fort de France. I was not sorry, therefore, to find that our new steamer, the *Guyane*, was to start at midnight. The *Guyane*, a paddle-wheel steamer of 700 tons and 300 horse-power, was originally a fast blockade runner, but has now come down in the world, just as a racer may end his days as a cab-horse. The number of saloon passengers had dwindled down to twenty, just enough for a family party. Eating and drinking went on in exactly the same way as on board the *Floride*, save that the one o'clock *lpuillon* was cut off, which was no very great loss.

On rising at seven on the morning after leaving Martinique, I found that we were in the harbour of Castries, the chief town of the island of St. Lucia. The view before us was charming in the extreme, and no word-painting could do it justice. In front lay Castries, the little capital, with low, red-tiled houses, and behind it and on each side were hills rising up several hundred feet, covered with rich vegetation; the mass of bright verdure which clothed the hills could not fail to impress a person fresh from Europe, and more especially one who, like myself, had not long returned from a journey in the deserts of Arabia Petræa.

A stay of a couple of hours sufficed for landing and receiving a few passengers and a little cargo, and before breakfast was on the table we were steaming away for St. Vincent, along the western coast of which we were running by two p.m. The scenery is very similar to that of St. Lucia. Hills rise up from the water's edge, often entirely covered by masses of luxuriant green forest, whilst in other places, and particularly in the lower land, patches of cultivated ground intervene—no doubt sugar plantations, for a tall chimney was seen near each plantation, indicating a sugar-boiling establishment. The light green colour of the cane-fields forms a delightful contrast to the richer and darker green of the forest, and I enjoyed the prospect immensely.

About four p.m. we were lying off Kingstown. To obtain an idea of the place a person must picture to himself a huge semi-circle of hills covered with forest and plantations, with numbers of houses in the foreground, at the water's edge, and here and there dotting the hill-sides; add to this a large fort on a rocky summit at one end of the semi-circle, and some notion may be formed of the charming natural harbour of Kingstown, the capital of the island. Here, again, we were told that we should make about an hour's stay; so we determined to go ashore, hiring for the purpose a boat which came alongside, manned by an old negro and two negro lads. The old man was a native of Montserrat—a black Irishman, as he called himself—and he had a quaint mixture of Irish and negro humour which kept us in roars of laughter all the way to the shore. I must confess I was amused at hearing the old man, as black himself as the ace of spades, bawl out to his crew, "Pull, you —— niggers, pull!" and then a minute afterwards beat the fellows with a rope's end for using language which he considered unfit for our ears; the lads only grinned and showed their teeth, whereas Europeans would certainly have abused their master; or, at the very least, turned sulky. We had time enough on shore to see a few dirty streets and test the "bitter beer" at the Ice-house, and then walked back to our boat, which was lying at the little jetty.

Early the following morning we arrived at Georgetown, the capital of the island of Grenada; but, our stay being very short, I did not think it worth while landing. It seems that Grenada, like some of the other West India Islands, is going down in the world; sugar estates are given up every year, and the plantations soon become forest once more. The harbour is charming, and vies with that of Castries in beauty.

On losing the shelter of the land as we went southwards, we got into rougher water, and the roll became very marked, so much so that at breakfast our fellow-passengers were obliged to leave the table one after the other, though most of them had been a fortnight on the ocean, and ought to have been seasoned to it. At last only four of us remained at table. We sighted Trinidad early in the afternoon, but were a long time before we passed through the narrow channel between Trinidad and the little rocky island of Monos.

By eight p.m., however, we were lying off the town of Port of Spain. Negro boatmen surrounded the ship in hopes of a job; and, through the bad management on board our vessel, a

scene of confusion arose in getting some of the passengers into the boats, which ended in a man, woman, and child falling into the sea and being nearly drowned. After waiting patiently, our luggage was brought up from the hold and put into a boat, and we were soon landed opposite the Custom House. Hotels abound at Port of Spain, and there is no difficulty in finding quarters.

The next day we found on inquiry that the Orinoco steamer was not likely to sail for two or three days, so we had a little time to look about the place. Port of Spain, the capital of the island of Trinidad, is a regularly-built town, with about 20,000 inhabitants. It is situated on a plain, surrounded by high hills clothed with forests. The streets, as usual in the New World, run at right angles, east and west, and north and south. The roads in Port of Spain are remarkably good; and, although I was there in the rainy season, which lasts from July to January, I found them as hard and smooth as could be wished. It is true, there are limestone quarries just outside the town. The main street runs east and west, with a carriage-road on each side, and a broad grass plat, with an avenue of trees down the middle. On the north side are numerous stores, well stocked with goods. The Catholic cathedral, at the eastern extremity of this street, is a fine building, but somewhat out of repair. The best of the north and south thoroughfares is called Frederick Street, and possesses some good chemists' shops; following it northwards you arrive at the Savannah, a large, grassy plain, used as a park, cricket ground, and as grazing land for cattle. Close by is the Colonial Hospital, where two hundred beds can be made up, and in the same enclosure are the public baths and wash-houses. Further south is the market-place—we did not happen to reach the market till late in the afternoon; and, of course, nothing but the refuse of the day was to be seen. I was struck, however, by the number of vultures prowling about and picking up every bit of offal they could see, without taking the least notice of any one. I learnt afterwards that there is a fine of five pounds for killing one of these public scavengers, which perform the same useful functions as the dogs in Cairo. It was in the market that I first noticed John Chinaman in the New World. Chinese labourers, as well as coolies from India, are brought over to Trinidad on condition that they serve five years on an estate to which they are engaged as labourers. Their work is task, or piece-work; and they can earn as much as a negro. They obtain a bounty of ten dollars if they re-engage at the end of the five years' service. The importation of Asiatic labourers into the West Indies appears on the whole to be a success. The result is a strange miscellaneous assemblage of races at Trinidad, where the four continents are represented. Negroes, of course, abound, and people of every shade of bronze between the negro and the European; then an Indian from the Spanish main may occasionally be seen making purchases in the stores. Chinamen are common, and the thin, wiry Hindoo stands out in marked contrast to his more powerfully-built brethren of African blood.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY UP THE ORINOCO—CIUDAD BOLIVAR.

After we had waited a couple of days at Port of Spain, the Orinoco steamer came in, and was advertised to start immediately for Ciudad Bolivar. We took our tickets and went on board in the evening. Our new vessel, which trades between Puerto Cabello, La Guayra, Barcelona, Cumana, Carupano, Port of Spain, and Ciudad Bolivar, was a screw steamer drawing about eight feet of water. She was originally built for the grain trade of the Black Sea; her engines are aft, and the fore-hold has been converted into a cabin. After the neat little state cabins of the *Guyane* and the large saloon of the *Floride*, the arrangements on board the *Regus Ferreos* did not seem very pleasant. A steep and break-neck ladder led us down into what looked like a hold, and there we found a row of bunks on each side—roomy, it is true, but that was their only charm—and in the middle a dirty wooden table, with equally rough-looking benches. The cabin was dimly lighted by an apology for an oil lamp, and looked decidedly uncomfortable. On deck there were a few ladies, sitting on a table for want of benches; package after package, besides some large dog-kennels for deck passengers, encumbered the deck, and walking was impossible. We now began to understand the commiserations of the people in Trinidad, who spoke in very plain terms of the wretched accommodation we might expect. To complete our discomfort, the steward told us, when we were on board and dinnerless, we could have nothing to eat, as the dinner hour was passed. However, we managed at last to get some bread and cheese put on the table, and some sort of beverage was not wanting to our makeshift luncheon.

Within two hours after going aboard we started, much to my surprise, as I had been told that punctuality was the last of the virtues of the *Regus Ferreos*. It was a lovely moonlight night, and I lingered on deck for a long time, as we steamed along the Gulf of Paria.

On awaking the next morning, I found more than one hammock slung across the cabin, the occupants preferring this native mode of sleeping to the confinement of bunks. I have since learned that they were right. Basins of water were distributed about the dinner table, and washing commenced. I could not help remarking that the Spanish creole seems to think that his forefinger will do perfectly well as a tooth-brush. At six o'clock, coffee, tea, and bread and butter were served, and then nothing more till *déjeuner*, at ten a.m. Here we were agreeably disappointed, for we found an abundant supply of plainly-cooked dishes, far more pleasant to the English palate than the messy odds and ends of the French *cuisine*. I should have said that on going on deck at six a.m. we had already passed through the "Serpent's Mouth," the strait between Trinidad and the mainland of South America, or the "Spanish main," and were running for the Orinoco.

About eight o'clock we entered the Macareo branch of the Orinoco. In passing the shallow waters near the mouth, the lead was heaved continually for several hours, the depth of water being only about nine feet. There are two other channels of the delta used for entering the Orinoco; one called the Boca Grande, or Boca de Navios, with fifteen feet of water on the bar, and the other, the Pedernales, having only six feet. The mouth of the Macareo at the commencement was several miles wide, and on each side nothing was to be seen but a long belt of trees, apparently growing up from the water, the land being but little elevated above the water-level. This kind of scenery continued, and the river became gradually narrower, until at length, in the afternoon, we found

ourselves steaming along a channel only about a quarter of a mile wide, with dense forest on each side. Birds now began to get more numerous, the commonest being a species of kingfisher, known as *chiquaka* by the natives. The flame-coloured plumage of the scarlet ibis was also seen, at the edge of the water. Towards the evening travelling became delightful, amid the tropical scenery; and had there been a pleasant English party on board, nothing would have been more enjoyable.

I was awoke during the night by the sudden stoppage of the vessel; the stupid man at the wheel had run us into the bank. These are slight accidents in Orinoco travelling: we were soon off and steaming ahead again. Early on the following morning we passed the first Indian settlement. A roof of thatch, supported by four or six upright poles, constitutes the dwelling-place of the red skins; here they sling their hammocks, in which they lounge by day and sleep at night. They cultivate a little sugar cane and a few plantains, fish as they sit in their canoes, and "loaf" about, without any other settled occupation. About a dozen of them came down to the shore to see us go by. Their clothing was most scanty—nothing more than a few square inches of calico, fastened by a string round the waist. A yard or two of calico and a ball of string would furnish the clothing of an entire family. Their personal appearance is not prepossessing; the skin is of a reddish brown colour, the cheek bones projecting, the nose aquiline, and the hair black and straight.* Besides the Indians, there were among the crowd ashore several *Mestizos*, or half-breeds, dressed in trousers and jackets.

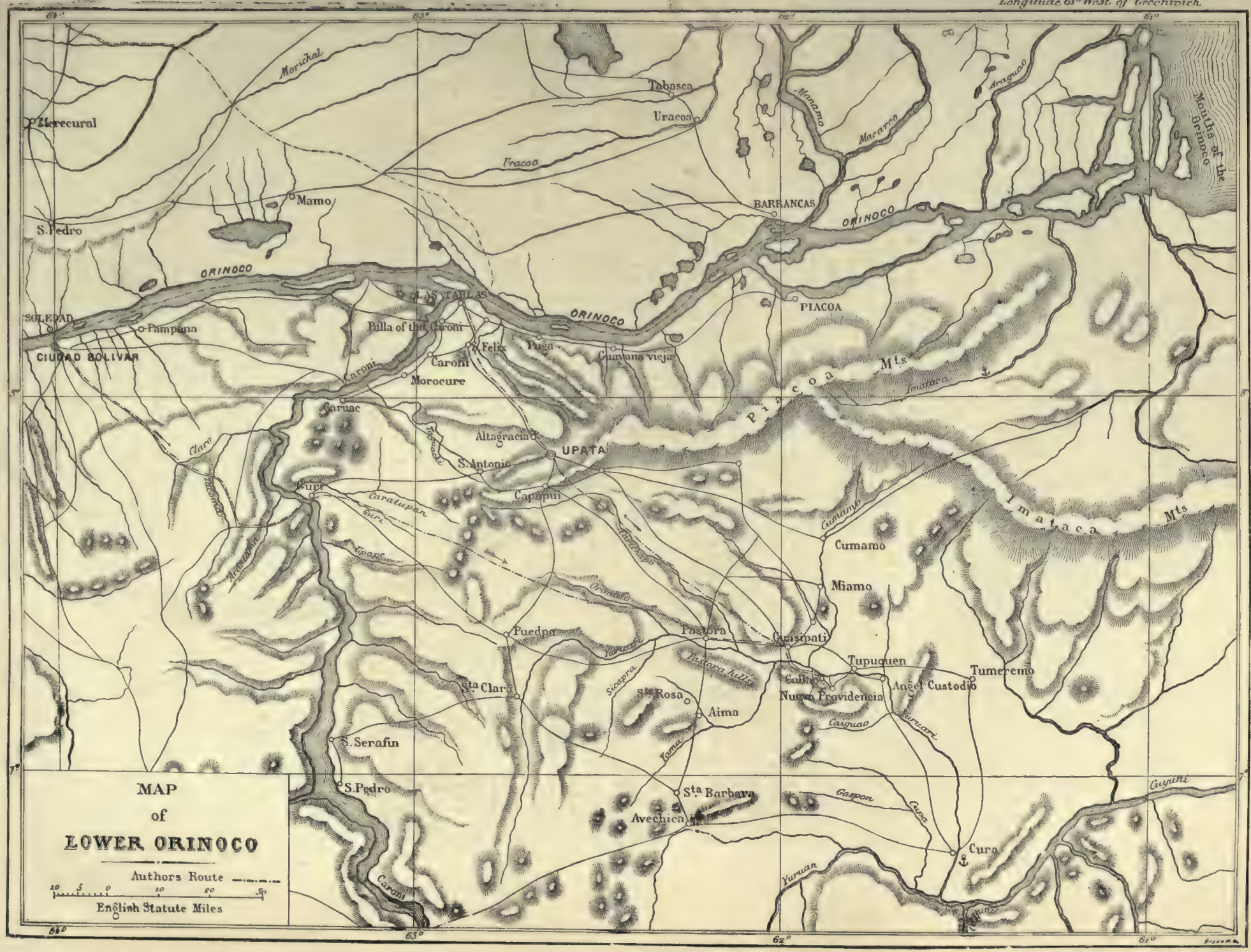
Similar settlements were passed further up, besides two important farms or plantations, now in the hands of a Frenchman. He cultivates sugar-cane, and sends his sugar and rum to Ciudad Bolivar. Of course the farm labourers, Indians and *Mestizos*, turned out to see the steamer pass; and some had adopted costumes a little less primitive than those we saw at first. Excepting these few plantations, there was nothing to interrupt the serried masses of forest on each side of the river.

The Venezuelan army was strongly represented among our fellow-passengers, for there were no less than three generals and two or three colonels on board, to say nothing of captains. One of the generals, a Frenchman, was doctor and general at the same time. He had espoused the cause of the late government, and when that was overturned he had to leave Caraccas, and was now on his way with his family to settle at Upata as a surgeon. Thus from general to country doctor there was but one step. In a similar manner another man on board was at one time general, then admiral, then skipper of a small coasting schooner; what he does now I cannot say. A happy couple on board were remarkable for their



JAGUAR FISHING ON THE BANKS OF THE ORINOCO.

* For details concerning the "Guaraunos," or Indians of the Delta of the Orinoco, see Dr. Plassard's paper, *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie. Paris.* June, 1868. Page 568.



MAP
of
LOWER ORINOCO

Authors Route

10 5 0 10 20 30

English Statute Miles

youth, the husband being only nineteen, and the wife fifteen. They had been married a year. The doctor's wife, though only nineteen, had a little girl of three or four years old. The ladies on board wore their back hair braided into two long tresses, which hung down the back to the waist like pigtails. I cannot say I admire the fashion; but after false chignons and sham curls, one does not mind the crude reality without artificial appendages.

Shortly after noon we arrived in the main stream of the Orinoco, which is here several miles wide, and about two p.m. we were off Barrancas, a small town on the left bank of the river. A huge wooden cross stands near the water's edge, and fifty yards behind it are ranged about a hundred houses, amidst which rise a few palm trees. I could see a sentinel pacing along, dressed in white trousers and shirt, with a straw hat as a cool head-covering; the uniform was at any rate suited to the climate. One of the houses seemed to be a guard-house, as a few muskets of unequal length were visible piled up against the wall. Our steamer sent off a boat with the purser and government postal agent, who landed and had a short talk with the authorities. We did not cast anchor, and on the return of the boat went ahead once more. The delta of the Orinoco was now left behind, and hills began to appear on the southern side of the river. As it grew dark we passed Guayana Vieja, and at midnight stopped at Las Tablas, which is the nearest port to the mines. We lay at the place for an hour, landing passengers and taking others on board; these were mostly merchants from Caratal, and miners.

The scenery along the river was not striking: low hills bounded the view, some showing grassy slopes with a few trees, and others covered with forest; but the river itself is a magnificent stream, muddy, it is true, but a mile or two miles in width, and impressive from its magnitude, if not from the beauty of its banks.

At length we approached the termination of our voyage, Ciudad Bolivar. A tall church tower was the first object that could be distinguished, but it was not for some time, indeed until six p.m., that we were anchored off the town.

Landing and passing the custom-house did not take very long, and here I was glad to have the assistance of Dr. Plassard, who was to be our guide to the mines, and who met us at the wharf; he also kindly showed us the way to the only hotel of which Ciudad Bolivar can boast. I must say I was at once impressed with the early habits of the Venezuelans; for Dr. Plassard on wishing us good night said: "I will not come *very early* to-morrow, as you will want some rest after your journey. I won't look you up till between six and seven in the morning."

We arrived at Ciudad Bolivar on the evening of the 29th of September, exactly three weeks after our departure from St. Nazaire, and of this time three days had been spent at Trinidad.

Before proceeding with a description of my journey inland to the mines, I will say a few words on Venezuela, a country about which a great deal of ignorance prevails in Europe. The republic of Venezuela, according to the constitution of 1864, is composed of twenty independent states, which form the "Confederation of the United States of Venezuela." Some slight changes in the states have taken place since then. Venezuela occupies an area of more than 400,000 square miles—in fact, is more than twice as large as France, and has a population of two millions, of which only one quarter are white, the rest being *Mestizos* (of mixed Indian, African, and European blood), negroes, and Indians.*

Among the principal towns we may notice Caraccas, the capital, and the ports of La Guayra, Puerto Cabello, and Ciudad Bolivar. Maracaibo, Barinas, Valencia, Barcelona, Cumana, Ascencion, San Fernando d'Apure, and Upata, may also be named as considerable centres of population. The state called Guayana is by far the largest of the union, and separated as it is from the others by the broad Orinoco, it has managed to enjoy a comparative immunity from the various revolutions that are the curse of the republic. Ciudad Bolivar, or Angostura, the capital of Guayana, is an important town, built on a hill on the right bank of the Orinoco. The streets are at right angles to one another, paved with rough stones, with a brick foot-path on each side. Some of the houses are built of stone, others of brick; they are all white-washed and roofed with red tiles. A flat brick, like those of Roman walls, the mortar being as thick as the brick or tile, is often seen used. No carts are to be seen about the streets, of which some are excessively steep; goods are transported by means of men and donkeys.

The best stores are in a street lying east and west, facing the Orinoco, and very many of the merchants are Germans. All along the bank signs of commercial activity are seen, in the landing of hides from *lanchas*, or river boats, which come down from the Apure, to be afterwards re-shipped on board vessels going to North America and Europe. During my stay I saw a New York brig and a Bremen brigantine, each of about 300 tons, lying at Ciudad Bolivar. They bring an assorted cargo, and take back hides, deer-skins, tonka beans, balsam of Copaiba, and the well-known "Angostura bitters."

It is a great pity that the political and financial condition of Venezuela has been so unsatisfactory of late. Some years ago there was a company which had three steamers trading up the river, and at one time they were doing a capital business; unfortunately two of their boats were lost through the carelessness of the captain or pilots, and the shell of the third lies at Bolivar, and as things stand at present it has not been thought worth while to continue the service. At the time of my visit there was no steamer trading above Ciudad Bolivar. As the trade with the upper country has diminished so considerably, the Bolivar merchants now rest their hopes on the Caratal gold-field, and all merchandise for Nueva Providencia has to come up the Orinoco to this city to pass the custom-house, and then descend again to Las Tablas—in other words, it has to travel nearly two hundred miles more than it need do, to say nothing of unnecessary trans-shipments. This could all be obviated by having a regular custom-house at Las Tablas, but as the merchants at Bolivar get their commission and profits on the goods, they are not likely to press for any alteration of the present stupid arrangement.

During my stay at the capital I had the honour of being introduced to the President of the state of Guayana, Don Juan Della Costa—an able ruler, a thorough gentleman, a good linguist (an important thing for foreigners), and evidently the right man in the right place. His brothers are large merchants, and the family is very highly respected. Under his guidance there seems every chance that the state will be well governed;

* "Etats unis de Vénézuéla. Notice historique, et catalogue. Exposition Universelle de 1867." Paris.

and Guayana, as far as I can learn, is practically independent of the rest of the republic, and troubles itself but little about the revolutions at Caraccas.

Excepting a few copper cents at Caraccas and La Guayra, there is no true Venezuelan currency. Accounts are kept in *pesos* and *centavos*. The Venezuelan *peso* or dollar, divided into eight reals or 100 *centavos*, is equivalent to about four francs, or three shillings and twopence, and the *centavo*, or cent, is consequently equal to about three-eighths of a penny. The coins used in Venezuela are those of other South American states, Mexico, the United States, France, Italy, and England. There is a premium on gold, and the English sovereign passes for six and a half *pesos* in silver. The franc passes as a quarter *peso*, or two reals; the half-franc is equivalent to one real. For smaller change you have the old French quarter-franc, and the newer pieces of twenty centimes, which are actually cut in halves, and even quarters where very small change is required. The money is certainly puzzling at first, because on receiving change you get coins of so many different countries; but after all it is not worse than that of Hamburg and Lübeck. I may here add that during the time I was in South America I never heard "that Ciudad Bolivar has an evil reputation at present for yellow fever," which, according to Eastwick,* is said to be the case. I believe that Ciudad Bolivar has never but once been visited by yellow fever, and that in 1854.

* "Venezuela; or, Sketches of Life in a South American Republic." By Edward B. Eastwick, C.B., F.R.S. London: 1868. Page 250.

The Hyrcanian Desert, and the Principal Roads Across It.

BY PROFESSOR ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

UNDER this name is known the large tract of land extending from the eastern shores of the Caspian Sea to the left bank of the Oxus, in an easterly direction, and from the Aral Sea to Persia and Affghanistan in a southerly direction. Its greatest length measures about 600, and its width nearly 400 English geographical miles; almost the whole of this enormous space being properly termed a desert, first, in consequence of the barren nature of its soil, and secondly, from the want of a settled population; so that the idea of being on such a spot of the globe, where a man has to travel sometimes two or three weeks before he meets a fellow-creature or a habitation, is really frightening. The variety of the geographical features of the desert is commensurate with its extent. Along the eastern shores of the Caspian, the soil is either firm clay or stony, its flatness being only interrupted by the Great and Little Balkan. A little further in the interior the eye meets very often with those endless ranges of sand-hills, rising to a height of two or three hundred feet, which form the most formidable, and dangerous obstacle to the traveller, partly by the unfathomable, thin sand which glides under the feet of men and camels, and makes a firm footing almost impossible, partly by their continually changing in height and position. The idea of a moving range of hills sounds rather strange, but it is nevertheless a fact that the most experienced traveller is unable to track a safe path across the sandy part of the Hyrcanian Desert, as it happens very often to him to find a long chain of hills in places where a few days ago he saw a level plain of firm soil. The beginning of these much-dreaded *koumluks* (sandy places) is apparent by a slight undulation of the sandy surface; this becomes always thicker and thicker, and without noticing the ascent under your feet, you find yourself on turning back at the top of an elevation.

Bewildering as the aspect of the dreary desert is to the eye of the stranger, the curse of Nature would shock him much more if vegetation, poor and unseemly like the soil on which it grows, did not beguile the creeping minutes of wearisome time. Here you see a long patch of grass, which a freak of Nature produces in the middle of desolation. It has a dark green colour, but its life is of a short duration; springing up in the middle of April, you find it almost withered at the beginning of May. There you may discover queer-looking plants forcing their way out of the crevices of the scorched, clayey ground. Certain kinds of wild carrots and radishes grow there; both are eatable, but if you wish to gather them, you must dig them up; to try and uproot them is always a hopeless proceeding. The sand is not quite naked, as might be supposed. A great portion of it is covered with shrubby trees, sometimes ten or fifteen feet in height, with no stem; the branches, of a considerable thickness, grow out near the ground, and the trees are so loose in the soil, that they fall almost with a grasp, and the wood, as soon as it ignites, quickly burns to ashes, with little or no smoke.

Taken altogether, the Hyrcanian Desert cannot be compared with the deserts of Northern Africa or Central Arabia. The latter, as recently ascertained, bear the character of desolation rather in consequence of neglect and want of industry than of natural condition; and judging from the descriptions of French, German, and English travellers of this century, they are certainly more accessible and less dangerous than the desert we are speaking of. Apart from the inclemencies of weather—the thermometer rising in summer above 120° Fahr., with a winter of bitter cold and frosty winds which blow in wild hurricanes from the north-east—the traveller might yet think himself safe from the terrors of Nature if man—I mean the roaming Turkoman robber, certainly more rapacious and cruel than the Nubian lion—did not beset his way with a thousand troubles. Owing to this circumstance no caravan would venture to cross any part of the Hyrcanian if not escorted by Turkomans. This is much like making the goat a gardener; but then, even, you are not sure you may not be attacked by some tribe hostile to your escort, there being continual feuds among them. Nor can an encounter with a Turkoman bear any resemblance to that with another foe. It is not death alone which is dreaded, it is slavery still worse than death which might follow the

unfortunate issue of an engagement, the greedy son of the desert always taking particular care not to kill his prey, as a slave promises him greater benefit than the clothes and arms of a slain victim. This is the chief reason why travellers have shown at all times a preference to struggle rather with the various and manifold dangers which the desert puts in their way, than to jeopardise their lives in an encounter with the inhabitants of the desert; and in order to avoid this, either



A TURKOMAN.

the most dreary and desolate-looking part of the desert is crossed, or such a time of the year is chosen which, less propitious for the roaming expeditions of the robbers, is the more sure for the slowly-travelling merchant.

Strictly speaking, there is no permanent route across the Hyrcanian; it is only the starting-points, either from Persia or from Khiva, which have not changed in the last centuries. In Persia, Astrabad, Dereguz, and Meshed; in Khiva, Hezaresp, Medemin, and Porsu are known as starting-places. In ancient times these towns were emporia of trade between Persia and Kharezm; now-a-days they have lost entirely their importance, and are, except Meshed, inconsiderable places, where the poor and miserable-looking caravans gather, to transport a few bales with scanty goods from Iran to the banks of the Oxus, and *vice versâ*. Travellers in the region are of two distinct classes: 1, the native of Central Asia, who is journeying to Persia, and whose only enemy is bad weather; and 2, the Persian going to Khiva, who incurs the double danger either of being buried by a sand-storm, killed by thirst, or being brought in fetters to the slave-market of Khiva. The latter has the most reason to dread the way across the Hyrcanian, and yet both are almost equal in anxiety about the necessary precautions, and both are fully convinced of the dangerous task they have to perform.

Taking the three aforesaid starting-points, I will begin with the first, and lead my reader from Astrabad to Medemin, the most southern point in the Khanate of Khiva, and only two days' ride from the residence. Before all, the caravan must

secure the friendship of some mighty and influential Turkoman chief of the Yomut tribe, who is to serve with his clansmen as a safeguard, surrounding always the string of laden camels during the march, or watching over the piled-up bales when amongst a settlement of tents, the inhabitants of which may be his most reliable friends. It is not only the goods which are handed over to the escorting Turkoman chief, but even the travelling commodities, such as dresses and provisions, are left under his care. The rich merchant, in order to show poverty and to divert the greedy looks of the nomads, must eat the scantiest meal; he must be wrapt in rags, sleep on the bare ground, whilst his paid guard makes use of his dress, bed, and food—nay, some even feign to be the servants of the Turkoman,



WELL IN THE HYRCANIAN DESERT.

and undergo all kinds of hardship, only to save their fortune and life. This, of course, lasts only for four or five days, until the caravan has left the encampment, the green pastures of the banks of the Gurgan and Etrek, and entered the desert proper, where, until reaching the Balkan, flocks or tents are but seldom met with. On the eastern slopes of the last-named mountain there is abundant verdure in the month of April, but in May all is scorched and withered, and grass becomes rare as a draught of drinkable water. This is also the main reason why caravans can travel safely at this time of the year, the marauding Turkomans being unable to find food for their horses, whilst camels can nourish on thistles, which are everywhere plentifully met with. It may be, therefore, easily understood that the more dreadful and awful the natural condition of the desert, the safer it becomes against the wickedness of men. The travellers patiently struggle with hot, feverish winds, sandstorms, and want of water, if they are safe from a surprise of these merciless robbers. The waterless part of this road is generally reckoned from the banks of the Etrek to the frontiers of Khiva, where artificial canals convey the pure stream of the Oxus, but I believe there are some springs of good water on the southern slopes of the Balkan, which are kept most secretly and watched strictly by a certain branch of the Yomuts, who, as I am told, possess it by inheritance. There must be also, if I am not mistaken, either a spring or some cistern on the northern slope of the aforesaid mountain, but apart from these there is no drop of drinkable liquid on the whole way, an average length of 300 miles, and rarely travelled over under ten or twelve days. Taking into consideration that caravans consist mostly of several strings of heavily-laden camels, this mode of travelling must not be called a very slow one. One day's march is generally twenty-four or twenty-six miles, divided into three different stages—1, an hour after sunset until dawn, which is called the longest, as the cool night and bracing air lessen the hardship. Between dawn and sunrise is the time of breakfast, for men as well as for animals; and the sun has not yet risen when (2) the second stage begins, which lasts until nine or ten o'clock. This stage, called the noon repose, is the longest, but is tiresome even when resting, as the excessive heat and thirst prevent repose. No shade or tent will bring benignant sleep over the tired eyelids; and the traveller is longing again to exchange this quiet position for the undulating movement of the camel in the evening breeze. About four in the afternoon begins (3) the last and the shortest part of the march, which is continued until seven or eight o'clock, leaving plenty of time for the evening meal. Sleep is mostly taken whilst riding. The Central Asiatic, who is reared up and spends the greatest part of his life on horseback, finds such a bed quite comfort-

able. He is firmly seated in the saddle, and although his head is continually tottering right and left, he is very seldom awakened by an involuntary descent from his beast.

On reaching Medemin, or the inhabited part of the Khanate of Khiva, the route is at an end, albeit there remain yet three or four days before the capital is reached; but there are no further fatigues or troubles, except through the governmental escort, which takes care that nobody escapes the scrutinising eye of the collector of customs.

This is the main road between Persia and Khiva, and is called *Etrek Yolu;* the second, named *Tekke Yolu* (The Way of the Tekkes, as it passes through the last-named tribe), begins at Bujnoord, goes across the upper part of the Etrek river, and skirting the Tedjend swamps eastward, runs mostly through a region well provided with wells of drinkable water, with sufficient grass for the cattle, and nearly a hundred miles shorter than the first one. This, I am told, was the most frequented road in the past century, and even before was for a long time used as a highway, which is pretty well ascertained by the fact that Nadir Shah chose this road for his speedy return to Persia, leaving there in the sand-hills two large pieces of artillery which could not be extricated, in consequence of the great hurry of his march. When I asked why this road had been discontinued, I was answered that the Tekke, the sole masters of this part of the desert, make all communication impossible, owing to the continual war they wage against the neighbouring tribes. Nobody can trust to their amity, and it is only the mightier and more powerful who can venture to use this road.

The third road is called *Dereguz Yolu*, which cuts the desert in its narrowest part between Dereguz, a small place in the most northern part of Persia, and Hezaresp, in Khiva. It is only of twelve days' journey, out of which eight days are passed in deep sand, with three wells of bitter water, and four days amongst cattle-breeding Turkomans. This road, used mostly by adventurous, daring travellers, is often styled *Naseeb Yolu* (The Way of Chance), and those who undertake it are generally such people as have lost their fortune, and gain their livelihood either by audacious enterprise or by nefarious dealings with the Turkoman robbers, to whom they serve as agents in the abominable slave traffic. The Dereguz way serves, therefore, as a means of communication to the Central Asiatic trader from Turkestan to Iran, but never, or very seldom, to the Iranian or Persian trade.

These are the starting-points from Persia, properly speaking, to Turkestan, and *vice versâ*, but there are other routes besides from Khiva to Merv, which place was looked upon for a long time as belonging to Persia, but is now-a-days in the hands of the Tekkes. The first of the Merv routes, called *Ortakuju* (The Middle Well)—from Khiva to Merv in fourteen days—runs entirely across sandy tracks, and deserves well the epithet of "frightful." The second, the *Akyap Yolu*, between Hezaresp and Merv, is of the same length, but less difficult, having at intervals grass for the cattle, and every other day a well of drinkable, although not good water. The third—comparatively the best—is called *Kabakli Yolu*. Its length is about 170 miles, easily performed in eight days, as only one half is covered with sand, and the rest with firm surface, which is clad in the spring in a bright coat of verdure.

All that I have said in reference to the roads must be taken to apply to the time of the year between the middle of April and the end of September. Whilst in other regions with the beginning of winter communication by land is rendered difficult, with the Hyrcanian Desert it is just the contrary. As soon as the trackless sand-plains are covered with snow, which remains for about four months, the great plague of nature, viz., thirst, has ceased to bar the way. Instead of slowly-moving camels, the speedy horse is chosen for a conveyance; and instead of army-like caravans, small travelling companies hurry from one end of the desert to the other. The surface furnishes him with water to quench his thirst; the dry shrubs supply fuel to boil his tea and give warmth to his frozen limbs. Nor must he dread the enemy; the fear of falling far from the well does not check him in his way; and the stronger the sinews of his horse, the safer his life. In winter the Etrek road is travelled over in eight or ten days, the Kabakli even in five; and in spite of frosty winds and snow-storms, the inhabitant of Central Asia gives not only preference, but finds his delight in a winter tour across the desert.

Seven Months in the Balearic Islands.—I.

BY E. G. BARTHOLOMEW, C.E., M.S.E.

HISTORICAL KETCH—SCENERY OF MAJORCA—CULTIVATION—SUPERIORITY OF THE MOORISH IRRIGATION WORKS TO THOSE OF THE SPANIARDS.

In the year 1860, the Spanish Government determined to connect the Balearic Islands with Spain by means of a double system of telegraphs, and the construction of the lines having been placed in my hands, I had an unusual opportunity presented me of becoming acquainted with these most interesting localities, places possessing singular attractions, and yet less known to the English—I might almost say the European—traveller, than any other place within the distance of an ordinary summer tour, and for this reason I have been induced to put into a connected form the notes I had jotted down upon the spot.

There appears to be no doubt as to the origin of the name this group of islands bears. From the remotest records we have of them, their name has been associated with a peculiar characteristic of their inhabitants—their skill in the use of the sling, a skill which rendered it a formidable weapon in their hands; the Phœnician "Baal-jare," or the Greek βαλλω, give us the origin of the more modern word "Baleares." The sling is still frequently met with, but is now more peacefully employed in collecting stray sheep.

It is believed that the Canaanites, who were driven by

Joshua from their native land, were the first inhabitants of the Baleares. We learn from Procopius that that people settled on the northern coast of Africa, and there are good reasons for believing they crossed over to these islands and colonised them. Several writers agree on this point.

The Arabs held undisputed possession of Majorca 2,500 years ago, and in 680 B.C., the Mallorquines repelled a Carthaginian fleet which attempted a landing on the island. Subsequently, however, that great rival of Rome became mistress of nearly the whole of the Balearic group. In 120 B.C., the Romans subdued Majorca under Metellus, who was thence called Balearicus, and his first act was to baptise himself and soldiers with the blood of 29,000 of the inhabitants. Metellus built the towns of Palma and Pollenza, both of which still exist.

During the reign of Augustus, Majorca and Minorca were so infested with rabbits that the inhabitants sent to Rome to seek assistance in destroying them. Few of these quadrupeds can now be found in any of the islands.

The Vandals, under Genseric, invaded the Baleares and conquered the Romans, remaining in possession till A.D. 800, when the Moors appeared. These latter fortified the coasts of Majorca, erected towers on every prominent position, and built fifteen large towns in the island.

Charlemagne seized the Baleares in the early part of the ninth century, but was expelled by the Moors, who retained possession until the middle of the eleventh century, when James I. of Arragon conquered the Moors, and became the first king of Majorca. James II. succeeded him, and the island continued an appanage of the crown of Arragon till 1375, when it was united to Spain. With the exception of a few years in the early part of the eighteenth century, when it was held by the English, it has remained a province of Spain to the present time.

In the Cathedral of Palma there is a marble monument, which contains the embalmed body of James II. This monument was erected by Carlos III. in 1779, and bears the following inscription :—

Aqui reposa el cadaver del Serenissimo S^{r}.
D^{n}. Jayme de Aragon, II. Rey de Mallorca, que merece la mas pia y laudable memoria en los anales.
Falleció en 28 de Mayo de 1311.
Requiescat in pace.

The body is handsomely dressed, and has a crown upon its head ; the face and hands are exposed. The corpse lies in a kind of coffin with a glass cover, which has rollers beneath it, and when any one wishes to look at his Majesty, the attendant draws out the coffin from the hollow monument. This frequent pulling and pushing seemed to me to be greatly at variance with the "Requiescat in pace."

Majorca, the largest of the group, has a surface of 1,440 square miles, and is in general highly productive. Upwards of 20,000 mule-loads of oranges have been exported from the island in one season. In 1799 Majorca produced two millions of gallons of wine, and eight millions of oil, and in that year the value of its productions was £1,734,000, which increased in 1802 to £2,309,000. The Mallorquines are fond of hoarding, hence a very large amount of coin exists in the island. Majorca contains thirty-nine parishes, in which stand fifty-eight towns, many of them populous and thriving, and in 1834 the entire inhabitants of the island numbered 164,000.

The scenery of Majorca is most magnificently varied. The mountains are bold in the extreme, and form the northern boundary of the island, stretching from the towering island-rock of Dragonera, on which stands a lighthouse 1,180 feet above the sea, to the equally bold headland of Formentera, pointing defiantly towards the stormy Gulf of Lyons, and embracing between these extremes an almost perpendicular wall of stone seventy miles long, some of the craggy peaks of which rise to a height of nearly 5,000 feet.

A few admirably-constructed roads cross these mountains, affording access to the picturesque valleys which lie embosomed among them on their northern slopes. One place is deserving of special notice. The valley of Soller occupies a basin formed by a recession of the mountains from the coast. Looking down upon this spot from the abrupt summit of the mountain, where the road crosses its brow, there lies spread out before the eye a large expanse of orange groves thickly dotted with cottages. When I looked down upon this lovely scene, Soller was rejoicing in plenty. The rich green of the orange trees formed a brilliant contrast to the darker hues of the mountain oaks in the foreground. In the distance was a beautiful streak of blue water, a little creek which runs up a mile into the land, whence many a laden ship has departed, bearing away the golden produce of this little paradise. Plenty has not always been known in Soller. Two winters before I visited it a fall of snow—a rare phenomenon in this sheltered spot—had nipped the young fruit in the bud, and changed plenty into poverty.

The road which leads from Palma to Soller possesses other picturesque features, which may well cause the traveller to wish to revisit it. For a few miles out of the town the road is exposed and dusty, but when the rising ground is reached, all becomes changed. The shade is increased by the abundance of olives and oaks, and the air becomes cooler. Here and there a mountain-stream dashes over an adjoining precipice, and conveys an idea of fertility which the arid plain below does not afford. As the road ascends, the prospect behind you widens, until some abrupt bend in the road places a bold crag between you and the distance, shutting it out from the view, till from a still higher eminence the scene is again revealed to yet greater advantage. Soon are discovered the country residences of many wealthy merchants of Palma, occupying well-chosen positions, where, almost buried among the trees, the air is cool and refreshing. Occasionally a little hermitage tells of its presence by its sweet-toned bell, the sounds lending an indescribable charm to a scene too beautiful to be portrayed by the pen.

The women of Soller are remarkably fair-complexioned, and by no means so plain in their appearance as the majority of the Mallorquine females. They are called the Circassians of Majorca. Between Soller and Palma there stands an old mansion, the porch of which is an excellent specimen of the Moorish style of architecture. The roof is richly carved, and still bears the remains of brilliant colouring. In former years this was the entrance to the palace of a Moorish prince, and it is a thousand pities that the supineness of the Mallorquines—their characteristic, in common with all southern Spaniards—has suffered this interesting relic of a bygone period to fall into decay; soon it will be known only by name.

Westward of Soller is an interesting place called Valdemosa. I enjoyed a pic-nic in this pleasant locality with some Spanish

friends, who certainly know how to enjoy themselves, and how to make their friends happy on these occasions.

The road between Palma and Valdemosa lies, for many miles of the way, through well-watered gardens, which, at the time I passed them, abounded in fruits of excellent quality, and as various as excellent. On our return in the cool of the day, we left our conveyances in charge of the drivers, and feasted to our hearts' content on the most delicious fruits by the payment of two pesétas.

In the valley through which this road to Valdemosa lies, there are several mills, the water from which flows through the gardens lower down, diffusing coolness and fertility in its progress. Owing to the long droughts of summer, and the absence of rivers in the island, the small mountain-streams are led with the greatest care into reservoirs, aqueducts, &c., so that, after irrigating the higher ground, they pass down to lower levels, and so on until they reach the flat, low-lying grounds, where the water is banked up to flood the rice-plots and melon-gardens, conferring throughout their course an amount of benefit which it is impossible to estimate in this rain-sodden country, where the chief difficulty is to get rid of the superabundant moisture.

The care which has been displayed in the construction of artificial reservoirs and watercourses is traceable to the Moors. That industrious race were greatly in advance of the Spaniards of the present day in many respects. They fully appreciated the value of water for agricultural purposes; indeed, all the existing aqueducts and sluices in Spain were constructed by the Moors. The present inhabitants, through their insuperable listlessness and innate idleness, have allowed many important tracts of land, once rich and fertile, to become barren wastes, simply from their not maintaining the barriers and other arrangements, made with such skill and care by the Moors, for preventing the water from passing an inch lower until all the land on any one level, requiring irrigation, had received the full benefit of the stream. Near Alicante is a large reservoir, known as the Royal Pond. It supplies the gardens in the neighbourhood, and so highly did the Moors appreciate the value of the enclosed water, that they built around it a wall sixty feet high, and so thick, that on its top three carriages can pass abreast. The wells dug by the Moors are very numerous and very deep. They are either oval or double; if double, the two shafts unite at the bottom. The mode of raising the water is ingenious. A large, broad-rimmed, wooden wheel is mounted on a spindle placed across the narrow axis of the mouth of the well, or between the shafts if double, and rests on bearings. By means of a second and upright wheel, working into the first, rotary motion is given to the drum by animal power. Two endless bands, made of strong, coarse, twisted grass, pass over the large drum, and descend below the water. Between these bands, and at a distance of about two feet apart, small sun-burnt earthen jars are firmly lashed, each having a small hole in the bottom, their mouths being all in one direction. The revolution of the wheel and bands, in a direction from the bottom to the top of the jars, draws a jar out of the water filled, but the water immediately begins to leak through the bottom hole, passing slowly into the succeeding jar, thence into the next, and so on, so that long before the first jar has reached the top, it is empty. The first dozen will, most likely, be empty, but as they have all been emptying their contents into the succeeding ones, there will at last arrive at the top one which had not time to receive the leakings of those above, and to empty itself as well; it may be half empty, but the next, and all succeeding, will be full; these passing over the wheel, empty themselves into a trough, which conveys the water to a reservoir. At first it seems absurd that the jars should be allowed to leak, but the Moors were wise enough to know that, as the jars enter the water mouth first, and are only a short time in the water, there would not be sufficient time for the jars to get emptied of air and filled with water unless they had this vent. The water which splashes around the well soon produces rank vegetation, which appears often like an oasis in the midst of surrounding barrenness.

Journeyings in Mesopotamia.—IV.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE INDIAN NAVY.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE ROAD FROM BAGHDAD TO BABYLON—THE MUJILLIBE—EL KASR, OR THE PALACE—THE HANGING GARDENS—THE EUPHRATES—HILLAH—BABYLON, ITS EXTENT AND GRANDEUR—THE JEWS OF BABYLON AND BAGHDAD—BIRS NIMROUD, OR TOWER OF BABEL.

THE traveller finds himself in the desert directly he passes outside the walls of Baghdad. The first part of the journey towards Babylon is a beaten track formed by the constant journeyings of pilgrims to the tomb of their patron saint Ali, the cousin of Mahomet, who is buried to the westward of Babylon, at Mesjed Ali.

Mounted on horses, with our followers and baggage on mules, our rate of progression through the desert was only two miles an hour, and the mode of travelling would have been intolerable to any one not so well accustomed to the East as we were. Being in Mesopotamia, we accommodated ourselves to the manners and customs of the lazy children of the desert, and crept along on our horses while our dark-skinned companions trudged stoutly at the tails of the baggage animals.

After leaving Baghdad we saw the tomb of Zobeide far on our right; but, as our course lay in a south-westerly direction, it was quickly lost sight of. We soon passed, distant about seven and a half miles from the city, a large caravanserai called Kiahya Khan, from its founder, Ahmed, the Kiahya or minister of Soleiman Pasha, who was once governor of Baghdad. On the surrender of the city to the Persians he



JEWS OF MESOPOTAMIA.

was taken prisoner and conveyed to Shiraz, where he remained until the death of Kerim Khan in 1779, when he effected his escape, and was reinstated Pasha. We passed Kiahya Khan without stopping. Five miles further on we came to another halting-place, known as Assad Khan, and built by Omar Pasha in A.H. 1092. It is a large caravanserai, capable of accommodating five hundred people, and, according to Buckingham, is remarkable for the first-rate cup of coffee you can get within its walls—truly an excellent recommendation to a traveller in the East, but we did not stop to try the quality of the fragrant beverage.

Our course was now nearly south, until we passed the remains of a canal, over which we crossed by a narrow bridge. Another hour's march brought us to the dry bed of a deep and wide canal, supposed to be the famous Nahar Malka, which diverged from the course of the Euphrates at a point at the south-western extremity of the Median wall to the Tigris, near the cities of Ctesiphon and Seleucia. This canal was navigable as late as the age of the caliphs. We sighted an encampment of Arabs, among whom were merchants of the same character as those we had remarked in Baghdad, selling the panther skins which they brought from distant places. Soon we passed another caravanserai, known to the Turks as the Khan Bir Yunus, so called from a well at which the prophet Jonas is said to have drunk during his visits to Nineveh. All the members of our party now began to feel fatigued, and we were not sorry to learn, on interrogating our guides, that we were close upon a very spacious caravanserai called after Alexander, like so many buildings and cities in the track of the victorious march of that great conqueror's army. We alighted, accordingly, at the Khan Iskanderia, and, finding excellent accommodation for man and horse, we made ourselves comfortable for the night. As the weather was cold, we slept in one of the vaulted rooms within the buildings, while our cattle were fastened to bars arranged round the oblong, raised platforms in the centre of the court, which are built at such distances from each other, and of such length and breadth, as to leave convenient passages around and between them. These platforms are used by travellers during the hot weather to sleep on, and are great boons when the temperature ranges as high as 117° in the middle of the dewless nights, and when the slightest breath of air is eagerly wooed by the gasping wayfarer. This khan was erected during the last century at the expense of Mohammed Hussein Khan, formerly Nizam-ud-Dowlah, or home minister of Futteh Ali Shah, with a view to the convenience of pilgrims to Mesjed Ali and Mesjed Hussein, two of the most celebrated places of Persian pilgrimage. This caravanserai of Iskanderia is capable of housing one thousand persons, and is one of the largest in Mesopotamia; it is almost wholly constructed of ancient bricks dug up from ruins on the spot, and the ridges of earth covered with rubbish in the neighbourhood attest the fact that a considerable city once occupied its site.

Soon after daylight the next morning we were on the move again, and, continuing our course in a south-westerly direction, passed over a flat country, intersected by many small, half-dry canals. A considerable distance to our left lay the mound of Tel Ibrahim, by far the largest in this part of Mesopotamia. It is one thousand yards in length, and about sixty feet in height. Hyenas have burrowed holes in this great pile of ruins, and the rain has formed channels in its sides; the surface is covered with more than the usual amount of *débris* of glass, pottery, and other materials.

After a short halt at the village of Mohawil, we again proceeded on our way. Every step now was over ground rendered for ever memorable by the historical events connected with its site, for from this village of Mohawil the ruins of Babylon may be said to commence; indeed, the khan itself is, in part, built of the large, square, kiln-dried bricks of a reddish colour which were brought up from the kasr, or palace, at Babel. The distance from the mounds of Mohawil to Hillah is about eight miles, and so extensive is the site over which, according to the generally-received opinion, ancient Babylon extended, that the Birs Nimroud lies almost the same distance on the other side of that town, while between the two extremities almost every acre of ground is covered with vestiges of the mighty city. According to Strabo, the city of Babylon was 385 furlongs in compass, and according to Diodorus Siculus, 360; but Herodotus, who belonged to an earlier age, states that it was of the same dimensions as Nineveh, that is, 480 furlongs, or above 60 miles in compass. The difference between the two cities was that Nineveh formed a parallelogram, whilst Babylon was an exact square, each side being 120 furlongs; so that Babylon covered much more ground, or 14,410 square furlongs, whilst the area of Nineveh was only 13,500.

Great Babylon, "the golden city" of the Scriptures, its beauty, strength, and grandeur, its walls, temples, palaces, and hanging gardens, the banks of the river, and the artificial canals and lakes made for the drainage of that river, in the seasons of its over-flowings, are described with such pomp and magnificence by the heathen authors, that it is deservedly reckoned one of the wonders of the ancient world. Though seated in a low, marshy plain, it is called in Scripture "a mountain," on account of the great height of its walls and towers, its palaces and temples. Its walls, according to Herodotus, were 350 feet in height, and 87 in thickness. The most minute and best description of ancient Babylon is that by Diodorus Siculus, who wrote half a century before the birth of Christ, though the city had even then long been laid in ruins.

No striking ruin presents itself till we arrive at the Mujillibe, truly a vast and sublime relic of the days when men were giants, and constructed edifices by the side of which anything in modern engineering, with all its aids of steam and science, looks puny indeed. Between Mohawil and the Mujillibe we passed four canal embankments, all covered with fragments of buildings, composed of furnace-burnt bricks; but the eye is caught and the attention fixed by the huge mountainous ruin known as the Mujillibe, an Arabic term, signifying overturned, which towers above a series of intervening mounds in its solitary grandeur, and presents an imposing object.

On approaching it we had to pass over a deep outer ditch, which, with an inner ditch of greater depth and breadth, encircles the ruin. The mound then rises in a steep ascent, over which we picked our way by the winding paths worn by frequent visitors. The general form of the edifice is oblong, though its sides have been rendered irregular by decay. According to Mr. Rich, who wrote two valuable memoirs on Babylon, the whole circumference of the Mujillibe is 2,110 feet, and the height of its highest angle, that of the south-east, 141 feet. It is probable that the building, whatever it might

originally have been, was surrounded by walls as well as by ditches. Major Rennell was of opinion that it was the Tower of Belus, while Mr. Rich, who had visited Babylon more than once, and had every facility afforded him during his observations, always spoke of the Birs Nimroud across the river as that famous edifice. I think the view of the latter gentleman is the more correct, though it is a question which can never be definitely settled. In the exterior surface of the Mujillibe are remains of walls and buildings, and its base, probably, is still a solid building.

These features, added to the circumstance of its being to all appearance surrounded by ditches, give colour to the supposition of the Mujillibe having been a castellated palace, and although the solidity of the ruin would seem to oppose this idea, yet this was doubtless caused by the overthrow in one ruined mass of many different buildings. Mr. Rich's elaborate description proves the existence in the interior of chambers, passages, and cellars of different sizes. This wonderful pile must have been, then, the seat of luxurious feastings and revelries; its halls, in the distant days when Babylon flourished a great and powerful city, must have resounded with song, while the "twinkling" of the feet of many dancers made every heart bound with joy; and mighty monarchs, whose ears were filled with flattery, doubtless forgot that all this splendour would pass away. It now stands there a heap of ruins, and on gazing on it the sublime passage in the Prophets involuntarily occurs to the mind, "Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there."

Leaving the Mujillibe alone in its desolation, we bent our course to the next important ruin, distant about one mile, and known generally as Kasr, or the Palace. On our way we came close to the banks of the river, which is much wider here than is the Tigris at the same distance from the sea. Its banks were lined on both sides with groves of palm trees, and its current flowed somewhat sluggishly along. As I stood on the banks of the grand old river, with the fresh air from the silent groves fanning my face, my mind reverted to the days when the captive Jews wandered about these self-same shores, and, hanging their harps on the willows or osiers which to this day grow on the banks, refused, when pressed by the enemies of their race and religion, to sing the songs of Zion; instead of notes of joy, the breath of heaven bore away on its wings the sounds of lamentation and woe.

The gardens on the banks of the river are watered in the following manner. A canal of narrow dimensions is let in from the main stream to a distance of twenty or thirty feet; a frame-work is then erected over it, made of the trunks of date trees, two sections of a trunk being used as posts, one as a transverse bar, and two others, sloping inwards, resting upon this bar; in the end of these last are pulleys, over which traverses a cord; to the one end of the cord is affixed a large leather bucket, which descends to the river with its own weight and fills. The other end is fastened to a bullock, which is made to descend over a steep, artificial slope, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and, thus uniting its weight with its strength, it easily raises the water. This is then discharged from the leather bucket, by a long pipe of the same material, into a channel somewhat above the level of the garden itself, so that it readily finds its way into the general reservoir there. Each of these bullocks has a driver to attend it, but notwithstanding this, the method is as cheap and effective as any that could be contrived to be executed, and is the same that has been in operation for ages, not only in Mesopotamia, but in the rural parts of India where land requires artificial irrigation.

Crossing over the intermediate valley between the river and El Kasr, or the Palace, we proceeded to examine this noble ruin.

This enormous pile stands on a mound; its form is very irregular, and measures 820 yards in length by 610 in breadth. The ruins are deeply furrowed throughout by ravines of great length, depth, and width, and crossing each other in every direction. Some are full sixty feet in depth, which Mignan attributes to the Arabs, who are constantly at work conveying the bricks to Hillah and other places, as building materials. In some of these artificial ravines, fragments of detached wall are still standing, composed of burnt brick cemented together with bitumen, with their faces or inscribed parts downwards. The freshness of the inscriptions, on extracting some of these bricks, is amazing; one would never gather that they had been imprinted thousands of years ago, and formed part of shapeless ruins even at the commencement of our era. In the fragments of building on the summit of the mound, neither bitumen nor reeds can be traced, there being but a simple layer of mortar to bind the materials together. The very heart of this pile appears to be built entirely of the finest furnace-baked bricks, distinguishing it from other ruins, in which sun-dried materials are employed. On the top of the mound are the remains of square piers or buttresses, measuring from sixteen to eighteen feet in height, and nine in thickness. The colour of the bricks of which these buttresses are composed is pale yellow, and so tenacious is the cement by which they are adhered together, that it defied our utmost efforts to detach them.

Near to this palace, and close to the river, lay the wonderful so-called "hanging gardens," the work of Nebuchadnezzar. These remains consist of two grand masses, of the elevation of sixty feet, connected together by a broad and lofty causeway, and faced by an embankment on the edge of the stream, the whole occupying in its present state a space of 2,350 yards in length, by 1,100 in breadth, and about twenty in height. The hanging gardens are described by Strabo and Curtius to be precisely in this situation, near the palace, and close to the stream from whence they were watered. They are said by one authority to have been fifty cubits, and by another to have exceeded 100 feet in height, and to have occupied five and a half acres in extent. Diodorus says they formed a square of 400 feet; Curtius that they were supported by twenty walls, eleven feet distant from each other, which spaces, together with the thickness of the walls, will make up at least 400 feet. They had a view over the city walls, and were said to be upwards of 100 feet in height. The gardens, Buckingham observes, had evidently buildings in them, besides the masonry of the lofty mounds on which they stood, and as they were in themselves the most wonderful of the public structures of Babylon, when the vast amount of labour expended in their construction is taken into consideration, it is probable that they were embellished with appropriate edifices, such as are to be found in Eastern gardens. Pliny, writing of these hanging

gardens, says:—"The castle had twenty stadia circuit, and the towers of it thirty feet in the earth, and eighty in height. The hanging gardens were here constructed on columns, arches, and walls, and contained terraces of earth, watered by machines from the river, producing forests of large trees. Its height was equal to that of the castle walls, and from the fine air enjoyed there, fruits of all kinds were produced; and the shade and refreshing coolness of the place were delicious in such a climate. It was said that a king of Syria, who reigned in Babylon, constructed these gardens to gratify a wife whom he violently loved, and who, having a passion for woods and forests, thus enjoyed, in the midst of a great metropolis, the sylvan pleasures of a country life." What may with good reason be supposed to be the vestiges of this, the most marvellous of the seven wonders of the world, may be thus briefly described.

The smaller of the two mounds is 700 yards in length and breadth, its form being nearly a square; its south-west angle is connected with the north-west angle of the second or larger mound, called Amran, by a ridge of considerable height, and nearly 100 yards in breadth. Amran, so called by the natives after a son of Ali, whose tomb lies to the south-west of this mound, presents the figure of a quadrant, and is 1,100 yards in length and 800 in breadth. The height of both these mounds is irregular, averaging, as I have said, sixty feet. These two elevated masses are connected by a causeway of proportionate



TAUK KESRA.



VIEW ON THE SHORES OF THE TIGRIS.

height and 100 yards in breadth, going across a valley 550 yards in length. Between these mounds and the river is another running along its very edge, and called by Mr. Rich, who measured it, an embankment. He says, "It commences on a line with the lower extremity of the grand mound Amran, and is there nearly 300 yards broad at its base, from the east angle of which a mound proceeds, taking a sweep to the south-east so as to be nearly parallel with, and forty yards more to the south than, that boundary, and losing itself in the plain, being, in fact, the most southerly of all the ruins. The embankment is continued in a right line to the north, and diminishes in breadth, but increases in elevation, till at the distance of 750 yards from the commencement, where it is forty feet in perpendicular height, and is interrupted by a break of nearly the same breadth as the river. To this succeeds a piece of flat ground, apparently gained from the river by a slight change in its course, it being 110 yards in length and 250 in its greatest breadth, and along its base are traces of a continuation of the embankment, which is there a narrow line that soon loses itself."

What remains of the masonry of El Kasr resembles the best brickwork of European construction, and is in such a good state of preservation, that Mr. Rich was for some time doubtful whether it was a Babylonian ruin at all. On its northern front stands a curious relic of the past, presenting a weird aspect amidst the desolation by which it is surrounded—this is an isolated tree, to which the Arabs have given the name "Athleh." It appears to be of vast antiquity; the natives, who regard it with superstitious veneration, aver that it flourished in ancient Babylon, and was saved by God from the destruction that overtook that city, that it might afford Ali a convenient place to tie up his horse after the battle of Hillah. The tree is of a species unknown elsewhere in Mesopotamia. As it now stands it presents only a bare and decayed half, or longitudinal section; yet a few branches still sprout out from its crest, and present an ever-green front. It is the sole living representative of a mighty past. The tree is said to be a variety of the *Tamarix Orientalis*, bearing flexible boughs with leaves formed of long, slender stems, with smaller branching leaves like those of the pine and cedar, but of a lighter green.

The First Journey of Exploration across Vancouver Island.—II.

BY ROBERT BROWN, F.R.G.S., ETC., COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION.

THE INTERIOR.

THE Indian village on whose quietude we had thus intruded had green maples and alders shading the houses, giving it a pleasant look. Thus far Indian life—in the heyday of summer and plenty—looked pleasant enough. But all around the village is "an ancient and fish-like smell"—an odour of salmon in all stages of decay—for it is also the height of the salmon-fishing season. There is a weir of upright poles, with oblong boxes, made of an open-work of cedar rods, with their open mouths to the current, suspended from its base; while canoes dash hither and thither with the eager fishermen. An Indian, stark naked, stands over a pool, and now and again spears a silvery salmon, numbers of which are lying quivering on the bank beside him. In the lodges, families are sitting round the fires, boiling and eating "sabud" to their stomach's content; and greasy-looking youngsters have scarcely energy enough to peer out of their fat-encompassed eyes at the "King George men" who have—rare event—come on a visit to them. I am not long here before certain old worthies suddenly recollect that they knew me once before, or that they rendered some service to somebody or other—date and circumstance not very clear—the end of which is, of course, a plug of tobacco or a pipeful of paint.

Glad to escape from the multitude of friends, we file out of Quamichan (the "hump-backed country"), as from the contour of the surrounding hills it is called, and again have only the tall pines and the whirring grouse for our company. Afternoon is far advanced when we reach the highest Indian village on the Cowichan River—called Tsamena ("the upper place")—and as we have here fixed our rendezvous, we pitch camp and make ourselves at home until our river party arrives. Tsamena is a quiet place, a sort of fishy edition of the "Deserted Village," and a few old folks loaf about with an air of departed grandeur. Among the shady trees behind the village we see carved figures and quaint sculpturings on the graves, and many of the graves seem new, and the figures betoken a taste acquired since civilisation has got on their borders. Sometimes a man is represented with a hat on, while on other pillars, supporting a box into which the body is doubled, the owl—emblem of the departed—is rudely carved.

Old Kakalatza, the chief, is soon introduced to us: a quiet old man, who sits in front of our little tent-door talking in a subdued way, almost under his breath. "You had many people once in your village?" I ask him. "Very famous were the warriors of Tsamena in old Tsosieten's wars?" "Ah, yes!" is the reply in the careless, off-hand way of these Indians; "but some are gone to Victoria, and some are hunting on the hills, and some are gathering gamass;* others are fishing at the salt water, while others are gone *there*—when they go *there* they never come back again;" and we felt sorry for the old man, as he pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to the last resting-place of the warriors of Tsamena. Kakalatza is a great hunter, and every year goes into the interior to hunt elk, by the borders of the great lake out of which this river arises; he agrees to go with us and take his canoe along with him, to convey our stores, so that suddenly a heavy source of anxiety is removed from our minds.

Whilst we were sitting down to supper in the course of the same evening, a strange-looking recruit for our expedition

* The bulbs of *Gamassia esculenta*, much used as an article of food by the Indians.

turned up, and in broken, Red-River French, offered his services as hunter to *M'sieur le Capitaine*. As he sat apart on a log, his solitary hand in his pocket, a more unpromising-looking character could not well be imagined. He was no less a man than "One-armed Tomo," or Thomas, famous among hunters and trappers all the way from Vancouver Island to Rupert's Land, and of late years not unknown to Her Majesty's courts of justice in a rather compromising light. His father was an Iriquois *voyageur* from Canada, his mother a Chinook from the Columbia River. He had for forty years moved about over the country among Hudson Bay forts and hunting stations—*voyageur*, farmer, hunter, trapper—possibly worse; speaking every Indian language and most European ones, so far as he had met with anybody to teach him; very often "wanted," but rarely to be found; half Indian, half white; a north-western polyglot interpreter, doing a little of everything—some things very well. Under more favourable circumstances he would have been an Admirable Crichton. As it was, One-armed Tomo was only a roving vagabond, to whom an expedition of this sort was just a windfall; and though I had been particularly warned to give a wide berth to this same north-western genius, yet, at that time being very much in want of his accomplishments, I risked the engaging of him on trial for a few weeks. Among our motley crew Tomo was not long in finding an old acquaintance, who promised to become guarantee for him, and before evening was over he delighted us all by the versatility of his accomplishments. Story after story dropped from his ready tongue; jokes in English, *jeux d'esprit* in French, and slow, sonorous proverbs in Spanish, were rattled off in quick succession; while he kept up a by-talk with the Indians, who appeared to half fear, half admire him. Tomo's outfit was not extensive. He stood five feet odd in his ragged trousers and woollen shirt; a grey cap was set jauntily on his head, and a pair of wooden-soled boots, made by himself, were on his feet. More than that he had not. He borrowed a blanket from his friend the chief, and we supplied him with a rifle; so he declares with a very big oath, as he squints along the barrel, that "he is a man once more," and in two minutes is asleep under a tree, with the gun between his legs. During all our long connection none of us had ever reason to regret the day when he joined our party, and to this hour One-armed Tomo, the swarthy vagabond of the western forests, is only remembered as a hearty fellow—prince of hunters and doctor of all woodcraft—whose single arm was worth more than most men's two, and without whose help the map of Vancouver would have been but a sorry blank yet, and the first Exploring Expedition a forgotten affair.

Next morning we are astir, and off before the sleepy villagers are about. Our river party is now well organised, though every hour the labour is getting more severe as the current becomes more rapid. Four men, with long poles, swing it up stream, and hard work it is. Scarcely less severe are our labours on land. Our pathway leads through a tangled forest, until all track disappears, and we steer by the river. Sometimes we trudge pleasantly over a green fern-covered prairie, shut in by forest, and through which a purling stream runs to join the river. Here our old desire for a "lodge in some vast wilderness" revives, and we plan out in Alnascharlike dreams, the day when we will leave the cares of the world and science behind, and settle in this little western oasis, while our surveyor—much more practical, if less poetical—jots down that "Prairie No. 1 contains so many acres, has stony soil, but is well watered and wooded, and might possibly yield crops in the better part." Rare, however, are these little open stretches, for dense pine forests seem to prevail everywhere. Often drifts of timber lie athwart our path for several hundred yards, and we either "'coon it" along the tops of the fallen trees, or creep on all fours through the dense underbrush until we regain open ground. Grouse are in abundance, and partridges, as they are called here—or sometimes willow-grouse (*Bonasia Sabinii*)—flew up among the ferns, taking to trees and bushes the moment they are flushed. If a man is hungry, and inclined to be of a pot-hunting rather than a sportsmanlike temperament, then it is easy enough with a revolver to clear a bush of them, simply by commencing at the bottom and finishing off with the birds in the topmost branches. This treeing of grouse is quite common in Canada and some portions of the Northern States, and in these dense forests renders pointers quite useless. On the prairies it is not so bad, but in the wooded country, to the west of the Cascade Mountains, any open country is very uncommon. We are not remarkably conscientious how we get our larder filled, so long as it *is* filled, and accordingly before evening not a few grouse have fallen to our pistols. The sun is getting low, and as we think of making for the river, to see if our canoe is not at hand, we hear the report of a gun, and in a few minutes, emerging by the side of a little lake, bright with the yellow water-lily, we find our canoe party busy preparing supper. They are encamped on a little prairie, close by an old Indian lodge; the fire is blazing away right merrily, and while Buttle is making tea, Tomo is skinning a deer, which he has shot, and the son of the warlike Locha is boiling beans, flavoured with wild onions and grouse eggs. Everybody is in excellent humour at the good commencement of our first day's trip into the wilds; and a good supper, whatever the record of such a materialistic affair may be thought of by people who never knew what it was to lie down without such, and know that your breakfast was yet on four legs in the woods, adds an acme to everybody's good nature. We compare notes for the day, write out our memoranda, and protract such sketches as we may have made, arrange next day's work, and, after smoking a last pipe, each man rolls himself in his red, blue, or green blanket, and before the chronometer goes round another ten minutes, everybody is snoring away under his favourite tree, on a pile of fir twigs, most fragrant and grateful of woodland couches.

Such was our daily routine for many weeks; the land party meeting the river party at night, at some bend of the river; or, by pre-arranged signals, coming to their assistance, to help them to carry the canoe and cargo over drifts of trees, which jammed up the river in places. The river navigation was often very bad, and sometimes we had to dispatch assistance to bring the canoe alongside our camp, the canoe-men being thoroughly worn out; though at other times the land party would arrive after dark, even more exhausted than the river party. Sometimes we had to push through the bushes, wet and dripping with a continual down-pour of rain—the water literally pouring down our backs—over fallen trees, the bark of which, wet and slippery, slid from under our feet, and sending us tumbling, blanket and "pack" on back, into some ravine, where we might think ourselves happy did no further mishap befall us than a thorough sousing, a trifle in our then soaked

condition. In such a case there was no use in putting on a wry face, for the laugh would be against us, and there was nothing but to "grin and bear it." At other times we had to cross deep glens, through which a roaring mountain torrent was rushing, by a frail bridge composed of a single tree thrown over. The slightest nervousness would overbalance the traveller, and little hope could be entertained of his after safety, so that some of our more timid companions preferred prudently to work their way over astride of the log, after the operation called "'cooning" it—ludicrous in name, and still more ludicrous in reality. Sometimes the river ran between high, rocky banks, over which we had to climb, looking down on the river party far beneath, like toy *voyageurs*, drawing a tiny canoe. Down in shady hollows we often came on streams where the remains of old bear-traps, and the skeleton salmon, with which they had once been baited, in them, telling that once on a time hunters had passed that way; but hitherto not a human being had crossed our path. With the exception of our companion, Kakalatza, it is now rarely that anybody troubles these wilds, though certain signs pointed out by the old Indian, told him that somebody had passed that way not long before, and, profiting by past experiences, he would, after his own fashion, write directions or warnings for them on the smooth-barked trees, which would catch their eyes. There, with a bit of red chalk which he had picked up among the party, he would mark a ford, where a foot traveller could cross, by the rude sketch of a man carrying a load above his head; and at a bad rapid, it would be a canoe turned upside down; as a sort of postscript, he would add the information that we had passed by there on or about such a time of the moon, by chalking out a half-moon, nine figures with "chimney-pot" hats (the universal savage sign for a white man), two figures without hats, and one without an arm; and lastly, with an internal chuckle, a *something* by which he meant to represent a thievish, one-eyed, stump-tailed cur, which one of our party shared his meals with, and which was kicked by everybody else. None of the Indians on this coast—unless Kakalatza is an exception, and really I think the knowledge on his part was an invention of his own—know anything of the sign-writing of the Eastern American Indians, and little of any sign-language, except a few contemptuous shrugs or grimaces, though at Cape Flattery I saw among the Indians there a family who knew how to communicate their thoughts by means of signs in writing, some specimens of which I possess. The study of these has induced the author, and others better able to judge of such matters, to believe that these were learned from a party of Japanese seamen, who were wrecked at Cape Flattery in 1836, and lived for some time among these Indians; but the discussion of this point would lead us into matters foreign to the nature of this article, and must be reserved for another place. Old Kakalatza was quite a study in his way. Some time or other an English dandy, who had found his way to the confines of his village, had presented Kakalatza with a superfine black silk hat, and a hat-box, the former owner having no need for such civilised superfluities in so westerly a longitude. In course of time the old man began to regard this hat and hat-box in the light of his guarantees of respectability, and accordingly when he went with us the hat-box was put into the canoe, either out of an idea that the possession of it would impress us with awe, or that he was afraid to endanger the peace of his village by leaving such a valuable piece of property unprotected in his lodge. However, on Sunday mornings he would carefully give himself the usual weekly wash, comb out his long, raven locks (with his fingers), paint a streak of red down the bridge of his nose, and three others of a similar nature radiating from either cheek, draw his blanket about him, and finally, putting on his tall hat (which was rather of an ancient "fashion"), he would sit under a giant pine dignified enough for a sachem. Kakalatza was a pious man, as Indians go (he had not killed a man, he told us, for six months), and as he had lately joined the Catholic Church, I had once thought of constituting him domestic chaplain to the expedition; but on consulting the ex-clergyman of our party, he gravely assured me that, looking at the matter from a business point of view, he did not consider the man worth the fifty cents a Sunday extra which he demanded for his services, and that, moreover, if there were any burying to do—baptisms and marriages were out of the question—he himself would be glad to do it *for his tobacco*.

Sunday was generally voted a day of rest, and I regret to say was looked upon by the astronomer of the party as a favourable time for getting sights for the errors of the chronometers, and by everybody else for mending and washing clothes, and generally bringing up leeway for the week past. It was very pleasant on these quiet summer evenings as we lay around the blazing fire, talking of the past and future—for we were all young enough to look to a future—and all of us old enough and experienced enough of the world to have a tale of the past to tell. There were men round that camp fire whose lives were a romance, and it was only years afterwards that I accidentally learned how weird a tale one at least could have told; but here, far in the interior of the unknown land, he lay dreamily smoking, and thinking of the former days when his name was not unknown to fame. It was on these occasions that old Kakalatza, through an ever-ready interpreter, would tell his tales of war, and of love, and of the forest glade; tales, some of which are now embalmed in American mythology, and smoked and theorised over by dreamy German *savans*, who, I fear, make much more of them than either the teller or the recorder ever did. Every dark pool suggested a story to him, every living thing had a superstition, and hour after hour we lay awake listening to the strange story of Kakalatza, Lord of Tsamena.

Not a whit less backward is our one-armed hunter, whose head is full of such lore. The men to whom all this is novel, lie in the tent doors listening and questioning with fresh interest; while those who are already initiated in such matters are equally alert to commentate and criticise. It is the only amusement of the men, and far be it from the commander by any act of his to discourage their mirth and good spirits, if they choose to spend their leisure hours in this manner. Men are only too apt to get what they call "down in the mouth," without their leader by any foolish wish of his to exercise a tyrannical authority over their habits, adding to or inducing it. So they lie talking and laughing, and listening and wondering, until the fire burns low, and Tomo is preparing to get asleep under his tree, his only preparation for that event—as indeed with all of us—being to take off his boots. But fresh wood is thrown on the embers, and as the gladsome blaze lights up the forest and scares the owls from their roosting places, the cry is raised, "Give us another story, Tomo;" and the saga-man of the north-west continues his tales far into the night.

A European Sojourn in Japan.—V.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, SWISS MINISTER IN JAPAN.

HISTORY OF THE SIOGOUNS.

BROUGHT up at the court of Kioto, Yoritomo learned to know the weak state into which the power of the Daïri had fallen. The Mikado, shut up in his seraglio, occupied himself with nothing but the intrigues of the palace; the courtiers abandoned themselves to idleness and debauchery; and the ancient families, related by family ties or interest to the emperor, thought only of using their court influence for selfish purposes. They strove to open to their elder sons a career of the highest dignity, whilst they made the younger ones take orders. As for the daughters, rather than put them into convents, they solicited their admission to the band of fifty ladies of honour to the Empress, who were all bound to take the vow of chastity. The matrons of high degree had in their turn an opportunity of exercising their ambition on the occasion of the ceremonies which accompanied the birth of the heir presumptive, and the nomination of his nurse, who was chosen from amongst eighty ladies, of the old feudal nobility, who seemed the best qualified to perform such an important function. While these things were going on at Kioto, the daïmios, who lived retired in their provinces, relaxed little by little their fidelity in the accomplishment of the obligations which they had contracted towards the crown. Some of them arrogated to themselves an absolute power in the government of their imperial fiefs, while others increased their domains at the expense of their neighbours. During a number of years, family wars, and acts of vengeance and retaliation, steeped in blood the rustic fortresses of the principal dynasties of Japan, and anarchy spread gradually. Upon this, Yoritomo, whose family had suffered much in these troubles, obtained from the Mikado, after various vicissitudes, a superior command and very extended power to re-establish order in the empire



WEBSTER AND SIVOSIMA ISLANDS, VIEWED FROM KANASAWA.

At this epoch neither the Mikado nor the armed lords had troops to bring in the field, except the territorial militia—the soldiers of which returned to their hearths when an expedition was ended. Yoritomo formed for himself a permanent army, perfected the art of encampment, availing himself of it for the discipline of his soldiers, and neglected nothing which could make them forget the habits of their ordinary domestic life. In this reform he achieved complete success. He subdued the daïmios, who had attempted to make themselves independent, and forced them to take the oath of allegiance to him, in his capacity of lieutenant of the Mikado.

Some of them, who refused to recognise this title, were banished, with their families; their estates were confiscated, and frequently, when exasperated by an unexpected resistance, he subjected his enemies to the most cruel punishments. On the other hand, he did not neglect to take a part (through his agents) in the intrigues of the Daïri. He had commenced his career under the sixty-sixth Mikado; he terminated it under the eighty-third.

The emperors who had opposed him were obliged to abdicate; one of them took the cowl, and shut himself up in a cloister. It was only under the eighty-second Mikado that Yoritomo was officially invested with the title of Siogoun, though in fact he had performed the functions of that office for twenty years. He was succeeded by his eldest son, and from that time forth there have been two distinct courts in Japan—that of the Mikado at Kioto, and that of the Siogoun at Kamakura. At first the new power was not hereditary, but it sometimes happened that the sons of the Mikado were invested with it.

The sacerdotal and literary court of Kioto, far from taking umbrage at what was done at Kamakura, seemed quite pleased to find in the new government a variety of subjects on which to exercise their facetious raillery. Amongst these were the fine airs which the wife of the Siogoun gave herself; the bad taste displayed in the toilettes of his suite; the vulgar play of the actors; the unnatural style of the dancers; the medley of colours in the military uniforms established by Yoritomo; the vulgarity of the conversation and manners of these distinguished upstarts, who assumed the attitude of deliverers of the empire and restorers of the pontifical throne.

But an unforeseen event occurred, which gave a sudden importance to the court of Kamakura, and centred on it the observation and sympathy of the nation. In the twelfth month of the year 1268, a Mongol embassy landed at Japan, presenting themselves in the name of Kublaï-Khan, a worthy descendant of the conquering Tartars, who twelve years later made himself master of China, chose Pekin as his residence, and founded the Yuen dynasty, under whose rule the grand canal was constructed. He was the sovereign who retained at his court the Venetian, Marco Polo, the first traveller who furnished Europe with any accurate ideas about China and Japan.

It is said that his account exercised such a powerful influence on Columbus, that we may be said to owe to him indirectly the discovery of America. Kublaï-Khan wrote to the Emperor of Nippon:—"I am the chief of a state, formerly without importance, but now so great that the countries and towns which recognise my authority can hardly be counted. I maintain peaceable terms with the neighbouring princes. I have put an end to the hostilities of which Kaoli was formerly the scene. The chief of this little kingdom has come to my court to testify his gratitude, and I have treated him as a father treats his child, and towards the princes of Nippon I will act in the same manner. No ambassador from you has yet had an interview with me. I fear that they have not given you in your country a true account of the state of things, so I send you this letter by delegates who will make known to you my intentions. The wise man has said that the world ought to make but one family; but if we do not keep up amicable relations with each other how can we carry out that principle? For my part, I intend to persevere in the accomplishment of it, even if I am obliged to use the force of arms! It is, therefore, now for the sovereign of Nippon to see what he thinks fit to do." The Mikado expressed his intention of giving a favourable reply to the overtures of Kublaï-Khan. The Siogoun, on the contrary, declared himself opposed to all ideas of alliance with the tribes of the Mongol. He convoked an assembly of the daïmios at Kamakura submitted to them his objections, and enlisted them on his side.

The embassy was dismissed with some evasive words; and in the following year the Mongol chief proposed in vain to arrange an interview between the delegates of the two empires, in the island of Tsusima in the strait of Corea. In the year 1271 a new mission from him met with no reply. In 1273 he sent two ambassadors to Kamakura; the Siogoun refused to see them.

A short time afterwards news came that two generals of Kublaï-Khan were about to attack Japan, at the head of an expedition of 300 war junks, 300 fast sailing ships, and 300 transport ships. The Mikado ordered public prayers and processions to the principal temples of the Kamis. The Siogoun organised the national defence, and the Mongols were beaten and repulsed on every part of the coast where they attempted to make a descent. Their Khan tried in vain to renew the negotiations.

Two ambassadors whom he sent to the Siogoun in 1275 were immediately ejected, and a third, who presented himself in 1279, was beheaded. After this (if we are to believe the annals of Japan) the country was threatened with the most formidable expedition that ever sailed on the waters of the extreme East. The Mongol fleet counted 4,000 vessels, and carried an army of 240,000 men. They sailed before the wind to Feraudo, near the entrance of the inner sea, when a typhoon dispersed them, and they were broken to pieces on the coasts; every one who did not perish in the waves, fell beneath the weapons of the Japanese. They only spared three prisoners, who were sent to the other side of the strait to carry the news. After such events it was no longer possible to look upon the Siogouns as mere functionaries of the crown, nor even as the protectors of the Mikado. The entire nation were indebted to them. From this time the court of Kioto recognised in that of Kamakura a rival destined ere long to eclipse and supplant the old *régime* in the management of the affairs of the empire.

At the present time we find, at Kamakura as it were, the Pantheon of the glories of Japan; composed of a majestic collection of sacred buildings, which have been respected through all the fury of civil wars. They are placed under the tutelage of Hatchiman, one of the great national Kamis, belonging to the heroic times of the empire of the Mikados. The mother of Hatchiman was the Empress Yengon, who conquered the three kingdoms of Corea; she also is honoured as a divinity.

Every year, on the ninth day of the ninth month, a solemn procession took place in memory of her great deeds, near to the tomb which is consecrated to her at Fusimi, in the country of Yamasiro. Yengon herself surnamed her son Satsmau ("The eight banners"), in consequence of a sign which appeared to her in the sky at the birth of this child. Thanks to the education she gave him, he became the most skilful of generals and the bravest of soldiers. When the Empress

had attained the age of a hundred she transmitted to him the sceptre and crown of the Mikados, in the year 270 of our era; he was then seventy-one years of age. He had a glorious reign of forty-three years, under the name of Woozin, and was raised, after his death, to the ranks of the protecting spirits of the empire, and he is reverenced especially as the patron of soldiers. In the annual *fêtes* which they dedicate to him, they celebrate the memories of the dead heroes of the country, and the processions which they form on these occasions remind one of the ancient funeral pomps in the worship of the Kamis. We see there horses prepared as if for sacrifice, but instead of immolating them they are suddenly set free in the race-course. Most of the large towns of Japan possess a temple dedicated to Hatchiman; that of Kamakura is distinguished from all the others by the glorious trophies it contains. Low, large buildings serve for the display of these national riches; it is there, they say, that the spoils of the Corea and of the Mongol invasions are accumulated, and also the articles taken from the Portuguese colonies and the Christian communities of Japan, when the Portuguese were expelled and the Japanese Christians exterminated by order of the Siogouns. No European has yet had a sight of the trophies of Kamakura. Whilst the states of Europe parade before the eyes of the whole world the trophies of their wars, Japan tries to hide from strangers the monuments of her military glory. They hold them in reserve (like a family treasure) in the ancient sanctuaries into which no profane persons can possibly obtain access. On approaching the temple of Hatchiman we could easily perceive that our arrival had been signalled, and that the priests were running in haste to close the shutters of the treasure-houses.

THE TEMPLES OF KAMAKURA.

The temple of Hatchiman is approached by long avenues of lofty cedars, which form the most noble decoration of these Japanese places of worship. In advancing along this avenue, which is on the side of Kanasawa, one sees numerous oratories and commemorative stones which mark the stations of the processions. Shortly after crossing a pretty wooden bridge over a river, we found ourselves at the entrance of another path, coming from the sea-coast and forming the centre of a large street.

This is the principal avenue; it is intersected by three gigantic *toris*, and opens into a large square directly in front of the terraces, walls, and buildings of the temple. Even the interior of this sacred place is quite open to the street, and bounded on three sides by a mass of masonry slightly raised, surmounted by a barrier of wood painted red and black. Two steps lead to the first terrace—one sees nothing there but the houses of the bonzes, arranged like the scenes of a stage, amongst trees planted along the boundary-wall, whilst two large ponds of oval shape occupy the centre of the place, communicating with each other by a large canal, over which are thrown two parallel bridges, each equally remarkable in its way. That on the right is of freestone and whitish granite, and it nearly describes a perfect semicircle, so that one asks involuntarily for what feats of balancing it can possibly be intended. That on the left is constructed of wood covered with red varnish, with the tops of the balustrades and other ornaments in old varnished copper. The pond under the stone bridge is overgrown with magnificent white lotus flowers; that under the wooden bridge is resplendent with red lotus. Amongst the leaves and flowers are to be seen, swimming about in the crystal water, brightly-coloured fishes and others with pearly fins. Black tortoises crawl from stalk to stalk, lifting gently the large aquatic plants, among which odd-looking crustaceans are floating. After having enjoyed this novel spectacle, we walked towards the second parvis; it is raised some steps above the first, and as it is guarded by a fence, one cannot penetrate into it without crossing the huts of the holy guardians of the sanctuary.

The temple of Hatchiman, which rises opposite the bridges, shelters under its high roof two monstrous idols, placed on each side of the door which communicates with the centre of the edifice. They are carved in wood, and are covered from head to foot with a coat of vermilion, while their grinning faces and enormous busts are spotted with innumerable paper pellets, which the visitors throw at them in passing, with as little ceremony as would be shown by a troop of school-boys out at play. However, the pilgrims make vows to them, and willingly add the offering of a pair of straw shoes, of a size proportionate to the feet of the two giants, which they attach to the railing surrounding the statues. These shoes are suspended by thousands to the bars of the railings, and one can imagine the pleasing effect which this decoration produces. One of the lay brothers came up to us on our arrival. His wheedling manner betrayed interested motives, and we assured him that his good offices should not go unrewarded if he would procure us access to the buildings; he shook his head to make us understand that what we asked was an impossibility, but followed our steps, nevertheless, with the mechanical punctuality of a man executing an order.

The sight that met our eyes was truly worthy of admiration. A high terrace, with a long flight of stone steps leading up to it, looks down upon the second parvis. It is held up by a wall of cyclopean construction, and supports the principal temple as well as the houses of the priests.

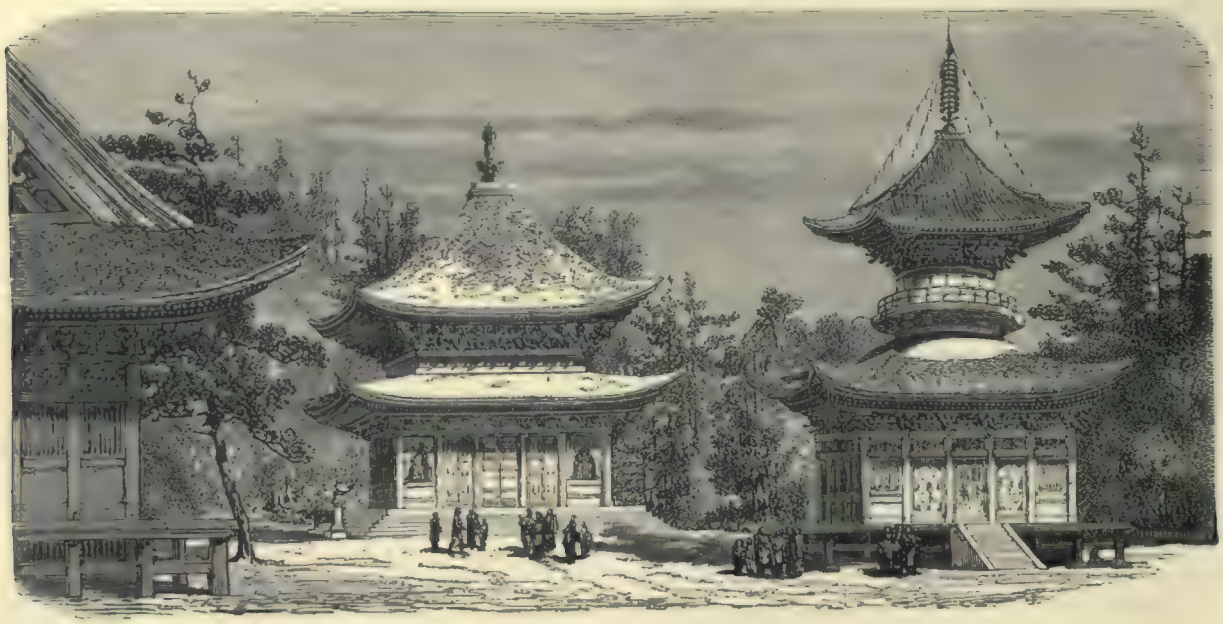
The greyish roofs of these various edifices stand out in strong relief against a dark forest of pines and cedars. On our left were the buildings containing the treasures, one of them having a pyramidical roof, surmounted by a bronze spire artistically wrought. At the foot of the great staircase was the chapel for ablutions. On our right stood a high pagoda, constructed on the principle of the Chinese pagodas; but in style less irregular, and more simple and severe. The first floor is square in plan, and is supported by pillars, while the second consists of a large, round gallery, which, though massive, is so light in its form that it appears to rest on a single pivot. A pointed roof, wider at the base, and ending in a high-pointed spire, cast in bronze and ornamented with appendages of the same metal, completes the effect of this strange monument, in which it would be impossible to combine greater boldness of style with a better understanding of proportion.

In contemplating such an edifice a European can at first hardly suppress a sentiment of aversion from what appears to him an architectural monstrosity; but this soon gives way to more agreeable feelings under the imposing and harmonious impression which all true works of art produce. The ornamentation of the buildings is both tasteful and abundant, occurring principally on the pediments of the doors and the cornices which support the roofs. The beautiful brown tint of the timber, which is almost the only

material employed in these structures, is enlivened by some details of sculpture, painted red or green, while the general beauty of the picture is enhanced by a frame-work of venerable trees, and the incomparable brilliancy of the sky, for the atmosphere of Japan is probably clearer than that of any other country in the world. We then proceeded to explore further. Below the pagoda was a turret containing a great bell, beautifully carved, and an oratory with three golden images on the altar, a large one in the centre, and a small one on either side, all of them surrounded by a halo. Thus, although the temple of Hatchiman is consecrated to a Kami, it is quite evident that religious customs derived from India have supplanted here the ancient national worship. We had a fresh proof of this when, as we were turning back, we were requested by the lay brother to go a little further, and were stopped under a tree laden with votive offerings, at the foot of which was a mass of rock, surrounded by a barrier. He pointed out to us an opening shaped like a scabbard, which he pretended to be the work of Nature, though, I suspect, the chisel of the priests had at least completed the image, of which chance had formed a rough outline. However that may be, the good fathers seem to have made a happy speculation in exposing to the veneration of the natives this rock, which recalls the similar invention of the Brahmins. The votive offerings alone prove that it receives the homage of large numbers of pilgrims. Thus, the Japanese, without falling into all the errors of paganism, have not escaped the ridiculous consequences of a system which tends to deify all the powers of Nature. The people, who are the most intelligent and the most incredulous of the extreme East, are, notwithstanding, a very superstitious people.

We took a last view from the height of the terrace over the whole of the sacred buildings, and could not help regretting the time when an entire people could unite with the magistrates and ministers of their religion in one common act of religious adoration and patriotic enthusiasm. Like the tribes of Israel at the dedication of the Temple, the people of Nippon and of the neighbouring islands filled these parvises and avenues under the eyes of the chiefs of the nation, who were grouped on the esplanade of the temple, from which a view is obtained of the blue sea beyond the roofs, bridges, and the three wide gates in the great avenue. One can imagine a multitude surrounding these buildings, and clustering about the pillars, and the natural arcades formed by the plantations of cedars; all the space from the great terrace to the sea forming one immense temple, radiant with light and colouring, under the canopy of heaven.

Nothing could form a more complete contrast to this picture than another temple which we visited on leaving the avenue of Hatchiman. Although built in a most admirable situation, at the end of a promontory from which there is a view of the whole bay of Kamakura, it only produces a more disagreeable impression, in the midst of such beautiful scenery, to come upon a (so called) sacred place so unpleasing. The sanctuary does not at first appear to have any remarkable peculiarity—some insignificant golden idols are placed over the high altar, and in a side chapel there is an image of the god of riches armed with a miner's hammer. The priest who received us led us behind the high altar, and there, in a cage, which was as dark as a prison and as high as a tower, they lighted two lanterns, and slowly raised themselves up by a sort of pole, and by the flickering light of these two stars, lost in the darkness of the roof, we perceived that we were face to face with an enormous idol of gilt wood, from thirty to forty feet in height, bearing in the right hand a sceptre, in the left a lotus, while the forehead was adorned with a tiara composed of three rows of beads, representing the inferior deities. This gigantic idol belongs to the category of the auxiliary deities of the Buddhist



TEMPLE OF HATCHIMAN, AT KAMAKURA.



JAPANESE WARRIORS OF THE CIVIL WARS IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

mythology, the Amidas, the Kwannons, and the intercessors who receive the prayers of men and pass them on to heaven. It is by means of such religious deceptions and fantastic scenes that the priests fill the minds of their flocks with superstitious terror, and keep them under their power in a state of perpetual imbecility.

From thence we took the road to the great statue of the Daïboudhs, which is pre-eminently the wonder of Kamakura. This monument dedicated to the Daïboudhs, that is to say, to the great Buddha, is perhaps considered the most perfect specimen of Japanese genius, both in point of art and of religious sentiment. The temple of Hatchiman has already afforded us a remarkable example of the way in which native art can produce, with little expense, that impression of religious grandeur, which, in our northern climates, has characterised the stupendous efforts of Gothic architecture. The temple of the Daïboudhs was obliged to assume, in some respects, a different aspect from the former; instead of large dimensions, and the unlimited space which appears to extend from gate to gate, as far as the sea, a solitary, mysterious retreat was necessary, in order to prepare the mind, as it were, for some supernatural revelation. The road is away from any dwellings, and takes the direction of the mountains, winding amongst high arbutus hedges, and on the face of the steep

slopes. Suddenly one sees at the bottom of the avenue a gigantic brazen divinity, in a crouching attitude with joined hands, and its head inclined, in an attitude of contemplative ecstacy. The involuntary shock which one experiences at the appearance of this gigantic figure soon gives way to admiration. There is an irresistible charm in the pose of the Daïboudhs, in the harmony of the proportions of the figure, the grand simplicity of the drapery, and the pure expression of the features.

Everything around was in harmony with the repose of the idol. A thick hedge of hornbeam, surmounted by some beautiful groups of trees, enclosed this consecrated place, and there was nothing to disturb the solitude and silence. The modest cell of the officiating priest was almost hidden among the trees. The altar, upon which some incense was burning at the foot of the divinity, was composed of a brass table ornamented with two lotus vases in the same metal, and of very good workmanship. The steps and parvis of the altar were covered with large flags laid in regular lines. The bright blue of the sky, the great shadow of the statue, the sombre hue of the brass, the brightness of the flowers, and the variety of tints in the hedges and groves, filled this retreat with the richest effects of light and colour. The idol of the Daïboudhs, with the pedestal which supports it, is about seventy feet in height. It is not at all equal to the statue of San Carlo Borroméo, near Arona, on the borders of Lake Maggiore; but the latter leaves the spectator with the same sensation as if he had been placed before a trigonometrical signal. The interiors of both these colossal statues have been utilised to a certain extent. European tourists seat themselves in the nose of the holy cardinal; the Japanese descend by a private staircase into the foundations of their Daïboudhs, where they find a quiet oratory, with a ray of light penetrating to the altar through an opening concealed in the folds which form the mantle of brass on the neck of the idol. It would be but an idle pursuit to examine to what extent the Buddha of Kamakura is the Buddha of history, but it is well to know that it corresponds with the Buddha of tradition.

The Buddhists received, from the founder of their religion, a sacramental image of a very original kind, covered with the minutest writing, expressed in thirty-two principal signs and twenty-four secondary ones, so that they may be transmitted to future ages in all integrity. The Japanese idol answers in all essential points to the description of the great Hindoo reformer.

They have scrupulously reproduced the pose, the meditative attitude, the joined hands, the elongated fingers, and thumbs placed together, the squatting figure, the legs bent and crossed one over the other, and the right foot extended over the left knee. One recognises in the same way the large smooth forehead, and the hair formed of a multitude of short curls, and can even distinguish the singular protuberance of the skull with which the top of the head is deformed, as well as a certain tuft of white hair between the eyebrows, which, in a statue made of metal, can only be indicated by a little round excrescence.

But all these particular signs do not constitute the face or the characteristic expression. In this respect the Daïboudhs of Kamakura have nothing in common with the grotesque figures which are worshipped in China, and this seems to me worthy of notice, as it is from China that Buddhism has been introduced into Japan. In spite of some difference in style and dimensions, the noble Japanese statue is akin to those which are to be seen in great numbers in the islands of Java and Ceylon.

It is there that the physiognomical type of contemplation is most religiously preserved, and appears under the most exquisite form in images of black marble or grey granite, usually rather below than above the human size. Japan has inherited some of the principal Buddhist traditions of these two islands, and was probably visited by some apostles from those distant quarters. On the other hand it suffered in the same way, to a greater degree, under the influence of nearer neighbours. The temples of Kamakura furnished me with more than one example in support of this twofold observation.

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.—IX.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

MAGDALA—CONCLUSION.

I HAVE before related how, after the *émeute* amongst the prisoners on Sâr Amba, Theodore deemed it advisable to place them in a fortress, which, from its remote position and natural strength, should present fewer facilities for escape than the Tchlega mountain. He selected Magdala,* a stronghold which had formerly belonged to the Wallo Gallas, in whose territory it is situated, and which he had wrested from them in his campaign of 1855. Originally used by him as an arsenal and treasury, it contained but a few Galla prisoners till 1865, when it definitively became the Bastille of Abyssinia. Its merits as a fortress are now so well known, that it is almost needless to dwell on them here, and a very few words will suffice to present to the reader's mind a long half-moon, of which one limb points to the west, and is called Fâla, whilst the other

* It would be useless pedantry to alter now the spelling of this word. The name, however, is properly *Mákdăla*. The first *a* is not long, but accentuated.

stretches round to the south, and is denominated Magdala, *par excellence*. From Fâla a low saddle leads to a high hill, situated about the mid-point of the crescent, which is called Selâsyé, from the only building upon it, a church dedicated to the Trinity; whilst between this and Magdala lies a broad neck of land, called Islâmgê. Theodore, from want of *matériel*, had been compelled to leave the outlying forts to take care of themselves, and had concentrated all his attention upon the strongest point—Magdala. Nature, however, had done so much for him that his own art could aid her but in little. Three sides (with the exception of a winding path, which, through the Kâfr-Bär, led to the Mentchura ravine and the Tanta plateau) were as cleanly scarped as if fresh from the blasting powder of the sapper. The depth of the escarpment varied at different points. At some places it exceeded 1,000 feet, while at others it presented no insuperable bar to the escape of a fugitive. On the fourth side—that towards Islâmgê—a rude and precipitous road led to the Kokat-Bär, by which the fortress was usually entered, and above this there was an insignificant *abattis*, which, though formidable to the badly-armed Gallas, proved no obstacle to our men at the time we assaulted the Amba. The Kokat-Bär, and the inner gate which led on to the plateau, were made of tolerably stout timber, and were always well guarded by night.

The Amba was garrisoned by about 1,400 men, about 600 of whom were mustered as musketeers, and the remainder as *bâla-gâsha*, or shield-men. The regular prison guards were not included in this computation, and were about seventy or eighty in number, I believe. At night the guards were told off from the garrison, and took their turns according to a regular roster. One of the principal chiefs, with a large body of men, always slept at the king's house, and another at the Treasury, whilst the European prison and the Aboona's house were guarded by officers of inferior rank. A large body of men always reinforced the ordinary guard of the native gaol. This consisted of three or four huge houses, into which the prisoners (who enjoyed rather a larger measure of liberty during the day) were all crammed together at night—each man's accommodation being limited to a space about six feet in length and a foot and a-half in width. Among them were some of the principal chiefs of Abyssinia, none of whom fared a whit better than their humbler comrades. At the time of our arrival, Biru Goshu, Dedj-azmâtch of Godjâm, Ali Fâris, Dedj-azmâtch of Yedjow, Râs Oobyé, the first governor of the Amba, Kâsa and Guanguil, sons of Dedjâdj Oobyé of Tigrê, and brothers-in-law of the king, with Wâg-Shoom Teferré, one of the old Zagæan family, and many others of inferior note were there, chained hand and foot, and considerable additions were made to the party during our stay.

The Treasury contained most of Theodore's valuables, including his crown, and many precious spoils which he had plundered from different churches. They were all deposited in small huts covered with *mâk*, as a protection against fire. A large supply of powder was also kept in the adjacent magazine.

Our own accommodation was at first extremely limited, but a few days after we were chained three more huts were placed at our disposal, the largest of which was taken possession of by Mr. Rassam, the next one was allotted to Aïto Samuel, whilst the third, a tiny hovel, which had been hitherto used as a stable, was destined for some of our servants. It was also arranged that the house into which we had been originally put, should be shared between Cameron, Blanc, and myself, whilst Messrs. Stern, Rosenthal, Kerans, and Pietro should be located in the kitchen. But Blanc and I, who had been friends and comrades for many a long day, preferred comparative independence even to the comfort, such as it was, of a larger and drier house; and besides, we hardly liked the idea of Mr. Stern, who, from his profession and education, was entitled to the highest respect, being forced to sleep amongst the native servants, several of whom, from the limited amount of space at our disposal, must necessarily have passed both night and day in the kitchen. We therefore petitioned to be allowed to make use of the stable as our abode, and our request was granted without difficulty. The three extra houses being situated outside the enclosure, a door was made in it, and a new fence was built up between us and the outer world. Messrs. Cameron, Stern, and Rosenthal kept to their old quarters, whilst Kerans and Pietro changed theirs to the kitchen.

As Mr. Rassam's influence with the chiefs increased, so did our comfort and accommodation in a corresponding ratio. Our neighbour, Bitwăddad Damâsh, came in one morning with a party of his men, helped us to pull down our cabin and a large portion of the hedge, and soon raised up a much more "eligible and spacious residence." The Bitwăddad had for a long time been under Blanc's care. His case had been most successfully treated, and having, I suppose, some faint notions of gratitude, he tried to show it by making us a trifle more comfortable. But he had no notion of virtue being its own reward, and it was a long time before we were free from his importunities. We had been so thoroughly cleaned out by our royal host that, beyond a very scanty supply of clothing, the only article of luxury we could muster up between us was a small folding mirror, which I had brought with me into the country. This was one day incautiously displayed during a visit, and the result was that the Bitwăddad's longing eyes could never be kept off it when it was visible, or his thoughts from it whilst it was away. At last we really thought it was best to send it off, with our most profound respects, to his wife. The Bitwăddad came, embraced us, grew quite affectionate over our *tedj*, and after a few more visits, finding there was really nothing more to be got out of us, confined his polite attentions, to our great relief, to Mr. Rassam, the *aïnategna*, or chief of our party.

The fence was afterwards enlarged, and Kerans and Pietro were even allowed to build small huts, in which they were permitted to reside during the day, though they were obliged to retire every evening to the kitchen to sleep. In this latter apartment, as well as in that occupied by Cameron and the missionaries, guards were always posted at night, an annoyance from which Mr. Rassam and we were fortunately free. Eventually, Cameron and Stern were also provided with huts, in which they could live and sleep, whilst we also received permission to have cabins erected for our servants within the enclosure. Thirteen huts were altogether added to the original two, exclusive of a couple of very respectable houses, one of which Aïto Samuel used as an *adderâsh*, or morning and dining-room, and the other as an *alfing*, or ladies' chamber.

The fortress having been originally intended by Theodore to overawe the surrounding country of Worra Haïmano, the command of it had been entrusted to a favourite soldier, Râs Oobyé, who held it with a large number of troops until he fell

into disgrace for refusing to divorce his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, and to take in her place one of the king's *protégées*. Several chiefs succeeded him in the government of the Amba, until at length Theodore, who grew every year more suspicious of his officers, confided the care of the garrison, and the treasures they guarded, to a body of men, one of whom was nominally superior, but had little more real power than any of the others. His chief privilege was, I believe, that he could go in and out of the gates at his own will and pleasure; whereas no one else could leave the mountain without his permission. But this was one of those rights which are possessed but never exercised, for watchful eyes were always upon him, and as every chief kept a private staff of messengers, who were continually on the road between Magdala and the royal camp, the Râs well knew that the slightest show of independence on his part would be instantly reported to the ears of his master. No matter of the least importance could be undertaken without having been first well debated in council. This mutual jealousy preserved a due equilibrium, and no member possessed any extraordinary weight. The question asked was never, "Is this right, or just?" but, "Will it please the king?" and it may readily be guessed to which side their counsels leaned. Many instances might be adduced in proof of this, but one will suffice. The Aboona, or Bishop, who had been a prisoner since 1865, was slowly dying of a lingering disease. The question arose, Should Dr. Blanc, who was known to be always ready to use his best skill in the task of alleviating suffering, be requested to see the patient? The poor fellows were undoubtedly in a dilemma. If they said, "No," and the bishop died, they might be called to account for not having called in assistance; if they said, "Yes, let us obey the dictates of humanity, and have the satisfaction of doing one generous and manly act;" why, then, the dreaded inquiry might come, "Who gave you leave to allow Dr. Blanc to leave his prison-house?" So the bishop was left to die; fortunately for them, to their master's complete satisfaction.

Such were they as a body; and as individuals they were not much better. At the time of our arrival they all held the honorary title of Dedj-azmâtch; but a few weeks afterwards the king was pleased, in appreciation of their faithful services, to promote the principal chief to the rank of Râs, and some of the others to that of Bitwăddad; whilst to the captains of companies, Bashas and Shalakas, was given the titular designation of Dedj-azmâtch. The Râs Kidâna Mâryâm* (*Covenant of Mary*) belonged to an honourable family of Bagemder, and was a man of courteous and unassuming manners, but feeble-minded, and, some said, venal. Though he hated trouble and responsibility, he was always anxious to render our position easier; but his weak and timid nature prevented him from being of much assistance. In March, 1867, he fell into disgrace, and having been chained and dragged to the camp, died there in a few months from exposure and privations. He was succeeded by Râs Bisâwar, a connection of the king's, for whom he entertained a superstitious love and reverence. He was no soldier, and I was assured by a gossiping chief that he had been well knouted by Theodore for cowardice on the field of battle; but he had a great love for the Church, and having been brought up as a *Devtera*, or scholar, always retained a great predilection for members of that profession. He commanded half the musketeers, the remainder of them being under Bitwăddad Damâsh, whose house was contiguous to ours. Few of us liked this man, as he was an importunate beggar, a cowardly bully, and was especially offensive in his cups, when he had a nasty habit of embracing all those with whom he thought he could be intimate with impunity.

The best of the batch was Amârê Haïlu, the eldest brother of Tesamma and Shâroo, who had commanded our escort from Tchelga to the royal camp. He was a civil, sensible man, and though the presence of his mother and brothers in the camp prevented him from openly manifesting his feelings, it was easy to see that he had no great love for his master. Hearing, however, that Theodore's suspicions were aroused, he waited until the troops had almost arrived at Magdala; then, making all the necessary arrangements with his mother beforehand, he escaped by means of a rope-ladder over the precipice, and made the best of his way to the British camp. According to the latest accounts, he resumed the government of his native district of Wandigê, which a man of his courage and self-reliance may be expected to hold against all comers. Whilst at Magdala, his duties were principally in relation to the native prisoners, and in these he was assisted by Bitwăddad Wâsyé, a Kamânt. Wâsyé was not nearly so popular as his colleague, being inaccessible to love or money, bribes or cajoling—a devoted subject and a loyal husband; whilst Haïlu, whose high birth and insinuating manners made him a general favourite amongst the *beau sexe*, was notorious for his gallantries. The spearmen on the mountain were divided between Kidâna Mâryâm (and, after his disgrace, Bisâwar) and Dedjâdj Godjee, an imbecile old tippler; whilst the remainder of the superior chiefs, who held subordinate posts in the Treasury and native prison, were mere tedj-drinking nonentities, whose ideas of politics and theology may be summed up in their own pet formula: "There is a God in heaven, but a Theodore upon earth."

About fifteen chiefs on a regular roster undertook the duty of guarding us by night, when they came, each accompanied by his *chiffra*, or company, which consisted usually of about thirty men. They seldom interfered with us, an occasional present serving to keep them in good humour. During the day-time we were brought more intimately into contact with four men, who from the beginning to the close of our captivity officiated as door-keepers and guards. Abba Fâlik was an old soldier of Râs Ali, a lank, gaunt veteran, like the figure-head of an old seventy-four; in character, emphatically a sneak, always prying about one's house. Whether he made any bad use of the knowledge he thus picked up, or not, I am unable to say, but he was, at all events, universally hated on the mountain. Basha Bisâwar was morose and jovial by turns, very proud, and, if skilfully handled, pretty easily managed. Abba Adam was a harmless octogenarian; *ya-Gooksa kanees*, "the young warrior of Râs Gooksa," he would boast himself, going back to memories sixty years old; fond of his glass, for which he would do anything. The fourth, Shalaka Warkyé, we all liked; there was no harm, and as far as we could judge, no particular good, in him; still, ill-usage had had such an effect on us, that we voted everybody a kind, amiable fellow who did not absolutely kick us.

Such was Magdala, its belongings and defenders, during

* A name given in allusion to the covenant which the Abyssinians believe was made at the creation between God and the Virgin for the redemption of the world through her Son. It is sometimes called *Kidâna Mihrat*, "The Covenant of Mercy."



FALLS OF DAVEZOUT, ABYSSINIAN PLATEAU.

the twenty-one months of our forced residence there. Space does not allow me to enter on the trivial and monotonous details of our daily life. The messengers that we sent down to the coast were, to their credit be it said, almost invariably faithful and trustworthy men. With the assistance of Aïto Samuel, they used to be smuggled in and out of the fortress with our money and letters on their persons; and so long as we were well supplied with the former, we could live pretty comfortably. No restrictions were ever placed on our purchasing whatever we liked at the market, which was held at Islâmgé every Saturday; and our maid-servants would return in the evening laden with fowls, honey, butter, cloth, and other articles procured with the money with which they had been entrusted in the morning. The currency, as is well known, consists solely of Austrian dollars of the year 1780; and these must be without flaw, and with certain marks upon them, easily distinguishable by an Abyssinian eye, without which they will not pass. The small change is in *amŭlês*, or coffin-shaped blocks of rock-salt, eight inches in length, and about an inch in width and thickness. Formerly, thirty-five of these went for a dollar. During our stay at Magdala, the price varied from six to nine for the same coin; and after the king's arrival it went down to two or three. We were rather badly off for vegetables at first; but during the summer and rainy season of 1867, through the kindness of Colonel Merewether,* who supplied us with a large stock of seeds, we were able to raise a good crop of peas, cabbages, turnips, beet, and lettuce. As our *cuisine* was conducted by the Indian servants whom we had brought from Aden, there was little to complain of on that score.

The great drawback was the utter want of employment. We had but few books, and those we had could scarcely be called light reading. M'Culloch's Commercial and Geographical Dictionaries, Smith's "Wealth of Nations," D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," Cowper, Longfellow, and last, but far from the least, a well-thumbed copy of Horace, were all the books I can muster up in my memory, with the exception of a few grammars and dictionaries. In the evening, Rassam would generally join Blanc and myself in a game of "dummy" whist, with a pack of cards which, from constant use, would have disgraced the back-parlour of a country pot-house, and whose backs were almost as well known to us as their faces. Eating, drinking, a good deal of sleeping, and smoking the acrid tobacco of the Galla country, filled up the remainder of our time. For a long period we had not much even to talk about. Our letters and papers did not begin to arrive at all regularly till some months had elapsed, whilst the king, who had returned to Debra Tâbor, after seeing us safe off from Aïbaukab, remained shut up there, manufacturing big guns and mortars, and occasionally going out on a raid into the neighbouring districts. Mr. Flad returned, at the beginning of 1867, without the artisans, but with a letter from Her Majesty, couched in conciliatory but peremptory terms. Some correspondence passed between the king and Mr. Rassam on this subject, but it soon dropped; and seeing that Theodore intended to adhere to his policy of contempt and insult towards England, we all made up our minds that we could never be released without war, and that as it was inevitable, the sooner it came the better. Feeling that almost any fate was preferable to this lingering state of suspense, we wrote home, urging most earnestly that the strongest measures should be taken for our release, and welcoming the idea of an English force landing and giving our gaolers a lesson, or even though it were only to avenge us.

Meanwhile, the affairs of the king remained throughout the whole of the summer and rains of 1867 in a most critical condition. The road between Debra Tâbor and Magdala was frequently blockaded by the insurgents, so that not even the royal messengers could pass, whilst on several occasions Theodore was obliged to have recourse to the services of a follower of one of his imprisoned chiefs, who became the only medium of communication between himself and the mountains. Still stories reached us of frequent desertions, and still more frequent deeds of cruelty. These reports were doubtless grossly exaggerated; nevertheless, there remains evidence enough to show that at this time Theodore must have been possessed with a mania for homicide never surpassed in history. Old and tried chiefs were ruthlessly butchered on the slightest suspicion; large bands of soldiers were disarmed and slaughtered like sheep; the peasantry of the surrounding districts were burnt alive by thousands; while noble ladies, the wives and daughters of deserters, after being stripped, and exposed to the noontide glare of the sun, were tortured and executed. Short plundering expeditions were made to Gondar, Kuarâta, and Ifâg, one of the most flourishing little towns in Foggăra, a district situated to the north-west of Bagemder. All these towns were sacked, and most of the inhabitants burnt or otherwise murdered. On another occasion, a foray was made to Metraha, a small island at the north-eastern corner of Lake Tsâna, where there was an ancient church possessed of considerable property. Moreover, the peasantry of Dembea and the adjoining provinces, relying on the sanctity of the place, had made it the depository of all the corn and other goods which they had contrived to save after their repeated plunderings. Having landed on the island by means of rafts, which had been constructed by some of his German workmen, the king consigned every inhabitant of the place to the flames, with the exception of three Gondar merchants who had fled thither for security, but who reckoned without their host, for they were robbed of everything, chained, and tortured nearly every day for money, until they were finally sent up to Magdala. Our old friend, Gobazyé Walda Selâsyé, who was also there, contrived to escape in a canoe just before the troops landed on the island. Similar enormities were committed daily, to recapitulate which would fill up more space than I have at my disposal.

Our friends on the mountain, as the rainy season drew to its close, became rather despondent. Whilst few of them hoped to see their master, they all expected that he would make a dash for the Amba as soon as the fine weather set in; and many were the pious wishes that the rebels of Bagemder would be too strong for him. Still, they feared him too much to behave as men, and make the bold resolution of shutting the gates of the Amba on him, as they might easily have done. At the beginning of September, an incident occurred which enabled them to prove their zeal. Amongst our acquaintance was a young man named Afa-Negoos Mashesha, the son of a man who was formerly a great favourite of the king, and who had once occupied the post of governor of the mountain. The father being dead, his son occupied an

* Now Sir William Lockyer Merewether, K.C.S.I., C.B., Commissioner in Sindh. He then had charge of the operations on the coast.

undefined position on the mountain, having no official rank—for his title was purely honorary—but nevertheless frequently being called into council by the chiefs. One morning we were startled at breakfast by the announcement that Mashesha and the head treasurer, Bedjerwand Kanfu, together with some soldiers and servants, had managed to effect their escape from the Amba. Their flight being discovered, they were hotly pursued by a party of guards, but succeeded in reaching the Galla country, where the soldiers did not venture to follow them. In the evening an expedition, consisting of 200 musketeers, and as many spearmen, under the command of Bitwăddads Damâsh and Amârê Haïlu, and Dedjâdj Godjee, started for the village to which the fugitives had fled, an eight hours' journey from the Amba. They took the inhabitants by surprise, slaughtered several Gallas, and "lifted" all the cattle and horses they could lay their hands on. However, they overlooked a small house in which were the chief of the district, the Afa-Negoos, and the Bedjerwand. These three ran off and aroused the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages; and as the plunderers were retreating, they were surprised to see themselves followed by several bands of Galla horsemen, who harassed them dreadfully, and nearly took Damâsh prisoner, after he had received two slight wounds. The Amba soldiers retreated, fighting as well as they could, and succeeded in shooting the Galla chief, Mohammed Hamza. At last they reached the edge of the plain, whence a sort of ravine led to the Amba, and whither the Gallas, being all mounted, could not follow them. Here they were comparatively safe; but the Gallas continued to annoy them by hurling large stones at them as they retreated, one of which killed a petty chief, 'Ali Govina, the son of a brave warrior who had entered Râs Ali's service, and who boasted a descent from the Portuguese, many of whom, it is well known, settled, after the death of Cristobal da Gama, in the Galla country. Twelve more were killed, and over a hundred wounded, some of whom succumbed afterwards. In the *sauve-qui-peut* flight which followed, Damâsh was unfortunate enough to lose his two horses, his musket, his shield, and even his leopard-skin *lamd*, or war-pelisse, which was either thrown away by him to lighten his load, or was snatched off his shoulders by some purloining Galla. The mountain authorities were terribly alarmed at this untoward result, especially as they had lost several muskets; but the king, who had other matters to think of, seemed to have forgotten the incident when he came to the Amba.

Shortly after this, October the 11th, 1867, he started from Debra Tâbor, and for the next five months was occupied in conveying the immense pieces of ordnance, which had been manufactured for him by his European artisans, through valleys infested by rebels, and over hills and precipices, constructing a road which elicited the admiration even of our own engineers. His greatest enemy, the Wag-shoom Gobazyé, a degenerate descendant of the saintly Lalibela, and of that pious monarch* who, in his zeal for legitimacy, resigned his own crown, displayed a pusillanimity which was only equalled by the cowardice of Theodore's other rival, Menilek of Shoa. The latter did, indeed, on the 30th of November, make his appearance on the edge of the Tanta plateau with a large army, said to consist of 30,000 horse and 2,000 musketeers, besides 8,000 auxiliaries. A salvo of artillery and musketry was, however, the only demonstration he made. Seeing the Amba people were not inclined to play their master false, he moved off again in four days, to our great disgust. It was said by every one that he was vanquished by seeing the smoke of the king's camp-fires, three long marches off. The news of the landing of the English forces reached us on the 13th of December, and from that day to our final release our minds were in a constant state of fever, hoping, even against hope, that our countrymen might be the first to break the chains that for twenty-one months had oppressed us. It was a close race, and though Theodore came in the winner, the triumph was a brief one, and was followed close by the retribution exacted on that fatal Easter Monday of 1868.

* Naakweto Laäb, the last of the Zagæan dynasty.

With the curtain falling on this last act of the drama, ends the task which I set myself, of briefly detailing the principal incidents of our long and wearisome journey, and of a still more painful imprisonment. The whole story, let it be told as imperfectly as it may, is as complete an episode as is to be found in history, and the unseemly controversies which have arisen to mar its fair proportions are but temporary, and will speedily disappear from recollection, whilst the glorious memory of the result will never fade. In a letter which I wrote from Magdala two days before the Christmas of 1867, it seems I said, "The climate and exploration of a new country are the only attractions which the expedition possesses; there will be no fighting or glory, no V.C.'s or brevets to be gained, and no prize-money." I am glad that most of this prediction was unfulfilled. The peerage granted to Lord Napier of Magdala forms a graceful pendant (and the only one that the Indian service can show) to that which Clive won by his sword at Plassey, whilst there has been no lack of the other honours alluded to. That the cost of the expedition, undertaken, as it was, so completely in the dark, should detract from the merit of those engaged in it, is a notion which should never exist for a moment in a mind of common fairness.

Meanwhile, the *teterrima causa belli* lies in his lowly grave within the precincts of the squalid church of Magdala. As I have said before, it is very difficult even after this lapse of time, to arrive at an accurate estimate of his true character. Extolled as a hero by some, and vilified as a dastardly savage by others, it is probable that he was wholly neither the one nor the other, but a man of strong will and ungovernable temper, whom defective education and the intoxication of power at times actually bereft of reason. He lived a despot, never, so far as I am aware, having performed a generous or noble act during his ten years' career. He died a suicide, not because, like Brutus, he dreaded the fate which a Valerian, in more degenerate days, could calmly submit to, and could not brook being dragged in triumph at the chariot-wheels of his conqueror; but rather because he feared that the same torments to which he had so often condemned others, would be inflicted on himself—an end less heroic than that of some poor wretch, who, to avoid the pain of starvation and the disgrace of poverty for those dearest to him, will rather murder himself and them, and who meets but scant pity therefore. Altogether, take him for good and all, surest to be remembered through having permanently saddled the English revenues with an annual charge of a quarter of a million of money.

The French Exploring Expedition in Indo-China.

A SHORT account of the French Expedition from Cambodia to the Yang-tsze Kiang was given at page 160 of the present volume of the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS, derived from information given in Chinese newspapers; since then the surviving leader of the party, Lieutenant Garnier, has gratified public curiosity in France by publishing a brief preliminary report of his wonderful journey; and it is announced that the French Government, with its usual liberality in such undertakings, will contribute towards the expense of a large work on the results of the expedition. The descriptions given by Lieutenant Garnier are full of interest; and the journey altogether, in the extent of little-known country traversed, the perseverance and courage of the leaders, and its incidents, must be considered one of the most remarkable in the history of travel. It appears that the party set out from Saigon on the 5th of June, 1866, and ascending the Mekong by water whenever navigable, and when not, on or near its banks, finally quitted the river at Muang-yung (22° N. lat.), where its elevation is 2,000 feet above the sea level, and struck across the Chinese province of Yunan, in a north-westerly direction, to the city of Yunan, its ancient capital. This place is situated on the shores of a lake, thirty miles in length by about eight in average width, and lying in a depression in a mountainous region 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. The march was continued from this place to Tong-chuan-foo, near the right bank of the Yang-tsze Kiang (the "Blue River"), and here Captain de Lagree falling ill, it was left to Lieutenant Garnier to carry out what may be considered the most important object of the journey—namely, to visit Tali-fu, the head-quarters of the great rebellion of Chinese Mohammedans against the Imperial Government. This perilous mission having been successfully accomplished, Garnier returned to Tong-chuan-foo to find his respected chief no more; he had fallen a victim to his zeal and the privations and toils of the journey. The rest of the party then made the best of their way to Siu-cheou, the nearest port on the Yang-tsze, and embarked for Shanghai. The whole distance travelled from Cratieh, in Cambodia, to Shanghai, was 5,392 miles, of which 3,625 miles were surveyed with care, and the positions in the unknown parts rectified by astronomical observations.

In his general description of the country traversed, embracing the south-western portion of China and the northern part of the territories of Burmah and Siam, Lieutenant Garnier states that the region is watered by five of the great rivers of the world—the Brahmaputra, the Irrawaddy, the Salween, the Mekong (or Cambodia River), and the Yang-tsze Kiang. All these rivers take their rise in the lofty plateaux of Thibet, and converge towards the narrow space, 240 miles broad, which intervenes between the great bend of the Brahmaputra and Likiang, on the Yang-tsze; the great Chinese river, on the east, and the Brahmaputra, on the west, afterwards diverging, the one to flow through the centre of China, and the other to blend its waters with those of the Ganges, near their common embouchure in the Bay of Bengal. The three other rivers, with several others of minor magnitude, although as large as the Rhine or Danube, flow through deep valleys lying north and south, and water the Indo-Chinese peninsula. Thus the plateau of Thibet, which in its central and western parts has an average elevation of 11,000 to 14,000 feet, must be greatly lowered on its south-eastern side, where these great rivers flow from it, and the chain of the Himalaya, at the same point, is broken up into separate ridges, between which lie the deep valleys of the five rivers. The whole region has a humid climate, and is peopled by a mixed race, mostly Buddhist in religion, but partaking, in mental and physical character, of the peculiarities both of the Mongol-Chinese and of the Hindoos.

With regard to the Mohammedan revolt in Yunan, Lieutenant Garnier says that it commenced about twelve years previous to the visit of the French Expedition. At the commencement, the rebels seized the metropolis of the province, but being driven from it by the Chinese Government troops, they retired to Tali-fu, about 120 miles W.N.W. of the city of Yunan, and fortified the place. The whole country was devastated by the contending forces, and whilst the French were at Yunan, two Mohammedan armies again threatened to take it from the Imperialists.

It was at the risk of their lives that Lieutenant Garnier and his companions resolved to visit the head-quarters of these bloodthirsty fanatics; but their errand would not have been successfully accomplished without this visit, Tali-fu, the second city of the province, being on the direct commercial highway between Bhamo, the head of steam navigation on the Irrawaddy and the great centres of Chinese population and trade. The prospects of future overland communication between the seats of trade in the Bay of Bengal and the interior of China could only be ascertained by visiting this important place. The dangers of the journey were well weighed by De Lagree as he lay ill at Tong-chuan; on the one hand was the Yang-tsze close by, offering a safe return to the members of the expedition; on the other, was the hazardous route through the pillaged districts, infested by the rebel bands. Lieutenant Garnier consented, however, to run the risk, and he left on the 31st of January, 1868, taking a northerly route to avoid the bands of marauders, twice crossing the Yang-tsze. On the 29th of February he beheld from an elevation the beautiful lake on the shores of which Tali-fu is situated; it formed (he says) one of the most magnificent landscapes that he had had the good fortune to enjoy during the whole of his wanderings. A lofty chain of mountains covered with snow formed the background of the picture, and at their feet extended the blue waters of the lake, alternating with countless jutting points, covered with villages and gardens. After some detention, permission was obtained from the chief, or sultan, of the revolted district to visit him; and Garnier and his companions marched through the city to the palace amidst a vast concourse of people, whose insults nearly led to retaliation and the destruction of the whole party. After a preliminary interview with a mandarin of high rank, a sudden change came over the disposition of the rebel court, the suspicions of the Sultan were aroused, and the object of the French thought to be the survey of the country with a view to conquering it. Orders were given that they were to depart the next day; and the passions of the soldiers and populace being excited, an anxious night was passed by Garnier and his escort with loaded arms and listening ears. He considered himself fortunate to escape with his life, and pushed on to Tong-chuan, where, as already narrated, he found his chief had died during his absence. The body of their honoured commander was disinterred from its foreign grave, preserved and carried away by his companions to its final rest in his native country.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GABOON SETTLEMENT

The Gabcon.—I.

BY DR. GRIFFON DU BELLAY, SURGEON IN THE FRENCH NAVY.

CHAPTER I.

SETTLEMENT OF THE FRENCH ON THE GABOON—EXTENT OF THEIR POSSESSIONS—CLIMATE—THE GREAT RAINS—SMALL CHANCE OF SUCCESSFUL COLONISATION.

TWENTY-TWO years ago, three French vessels arrived at the Gaboon, and landed several marines, with workmen and the materials necessary for the erection of a fortified post.

The negotiations which had been opened during the preceding year had already prepared the way, and Captain Montléon took possession of the bay or estuary of the Gaboon and the region watered by its numerous tributaries, in the name of France, without any difficulty. In order to make the country more completely French, the new comers re-named the most remarkable places; and, following a practice which well exemplifies the instability of human affairs, they changed the native names for those of members of the then reigning family of Orleans, an alteration which custom has not otherwise sanctioned, and of which no traces are to be found, except in the maps executed at that time.

A fort was constructed, and before long, when the ships sailed away again, the little colony found itself in the most complete state of isolation, 5,000 miles from its mother country, and in the midst of a people almost entirely unknown. There was no intention of founding an agricultural settlement. The surrounding country presented to the eye the most luxuriant vegetation, but it was easy to see that the natives were not disposed to profit by this munificence of nature. As for cultivating it themselves, the Europeans could not dream of it. The sun darted its rays perpendicularly on their heads, for they were but a dozen leagues from the equator. In such a latitude husbandry is an occupation fatal to our race.

Nor were there, moreover, any great commercial interests to be protected. Trade was only just established there, at the time, by the enterprise of a few houses at Bordeaux and Marseilles. To favour its development and to provide for the security of the traders, was certainly one, but not the principal, mission of the new settlement. Its especial object appears to have been to secure to the French navy the safest harbour on that coast, and to destroy a trade which had recently acquired considerable importance, by attacking one of its strongholds.

The great question of the suppression of the slave trade, to us one of the distant past, was at that time in full agitation, and one which, owing to the irritating question of right of search connected with it, had occasioned in France a political crisis, from which she had not entirely recovered.

In strict observance of the treaties concluded with

England, our country maintained on the west coast of Africa a squadron of twenty-six vessels, which incessantly traversed the sea and scoured the bays and rivers. These ships were small—brigs and schooners which drew little water—and of moderate tonnage, so that their supply of provisions was soon exhausted. More than one which had quitted Gorée on an exploring expedition made its way with difficulty along the coast (where a favourable wind is never to be relied upon), and after traversing the 800 leagues which separate Gorée from the Gaboon, it was a great boon to find a safe harbour in which to refit, and a market at which to obtain fresh supplies. This was the most solid advantage which resulted from the establishment of this settlement. Even now, although its commerce has become a little more extended, it is these maritime advantages which give to this post all its importance, and it has been for several years the central station of our squadron.

The bay where the French settled is thirty miles in circumference, and seven miles wide at its entrance, situated in latitude 30 minutes North, longitude 9 degrees East. It forms the extremity of a small basin, bounded on the east by a chain of mountains, named by the Portuguese Sierra del Crystal, and from which flow several rivers. To the south and east this basin is flanked by a much more important stream, the Ogo-wai, which flows into the sea by several mouths, enclosing a point of land well known to slavers by the name of Cape Lopez.

Although the possession of these rivers and the region watered by them was secured to us by treaty, our establishment there was nominal rather than real. The only part actually occupied, and of positive importance in the present position of affairs, is the bay itself. We have there the fortified factories, the principal centres of population, the important establishment of the French mission, and the village of Glass, where the American mission is planted, and which has become in the hands of foreign merchants, more especially the English, a business centre of considerable importance.

In the deep and safe bay some ship of the squadron is constantly stationed.

A small number of English and American trading vessels, a still smaller number of French ships, several schooners engaged in the coasting trade, besides the canoes manned by the negroes, who time the movements of their paddles to a monotonous chant, traverse the immense sheet of water, but fail to invest it with life. The absence of movement and animation painfully affects the Europeans, nearly all of them public servants, whose evil star has brought them to this country, thus rendering more sorrowful the feeling of their own isolation.

The life of those who devote themselves to the service of France in her distant possessions is thus full of severe trials. It is not that the Gaboon is a melancholy place in itself; if it is wanting in life and animation, at least nature there is beautiful. She appears especially beautiful to those who arrive there after a voyage along the coast. They have been saddened by the sight of the proverbial sterility of the African shores, for vegetation is so scanty on some parts of the coast that the existence of a single tree becomes a precious discovery to the traveller. In the Bay of Gaboon, on the contrary, vegetation comes down to the edge of the sea, and the villages around appear hidden in a bower of verdure. The general features of the country are not very strongly marked. To the north, however, a mountain of considerable elevation, Mount Bouet, commands the right bank; to the south, several lower hills break the line of the horizon, and have a cheering effect upon all, and serve as landmarks for vessels.

In the middle of the bay, Point Ovendo, the islets of Coniquet and Perroquets rise out of the water like enormous bouquets of verdure. At the foot of the hills, and along their slopes, a continuous fringe of mangrove trees betrays the presence of swampy ground. In short, everywhere vegetation is luxuriant, and rising above all the rest are huge "fromagers" and great "spathodeas" known by the name of Gaboon tulips, which are covered twice a year by a plentiful crop of orange-coloured flowers. All this gives to the bay an aspect which would be enchanting if it was more animated; but it is only a picture of nature—dead as it were, or with something wanting—richly framed. In some corners of the picture, indeed, a little life has found refuge; at Glass, for instance, round one or two of the factories, and especially at the French establishment. The latter place is the residence of the governor, who is subject to the authority of the commander of the squadron. Around him are grouped the offices, shops, factories, everything, in fact, that constitutes a marine establishment on a small scale. Near to him, and under his protection, several factories have been built, with a school superintended by the "religieuses" of Castres; and Libreville, a village, was founded in the year 1849 by certain negroes of Congo, who were rescued from a captured slaver. A small garrison of black soldiers, supported by a battalion of Senegal riflemen, is stationed there to maintain the authority of the Governor. But the natives dream so little of fighting that a garrison such as Bachaumont found in olden times at Notre Dame de la Garde—

> "A Swiss, with his halberd,
> Paints on the castle door"—

would be amply sufficient to make it respected. Such is the establishment which the French possess on this coast, and of whose existence even the greater part of our countrymen are ignorant. Designed to serve as a refuge for our ships of war, and to promote commerce, in the pursuit of which the English have been so successful, but which in our own hands has been so timidly conducted and unfortunate, it is not the fault of the government that it has succeeded in its military aim only, and that our flag has had scarcely anything but foreign interests to protect. The region of the Gaboon, cut by the equatorial line, exactly corresponds to that of the great lakes traversed by Speke and Burton on the eastern side, and from which flow the principal sources of the Nile. Like that region now so celebrated, it is a country of fierce heat and heavy rains. When I arrived there at the commencement of September, 1861, the fine season was nearly over. The heat was not excessive, being tempered in the evening by the sea breezes; the nights were fresh, without being damp, and the state of things altogether very endurable—even the most exacting person might accommodate himself to it. But, unhappily, this beautiful season had lasted now for three months, and the return of the rainy season was expected on the 15th of September. With a singular regularity,

which never failed during three consecutive years, it commenced on the day fixed. Gentle and not very abundant showers fell at first, and lasted until the beginning of January, and then ceased for about six weeks—a period known in the country as the "little dry season;" and which, though no rain actually falls, is none the less damp, oppressive, and productive of serious illnesses.

After this period of rest, the rains recommenced, falling in torrents, accompanied by a succession of terrible storms, and exercising on the health the most deplorable effects. Then the three months' drought comes, as though to pump out this annual deluge to the very last drop.

Imagine, then, seven months of rain, for four of which there is an actual deluge, and you have the climate of the Gaboon. In spite of its equatorial position, the heat there is not excessive, but it is constant. The thermometer seldom rises above 33° Cent. (90° 4′ Fahr.), but still more rarely sinks below 23° Cent. (73° 4′ Fahr.). The mean temperature is 28° Cent. (84° 4′ Fahr.), which in itself is high enough, but which the prevailing moisture and electric tension of the air combine to render almost insupportable. This unpleasant state of things becomes even worse during the winter months; then the wearied body grows depressed, without being able to find repose in a state of inactivity, or renewal of its strength in sleep—the mind becomes dull and heavy, and the appetite fails.

These melancholy effects are out of all proportion to the height of temperature, and we must look upon them as the result of various causes, amongst which this is not always the most active. How often have not travellers remarked this want of harmony between the readings of the thermometer and the sensation of heat by which they are overpowered. It is most striking at Gaboon. This climate, in fact, with a temperature never varying more than ten degrees, is almost uniform, and consequently debilitating; and this character manifests itself in the class of diseases which prevail. Sickness assumes no violent or aggravated forms; dysentery and sun-stroke are rare; but malarious fevers are rife, for the country is very marshy, and every one alike becomes sensible of the feeling of weariness for which he can hardly account, with its accompaniment of pain without obvious cause, and a sense of weakness which he cannot shake off.

A country like this has, of course, a temporary attraction for the traveller in search of curiosities, or the naturalist who is an ardent lover of the treasures obtained with so much labour by science; but the European who is not absolutely forced to do so does not tarry long. He encamps there, but does not settle; nor do I believe that he has any chance of acclimatising himself. Certain missionaries have no doubt dwelt there for some time; but their regular and quasi-monastic life (although I will not deny that they have to undergo fatigue) exposes them less to a direct struggle with the climate than is constantly supported by the sailor who is tied to a laborious service, or the trader resolved by the force of his own energy to secure the favours of fortune. In any case, the European who can be acclimatised must be an exception. The race cannot find there a permanent settlement, for the climate is not fitted at all for the white woman. Any woman who would hazard in this country the perils of maternity, would attempt what would certainly prove fatal to herself, and surely lead in the end to the extermination of her race.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST CONNECTION OF EUROPEANS WITH THE GABOON—THE PORTUGUESE ON THE COAST OF AFRICA—COMMERCE SINCE THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE—THE REAL INTEREST PRESENTED BY THE COUNTRY—THE RACES WHICH INHABIT IT.

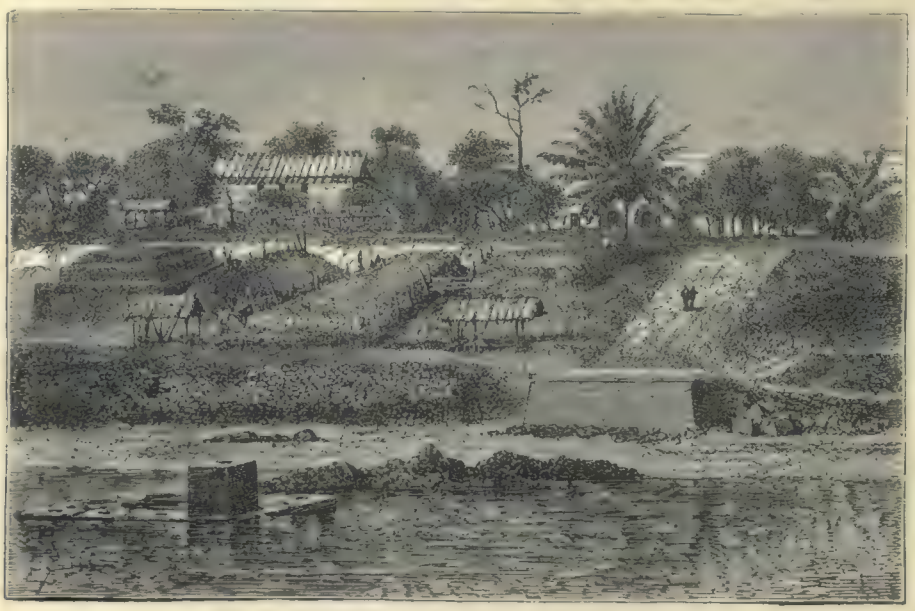
THE French, who settled on the Gaboon in 1842, were not the first Europeans who had attempted to establish themselves there. About the middle of the last century the Portuguese, allured by the hope of finding gold-mines, had taken possession of the island of Coniquet. After a fruitless search they returned, leaving as marks of their visit two small cannon, which may still be seen there, and a little fort, the remains of which are difficult to discover. But they preserved their connection with the country, and in the heyday of the slave trade they did a profitable business there. The Portuguese have always been the most determined slavers on the whole coast. Times have altered since their great colony of St. Paul de Loanda amassed immense wealth from this trade, and the single order of the Jesuits alone possessed more than 12,000 slaves. At the present time the principal town of the province of Angola, completely deprived of its ancient splendour, is falling into ruins; but there may still be seen on the shore the chair of state from which the bishop blessed, *ex cathedrâ*, at so much per head, the slaves as they marched before him, trembling under the whip of the trader, on their way for embarkation to an unknown land. A strange sanction given by religion to violence—a connection which we of the present day would deplore as something monstrous, but which was by no means repugnant to the easy morality of the last age. The episcopal chair is now vacant, but I would not declare on oath that in the hearts of the Portuguese of St. Paul there do not still linger regrets for a past so prosperous and so fruitful in easily-gotten wealth. Be this as it may, in the minds of the natives of the Gaboon the two ideas of Portuguese and slave-traders are firmly associated, and the chief of a village who wishes to frighten one of his subjects, threatens to sell him to the Portuguese. This, let me remark in passing, is not always an idle threat, for in spite of the presence of the French flag, a certain amount of slave-dealing is effected at times through means of schooners, or even the little Portuguese canoes which cross over from the neighbouring island of St. Thomas. With the exception of these irregular communications with the Portuguese, the Gaboon seems to have had for a long time little connection with Europeans. It is doubtful whether it was ever visited by Dieppe traders.

The ivory manufacture, still so flourishing at Dieppe, is a proof of its ancient intercourse with the African coast; but the villages of Great and Little Dieppe, which perpetuate its name, north of the Bight of Benin, appear to indicate that its trading was confined to that part. Erdman Isert, a doctor of the Danish factory at Christianburg, at the end of the last century, speaks of a trade in dye woods carried on by the English with the Gaboon, adding, "But the slaves there were little valued, and at the Antilles fetched only half the ordinary price." De Flotte, De Grandpré, and other officers who were sent at this period to protect the French slaves against the Portuguese at Cabinda and Loango—that is to say, close to Gaboon—speak of the place only to mention its extreme unhealthiness.

In 1803, Labarthe, in his directions to traders, warns captains of vessels against the dangers which beset navigation in these parts. But the chiefs of the Gaboon, who were anxious to

draw to their country a commerce so lucrative, turned themselves into pilots, and trade prospered there, without, however, attaining very extensive development.

The treaties concluded between the nations of Europe in 1830 and 1834 gave the slave-trade its death-blow, in spite of their not being very strictly observed. It might be expected that the natives who had been accustomed to receive from Europeans all the necessaries of life, and not being able to do without them, would turn their energy to some more lawful trade, and take advantage of the fertility of their soil by applying themselves to profitable farming of some kind; but, either through the inability of the Europeans to direct their operations into this fruitful channel, or rather, perhaps, through their own incurable idleness and want of enterprise, nothing ever came of it. Unable to obtain from the cultivation of the soil the means of regular trade, they made but feeble efforts to recover from the blow inflicted upon them by the suppression of the slave trade. They succeeded in living, but never in prospering.



CHARCOAL STORES AT THE GABOON. *From a Photograph.*

The interior of the country possessed an abundance of the most valued articles of commerce—sandal-wood, the dye woods of which we have already spoken, ebony, and elephants' tusks. The people of the Gaboon took advantage of these sources of wealth, and acted as carriers between the Europeans and the tribes who lived in the part where these treasures were found. But the trade there was essentially one of destruction. The banks of the rivers are now stripped of valuable timber. One must go very far in order to find the red-wood in any quantity—farther still to meet with ebony; and as to elephants, their number has also sensibly diminished. The country is becoming exhausted, and it is not difficult to foresee the day when, for want of knowing how to make a proper use of the resources of the country by creating new sources of wealth, it will become utterly desolate. Several years ago the French started there a new trade—that of india-rubber. This resinous juice they extract from three or four creepers, named N'dambo, and which probably belong to the genus *Carpodinus*, of the family of Apocyneæ. It is an annual production, and consequently ought to be a regular source of profit; but it will soon be exhausted by the eagerness of the dealers, who cut the creepers at random, draw the juice from them recklessly, and, in order to complete the ruin of their prospects, bring their produce into discredit by the most annoying adulteration. We see, then, that it is not from the resources which it offers that the Gaboon is really interesting to us; it is from its very exceptional character; by the attraction which every barbarous community must present to the civilised nations of Europe. These communities may be able to boast of an antiquity as great as our own, yet they have not been able to raise themselves above a state of nature. Either the enervating atmosphere, and the circumstances which render mere existence so easy, amidst which they have grown up, have dwarfed their intelligence; or their race, branded with original impotence, was condemned, in whatever place it might find itself, to remain in a state of inferiority.

In the basin of the Gaboon we get a nearer view of these small African tribes. Those which we find on the river Ogo-wai lead us to expect that we shall find more interesting specimens on more complete exploration, for its people are free from European influences, and even of that Mahometan power which has struck its roots so deeply in the north and west of the great African continent. The southern part of this absolutely unknown region has been recently visited by the intrepid hunter, M. P. B. du Chaillu,* a creole of Senegal, who was, for a time, a member of our little Gaboon colony, but who has

* M. du Chaillu, as every one is aware, published an interesting and lively account of his explorations. This book met with numerous critics in England, who appeared to discuss the writer more than the narrative. I will not venture to make myself a judge in the matter, nor to affirm that M. du Chaillu really penetrated as far into the interior as he related, more especially as some of the weapons which he shows as peculiar to distant tribes are well known to belong to the adjacent tribes of the Gaboon; but I can affirm that his book contains many details which are strictly correct; and, moreover, that they are a picture of manners really taken from life



KING DENIS OF THE GABOON, AND HIS PRINCIPAL WIFE.

since become an American citizen, full of ardour for his new country, and zealous in promoting its views.

In 1862, M. Serval, a lieutenant in the navy, and myself, visited an entirely unknown portion of the river Ogo-wai. I shall give some account of this expedition when I have described Gaboon properly so-called, and the people by whom it is inhabited.

The population of this country is divided into four groups, each speaking a different language—viz., the M'pongwés, or natives of Gaboon Proper, who dwell on the sea-coast at the entrance of the rivers; the Shekianis, who inhabit the surrounding forest-lands, and to whom, for this reason, the natives of the Gaboon have given the name of "Boulous," which we have adopted, and which signifies "men of the woods;" the Bakalais, and last of all the Fans, or Pahouins. These four tribes are not indigenous to the country—they come from the interior. The Pahouins, the accounts of whose cannibalism are only too true, are the most remarkable and least known. They made their appearance only a few years ago, coming directly from the east, and, driving before them the Bakalais, rapidly approached our territory, where they will one day become a most important portion of the population.

These migrations are common on the coast of Africa. It is evidently the desire to hold direct intercourse with the Europeans which attracts these tribes toward the sea—the source of all wealth. We are thus able to make a close acquaintance with the different races; but they rapidly lose their original peculiarities. Obtaining, through the easy means of commercial exchange, everything they require, they lose their traditional customs and characteristics, forget their ancient trades and occupations, and even alter, by intermarriage with other races, their former stamp.

CHAPTER III.

THE M'PONGWÉS—THEIR VILLAGES—INTERIOR OF A HUT—THE DRESS OF THE WOMEN—POLYGAMY—HARD CONDITION OF THE WOMEN—COMPENSATIONS—PRINCIPAL WIFE—THE "CONGUIÉ."

We have settled in the midst of the M'pongwés. It is not these, however, whom the European first sees when he sets foot on the Gaboon. If he lands at the French establishment or at the English factories at Glass, the busy persons, of a strongly marked negro type, whom he first meets unloading ships or loading canoes with the produce of the country, are not M'pongwés—they are Kroomen, the real porters of the African coast, and are procured 300 leagues farther north by contracts, which are always respected, and placed at the disposal of the Europeans—men of vigour and honesty rarely met with among the African people.

It is not amongst these indefatigable workers that you must look for the Gabonese. An indolent man, without any energy, knows very well what to reply when any serious task is proposed to him: "Work for Krooman!" or, better still, "Work for white man." In his opinion, the good God does not wish the M'pongwés to work. It is, then, in his village that we must look for him—on the shore, which is his high road; for in his character of a maritime trader—this is his calling when he has one—he has his village on the water's edge; his canoe is his one conveyance, and the shore his chief road of communication. It is, besides, at low tide, the pleasantest promenade in the country.

There, groups of negresses ramble about, chattering. The young girls walk with a free step, for their dress does not embarrass their movements. A pair of cotton drawers tied round the hips, and falling to the middle of the legs, forms the whole of their inexpensive costume. On great occasions another piece of cloth, draped over the shoulder, falls nearly to the ground; they are then attired in full dress. The movements of the married women are less free, they walk with a heavier and more plodding gait; it is not that their costume is much more complicated, but they wear on their legs a large number of copper rings, or bands placed one above the other from the ankles to the knees, these metal boots—perfect clogs—which they drag after them, making their steps heavy, pressing upon the ankle and producing the most painful excoriations. Fashion has everywhere its martyrs. Sometimes these poor women may be met bearing heavy loads on their backs; they are the beasts of burden of that country; their husbands follow them, quickening their march, smoking their pipes, but carrying nothing. All these people proceed leisurely; they stop the passers-by, saluting the Europeans with a friendly "M' bolo"—the regular form of salutation—pause at each step to talk; for, with exception of the heavily-laden women, no one is in a hurry to get on—no one has anything to do.

The tribe of the M'pongwés are good-looking enough. The following description has been given in the *Revue Coloniale* of 1856 by Dr. Lestrille:—"The M'pongwé is, generally speaking, tall and well-proportioned. His well-developed muscles betoken great strength. The leg is better formed than is usually the case among the blacks; the foot is flat, but the instep is arched; the hand is small and well set on; the shoulder too short in proportion to the fore-arm; the eyes are generally fine and expressive; the nose is small and flattened; the mouth moderately large; the lower lip is thick without being pendent; the teeth are generally fine and regular. The prognathous form is very rare; their colour is bronzed rather than black (it corresponds with the colours as shown by the numbers 41, 42, and 43 in the chromatic plate published by the Anthropological Society of Paris). The growth of hair is comparatively luxuriant. The greater number shave a portion of the head in various patterns, and some of them are altogether without beard; and, lastly, their chests are large and well developed. The women are generally little, their feet small and delicately made; their hands especially are often elegantly shaped. Men and women go naked to the waist; the women ornament their necks with rows of pearls, and displaying much taste in the assortment of colours. To these necklaces are fastened little charms more or less valuable; often, too, the principal wife, she who is the actual mistress in her husband's hut, suspends to it the keys of his strong box. Finally, they wear immense earrings, which are made for them in Europe after an invariable pattern, with copper bracelets, and rings not only on their fingers, but also on their great toes."

Such are the kind of people that we see pass before us when we walk along the shores of the Gaboon. There is but little variety, for the population is sparse, and locomotion not very active. Fortunately, one's eyes are cheered by the panorama of Nature. The sea is always beautiful to look at on those warm evenings characteristic of a tropical climate, especially when the dazzled eyes can find relief from its brilliancy by contemplating the surrounding verdure. Magnificent bind-

weeds, with their broad, soft leaves, stretch along the sand, as if they wished to dispute the possession of it with the sea; others climb round the dwarf date-trees and the cape jessamine. The "sterculias," with their red star-like fruits, mingle with leguminous plants laden with clusters of flowers, which have the colour and the perfume of the lilac. At distant intervals huts appear through the breaks in the foliage. At a short distance from the shore the Catholic Mission may be seen, the residence of Monseigneur Bessieux, the Bishop of Gallipolis, who commands the respect of all. He is an old man, but time has aged him less than the fatigues of a long apostleship, which has been devoted entirely to the service of the Africans. He divides his time between the cares of the mission and the cultivation of a large garden, and exhibits to the nation, who show but little disposition to imitate him, the example of a life which will remain to its last hour consecrated to works of labour and of charity. Two years ago, Admiral Didelot, expressing the feelings of the public, petitioned that this modest and venerable prelate might receive the cross of the Legion of Honour. He received it less as a mark of personal distinction than as a token awarded to the work to which he had devoted his whole life.

Not far from there is the village of King Louis. Two long rows of cottages form a street, over which immense trees cast their shadows; at the back of the houses a vast space of ground has been cleared by means of the axe and by fire. Bananas, the manioc, and the papaw-tree grow there luxuriantly, and point out at a great distance, by their strongly-marked colour, the situation of the village. Canoes drawn up on the shore, nets made of the fibre of pine-apple leaves drying in the sun, a few heaps of red wood, and some logs of ebony, awaiting the arrival of a vessel; a few half-fed fowls picking up a scanty meal in the streets—such is the picture which the village of Louis presents, and all others are cast in the same mould.

The M'pongwé has both a town and a country house; the latter, which he calls his home, is sometimes placed, and one might say lost, in the midst of a wood, at the distance of more than a league away. It is here that agriculture is conducted on the largest scale. These villages contrast strongly by their good order with the usual dirty condition of African villages. The huts, built of a kind of palm-tree called enimba, present a regular and pleasing appearance. Unfortunately, the interior does not always correspond with the exterior. Rich or poor, brought into contact with civilisation or not, the inhabitant of Gaboon is seldom clean. This is his least fault, and the interior of his hut is in keeping with it. The portion to which a solitary door affords access opens upon the street, and is a room common to all. One or two large couches, made of the branches of the palm-tree, serve at will for seats or for beds, and testify to his importance. Chairs, European crockery, chests, and a variety of boxes (for the most part empty) complete the furniture of a comfortable house. Upon entering this building, the master of the house is generally to be found there, stretched upon his sofa, either smoking or asleep. He will perhaps raise himself to pay respect to his visitor—will even offer him his own seat with a certain air of politeness. If, however, he is a chief, he knows his own worth, and does not disturb himself. Seated in Turkish fashion, with one of his legs bent under him, surrounded by attendants, who never approach his august person without a lowly obeisance, he offers his hand to his visitors—the only hand that is free, for with the other he invariably strokes the foot upon which he is seated—and at last with a dignified gesture he invites him to place himself at his side. This is a mark of honour on his part, and he who recognises this royal condescension by some valuable present, will thereby gain credit in the village. Any European article will please his negro majesty; a few pipes of tobacco will completely overcome him, and for a bottle of brandy he will sell his family. But if the master of the dwelling, or, in his absence, his "chief wife" (the one to whom he was first married), shows signs of friendship, these emotions are not shared by the other inmates. Grouped in the centre of the hut, seated around the family fire-place, they do not disturb themselves. This hearth is a fixture. Three or four logs of wood serve to cook the food, fill the hut with a perpetual smoke, which helps to clear it of mosquitoes; dry some pieces of skin, which are hung in a corner, and cure the remains of fish or flesh. Whether the weather be cold or hot, this hearth is the centre of attraction to the family. By his side two or three women, with pipes in their mouths, pick bananas, clean yams, prepare manioc, or scrape the long leaves of the pine-apple to obtain their fibres; others rub their copper rings and bracelets with citron-juice; others comb and dress the hair of some negress who lies stretched at full-length on the ground, with her head resting on the knees of her maid. In the centre of all these women the negro children tumble head over heels amongst the cinders on the hearth. Such is the picture of their home life. These people are never disturbed by comers and goers, the hair-dresser is above all immovable. It is not by any means a small matter to arrange the tall head-dress of a Gabonaise. The greater part of the day must be devoted to the work; but when the towering structure has once been raised, cemented, and sprinkled all over with a compound red powder, which contains, amongst its many other ingredients, leaves of the vanilla, a toilet has been accomplished which lasts for at least a fortnight.

I omit the details of this part of the toilet, which are, many of them, unfit for description.

Of two or three fashionable modes, the most remarkable and the most common is the large and imposing-looking structure which the reader may observe on the head of the chief wife of King Denis. This grotesque head-dress is formed by first dividing the hair into two parts, which are brought together from each side on to a flat plate. This is the head-dress worn by a married woman, and it gives to some of these ladies an artificial height, and causes them to appear as though equipped in a plumed helmet.

The head-dress of the daughters of King Louis, whose portraits we also give, is quite in another style; it consists of a double fold, dressed more lightly, and almost rough—a style more becoming to a young girl, and which resembles a fashion at present adopted in France.

In our portrait gallery of M'pongwé women, there are some who appear wearing plaits in the European style, just so many as their hair, which is rather rebellious, will allow of being arranged in this fashion. These ladies, before allowing themselves to be photographed, thought it the proper thing to dress their hair like Frenchwomen; but, being behind-hand in the matter of fashion, they have given up pads just at the time when our compatriots have invented them in their turn,

little suspecting that *they* are imitating a fashion now become obsolete at the equator.

All these women, huddled together in the same hut, are the wives of the master of the house, and in some of the illustrations the chiefs may be seen surrounded by a perfect seraglio. This custom of polygamy appears to be spread over the whole of the African continent; and there is a reason for its existence. One of the causes for it is the short time during which women bear children; and this depends upon the fact that they marry too young. At Gaboon a girl is sometimes married at ten years old, is a mother at fourteen, and an old woman at twenty. Moreover—and this, perhaps, is the best excuse for polygamy—there seems to be throughout the whole continent of Africa a considerable disparity between the number of men and women. Here there are, in fact, five female children born to three males; and this is not the only place where this circumstance is observed.



THE DAUGHTERS OF KING LOUIS.

A marriage is a business affair, a bargain which requires a great deal of negotiation; but when a husband buys his wife he takes his time about it, and is in no hurry to settle the matter, for very often the young girl whom he asks for is yet a child, and only enters her husband's home to be a long time under the superintendence of his head wife. If the negotiation continues long, or if the father-in-law shows no sign of yielding, the suitor has recourse to the charmers, who apply themselves to their infallible incantations. Certain philtres work wonders on such an occasion. A plant named "Odépou" has a particular virtue for softening the heart of the father-in-law. This is a pretty, leguminous plant, with red berries, and a leaf having the sweet taste of liquorice, which gives it, in addition to its powers of conciliation, the more vulgar property of rendering the voices of singers melodious.

There is one singular clause in these matrimonial contracts, which is, that very often the son-in-law is obliged to give his father-in-law, in exchange for the girl he receives, one of his own sisters, whom the father-in-law in turn espouses. The inhabitants of the same village do not intermarry, on account of the very close relationship which often exists between them. It is remarkable to find so strict a rule as regards consanguineous marriages amongst people who are almost savages. Often, too, when a native of the Gaboon goes some distance in search of a wife, it is a matter of pure speculation. A father-in-law is a valuable connection, and there are few traders of any note who fail to contract a matrimonial alliance in every important village with which they have dealings.

The lot of the women is not an enviable one. Bought by their husband, who regards their great number with pride as an indisputable proof of his wealth, they are his slaves, or little short of it. As long as they are young he looks upon them as articles of luxury, and frequently as the objects of a traffic, in which he rigorously exacts his shameless profits. When age, or the child-bearing so little desired, has deprived them of their charms, they are reduced to a state of actual slavery. Upon them falls the work of the house, while their husband smokes or sleeps. When he goes away he shuts up those who do not accompany him. Their prison-house is not a very strong one, it is true: bamboo walls are not impenetrable barriers. It is seldom, however, that the prisoners seek to escape. Brought up to this life of subjection, they look upon all these hardships as natural; in fine, in a country where the means of transport and beasts of burden are altogether wanting, it is upon the woman that such labour devolves.

It is, however, useless to dwell on this miserable condition of the women of the Gaboon. It is not peculiar to them, and it is to be met with amongst all the African tribes. It has, besides, its bright side. Although the husband be jealous, if not of his wife, at least of his rights, he is obliged to tolerate a species of cicisbeo, a "conguié." Custom protects the conguié; the husband is powerless. Custom also protects

the wife under certain private and delicate circumstances, and a wife who is ill-treated may take refuge with her parents. They, on their part, will not give her up unless the husband is willing to make amends, and to purchase indemnity by a present; which is bestowed, however, not upon the outraged wife, who ought surely to count for something in the matter, but to his father-in-law. The neglected wife often addresses herself directly to the chief of the village, who, like the Mahometan cadis, has at times to take cognisance of some singular cases.

The "principal wife," whom I have mentioned, is the one who was first espoused. She enjoys privileges of a special character: she has the direction of the house; she works little, and is seldom compelled to carry burdens. If her husband is rich, and consequently surrounded by many wives, she is an autocrat in the women's apartments, and keeps order there, at the risk of occasionally having to put up with the temper of her master—a direct consequence of the authority which she exercises. Generally it is she who directs the work at the country establishment, while her husband is occupied in the village. Spite of the sad position to which women are here reduced, it is about them that everything centres in Gaboon society. This may easily be imagined, for if the husband does not long remain attached to his wife by the ties of affection, he is bound to her by the powerful motives of self-interest. A wife is a portion of his capital that he can employ to his advantage. Sometimes when he has received a consignment of goods, he gives her in pledge—he makes use of her as a security for the fulfilment of his promises when a settlement is to be deferred to a distant date. Again, if he suspects that he has been cheated in a trading transaction with other natives—in any common transaction with his neighbours—it is this portion of his capital that he endeavours to abstract from the man who has robbed him, feeling very sure that the latter, on his part, will exert himself to the utmost to indemnify him if he is unable to obtain his property either by cunning or force. Again, in every domestic quarrel, in every complaint brought before a native chief or French authority, it is sure to be found that in some way or another a woman is at the bottom of the whole matter. Either she has been stolen in her capacity as valuable merchandise; or, with or without reason, she has become dissatisfied with her husband, and has taken refuge in her parents' house; or, perhaps, she has been forcibly carried off. God knows what perpetual discussions, what endless disturbances, arise out of these conjugal squabbles. A case of seduction is the most serious, for if the husband is willing to put up veritable conguié, he shows himself intractable in every other instance. If the delinquent is convicted, he is obliged to make reparation, and sometimes to submit to corporeal chastisement. Occasionally the offender is a stranger, and in that case he takes refuge in his own village. He seldom, however, goes alone, and, as a consequence, war is lighted up.

I saw one day, by the banks of the Dgo-wai, one of these gallants. He was a fine fellow, with an olive complexion, and very soft eyes—a negro of the least-marked type; in a word a very presentable hero of romance. Unfortunately, there was a slight blot, which somewhat spoilt his adventure: he had not been satisfied with carrying off his "Helen," but had carried off the husband's furniture in his canoe at the same time. The latter pursued him, captured him, and tied him to a post. There he remained for many days meditating, no doubt, upon the inconveniences which are sometimes connected with the pursuit of gallantry. At last, he was obliged to pay a very considerable ransom, with the alternative of being sold for a slave for the benefit of the husband. As for the lady, she was expiating her fault in a neighbouring hut, with her head shaved, her feet fastened to an enormous beam, and subjected, no doubt, from time to time to proper conjugal correction.

A Journey up the Orinoco to the Caratal Gold Field—Raleigh's "El Dorado."—II.

BY C. LE NEVE FOSTER, B.A., D.SC., F.G.S.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY TO THE MINES—THE CARONI—GURI—PASTORA—GUASIPATI.

I WAS forced to stay some days at Bolivar to obtain mules for my land journey. I preferred buying to hiring, knowing that it would be the cheapest in the end. True to the Arab blood which they derive from their Spanish descent, the Venezuelans will not hurry themselves; and day after day passed before I could even see any mules to choose from. An ordinary mule costs from £10 to £15 at Bolivar, a really good riding mule about £30, and very first-rate beasts fetch as much as £46. A good donkey may be had for £4 or £5.

But there is an end even to Venezuelan delays; the mules at length were seen, chosen, and bought, and we started one morning for the mines. I had decided on taking the road *viâ* Guri. Our party consisted of Dr. Plassard, the Cornish mine-captain, and myself, with two men, three pack-mules, and a donkey. In travelling in Venezuela you carry your hammock strapped on behind the saddle, and the "cobija" in front. The "cobija" is a sort of cloak, which further serves to cover your hammock should it rain while you are camping out. Unfortunately, our men were not what they had been represented to us; the one who had been so strongly recommended knew scarcely anything about loading mules, and the other was not much better. The consequence was, that as one of our mules was somewhat difficult to manage, and amused itself more than once by kicking off the entire load, there were constant delays, and we made but very little progress the first day; the men, in fact, could scarcely be trusted alone. We passed over a gently undulating country covered with coarse grass—a

savannah district, in fact, with numerous small gnarled and stunted-looking trees, forming the kind of timber-growth known as "chaparro."

It was dark before we reached the "posada" of Monte Cristo, and we could just make out the outline of two houses and a "corral," or paddock for cattle. We were told on alighting that we could sling our hammocks in an open shed which formed part of one of the houses. A fowl was all that could be obtained for supper, and hungry as we were, it was painful to have so many delays before we could get even that. We had to see the fowl hunted and caught by the light of a torch made of palm leaves, and then patiently wait while it was plucked and stewed. In the meantime we were driven to satisfy the cravings of appetite with our own supply of bread and sardines. Our two men came in soon after us, but with what a tale! Two of our mules were said to be lame, one so seriously that it could not walk at all. What was to be done? Our host was asked whether he could supply us with mules or donkeys, but his animals were all away loading at Ciudad Bolivar for Caratal, and there were no others anywhere near. We could do nothing but wait till morning. Our long-wished-for fowl appeared at last, and with some very salt broth from the stew-pot, and a cup of coffee, enabled us to finish our repast.

Our "posada" was a sort of combination of a cow-shed and a mud hovel. It consisted of a thatched roof supported by upright poles, having one half the space walled in, by fixing small poles into the ground about a foot or eighteen inches apart, and filling up the intervening spaces by twigs and clay. No nails whatever are used in the construction, but the various posts, poles, and sticks are tied together by lianas, the natural ropes of the South American forests. The thatch is made with the leaves of the "moriche," or great fan-leaved Mauritia palm-tree. The division walled in formed a sleeping apartment for some of the family, whilst we sat and had our meals in the shed-like part, which formed coffee-room, parlour, and kitchen all at once. We were in almost total darkness; from time to time a sort of bad dip-candle was lighted, which lasted about ten minutes; and then came a long interval before it was thought worth while to light another. Of course there was just a glimmer from the kitchen-fire all the time, which enabled me to distinguish two men, who were strumming away monotonous airs on a sort of guitar, reminding me, by their unceasing and unmeaning twanging, of some of that dreadful Arab music one hears in Egypt.

Our three hammocks had been slung in an adjoining shed, and for the first time in my life I had to try the native couch; and I must say a more comfortable means of reposing cannot be well imagined. For a warm country, a South American hammock is a most luxurious bed; and had it not been for a few mosquitoes, I should never have passed a better night than I did at Monte Cristo.

On getting up the next morning, I was delighted to find that the mules had recovered; and we had only to take a cup of coffee and pay our bill, before we were ready to start again. The bill amounted to seven reals, or about two shillings and tenpence; cheap enough, it will be granted, for the entertainment and night's lodging of three persons, with their two servants, besides six mules and a donkey. When, however, it is recollected that we brought our own bread, coffee, and sugar, carried our own beds—*i.e.*, slung our own hammocks, and had nothing but the fowl from the people of the "posada"—not even water for our men, for it was fetched from a neighbouring brook—the charge of two shillings and tenpence will not seem so extraordinarily cheap, after all.

Leaving the forest-clad hill of Monte Cristo on our right, and that of Tortuga on our left, we journeyed over the "chaparro"-dotted savannah, varied by occasional bits of forest. Whenever we came to a water-course, we were sure to see the elegant Mauritia palm-tree, which is so useful to the native as furnishing both food and raiment. The Rio Claro was crossed at noon, and made a convenient stopping place for lunch. This stream is easily forded in the dry season, but is frequently impassable for a time after heavy rains. Early in the afternoon we reached another stream, the Tocomo, on the left bank of which a "rancho" has been erected for the convenience of travellers. Here nothing was to be had but our own provisions, as the place was uninhabited. I think it requires a day's work in the open air to make one appreciate the "carne salada" which formed the staple of our dinner. "Carne salada" is the name given to strips of beef which have been salted and dried in the sun. To cook it you have simply to run a stick through it, and hold it over a fire—some prefer it boiled or fried; but at the best it is always a tough morsel.

Our next day's journey was also a short one, and the only point of interest that I need note is, that we crossed the Arasiama ridge by a pass which is not more than 200 feet above the surrounding country, and before long reached a "posada" on the right bank of the Arasiama stream, a small tributary of the Caroni. Ample provisions were to be had, and stewed fowl with good broth, plantains and yuca (the root of the sweet mandioca), were soon smoking on the table. The sand and gravel in the bed of the Arasiama are auriferous; but miners have told Dr. Plassard that it does not pay to work them. It was our proximity to the stream that we had to thank for the mosquitoes that tormented us during the night; but though they bit pretty freely, I only felt one bite after I awoke in the morning. Their monotonous hum was certainly worse than their bite. It seemed to me that the Arasiama mosquitoes were far less venomous than those of Cairo and Alexandria.

We had now but six leagues to traverse before reaching the Caroni, and the savannahs we crossed were similar to those of the previous days. On our left lay a marked hill known as Arimagua, on the top of which a mortar for pounding ore is said to have been found. In consequence of this, the people in the neighbourhood consider that gold veins probably exist, and have been worked there. Before arriving at the Caroni, the path led us round a lagoon, where I saw in the distance two "soldados," the name given to a large snow-white heron; small water-fowl were pretty plentiful. About eleven o'clock we came up to the Caroni, a placid stream some 500 yards wide, with the red-tiled roof of the church of Guri peeping out beyond it. The ferryman's canoe was lying among the shrubs and trees on the opposite bank; but even firing a gun more than once seemed to fail to catch his attention. Unfortunately for us, as it appeared afterwards, the regular ferryman was up at the village drinking and gambling, and we had to wait more than two hours before a deputy-ferryman brought the canoe across for us. The river is so very sluggish here, that there is no difficulty whatever

in crossing it; and, once on the opposite bank, a walk of about ten minutes brought us into Guri. This was the first of the old Spanish missions, so numerous in Guayana, that I had stopped at. Nearly all the present villages were originally founded by Spanish monks. Two or three of these people lived in each mission or village, and lorded it over a number of Indians, to whom they taught agriculture as well as the Gospel. At the time of the revolution the monks took the side of the old country, and, like Spain, got the worst of it. Some of the villages have since that time been abandoned entirely, and most of them are in a less flourishing state than they were at the beginning of this century. Guri is, of course, reviving somewhat, as much of the traffic between Ciudad Bolivar and the mines passes through it. It consists of about a dozen houses, ranged round a large "plaza," or square, and a few outlying houses, in all, say about twenty. On the south side is the church, built in 1866, in place of the old one of the Spanish mission. The square is all overgrown, and affords pasture for cattle. Our mules were turned out there on our arrival.

There is no inn or "posada" in Guri, but one of the shopkeepers took us in, gave us a large room where we could sling our hammocks, and soon prepared an excellent dinner. Hamburg Lager beer can be had at Guri, so the place is far from being beyond the bounds of civilisation.

I was glad to find that there was no dearth of beasts at Guri, and I at once made arrangements for hiring a couple of donkeys, one of our mules, through the carelessness and ignorance of our men, having been badly galled.

I thought, as the arrangements were all made over-night—indeed, during the afternoon—that I was sure to have the donkeys in good time on the following morning; but no such thing; we were kept waiting four hours before they were brought in, for I did not like to leave Guri before I had seen our baggage train fairly on its way.

We started from Guri at half-past ten a.m., and passed the farm of Charapo in the afternoon, and then got on to some rising land, more than a thousand feet above the sea level, which forms the watershed between the basin of the Orinoco and that of the Essequibo. It became quite dark before we reached our destination, and we had some difficulty in finding the path. At last, about seven p.m., a light appeared in the distance; and, as it continued quite steady, we knew that it could not be one of the thousands of fire-flies that had kept up an intermittent sparkle in the air ever since sunset. A few minutes more brought us to the house of a rich cattle proprietor, a friend of Dr. Plassard's. He has here about 15,000 head of cattle, each animal worth about four pounds; they are exported to Trinidad and Demerara. The house, like others of the country, was a mere shed with clay walls, and the whole farm consisted merely of two or three such houses and a "corral."

The ride of the next day led us over dry, sandy savannahs, with "chaparro" trees, which sometimes became so numerous that, save for the absence of apples—which should be on the trees in October—one would fancy oneself in an English orchard; here and there in the valleys were lagoons, or small lakes, which are useful in furnishing drinking places for the cattle. In riding over the grassy districts, one is sure to notice the singular bird called "garrapatero," similar to our starling, which perches on the backs of cattle and picks out the insects infesting them. The "garrapatero" is continually seen running about on the ground, and the inhabitants never kill them, on account of the useful office that they fulfil.

We rested for an hour at noon at Limones farm, lunching off our own sardines and meat, as the people said they had nothing that they could give us to eat. However, when our meal was all but over they managed to find some cheese and maize bread, hard as Norfolk dumplings, but made with maize instead of wheaten flour. These cakes are better than cassava, and that is all that can be said in their favour. Cassava, I need hardly add, is made from the root of the mandioca, and is a most important article of food for the natives—it constitutes their bread, in fact; but to me it appeared a very poor substitute even for the commonest rye or barley bread that you could get in Europe.

During the afternoon we crossed the Oronato, another stream with auriferous sand and gravel, and in the evening reached a farm-house near the Guatapolo. This brook had to be crossed on the following morning on our way to Pastora, where we arrived about half-past nine a.m. The red-tiled houses tell at once that we have to deal with an old mission, for now, strange to say, the people have lost the art of making tiles, and invariably use thatched roofs. Pastora was once an important settlement, but at the present time it only numbers about thirty houses; of the church there is nothing remaining but a few posts. While breakfast was preparing we strolled down to the Yuruari, only a few minutes' walk from the village. Gold has been found in its sand and gravel as high up as Pastora; but, as the river was still swollen, it was difficult to get any stuff to wash. It is said by people in Pastora that there are some old shafts to be found in the hills south of the village, which evidently point to the former existence of mines.

From Pastora to Guasipati is a journey of about fifteen miles, without any marked feature of interest. Guasipati is another old Spanish mission, which still preserves the large church and monastery on its "plaza." The former is very much out of repair, and the latter, though partly tumbled down, still furnishes some good rooms. The owner does not keep a regular inn, but is willing to provide for travellers, and one of the rooms has a billiard-table, the great source of amusement for all classes in Venezuela. The neighbouring store is well worthy of inspection, on account of the immense variety of articles for sale. It seemed curious to see miners' picks, shovels, hammers, and borers, by the side of scents, cosmetics, and patent medicines. Of course Guasipati has profited by the mines; all the traffic, whether coming from Las Tablas or direct from Ciudad Bolivar, passes through this town.

The following day saw the termination of our journey. It is less than an hour's ride over the savannah to the Yuruari. In October the river was far too high to be forded, so we had to unsaddle, be ferried over in a canoe, and swim the mules across. On the opposite bank the forest begins immediately, and the rest of the journey was entirely under its shade, excepting in passing the clearing at Callao. We made a short stay at Callao, and early in the afternoon arrived at Nueva Providencia, where we found quarters in one of the stores. Our journey from Ciudad Bolivar had been an unusually long one; namely, seven and a half days, it being often performed in four or five. This was owing mainly to the incompetence of the men who had been recommended to us.



STEAMBOAT TRAVELLING ON THE ORINOCO

CHAPTER IV.

NUEVA PROVIDENCIA—DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN—INHABITANTS—SHOPS—PRICES OF PROVISIONS—DRESS—AMUSEMENTS—AMERICAN COMPANY.

NUEVA PROVIDENCIA is a village, or rather a small town, which has sprang up within the last few years, counting, perhaps, between one and two thousand inhabitants, and owing its existence entirely to the gold mines in its vicinity. Gold was discovered in the Yuruari, near Tupuquen, by Dr. Louis Plassard, just twenty years ago. In spite of Dr. Plassard's representations, nothing was done for several years. At last people began to flock to the district, and wash for gold in the river. After a time they sank pits in the alluvial land by the side of the river, and this led them to alluvial diggings above the present flood level, and to the *tierra de flor*. It is only within the last few years that miners have been working upon quartz lodes.

The town is situated in a clearing in the midst of the great forest on the south of the Yuruari. It is about a mile and three-quarters from the river, and stands on a slight elevation between the valleys of the Mucupia and Tigre. Its altitude above the level of the sea is between six and seven hundred feet. The houses are all built in the same way—of poles, sticks, and clay. The roofs are in nearly all cases thatched with the leaf of the "carata" palm, and hence the name Caratal, which is applied to the whole district. The church and three or four of the houses can boast of tiled roofs, and the town naturally has its *plaza*. The cracks and crevices of the clay walls of the houses harbour huge spiders and cockroaches, and the floors are diversified with little hills and valleys, being formed simply of the mother earth. Board or brick floors are a luxury unknown in Nueva Providencia; and you have to water your room, on account of the horrible red dust, which is most annoying. Still, my appetite was as good and my sleep as sound as ever they were in England. In spite of the common nature of the houses, the rents are far from low. The house I lodged in, with one large room and three smaller ones, was letting at £60 a year.

The inhabitants are of all sorts and all nations. Besides Venezuelans of all kinds, of pure Spanish extraction, or with dark blood of some kind, there are Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Portuguese, numbers of negroes from Trinidad and other West Indian settlements, a few Americans from the United States, and one Englishman. As a matter of course, there are many more men than women, but the number of dark-skinned beauties in Nueva Providencia is by no means small. Among the Frenchmen, not a few are escaped convicts from Cayenne; however, they find they can get on by honest labour, and they live at Nueva Providencia as respectably as their neighbours.

Of stores and shops of all sorts there is no dearth; in fact, of late the merchants have found that they are too numerous. Almost anything can be bought in the town, from a silk dress to a miner's pick; and all sorts of eatables and drinkables, from a barrel of flour to a tin of preserved lobster, or from bitter ale to champagne.

Where all goods have to be brought on the backs of mules or donkeys all the way from Las Tablas or Ciudad Bolivar, it is not surprising that prices should be high; but improved means of communication will still further carry on that reduction in price which has already begun. Of the various articles of food, bread seems the dearest—it costs 2s. a pound; what would be a "penny roll" in England sells for 5d. in Nueva Providencia. The flour, it should be recollected, has come all the way from the United States, and though dear, is of very excellent quality. The natives of Venezuela eat cassava, which to me did not seem either as palatable or nutritious as bread. Meat, comparatively speaking, is not so expensive. An ox is slaughtered every day, and you can buy fresh beef at from 7d. to 1s. per pound. Water, too, must be purchased, as it has to be brought from the Yuruari; it costs 2d. per gallon.

In spite of the high price of many articles of food, the American company manages to feed its men at 2s. per day each. Milk is brought in to Nueva Providencia from Tupuquen every morning early, and there is no difficulty, therefore, in having your *café au lait* at six o'clock. Having thus briefly spoken of the means of satisfying the wants of the inner man, let me now turn to the wants of the outer man, or dress. Were the Caratal forest still inhabited by the Guaica Indians, of whom a few may occasionally be seen, two words would suffice, viz., "calico" and "string," but the civilised gold miner requires a little, though not much more. A pair of trousers, a shirt, and a felt or straw hat, constitute the entire costume of many, and some of the Caratal swells adopt the fashion of wearing the shirt entirely outside the trousers—in fact, hanging down over them. More luxurious persons, instead of going barefoot, will wear the *alpargatas* or Venezuelan sandal, a convenient and sensible sort of shoe; but coats, waistcoats, and collars—excepting on high days and holidays—are rarely seen in Caratal, and with the pleasant warm climate they are not required. Nueva Providencia must be a kind of paradise for children, as most of them do not wear any clothes till they are five or six years old; this must be a great saving for people possessed of large families, and a great comfort, as well, to the child, who can sit down and roll in the dirty street without fear of spoiling its clothes, and of bringing down upon it the wrath of its anxious mother.

In the midst of a South American forest a man must not expect all the amusements of more civilised places; but, nevertheless, he can have his game of billiards—he may gamble all day long if he likes, and dancing goes on every Saturday and Sunday evening. I did not happen to be at Nueva Providencia at a very gay season, otherwise I am told I should have seen much more gaiety than I did last October.

I had not been long in Nueva Providencia before I made the acquaintance of the officers of the "Falcon" Company. This company was formed in the United States for the purpose of working some concessions in the Caratal district; and the manager, and several of the employés, were living in the town. I went to their house to spend the first evening after my arrival; "cocktails" were speedily compounded by the skilful hand of one of the party, and an animated conversation was soon commenced. Nor was the talking confined to one language, for though most of those present could speak two or three languages, there were but few who understood thoroughly the four that were necessary. Besides the American staff, we had a German engineer and surveyor, a Venezuelan surveyor, doctor of medicine, and schoolmaster at the same time, to say nothing of other visitors who dropped in from time to time to see their old friend, Dr. Plassard, and hear the latest news from Ciudad Bolivar and Europe. It often happens

to men meeting in out-of-way places, even when coming from different hemispheres, that they find they have some acquaintances in common, even if they themselves had never met before; and so it was in this case. Some of the American staff knew very well a Philadelphian who was an intimate friend of mine some ten years ago at the mining college of Freiberg, in Saxony. It seemed curious that in the midst of the forest of Caratal one should meet acquaintances of a man one had known in the heart of Germany; but this is far less strange than a case that came under my notice at Suez last year, where friends of mine met a man on the quay, from whom they had parted six or seven years before in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains.

We received a pressing invitation from our hospitable American friends to visit their works, and rode out with them on the following morning at seven. The path leads out from the east side of the town, crossing the little valley of the Tigre, which has furnished some rich alluvial diggings, and then ascends a little hill, where the prefect of the department has been working a little mine in his own garden. After traversing a short piece of forest, you come upon clearings with plantains and sugar-cane; and by-and-by on each side of the path you see hole after hole, as if the people had been trying to dig a row of wells as close as they could to one another. These are the Planada diggings, worked more than ten years ago. At a depth of about four yards the miners came upon a bed of gold-bearing clay which had simply to be washed to furnish nuggets. Unfortunately, just at the depth they got the gold, the miners were sure to be troubled by water; and it was not without difficulty that they managed to work this deposit. Even now, of course, there must be still a good deal of it untouched. After crossing the Mucupia brook, which in October should rather be called a succession of ponds or waterholes than a true stream, we soon reached Buen Retiro, the seat of some of the American works. We spent some time in examining their saw-mill, and some of the bulks of timber which had been cut out showed that there would be plenty of timber for mining machinery, and the forests will furnish abundance of available fuel for many years to come. As usual, the Americans had been going a-head; all their machinery for stamping was on the spot and being put up. Not content with houses built of clay and roofs of "Carata" palm, the Americans have most wisely set to work to make bricks and tiles, and ere long we may expect to see good houses with plank floors and tiled roofs, which will be more comfortable, though perhaps less picturesque, than most of the houses in the district. The stamping mill and brick-yard lie close to the river Yuruari, where about a dozen women may usually be seen washing clothes on the rocks that project into the river.

Our walk over the American works had considerably sharpened our appetites for breakfast, and this completed, we inspected the assay office, which my American friends most kindly put at my disposal during my stay; we next visited the various trial pits which have been sunk by the company in search of lodes. In many places they found huge blocks of quartz at the surface, and have managed to trace these to lodes or veins underground. About a dozen pits or "barrancos" have been made, and the quartz obtained from them gives on an average about one and a-half ounces of gold to the ton. Much of the Caratal quartz will give far more than this, and, indeed, this is proved by the fact that if it did not contain more, it would not pay to work it by the means used at the present moment. Our trip to the actual workings filled up the rest of the day, and we returned to Nueva Providencia much pleased with the kind hospitality of our American *confrères*.

The First Journey of Exploration across Vancouver Island.—III.

BY ROBERT BROWN, F.R.G.S., ETC., COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION.

ACROSS THE ISLAND.

SUCH were our nightly amusements in these solitudes. Tomo's voice is rather cracked with northern blasts and "Hudson Bay rum," but it is loud enough; and a *hoot! hoot!* from the branches of a Douglas fir echoed back the notes of the wild songs he used to sing. Both the Indians speak low when the voice of an owl is heard in the solitude, for, like all men who lead lives such as theirs, they are very superstitious. According to them, the owl is the personification of dead men; when men die, their spirits, by transmigration, pass into the owl; and if the dreaded note of the bird is heard at night, it is a sign that we must have offended the dead by speaking about them. Hence, an Indian will rarely mention the name of a dead man, but only refer to him in a roundabout way. The raven is also a bird of superstition with the Indians, as it is all the world over. "The raven that croaked on Duncan's battlements" was not more a bird of ill omen than the black fishy fellow who sits *caw caw-ing* on the salmon drying poles round an Indian village in Vancouver Island. Soothsayers presage the weather by him, and old men will be pointed out who have foretold war and disaster to their tribesmen by the croaking of the raven. Tomo pretends always to be able to foretell rain by its croaking, though Mr. Leech of our party declares that he often catches him looking at the falling of my Aneroid barometer, which possibly in his wandering life he has learned to be more accurate in its indications of weather changes than his black friend overhead.

Here are examples of other myths. The moon appears behind the clouds—"Ah! there is the frog in the moon!" cries Tomo, and as the stars twinkle out one by one, we hear their names; how the Pleiades are a group of fishes; how the constellation of Ursa Major is three men in a canoe, and so on. Most of the stars are little people, and we hear the wide-spread Indian tale of the two girls who were spirited up into the sky by Castor and Pollux, and how they finally escaped by digging a hole in the vault of heaven and letting themselves down by a rope of cedar* bark. If you doubt it,

* *Thuja gigantea*, Nutt.

is not there the rope coiled up yet on Knockan Hill near Victoria —all in good trap rock? I am interested in this little tale, for in one form or another it is world wide, and in Europe finds its counterpart in "Jack and the Bean Stalk." A log covered with the sweet-rooted fern* drifts down the river at our feet. This is the old woman who came "sweet-hearting" her granddaughters, two wanton girls who lived in a lodge all by themselves, and who, when they found out the gay gallant who came a-wooing to be only their old grandmother in disguise, got so enraged that they threw her into the river. A splash is heard in the water. It is only a mink very early out after a breakfast, or very late a supper-hunting. But the mink was not always a mink. He was once a boy who went so far off in his canoe that he came to a country where people lived on Ioqua shells,† sailed in copper canoes, and had their lodge doors also of the same metal. On his way back he met with a mishap and got swallowed by a whale; which, however, soon tired of its bargain and vomited him up very hungry on the shore. He saw sea eggs (*Echini*) at the bottom, and dived repeatedly for them, making a hearty meal. Now, he met Haelse, who asked him for some, but the boy told him that he had better dive for some himself, so Haelse threw water in his face, and told him that he would dive for ever. So he became a mink. Haelse is the Hiawatha of these Indians, and is a miraculous being, to whose agency all wonderful things are ascribed. He seems to be of the nature of a supreme being, and is found under some name in every Indian tribe that I know anything about. He made the beaver, who was a boatman on a lake, into its present shape, because he disobeyed him; but he also gave it power to make rain to fill its dams.

Sometimes we are startled by a wild, weird-like cry which comes out of the mist in the swamp on the other side of the river. "Ah!" cry both our Indians together; "that must be Pequoichem, the one-eyed giant, and his slave, the loon, ferrying some poor hunter across to his lodge." Then, in explanation of their meaning, follows a wild tale of wonder. The long howl of the wolf strikes on our ear, then the gathering cry, and we retreat to our tents for arms, and heap more fuel on the fire; a rush is heard and a splash in the river, followed by a pack of hungry wolves. It is a deer hotly pursued. "That must be," old Kakalatza thinks, "Stuckeia, the wolf-man." He was a hunter who was converted into a wolf, and when last seen was hunting with the pack in the mountains. Then follows a long string of traditions about hunters who were converted into animals whilst "seeking their medicines;" of the lightning eye potentate who once lived on the top of Salt Spring Island, and a dozen other such like legends. And so the talk goes on, until the golden sheen of the sun glimmers through the trees, dissipating the fog from the river and the wooded hills, and, after the "gruesome talk" we have been indulging in, looking like a messenger from a better world. "Etsina!" Kakalatza exclaims, "there is the sun—*'seam seakum*—a great traveller is my lord the sun—a very great traveller—much greater than you!" and here he grimly nods to a member of our party who had already grown rather famous as a teller of wonderful travellers' tales, and with the laugh which follows this sally, those of our little camp who are not already snoring lustily under trees or in the tent, turn in to get a few hours of sleep, and dream of medicine-men and ogres, until at six the cook rouses all hands for breakfast.

We wash in the river, dress at random as far as we are not already dressed, and lustily attack the beans and side of venison roasting at the fire, and then, loading the canoe, each man—commander, artist, astronomer, or pioneer, for there are no servants here (thank heaven)—shoulders his "swag" and is off through the lonely woods, rousing up the deer from their lair among the fern, salal, and huckleberry bushes.

The forests through which we travel are composed of gigantic firs, every tree fit for the spear of a Titan, or the "mast of some great admiral." Few of them are less than 250 feet in height, and are straight as arrows, unbranched for sixty or seventy feet. We were, however, little inclined for the admiration of them, for during this part of our march the rain fell without intermission. Still we jogged on in dogged stubbornness, just like men who do not care what turns up; things cannot be much worse. We were wet enough for two days' drying, and the water ran down in little streams at the foot of our trousers' legs. We were cold outside and inside, and the camp was out of meat. Not a deer was to be seen ambling among the wet bushes, and I dare say our muskets were as wet as their owners. No grog was ever carried on any expedition I had ever the control of, nor even, had we means to convey it, would any wise man, knowing the material of western expedition, ever venture into the woods with such combustible material in his possession. And how our clothes were to be dried puzzled us. We had tents, though we rarely erected them. The erection, however, was quick enough. While some of the men are unloading the canoe, four others spring into the bush with the hatchets, and almost quicker than I have written the words, five thin poles are cut, our ridge-pole tent erected, and the fire is blazing before the camp kettle is filled with water for our refreshing tea. However, the wood is all soaked to-night—this fatal 12th of June, even if the fire would light amid such a pour. Suddenly we hear the rushing sound of a waterfall, and crushing through among nettles (sure signs of human abodes), to our delight and astonishment we land in front of a pretty waterfall, with remains of salmon pots and old lodges choked up with nettles on the other side of the river. Two others in good repair are on this side, and though a canoe is at the landing, the lodges do not seem to have been tenanted for long. They are, however, warm and pleasant, though smelling strongly Indian, and we hail them as a lucky find. Soon, with great delight, we take possession of the best, and have a fire blazing in the middle in readiness for the arrival of our canoe. Kakalatza soon comes in with the air of a man at home, grins us a welcome, and tells us that this is one of his regular hunting lodges. The canoe no doubt belonged to some Masolemuchs, a tribe of Indians who occasionally hunt on the great lake, and once possessed the ruined lodges on the other side of the river. We afterwards found that these Indians (of whom we heard wonderful tales on the coast) are a section of the Nittenahts, a western tribe, and that this canoe belonged to their chief, who preferred to pass this way to the east coast, rather than risk the stormy shores of De Fucas Strait in the spring season. He is off trading somewhere, and is not yet back. Kakalatza, who does not care much for our tea and boiled beans, climbs up into the rafters of the lodge, and brings forth a quantity of dried elks' meat, which he had deposited here against some such chance. We soon strip off our inexpressibles, and hang

* *Polypodium vulgare.* † *Dentalium preciosum*, "the Indian money."

them up to dry with our wet shirts. Our pack supplies a spare shirt, and the blanket, Indian fashion, completes our garments. In this half-savage guise our artist sketched us, and as the picture was, I regret to say for colonial taste, much more popular than views of fine scenery, it now ornaments not a few far western parlours, where, possibly at the moment I am writing, some good friends of ours are laughing at what they were pleased to call "Brown's savages." Now it is that Kakalatza, his heart warmed with fire and elks' meat, sweet tea and boiled beans, relaxes into familiarity, and his wrinkled old face beams with something like a self-satisfied smile, as he glances round the lodge and recalls a little reminiscence connected with it. We are all at our ease, reclining in our blankets, around the roaring fire, and listen to him.

One night, just such a night as this, some years ago, he was hunting up this river, and on entering this same lodge he was surprised to find a woman crouching in the corner. She was a Nuchultaw, from Suckwhanotan, the Rapid's village, in Discovery Passage, and had been a slave with the Clallams, on the other side of De Fucas Strait, for a number of years. Yearning for home, she and another woman of the same tribe determined to attempt their escape. They only knew that the direction of their home was somewhere on the other side of the range of mountains they saw on the Vancouver shore, and that beyond lay a river (the Cowichan) by which they might reach the coast, and so northward. Accordingly, one dark night they stole a canoe, and alone crossed the strait, took to the woods and travelled by the sun. Probably no human being had ever penetrated these mountains before, and how laborious the journey must have been may be gathered from the fact that a well-equipped party of experienced travellers, sent by me to explore the same route, took more than a week to traverse it. While descending a precipice, one of the women fell and fractured her leg. Her companion could do nothing for her, so leaving her to the certain fate which awaited her, she pursued her perilous and laborious journey, finally arriving at the river and travelling down it. She had sought shelter in the hut, where our friend Kakalatza had found her.

The old fellow stopped in his narrative. "What did you do with her?" we all eagerly inquired, impressed with the heroism of the woman. A curious sinister smile played around the leathern features of the chivalrous savage, as he replied, "Went home again, and sold her to the Lummi Indians for eighty blankets!"

On the 15th of June the river began to get calm and lake-like, and to our great delight, turning a bend, we came in sight of a large and beautiful lake, stretching away among wooded hills in solitary grandeur. This was the source of the river, and here for a pleasant week or more we fixed our head-quarters, rambling all round the neighbouring country. Summer was now come in all its Italian beauty; the skies were sunny and clear, and all Nature was blooming as brightly as she only can do in a north-western summer.

The forests were fragrant with the piny odour; the large white flowers of the dogwood (*Cornus Nuttalii*) were reflected in the little glassy bays of the lake; woodpeckers tapped the trees merrily; grouse drummed in the woods; humming-birds (*Selasphorus rufus*) darted like winged gems of emeralds and rubies among the flowering currant bushes; while the lordly-looking bald-headed eagle (*Haliaetus leucocephalus*) sat perched on the topmost branch of some giant fir, now and then swooping down to draw a trout from the lake. These were halcyon days. The woods echoed with our loud joyous laugh and song, and the hills with the reports of the hunters' rifles; there was nothing to make us uneasy. One party surveyed the lake, which was twenty-two miles long, and from a mile to a mile and a half broad; while another under my own charge explored the wooded mountains of the Kennedy range, overlooking the lake, in search of minerals and mines. It was not often that we were separated for many days, and at night the woods and the glassy surface of the little lake bays were lit up with our camp fires; so large, indeed, that they generally defeated their purpose. "Just like the white men," old Kakalatza would growl, "they build a fire to warm themselves, and then make it so big that they can't get round it! Etsina!" Our savage was, however, in his element. He was long after heard to declare that what he called "the 'xplorin' 'xpedition was the finest thing he had ever been on: good pay, not over heavy work, and plenty to eat—plenty, plenty!" The hills around the great lake were the home of our friend for six weeks or more every year. In the autumn he came up with his family and squaw to hunt elk.* Elk were so abundant that on one occasion he chased seven into a rocky gulch, out of which they could not escape, so he and his sons just shot them down. He then erects frames to smoke their meat—we often saw them in the mountains during our wanderings; and after he has accumulated what he considers enough for winter use, he makes baskets to contain it, and commences to transport it to his canoe on the lake. This he does slowly and by frequent journeys, until at last he sails out of the lake, and runs the rapid river; and after many laborious portages, arrives in glee at the Tsamena village.

At last, on the 23rd of June, to fulfil the plan of exploration which I had marked out, we separated, Lieutenant Leech going with one-half of the men to the country south of the lake, with orders to meet me at Port San Juan, on De Fucas Strait; while, with the rest, I proceeded to the end of the lake, before dispatching our faithful Indian henchmen to their homes. On our way we met two canoes almost loaded with berries, containing three hunters of Tsamena on their way to the Cowichan River. Here we paid off our friends, Lemo and Kakalatza, as the one had to go back with his canoe, and the former to get married to a swarthy brunette of Quamichan village, regarding whom I had long been the repository of many secret, sighing tales. Their joy and gratitude knew no bounds; and while Kakalatza only grinned with satisfaction as he contemplated the little presents we gave them on parting, Lemo burst out into many promises. He told me that when he saw me in Victoria (he would know me by my beard, he said) he would give me some grouse, as I was his very good friend; and turning to one of our party, whom he supposed to have cast sly glances at some black-eyed half-blood of his acquaintance, he spoke with a vehemence that put the lover to the blush: "Nika wa-wa Maly copa mika;" and turning to another, "Spose Maly halu tikke *yaka*, mika wa-wa yaka hyou copa *mika!*" ("I will speak to Mary for you," and "Suppose Mary will not have *him*, I will speak plenty to her about *you!*") We thank them both for their promised good offices—epicurean and matrimonial—and after watching them sailing over the lake, whence came echoing back, as far as we could see them, the shouts of farewell, we fire a parting salute, and take to the woods with a view to reach the opposite coast.

* *Cervus Canadensis*, Erxl.



FUSI-YAMA, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN.

A European Sojourn in Japan.—VI.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, SWISS MINISTER IN JAPAN.

BUDDHISM IN JAPAN.

THE history of Buddha is a simple and touching one. In the midst of the pleasures of the court of Kapilavastu, the young Prince Siddhârtha, who was heir to the throne, found, with astonishment, that the greatest things of this world, even those which he possessed himself, did not yield him happiness. Looking around him, he was struck by the amount of sickness, misery, and poverty which embitter human life; he encountered suffering and death amongst all creatures, and it was only inanimate nature which did not present pictures of desolation to him.

When he addressed himself to the ministers of religion, he found that their dogmas presented to him only subjects of terror; even the gods, according to the Brahmins, had to submit to the law of transmigration of souls; while as for men, each of them was supposed to have previously passed through a multitude of diverse existences, and according to his actions in this world, would assume a superior form or descend a grade lower.

Brahma, the universal spirit, from whence all things emanate, was also the fated end of all existences. But who could tell the length of the journey in store for each separate human being? And who would warn the unfortunate traveller against the snares which are spread by demons in the path of the wisest and the descendants of the purest castes? Siddhârtha made a supreme resolution: "I am determined," said he, "that in disappearing from here below I will not any more be subject to the vicissitudes of transmigration. I will find the way to put a termination to birth and death, and when I have discovered it, I will impart it to the world. I will teach the law of grace to every one." He was then twenty-nine years of age; he separated from his father, his wives, and his children, visited the most celebrated schools of the masters of the law of Manou, and gave himself up during six years to the study of religious systems, as well as the ascetic exercises of the Brahmins. But he arrived at the conviction that this road was not the one to lead to perfect understanding. It was some time later, in the midst of quiet and solitary meditation, that he felt suddenly affirmed in the fundamental principles of his doctrine. From that moment he believed that he was invested with the qualities of Buddha, and in full possession of perfect wisdom. He commenced his preachings at Bénarès at the age of thirty-six, travelled to Béhar, returned to the city of Kapilavastu, and converted to a religious life his three wives, his father, and other members of his family. As they bore the name of Sâkya, it was by the surname of Sâkyamuni, the recluse of the Sâkyas, that Buddha was soon known in all central India.

The contests which he had to sustain against the Brahmins imperilled his life several times, but he was able to exercise his mission for more than forty years without any other protection than the austerity of his morals and the perfection of his knowledge. When he felt his end approaching, at the age of eighty years, the venerable man took a tender leave of his companions in labour, and seating himself under the shade of a grove, quietly expired, leaving nothing in the world but his mortal remains, the remembrance of his teaching, and the effects of his good example. In the year 543 before Christ, seven days after the death of Buddha, a first assembly of his votaries settled the dogmas of the master, for he himself had not committed anything to writing. His doctrine—which he never intended to have any other end than that of working a moral reform in the Brahmin worship, and substituting a reign of duty for that of the gods, and the practice of good for that of vain ceremonies—became in its turn a dogmatic system, accom-

panied by a superstitious and idolatrous worship. Buddhism is now the principal religion in the island of Ceylon, the Birman empire, the kingdoms of Siam and Annam, Tonkin, Thibet, Tartary, Mongolia, China, and Japan. It reigned for some time in the whole of India, Java, and other islands, and exists still in Cashmire and Nepaul, the number of its adherents exceeding three hundred millions of souls, an amount to which no other religion in the globe has attained.

The introduction of Buddhism into Japan dates from B.C. 552. At this period Kin-meï, the thirteenth Mikado, received from the King of Petsi in the Corea, a statue of Sâkyamuni, together with some books, banners, a canopy, and other objects destined for use in his worship. These presents were accompanied by a letter containing the following recommendation: "This is the best of all doctrines, come from distant India; it reveals to us what was a mystery to Confucius himself, and transports us to a final state of incomparable happiness. The King of Petsi communicates it to the empire of the Mikado, in order that it may spread, and thus accomplish what is written in the books of Buddha—'My doctrine will extend to the east.'" The Mikado immediately consulted his ministers upon the reception which he ought to give to the statue of the grand Kami of India. "All the nations of the west," replied Inamé, venerate Buddha; "why should Nippon reject him?" "But," objected Wokosi, "if we then render homage to a strange Kami, is there not danger that we may irritate the national Kami?" Then the Mikado in his sovereign capacity pronounced this conciliatory sentence: "It is just and equitable to grant to man that which his heart desires—let Inamé revere the image." He carried it away and built a chapel for it. However, an epidemic arose, which they attributed to the new worship; the chapel was burnt, and the statue thrown into the river. But the family of Inamé continued to be secretly attached to the strange doctrine. Under the reign of Bedats, successor of Kin-meï, the minister Sogano, son of Inamé, presented to the Mikado a bonze who came from Sinra, in Corea. The holy man—forewarned of the difficulties which he should meet with in the introduction of Buddhism into a country where the national religion so closely united the people and the sovereign—thought of a way to gain the favour of the Mikado. As soon as he perceived at the court the grandson of the Mikado, a youth of six years of age, about whose birth there had been something extraordinary, he threw himself at the feet of the child and worshipped him, announcing that he recognised in him the incarnation of a rival of Buddha, a new patron of the empire, a future propagator of religious light. The Mikado allowed himself to be persuaded to devote this child to the priesthood, and to confide his education to the Corean bonze. The rest can be guessed; the boy became the initiator and the first grand priest of Buddhism in Japan. He is still revered under the name of Sjo-Tok-Daïsi, the holy and virtuous hereditary prince. Far from disowning the strange origin of the new worship, the Japanese make it their duty to recall it by various symbols, such as the heads of elephants which I have already named amongst the ornaments of architecture in the Buddhist monuments; also a small species of palm plant acclimatised in Japan, which one meets with at the entrance of the temples, in remembrance of India. It was easier for them to testify by certain outward signs their respect for the cradle of Buddha, than to preserve without alteration that which constituted the very essence of his religion, that is to say, the exact tradition of his life, his personality, and his teachings. In the Japanese legend Buddha came into the world in a miraculous manner. Soon after his birth he placed himself standing in the middle of the room, took seven steps in the direction of each of the cardinal points of the compass, and pointing with his right hand to the sky and his left to the earth, he cried, "Around, above, and below, there is nothing that can be compared to me, nor anything more worthy of veneration." This is the position in which the infant Buddha is represented when they celebrate his birth. On the eighth day of the fourth month they go to the temple to sprinkle his statue with a decoction of aromatic herbs, which the bonzes have prepared in a sort of font at the feet of the image, which afterwards receives the adorations of the faithful; and at the end of their exercises the most devoted sprinkle themselves with the decoction and drink it. From the ninth to the fifteenth day of the second month they celebrate the remembrance of the meditations of the Sâkyamuni in the solitude of the forests. It is a week for retirement and preaching, during which the priests teach the people that the awakening of the supreme knowledge in the soul of Buddha was in correlation with the apparition of a brilliant star; that the sage obtained entire possession of the luminary, and announced during thirty-seven days the first book of the law, during twelve years the second, during thirty years the third, during eight years the fourth, and in one day and a night the last, which treats of the Nirwâna, or final annihilation. They add that during forty-nine years of his ministry he "turned the wheel of the law nearly three hundred and sixty times"—by which expression they mean the complete statement of his doctrine. The seventh and last day of the fête is consecrated to the commemoration of the death of Buddha. In each of the places of worship which are dedicated to him they raise a cenotaph, and the faithful go about from temple to temple rivalling each other in their zeal in decorating the holy tomb. It is then that they display in the temple of Toôfoukzi, at Kioto, the celebrated picture of Néhanzaô, painted by Toôdenzu. In the centre of this great canvas Buddha is represented extended under the *saras* trees plunged in the rest of eternal unconsciousness. The calm solemnity of his face shows that the freedom of his intellect is consummated, that the sage has irrevocably penetrated into the Nirwâna. His disciples who surround him regard him with a mixed expression of regret and admiration. The poor, the oppressed, the parias, bewail the charitable friend who maintained them with the alms which he gathered for them, and consoled them with compassionate words, and opened to them prospects of deliverance. The whole creation, even the animals, were disturbed by seeing him who always respected life in all the various forms which it assumes in nature, reduced to the state of a corpse. The spirits of the earth, of the water, and the air, approach him with respect, followed by the denizens of their dominions, fishes, birds, insects, reptiles, and quadrupeds of all sorts, even the white elephant—the last stage of the Brahminical transmigration. This composition, extravagant as it is, does not produce the less powerful effect; it awakens some mysterious sympathies, and seems even to express an idea which is not foreign to Christianity—for instance, that of a kind of joint liability established between man and all the beings of the terrestrial creation.

As for the principal subject of the picture, I believe that they have not altogether succeeded in conveying to the mind

what they mean to attribute to him. Do they represent the Nirwâna, the supreme end of the Buddhist aspirations, as the absorption of the soul of the just into the divine essence of the universal spirit, or do they really make it the synonym of annihilation? The Buddhist doctrine is very obscure on this point. However, the most respectable authorities pronounce in favour of the latter alternative. The interpretation which M. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire gives, according to M. A. Burnouf, of the Buddhist Nirwâna, is summed up nearly word for word as follows:—Buddha takes for the starting-point of his doctrine an incontestable fact, the existence of sorrow, to which man is subject in some form or other in all social conditions. Looking into the causes of sorrow, he attributes them to passions, desires, faults, ignorance, and even to existence. This being the case, sorrow cannot be terminated except by the cessation of existence, but it is necessary that this end, in order to be real, be annihilation, or the Nirwâna. There is no other way of getting free from the perpetual succession of new births, or of escaping the law of transmigration. That compound of soul and body called man cannot be really freed without absolute annihilation, because, if the least atom of the soul—no matter how little—remained, the soul would again revive under one of those numerous semblances which nature assumes, and its supposed liberation would only be an illusion like the others; the only refuge and the only reality is annihilation, because there can be no returning from it.

If the opinion which I quote really expresses the idea of the Hindu reformer, we must acknowledge that the Buddhist Nirwâna surpasses in tragic horror everything the ancients have imagined about the mystery of human destiny. This conception is at once the lowest expression of despair and the highest pitch of caprice. In proposing to abolish sorrow by the suppression of existence, Buddhism places itself on the verge of atheism. At the same time that it welcomes death as the angel of deliverance, it throws him a haughty defiance.

The first result of Buddhist preachings amongst the Japanese was to satisfy the curiosity of these islanders, who are as inquisitive and trifling as the Hindus are taciturn and thoughtful. What a vast field to explore for minds who were still in their first voyage of discovery in the regions of metaphysics! As they show no desire to plunge into the Nirwâna, they occupy themselves especially with what passes between death and final extinction. With the help of the priests they soon got into circulation in the towns and country a certain number of settled ideas on the soul, death, and life to come, without prejudice, be it understood, to that which they had learned from their fathers touching the ancient gods and the venerable national Kamis. The soul of man, they say, is as a lengthened floating vapour, indissoluble, having the form of a tadpole, with a thin filament of blood which reaches from the head to the extremity of the tail. If they keep watch they can see it escape from the house of death the moment the dying person breathes the last sigh. In every case it is easy to perceive the creaking of the window-frame on its departure. Where does it go to? They do not know, but it cannot fail to be received by the serving spirits of the great judge of the shades below, who take it before his tribunal, where it is made to kneel before a mirror, which recalls to it every evil it has committed. This phenomenon is sometimes produced on earth. A comedian of Yédo, who was guilty of murder, could not look in his glass without seeing the livid face of his victim. Souls charged with crimes wander, according to the gravity of the case, in one or other of the eighteen circles surrounding the infernal regions. By way of purification, they remain in purgatory, from which they are released as soon as possible without danger of relapse, to continue their progressive course. At last the souls come back to the place which they had formerly inhabited, or where their mortal remains were concealed.

A young woman having gone to sleep, suddenly started up and perceived a shadow above her, inside the mosquito curtain; her husband, by her side, fell cowering on his knees, struck with terror, for though he did not distinguish the apparition, he heard the plaintive sounds of a well-known voice—the dying voice of his first wife, whom he had poisoned to make place for the young wife, who was then his mistress. In the path by the river, in the centre of the great marsh, the traveller is stopped by seeing two pale phantoms rising up. It is a young mother clasping her infant in her arms; despair and misery have induced her to commit a double crime. The passers-by say that every evening the two victims come out of the deep water and stand erect in accusation against the true author of their death. There exist some solitary places, strewed with rubbish and choked up with thorns and venomous plants, in which souls in punishment, as well as hideous demons, wander. One uniform legend is attached to these places, it is—that there existed there the castle of a feudal tyrant, whose life was a succession of acts of violence and cruelty; at last he was surprised in his haunt, and the outraged families satisfied their vengeance by blood and flames. He returned, and recollected how he was struck, and he remained frozen with horror, exposed without defence to the imprecations of his victims and to infernal mockings. Ghost stories, frightful tales, and books illustrated with engravings representing hell and apparitions of demons, exist in Japan in such profusion that the popular imagination is truly possessed by them. The patron of this literature, according to the national mythology, is Tengou, the god of dreams, a winged spirit. Crowned with an extinguisher and armed with a golden bat, he conducts the nocturnal sarabands of all objects, profane or sacred, which occupy the reveries of men; even the sanctuaries of death must obey his brutal call. The candelabra bend their luminous heads in time, the stone tortoises which support the epitaphs clamp with slow steps; and the grinning skeletons, draped in winding-sheets, join in the fantastic round, waving round them with slow measure the paper aspersorium which chases away the evil spirits.

One can hardly imagine that nearly a third of the human race has no other religion but Buddhism, a religion without God, composed of nothing, invented by despair. One would like to persuade oneself that the multitudes under its dominion do not understand the doctrines which they profess, or refuse to admit the consequences of it. The idolatrous practices which are engrafted on the book of the law seem, in reality, to show that it has not been able either to satisfy or to stifle the religious sentiments innate in man, and constantly living in the breast of the people. On the other hand, we cannot deny the influence of the philosophy of final annihilation on a great many of the traits and customs of Japanese life. The children are taught by the Irova in the schools that life passes like a dream, and leaves no trace after it. When the Japanese arrives at mature age, he will sacrifice

his own or his neighbour's life with the most disdainful indifference—for the satisfaction of his pride, or for some trifling resentment. Murders and suicides are so frequent in Japan, that there are few noblemen who have not had some in their families; and they make it a point of honour to be able to exhibit at least one sabre which has been steeped in blood. Buddhism, however, has an advantage in some respects over the religions which it has supplanted. This relative superiority is owing to the justice of its starting-point, which is the acknowledgment of a want of freedom, based on the double fact of the existence of evil in man, and of a universal state of misery and suffering in the world. The promises of the Kamis creed relate to the present life. The rules of purification serve to protect the faithful from the five great evils, which are, fire from heaven, sickness, poverty, exile, and early death. The pomps of the religious fêtes have no other end than the glorification of the heroes of the empire. But if patriotism be idealised to the quality of a national creed, it is not the less true that this natural sentiment, so precious and so respectable, does not suffice to fill the mind and satisfy all its wants. The human mind is greater than the world; it requires a religion which can detach it from earth. Buddhism, in a certain degree, responds to the aspirations of a nature till then not recognised. This circumstance alone would explain the success with which it has been propagated in Japan and elsewhere solely by persuasion. Nevertheless, one can well believe that it is not in the abstract and philosophical form that it became so popular; and nothing shows this more than its present condition. In Japan, as in India, there have been some ascetics weakened by abstinence and lost in contemplation; but they have been certainly very few, and the most illustrious was of Hindoo origin. This was Boddhi-Dharma, the founder of the Sensju sect, who came to Japan in the year 613 A.D. He is represented in a legend as crossing the strait of Corea, standing on one of those large leaves of the tree called "aschi," or, what is even less probable, on a simple reed. He prepared himself for his mission by a retirement of nine consecutive years, which he passed in the Corean temple of Schâo-lin, seated on a mat, with his face invariably turned towards the wall.



BUDDHIST HIGH-PRIEST WORSHIPPED BY HIS SUBORDINATES.

THE BONZES.

BUDDHA had recommended to his disciples the exercise of the Dhyâna, or contemplation; and the bonzes, wishing to regulate the progress of contemplation, made the Dhyâna a sort of mystic scale in two stages, each subdivided into four degrees. In order to surmount the first step the ascetic ought to be free from every other desire but that of the Nirwâna. In this state of the mind he still judges and reasons, but he is safe from the seductions of evil, and the feeling that this first step opens to him the perspective of the Nirwâna, throws him into a state of ecstasy which soon allows him to attain to the second degree.



PANORAMA OF BENTEN.

At this second step, while the purity of the ascetic remains the same, he has also put aside judgment and reason, so that his intellect, which no longer occupies itself with things, but is wholly fixed on the Nirwâna, only feels the pleasure of an inward satisfaction, without examining it, or even understanding it. At the third degree the pleasure and the inward satisfaction have disappeared, the sage falls into indifference with regard even to the happiness which till now remained as a proof of his intelligence, and the only pleasure which remains to him is a vague feeling of physical well-being which pervades his whole body. Meanwhile, he has not lost the recollection of the states through which he has passed, and he has still a confused consciousness of himself, in spite of the almost total indifference to which he has arrived. At last, at the fourth degree, the ascetic ceases to possess the feeling of physical well-being, even in this limited form. He has also entirely lost all recollection, as well as the feeling of indifference, and henceforth, free from all pleasure and all pain at any object whatsoever, he has become impassible, and as near to the Nirwâna as he can be during this life. The ascetic is then allowed to approach the second stage of the Dhyâna, the four transcendental regions of the world without form. He first enters the region of infinite space, from that he mounts a degree higher into the region of infinite intelligence, and having reached this height, he attains to a third region, that of absolute non-existence. But as in this abyss and darkness one might suppose that he would still retain one idea which would represent to him the nothingness into which he has plunged himself, he makes a last and supreme effort, and enters into the fourth region of the world without form, where he has no more ideas, not even an idea of the absence of ideas. Such are the mystic exercises of the Buddhist contemplation, and Buddha-Dharma was the promoter of it in Japan. The other apostles, his successors, walked in the steps of Buddha in the same way—that is to say, substituting, each in his own way, outward practices for spontaneous piety and the action of the intellect.

The master had said to his disciples, "Go, pious men, conceal your good works and show your sins." The bonzes accordingly instituted processions of penitents. Gentleness was one of the dominant traits in the character of Sâkyamuni, and he extended his pity to all created beings. When his doctrine spread amongst the Japanese, they made a law forbidding to eat the flesh of any domestic animal, a custom which, amongst other economical effects, had the advantage of preventing the raising of the price of buffaloes, which in the rice-planting countries is absolutely indispensable to the poor cultivators.

Soon after, certain Buddhist sects went so far as to proscribe all other than vegetable nourishment. Sâkyamuni counselled the abstaining not only from falsehood and bad conversation, but even from all idle words. Silence was added to the number of the monastic vows, and, in the same way, self-denial, purity of morals, patience, and perseverance were enjoined by ordinances which regulated in their minutest details costume, food, and the employment of the hours of day and night in the various conventual communities.

As Buddha had shown himself indefatigable in soliciting the commiseration of the rich in favour of all in adversity, they organised the brotherhood of mendicant monks. As he had declared that they would find him no less well disposed towards men despised by the world than towards those who were respected, and that he would expound the law to the ignorant as well as to the learned, they made ignorance a cardinal virtue. Whilst, according to the Hindoo reformer, knowledge was allied with faith, this last virtue, in the judgment of the bonzes, dispensed with all the others. "With the exception of the Sensju sect," writes a Japanese author, "our bonzes keep the people, and above all the common people, in profound ignorance. They say that a blind faith is sufficient to lead to perfection. The great priest Foudaïsi, who came from China with his two sons, Fousjoo and Fouken, invented a mechanical process calculated to dispense with the bonzes and to turn the wheel of the law according to the sacred direction in the mystical language of Buddhism, at the same time allowing them to accomplish this operation according to the letter of the law.

"He constructed the *rinsoo*, a kind of movable reading-desk, on which he placed the rolls of sacred books. His adepts received, according to the degree of their devotion, authority to make a quarter of a turn of the *rinsoo*, a half turn, or three-quarters of a turn; but they rarely obtain a whole turn, because that is considered to be as meritorious an act as to have recited all the books of the law from beginning to end."

The Sinran, bonzes, Nitziten, and about thirty others, have made a name as founders of sects, each one distinguished by some peculiarity more or less worthy of revealing the ingenious invention of Foudaïsi. Thus a certain brotherhood has the monopoly of the working of the great family rosary. The Buddhist rosary can only display its virtue when told correctly. In a large family it is impossible always to avoid mistakes in using it, hence the want of efficacy sometimes urged against it.

Instead of recriminating in such a case, the wisest thing is to call into the house a bonze of the great rosary to set things right. This functionary hastens to the spot bearing his instrument, which is nearly the size of a boa constrictor. This he puts into the hands of the family as they kneel in a circle, whilst he himself assumes the same position in front of the altar of the domestic idol, and directs the ceremony by means of a bell and a little hammer. At a given signal the whole family—father, mother, and children—begin to chant with all their lungs the suitable prayers. The large beads and the little beads follow each other with a pleasing regularity of sound. As the hammer beats the circle gets animated, the cries become excited, arms and hands obey with the precision of a machine, till the work makes them hot and tired. At last the ceremony is concluded, leaving every one panting and exhausted, but radiant with happiness because the intercessory gods may be safely supposed to be satisfied.

Buddhism is a very flexible religion, conciliating, insinuating, and accommodating itself to the tastes and customs of people of the most opposite characters. From their first entrance into Japan the bonzes contrived to have some of the shrines and even some of the little chapels of Kamis entrusted to them to guard in their sanctuaries. They took care to add to their own ceremonies symbols borrowed from the ancient national worship, and at last, in order the better to blend the two religions, they introduced into their temples at the same time some Kamis invested with the titles and attributes of Hindoo divinities, and some of the Hindoo divinities transformed into Japanese Kamis. There was nothing inadmissible in such changes, which were all naturally explained by the doctrine of transmigration.

Thanks to this combination of the two forms of worship, to which they had given the name of Kioobon Sintoo, Buddhism has become the dominant religion in Japan. At a superficial glance it does not appear to do more than add its sanction to the ancient national memories, and some new objects of veneration to those which served for the devotion of the masses. At first they raised those colossal statues to the Buddha of India, of which the Daïboudhs of Kamakura present the most perfect type, and later the Japanese idea of a supreme divinity was personified in the fantastic image of Amida, who is represented under nine different forms, symbolising his essential perfections, one of which is expressed by the head of a dog.

Between the two auxiliaries who served as a medium for men in approaching the divinity, the people principally favoured Kwannon, who possesses the most frequented temple at Yeddo, and at Kioto, in the famous temple of the 33,000,333 spirits (pronounced in Japanese Sananan sansia sanbiak sansin santaï), this divinity reposes on a lotus flower, the left leg folded under the body, and on the head a veil which descends to the shoulders, and ornamented with a necklace which falls over the breast.

The colossal idol of the Kwannon of Kioto has as many as forty-six arms, which are filled with all kinds of attributes symbolic of its power. The Bosats are also adored as divine beings. They are represented as seated, like the Kwannon, on a lotus flower, the head encircled by a ribbon which falls upon the shoulders, and the right hand bearing a lily or a lotus. Below them are the Arhans—who thousands of years ago had accomplished the cycle of the metempsychosis—the Gonghens, divinities who reappear under human forms, the Dsizoo, the Foûtoo, and others that it is superfluous to enumerate.

The Buddhists have, moreover, deified the Rakans, the eighteen principal disciples of Sâkyamuni; the Sennins, the most illustrious apostles of its doctrine; and the Mioôdzins, the throng of its martyrs; each of these individuals having a characteristic attribute by which he is distinguished from the others, such as the saint of the tortoise, of the tiger, of the kid, of the crane, of the crab, the dragon, the bamboo, the waterfall, the rainbow. But this is not all; the Buddhists have imagined a queen of heaven and guardians of heaven, some of which also figure as guardians of the temples; then, kings of the earth, kings of hills, spirits beneficent and avenging. It has put by the side of the ancient Japanese divinity of the sun, the gods of the moon, the planets, the signs of the zodiac, the spirits of rain, wind, and thunder. Lastly, it has given celestial patrons to all classes and all social professions—doctors, soldiers, grooms, and hunters. Amongst this multitude of images, grave or fantastical, which Buddhism displays before our eyes, it is not always easy to distinguish those which properly belong to it, some of them without doubt having been popular in Japan before its growth. The former, in the Chinese mythology, is overloaded with attributes borrowed from the stag, the sparrow, and the leopard. In Japan it possesses only one leather bottle as Æolus, but the symbol-loving Japanese shows his superiority to the Greek by making Futen appear suspended in the air with his hair dishevelled and with the bottle poised on his shoulders. As it has two openings, he presses the two necks, one with each of his hands, thus making them play at his will, in an attitude and with an expression which are not devoid of a certain picturesque merit.



REFECTORY OF A BUDDHIST MONASTERY.

Kaïden, the god of thunder, is a grotesque demon, who is borne upon the clouds bearing a mallet in each hand, and beating half a dozen cymbals placed round his head. There is a great deal of uncertainty about the origin of the numerous fantastic animals of the Japanese mythology. I shall only mention those to which some artistic interest is attached. The Kirin has the head of a unicorn, the feet of a stag, and the body of a horse. It comes like a flash of lightning, its feet skimming the earth so that it would not crush even a worm; it is said that its appearance foretells the birth of one of the beneficent spirits, such as Sâkya, Dharma, or Sjôtokdaïsi.

Seven Months in the Balearic Islands.—II.

BY E. G. BARTHOLOMEW, C.E., M.S.E.

OLD ROMAN TOWN OF ALCUDIA—INCA—PALMA—TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN—VISIT OF QUEEN ISABELLA—LANGUAGE OF MAJORCA.

At the north-east end of Majorca there is a large tract of low land covered with reeds and swamps, called Albufera. In the hot season the air for some distance around this lake is most pestilential; and an old Roman town standing near it, called Alcudia, has become almost depopulated through the malaria which arises from it. Efforts have been and still are being made to drain and cultivate the district, the land which has been reclaimed being of immense value. A Spanish engineer was engaged in the work of drainage whilst I was in the island, and in his company I paid a visit to this locality, which is possessed of the highest interest. A regular series of straight ditches or small canals had been cut, traversing the marsh at right angles in all directions. We started from the extremity of one of these canals in a flat-bottomed boat, a man "punting" it along by a pole. The ground between the canals was covered for the most part with tall reeds at least twenty feet high, thus obscuring the view on both sides. Any one unacquainted with the various turnings and windings of the canals would soon be lost in the labyrinth. For three hours we continued slowly to glide along between the walls of reeds, until we at length reached an open part of the swamp. Throughout our entire course the water literally swarmed with fish, whilst the more open parts abounded in water-fowl of all kinds, the banks appearing alive with scorpions, lizards, and other interesting reptiles, and the air around us being noisy with the unceasing hum of innumerable insects. Certainly, if the place was not conducive to the existence of man, it was singularly favourable to the development of lower organisms. The labourers employed upon the work, standing as they had to do constantly up to their chests in water, were innocent of clothing, and the tanning effect of the sun caused them very closely to resemble Mexican Indians.

On the side of a hill near Albufera is an interesting relic of the early Christian inhabitants of Majorca. It is a subterranean chapel once beautifully carved, the whole, including the steps leading down to it, being cut in the solid rock which composes the mountain. The chapel is about fifty feet square and thirty feet high. The position and remains of the altar are still visible, and many pieces of carved stone are strewn around. The place is supposed to have formed a retreat for the Roman Christians when hunted and oppressed by the Moors; it must therefore be fully a thousand years old.

The poor deserted town of Alcudia affords evident proofs of what it once was. It was built by the Romans, and Roman remains in great quantities lie scattered around, far beyond the massive walls and deep moat which encircle the town, although these means of defence are of much more modern date. The walls are now covered with luxuriant vegetation. There is no difficulty in finding a place for shelter in Alcudia both for man and beast, for by far the greater number of houses are tenantless and doorless, and the traveller may walk, himself and his horse too, if he chooses, into any one of these without being questioned, and if he is provided with food he will be better off inside four bare walls, with the dry earth for his seat, than in the filthy place known as the "Fonda."

To the south of Alcudia is the fine bay of the same name, semicircular in shape, and bounded almost everywhere by lofty perpendicular rocks. A considerable quantity of good coral is fished from Alcudia Bay, and costs even on the spot, when obtainable, four dollars a pound; it is not, however, easily to be purchased, as the whole is bespoken. South of the bay is a large natural cavern, or rather a series of caverns, approachable only by the sea, called La Cueva de la Ermita. This very beautiful natural formation abounds in rock crystal and immense stalactites, and extends to an unexplored distance inland.

Scenery of the boldest description meets the view on the eastern side of Majorca, varied by exquisitely beautiful valleys, magnificent contrasts of land and water, bare crags and forest-covered slopes; but it is time I pass on to other parts of the island, and we will proceed westward through it, choosing the main road to Palma. On this road stand some large and important towns. First is Inca, the second town in the island in size and commercial importance, standing in the midst of immense forests of olive trees, and the centre of the oil district. Inca is distant sixteen miles from Alcudia, and the road thence lies for almost the whole distance through a succession of olive groves, making it shady and pleasant.

Passing through this populous and thriving town, the well-constructed road conducts to the outskirts of Benisalem, a town lying off the road about a mile to the north, and situated on rising ground at the foot of the mountains. Adjoining the town is the estate of some marquis, whose name I have forgotten. He had recently discovered coal on his property, and was anxious I should inspect "la mina," with which high-sounding term he had invested the rabbit burrow he had scratched down into the earth. With great difficulty I groped my way down about fifty yards, but the entire absence of ventilation produced such an intense heat, that in the absence of any benefit likely to arise from a further exploration, I was glad to retrace my steps to daylight. I was, however, satisfied with the quality of the coal, and have no doubt that, properly developed, the pit would become a valuable property. The shaft was on a slope, the coal being brought to the surface in baskets by children, a plan still adopted, I am informed, in some Scottish collieries. A company has since been formed for working the mine, and it is, I believe, doing well.

What a busy road this is over which we have been passing! Ever since we left Inca a continuous stream of carts laden with country produce has been travelling in our direction, and continuing up to the walls of Palma, like some huge caravan. If we linger till night we shall meet this caravan returning empty, a ceaseless train, the whole night through. The drivers are all asleep, and trust to the sagacity of their mules for getting safely home. These animals usually know their proper side, but now and then some dull brute persists in keeping to the middle, and the loudest shouts will scarcely awake the sleepers. All the roads in Majorca are constructed by and at the expense of the government, and are models of

road-making, no expense being spared upon them. Valleys are bridged and rocks cut through to great depths in order to secure a fair level way, the greatest care being observed in the drainage. They are frequently planted on both sides at short intervals with trees, which become a great boon in the hot season. When finished, the road is divided into sections, over each of which is placed an inspector and a staff of labourers for its maintenance. One more stage along this busy road, and we arrive in sight of the fine old walls of Palma, the city itself, with the exception of a few church towers, being hidden until the portals and drawbridge are passed. The gate by which we enter bears the name of St. Anthony, the patron saint of Spain; there are seven others, all having different names, but by only one of these can the city be entered. Palma was built by Metellus the Bloody, 120 B.C. Since then the Moors have altered and enlarged it, and it now retains all the distinctive characteristics of a Moorish place. It is entirely surrounded by a massive wall at least twenty feet broad at the top, which forms an agreeable promenade. There is a well-made ditch on three sides of the city. The wall and ditch were constructed in 1562.

Palma, in addition to twenty-two parish churches, contains a fine cathedral, built close to the wall overlooking the sea. It is still unfinished, though commenced in 1230 by James I. The nave of the cathedral is remarkably lofty, and is supported by very slender pillars; the windows are small, and are placed so high above the pavement, that an air of gloom pervades the structure, which the scant number of worshippers frequenting the building does not tend to diminish. The organ is a splendid instrument, and is exquisitely handled. This cathedral suffered from an earthquake a few years since, the north end having been greatly injured. The celebrated tomb erected by Carlos III. to the memory of James II., which contains the mummy of the last-named prince, occupies the centre of the nave in front of the high altar.

The city of Palma contains 60,000 inhabitants, noted for their industry, and for their skill in the manufacture of inlaid furniture. The cafés are numerous, but only a few are good. The best adjoin the fashionable promenade of "El Borne," although why it is fashionable I could never understand, as there is a much more agreeable and shady promenade at another part of the town, called "La Rambla." Palma possesses a magnificent club-house, whose books contain the names of more than 1,000 members; strangers are freely admitted and kindly welcomed here.

The fondas or hotels of Palma are decidedly bad. The "Fonda del Vapor" is the best, but bad is the best. The tourist in Spain should, if possible, avoid the fondas, except perhaps in Madrid, Barcelona, and the large cities. It is still more necessary to do so in Palma; and he should obtain from the superintendent of police the name of a "casa de huéspedes" or boarding house. Those houses are all registered in the police books, and are highly respectable.

If I were to go twenty times to Palma I should always put up at the "casa" kept by my old friend Paola and her aged sister. I remained with them for several months, and have never in all my wanderings found their equals in kindness and attention. During Paola's daily rounds to replenish her larder and to cater for her lodgers' tastes, she occasionally brought a living bird, rabbit, or perhaps a hedgehog by way of a dainty, and tying one of their legs to that of her kitchen table, she would feed them up to cooking pitch, and then turn butcher. I can testify to her skill in feeding and cooking. Poor old Paola's efforts at the production of a dinner *à l'Anglaise* were as unsuccessful as can well be imagined. For the especial benefit of some Spanish friends, I wished on one occasion to have a roast leg of mutton; perhaps the fault lay in her instructor, at all events, in spite of her earnest desire to do well, she signally failed in bringing to table an eatable joint; the thing was perfectly innocent of moisture, and not all her nervous fly-flapping over the table would make it even passable. Stewed hedgehog was a dish she understood—the dainty fat little joints being brought to table in admirable perfection. Cats are highly esteemed in Spain, but as I had most positively forbidden my "maéstra" to give me cooked puss in any form whatever, I hope I have never tasted stewed cat; of course I cannot be certain, but the best plan to adopt upon the Continent is to eat and ask no questions.

Palma is a bishopric, and also the seat of the local government of the province. The "Gobernadór" here holds his court—a petty despot, a man often dangerous to offend. At Palma are also the head-quarters of the "Captain-General," a military official possessing authority second only to the Governor. The ill-fated Ortega held this position in 1859, and at the head of the soldiers whom he was bound to employ for the service of his Queen, he, with the secret connivance of the Governor, seized the mail steamers in the harbour, and started for the Peninsula, keeping his loyal troops in utter ignorance of their destination, and of the object of their sudden departure until their landing, when, at the shouts of "Viva Don Carlos" raised by himself and the few others in the secret, he found himself deserted, a prisoner, a felon, and finally a condemned traitor. The Governor, who contrived to get out of the scrape for awhile, retained his position during part of my stay in the islands. Having occasion to see him at various times, I found him invariably seated at a table with a large jar of tobacco before him, and the waste-paper basket beside him, puffing away at cigarettes manufactured by himself from the contents of both. His successor was a man of a very different stamp, with whom business was always the first consideration. Rather than delay me when compelled to see him at an unseemly hour, he had me brought to his bed-side, and apologised for the mode of reception.

My acquaintance with the islands was greatly facilitated by the Government placing at my disposal a small steamer and a special pass, which, although intended for business, was oftentimes available for pleasure.

I was desirous, on one occasion, to go with all haste from Majorca to Iriza, but, unfortunately, my steamer was under repair, and I had to "felucca" the passage. Those who know what it is to be becalmed in the tropics, with nothing but an open deck to remain on, can better understand the pleasure of my trip in this horrible boat, which took thirty-six hours in getting over seventy-five miles.

I had the good fortune to be in Majorca during the total eclipse of the sun on the 18th of July, 1860. The east end of Iriza lay in the *direct centre* of the belt of total obscurity, and had it not been for the accident to the steamer, which condemned me to a felucca on the occasion already mentioned, I had purposed finding business in that island on this day. However, the western side of Majorca was well inside the belt, and there I went, with a large party of friends and

others, in a steamer retained for the occasion. Myself and friends landed at Audraix Bay. We were provided with a tent to protect us from the heat, and ample supplies of provender. Never did the morning of a total eclipse open more favourably; and great was the excitement felt by us all to behold this magnificent spectacle in an unclouded sky. The eclipse did not occur till the afternoon, and the time between it and our arrival was occupied in a ramble over the neighbourhood, which of itself amply repaid our visit. It would be a difficult thing to fix the age of the grand old olive trees with which the locality abounds. The town of Audraix is a small, clean place, and, being aware of our coming, it was on this occasion decked out with flags, and exhibited other demonstrations of a holiday. The wretched springless "tartana," in which I risked my neck in going to the village, was discarded on my return. I infinitely preferred "footing" it back to the shore through gardens and groves, which are to be seen here in perfection. We returned to the shade of our tent, soon itself to be enveloped in a darker and more awful shadow. As the eagerly anticipated time approached, we anxiously looked, watch in hand, for the first indications of the eclipse. True to its predicted time, the first indentation of the sun's disc now became visible, and was soon sufficiently increased to enable us to feel satisfied that the line of progress would place us in total obscurity. The slowness of progression was, however, such that the eye became perfectly accustomed to the increasing diminution of light, and thus more than three-fourths of the sun was obscured without any very apparent decrease in the distinctness of the landscape. Now, however, the lessening of the sun's light became more and more sensible, and with the increased rapidity of change our feelings became more excited, and our anxiety about some clouds, which now began to appear, increased; and whilst I felt every moment becoming more precious, my desire to observe every change occurring around in things celestial, terrestrial, and aqueous, only increased my anxiety. Very soon all that remained visible of the sun was a curved line of light, and even this shed more brilliancy over the scene than the moon shining at her full. In an instant this line was broken up into what resembled a chain of diamonds, caused by the protuberances on the moon's surface overlapping the narrow line, and permitting the sun's disc to be seen only through the gorges between her lofty mountains—a beautiful fact, appearing thus to bring her wondrous physical geography almost within our grasp. Now the climax arrived, and I never can forget that precious moment when, the last sparkle of the sun being extinguished, in an instant the moon's large black orb stood out in bold relief in the midst of the starry heavens, she herself encircled by rays of glory which streamed and darted out from behind her on all sides, whilst the awfully sudden and preternatural gloom which immediately brooded over sea and land was accompanied by a stillness perfectly oppressive, broken only by the low murmur of admiration arising from the lips—I might almost say the *hearts*—of the spectators. "Mira! mira!" "Que preciosa!" and so forth, arose in subdued accents from my friends. Truly this was a sight one would wish to see. No natural phenomenon equals a total solar eclipse in sublimity. I paid special attention to the luminous appearance encircling the moon, in consequence of the variety of statements and opinions upon this point formed from observations on previous eclipses, and I can only say that the movable character of the luminosity was very evident, although it appeared to be caused by the darting out of the sun's rays in lines of different and varying length, some being short and concentrated, others longer and fainter, the one being rapidly changed into the other. I am unable to reconcile the appearance of any light whatever around the moon's edge, when her bulk is apparently larger than that of the sun, and entirely overlapping it, with the non-existence of a lunar atmosphere. Those who witnessed the eclipse of 1706 have recorded the same opinion. For several minutes the gloom continued, and although I would willingly have prolonged the period for as many hours, yet ample time was afforded for making any observations desired. Having noted the position of many stars during the solar obscuration, I was enabled to keep them in view for a considerable time after day again broke. Myself and friends were singularly fortunate in our choice of a position to view the eclipse; others, the greater number of those who came from Palma, selected the summit of a neighbouring mountain for their position, and were deprived of the entire spectacle by reason of clouds.

The poor peasantry, who turned out in groups to witness they knew not what, were awe-struck at the gloom, calling on the Virgin for protection, and many and strange were their remarks as they observed the sun growing less and less. One old woman asked us seriously if he was being devoured!

During my stay in the Baleares, Queen Isabella II. paid her first visit to the province. No Spanish sovereign had been in the islands for about 400 years previously, and this event was therefore one which called forth a great display of loyalty and rejoicing. She brought her entire family, and was escorted by a large body of troops, the presence of the latter being deemed necessary in consequence of Ortega's recent escapade. To feed Her Majesty and her retinue, the fat of the land was concentrated in Palma. Iriza sent felucca after felucca laden with the exquisite fruits of that fruitful island, which literally raised the prices of provisions there. When at Mabon an amusing circumstance occurred. The ex-Queen of Spain, as many are aware, is very stout, and having accepted an invitation from her officers to a grand fête on board the *Prince of the Asturias*, she was unable, owing to her extreme corpulence, to ascend the companion ladder, and thus ended the would-be loyal demonstration.

The inhabitants of the Baleares are in no respect different from the Spaniards in the treatment of their dead. Whilst life remains no people are kinder to their sick than are the Spaniards; but the moment the breath has left the body, no more respect is shown it than for a dead dog. The corpse is laid in a rude coffin without a cover, the face being exposed, and in this condition it is carried by torch-light to the cemetery without ceremony, or any appearance of regret or respect. The cemetery itself is nothing more than a small square of ground, surrounded by a wall and entered by an iron gate, and resembles more than anything else I can suggest one of our old English pounds, for shutting up stray asses, &c. In one corner of this space is a shed; this is the bone-house, into which are flung the bones and skulls, when they have, by repeated interments, accumulated on the adjoining ground. The grave is only two feet deep, and the body is well covered with lime when interred. The result is that whitening bones and skulls are profusely scattered over the ground from the constant disturbance of the soil to construct fresh graves.

It is somewhat foreign to the subject to introduce some of the peculiarities of the Roman Catholic religion, but without going far into this subject I am unwilling altogether to omit mentioning the impression made upon me when I first observed the reverence shown by all classes for the viaticum in its passage through the streets to the house of some dying person. I was in Madrid, and staying with friends, when, sitting one day with them *en famille*, one young lady playing, another singing, another working, I was startled by every one suddenly leaving their occupation, and dropping upon their knees, their faces to the window. In the midst of the ensuing silence, I heard what my innocence conjectured was a muffin boy's bell tinkling in the street below, forgetting that I was not in England. The sound of the bell having died away, my friends resumed their employments, and I then ascertained that the bell was the sign that a priest was passing on his way to some dying person's house, and carrying the consecrated wafer. The bell, which invariably precedes the priest upon this mission, is the signal for *every one* within reach of its sound to do homage to "la majestad." My friends watched for the return of the bell, and again prostrated themselves, although in their anxiety to do so a false alarm was given before the bell was again really heard. The like prostration occurs in the street; a regiment of soldiers on the march halts and kneels; the actors in a theatre stop their performance at the magic tinkling of the little bell, players and spectators alike falling down to do reverence.

The Exchange of Palma, called the house of "Contratacion," dates from the fourteenth century. It is built of stone, and is beautiful both externally and internally. Indeed, the elaborate character of the interior decoration, and the perfect symmetry of the architecture, places this building far above all others in Palma. It unfortunately occupies a most obscure position near the wall in the lower part of the city. The splendid roof rests upon the most exquisitely carved spiral columns. At present this building is employed for holding public entertainments. The town-hall is advantageously situated in the highest part of the town, and has over its front, and under the shadow of its superb cornice, a remarkable clock and sun-dial, said to have been placed in its present position by some Dominican friars in 1385, but its constructor is unknown. This wonderful piece of mechanism is known throughout the islands as the "Balearic Clock." I should be afraid to enumerate all the strange peculiarities of this timekeeper, or half of the curious combinations and complex indications attributed to it.

The houses of Palma are altogether Moorish in style. They are spacious, very handsomely carved and decorated, and constructed with great regard to coolness and ventilation. Some are built wholly of marble, and most of them are artistically decorated outside with painted fruits and flowers. To the north of the city, and standing upon an eminence, is the Castle of Belbez, the old residence of the Mallorquine kings, but converted by the Spaniards into a state prison. Arago the astronomer was confined within its dreary dungeons. He had been sent by Napoleon, in 1808, to assist Delambre in the measurement of an arc of the meridian. At this period France and Spain were in hostility, and the Mallorquines were especially bitter against everybody and everything French. In spite of his scientific mission the luckless Arago was seized and immured in Belbez. He was subsequently sent to Africa, and escaped thence with difficulty.

The language spoken in Majorca differs very considerably from Spanish. It is considered to be a mixture of Arabic, Spanish, Greek, and Romana Rustica, the latter better known in the south of France as the Simonsin. Mallorquine is much more difficult of acquirement than Castilian, there being more words employed to convey the same signification. For example, in Spanish the definite article is simply *lo, la; los, las;* embracing therein masculine and feminine, singular and plural; whilst in Mallorquine it is *lo, so; la, sa; los, sos; las, sas;* and another form also, *es, ets,* for the common gender. Some valuable works on jurisprudence have been written by Mallorquines in their own language, which is possessed of a regular grammar and dictionary.

The money of Majorca differs in some respects from the Spanish coinage, coins which are current in the islands not being received on the mainland. All the copper coinage is different, being very ancient and extremely small.

The bold coasts of Majorca are well indicated at night by admirably constructed lighthouses, equal in every respect to those on our own coasts.

The small group of islands called Cabrera, lying to the south of Majorca, contains but little of interest. The nearest point of Cabrera is about eight miles from the southern extremity of Majorca, a stormy strait running between. Cabrera, the largest of the group, is three miles long, and not one mile in width. It is little better than a dry, barren rock, with no signs of vegetation upon it beyond a few fir trees growing between the rocks; and yet in this desolate place languished for three long years the poor Frenchmen taken prisoners by the Spaniards in 1808. They were brought here with nothing but the clothes in which they were captured, having no shelter prepared for them from the burning sun, and here were crowded no fewer than 5,000 at the same time. Their sufferings were intense; there was but one spring of fresh water upon the island, and this spring was guarded by the Spanish sentinels, who allowed no one to approach it by day, whilst by night the whole of the prisoners had to pass it in single file, and quench their thirst as they passed. Their food was limited to six ounces of bread and a handful of hard beans per day, which was brought from Palma in a vessel, in quantities only sufficient to last until her return every fourth day.

Once, owing to some neglect, the vessel failed to return for several days after her appointed time, and the starving men dragged their emaciated bodies up the rocks to look out for her; 150 perished at this time from starvation. Soon after their arrival on the island, these poor creatures constructed huts of the boughs of fir trees, to protect them from the scorching sun; but when the heavy rains set in, these frail tenements became useless, and they built more substantial dwellings of the trunks of trees already stripped of their branches. These huts soon became infested with rats, which, however, were hailed with delight by the prisoners, as forming a change of diet. Altogether, during this sad period, about four thousand out of eight thousand Frenchmen perished on this wretched spot.

The island is still a place of banishment for certain classes of offenders, and no spot could be more appropriate to render them weary of existence. There are many caverns around this and the adjoining islets, once the resort of corsairs, now only tenanted by wild fowl.

Journeyings in Mesopotamia.—V.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE INDIAN NAVY.

CHAPTER VII.

HILLAH—AL HHEIMAR—JEWS OF MESOPOTAMIA—BIRS NIMROUD—THE TOWER OF BABEL—PRESENT DESOLATION OF THE SITE OF BABYLON.

After examining El Kasr, we pushed on for Hillah, thoroughly fatigued by the labour attendant on our researches. We were not sorry to take up our abode in one of the miserable khans in the eastern part of the town, resolving not to cross the stream until we had visited some ruined mounds which were supposed to mark the site of the walls of Babylon. Hillah, which was built in the year of the Hegira 495, is a miserable Arab town, containing some 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants, and surrounded by a wretchedly constructed mud wall. The whole of the place, which, for an Arab town, is of considerable size, is constructed with bricks from the mighty city near which it is built. Part of Hillah is situated on the eastern and part on the western bank of the Euphrates. A mud wall lines each side of the road leading to it, and encloses a thick forest of date trees. That portion of the town which lies on the eastern bank of the Euphrates consists chiefly of one street, with small alleys leading out of it. The bridge of boats, which gives access from one side of Hillah to the other, is kept closed at both ends by a doorway. The chief building is a mosque in the gardens just without the town, called Mesjed el Shems, or the Mosque of the Sun—a name given to it from a tradition of its being built on the spot where Ali performed his devotions when the sun rose a couple of hours later than usual, to enable the Imaum, who had overslept himself, to worship at his usual hour. The few Turks that reside here are officials dependent on the governor, whose palace is in the western (or more considerable) portion of the town.

After resting at Hillah for two days, during which we did not stir out of the khan, but were employed nursing our naval comrade who had been suddenly taken ill, we set out for the purpose of inspecting some high mounds of particular interest, called Al Hheimar, or Hemera, distant rather more than ten miles from Hillah. Leaving our messmate behind—for he was too weak to accompany us—we mounted our horses, and taking an easterly course, arrived at the scene of our proposed research—though not before I had sustained a severe fall from my horse, who stumbled over some rubbish with which the whole plain is abundantly strewed. I was greatly bruised on my right shoulder, though I considered myself lucky in not having broken my neck. Remounting after a pull at a certain leather flask, which had a revivifying effect, we rode on past a ruined khan and a Sheikh's tomb, and arrived at the foot of the hill, Al Hheimar. We found it to be a high mound of rubbish, very steep and difficult of ascent even on foot. The hill presented at a distance the appearance of an irregular cone, with its summit crowned by a long and low piece of thick wall like the battlements of a fortress. The circumference of the base at its eastern extremity appeared from 300 to 400 feet, with a thickness of from 80 to 100 feet; its height about 70 or 80 feet. The mass of solid wall at the summit measured, according to Buckingham, about 30 feet in length by 12 or 15 in thickness, though it must have been originally of a more massive character, for it is now broken on every side. The bricks used in the construction of this pile were of the usual square form and size, of a dark yellowish colour, but without any appearance of inscriptions. The cement, which was thin and of the same colour as the bricks, did not possess the same tenacity as distinguished that employed at the Kasr, though it has the peculiarity of an occasional layer of a curious white cement, which pulverises under the touch, and greatly resembles the substance stated by Herodotus as having been used in the construction of the city walls. On gaining the summit, the Mujillibe could be seen from hence about ten or twelve miles distant, with a compass bearing of W. by N. ½ W. Turning our eyes to the eastward, the desert stretched before us in its seeming limitless extent, with no ruins to break its desolate monotony; looking in the direction of Hillah, on the contrary, the whole surface of



THE TIGRIS, NEAR HAMRIN.

the country to the banks of the Euphrates presented a vast plain, filled with mounds and broken masonry.

There is some reason to believe that Al Hheimar, from which we obtained this extensive view, formed part of the celebrated walls of Babylon, of which Herodotus, Strabo, and other ancient writers have given elaborate descriptions, that test to the utmost the bounds of our credulity. The learned English antiquarian and geographer, Major Rennell, after weighing the statements of all these ancient authorities, assigns seventy-two square miles as the extent of ancient Babylon; while the Frenchman, D'Anville, places it at thirty-six square miles. Herodotus, in speaking of its extent, says, "The Assyrians are masters of many capital towns, but their place of greatest strength and fame is Babylon, which, after the destruction of Nineveh, was the royal residence. It is situated on a large plain, and is a perfect square; each side, by every approach, is 120 stadia; the space therefore occupied by the whole is 480 stadia, so extensive is the ground which Babylon occupies. Its internal beauty and magnificence exceed whatever has come within my knowledge. It is surrounded by a trench very wide, deep, and full of water; the wall beyond this is 200 royal cubits high and 50 wide."

The height of 200 cubits equals 300 feet, and this certainly seems prodigious for the wall of any city; but when we consider the pyramids of Egypt, or the gigantic remains of which we have been speaking in Babylon itself, it is not beyond the bounds of credibility. On the other hand, the height given to the walls by Quintus Curtius is 150 feet, and by Strabo 75 feet only; so a great discrepancy exists, though this may perhaps be accounted for from the fact that they write at different periods, when the walls may have been reduced in height. The same diversity in statement exists as to breadth, Herodotus placing it at 75 feet, Curtius and Strabo at 32; though this may be explained by the fact that as the wall was built on an inclined slope, the former computation may have referred to its base, and the others to its average thickness. This estimate would tally with the present aspect of Al Hheimar, if we conclude it is part of the famous wall, for it measures 70 or 80 feet in height, and from 80 to 100 feet in thickness at the base, this being considerably increased by the rubbish fallen from above. We ought not hastily to charge the writers of antiquity with exaggeration, when it is considered (and the fact might be easily overlooked by the untravelled English public) that without doubt two-thirds of the space enclosed within the walls of Babylon must have been laid out as gardens, or cultivated land, as is still the case with Bussorah and Baghdad. Indeed, Quintus Curtius expressly says, in his 5th Book, that the buildings do not adjoin the walls, but that considerable space was left around, so that in the event of a siege, the inhabitants might not be compelled to depend on supplies from without. The population of the city would be also, from the same cause, proportionally less when compared with its size than is the case in modern European cities.

The colony of Jews who inhabit Mesopotamia are supposed to be descendants of their countrymen of the captivity, who remained behind in the country of their adoption. It was Seleucus Nicator who first gave to the Jews settlements in the provinces of Asia east of the Euphrates, as a reward for having been faithful and serviceable to him in his wars. Babylon was the place where he laid the foundations of his power, and the Jews in those parts being numerous and most likely friendly to his interests, he ever after showed them much favour. The Jews are said to number 10,000 in the city of Baghdad in the present day, and, as is their habit elsewhere, do not intermarry with other nationalities. Benjamin of Tudela, a traveller who visited Baghdad in the twelfth century, and gives an interesting account of the city, was himself a Jew. He speaks of the great consideration shown to his brethren of the Hebrew persuasion by the reigning Caliph, Abassidas Ahmed. Not only was this sovereign a great friend to the Israelites, but he understood their language, which he read and wrote perfectly, and was deeply learned in the law of Moses.



VIEW ON THE TIGRIS, NEAR DIEBAR.

Our last day at Hillah was spent in inspecting the Birs Nimroud, believed by some writers to be the Tower of Babel of Scripture history. It is situated on the western bank of the Euphrates, about six miles from Hillah. The Birs Nimroud or Tower of Belus, which we now set out to visit, is beyond doubt the grandest monument of the might of ancient Babylon, in this carrying off the palm even from Mujillibe. Having been provided with an escort of eight horsemen from the Governor of Hillah, for whom we had received letters of introduction at starting, but who did not favour us with an

interview, we set out at early morning, and took a westerly direction, keeping close to some long mounds which appeared to have once formed the banks of a canal leading from the Euphrates. The intervening plain is covered with nitre, and is intersected at intervals by dry canal-beds and small pools of water, with the bittern for their sole inhabitant. The Tower was visible during the whole course of our march towards it, looking in solitary grandeur on the dreary waste which stretches to the southward as far as the eye can reach. On gaining its foot we clambered up the western side, over a steep acclivity formed of broken fragments evidently fallen from the top. All around us lay the desert or morasses; no buildings, not even the remnant of a wall, met the eye. What a history of great events would not this silent mass recount, were it gifted with a tongue! Here, on the summit of this very building, Alexander the Great sacrificed to the god Belus, as stated by Justin. On Alexander's marching from Arbela, after the defeat of Darius, straight to Babylon, the gates of that vast city were thrown open, and processions of the priests and chiefs of the people went out to meet him, offering great gifts, and delivering the city, the Tower, and the royal treasure into his hands. Alexander, entering the city, commanded the Babylonians to rebuild the temples which Xerxes had destroyed, and especially the temple of Belus, whom the Babylonians worshipped as their chief god, and to whom he himself, by the advice of the Chaldean priests, offered sacrifice.

Mr. Rich, in his "Second Memoir on Babylon"—a valuable contribution to science, long out of print—describes the Tower, and though I might do so in other language, there would be no advantage gained by adopting such a course. He says, "The whole height of the Birs Nimroud, above the plain, to the summit of the brick wall, is 235 feet. The brick wall itself, which stands on the edge of the summit, and was undoubtedly the face of another stage, is thirty-seven feet high. In the side of the pile a little below the summit is very clearly to be seen part of another brick wall, precisely resembling the fragment which crowns the summit, but which still encases and supports its part of the mound. This is clearly indicative of another stage of greater extent. The masonry is infinitely superior to anything of the kind I have ever seen, and leaving out of the question any conjecture relative to the original destination of this ruin, the impression made by a sight of it is that it was a solid pile, composed in the interior of unburnt bricks, and perhaps earth or rubbish; that it was constructed on succeeding stages, and faced with fine burnt bricks, having inscriptions laid on a very thin layer of lime cement; and that it was reduced by violence to its present ruinous condition. The upper stories have been forcibly broken down, and fire has been employed as an instrument of destruction, though it is not easy to say precisely how or why. The facing of fine bricks has been partly removed and partly covered by the falling down of the mass, which it supported and kept together."

The total circumference of the base of the Birs is 762 yards. The western face is the most destroyed, being worn down into a deep furrow. The whole structure rises in stages which may be distinctly traced, and which peculiarity forms the distinctive feature whereby its identity with the Tower of Babel is traced. Speaking of these stages, Buckingham, who carefully surveyed this remarkable ruin, lays stress on the fact that they recede one within another in a proportion of width about equal to their respective elevations. The first or lowermost of these discloses some of its interior work, in a spot where a pit has been formed by the clearing away of the rubbish; an inspection of the bricks shows that, though large and well made, they are sun-dried, and covered with bitumen or mortar, while those in the outer facing alone are furnace-baked. The second stage, which recedes within the first, is also composed of the same description of bricks, as is likewise the third stage on the exterior, though the interior of the "mountainous mass," as Josephus calls it, is probably made of sun-dried bricks and loose earth. Above them all rises the Tower itself, which is a solid mass of the finest kiln-burnt masonry, with a circumference of ninety feet. What remains of it forms a solid wall of brick about fifty feet in height, measured from the lowest part of its base on the eastern side, with a breadth of thirty feet, and a thickness of fifteen feet, though these last dimensions lessen gradually as the Tower assumes a pyramidal shape towards its summit. The upper edge of this wall is so broken and irregular as to prove that it did not terminate the pile, but that above this there were other stages, which time and the violence of man have brought to the ground. The wall of this ruin—for as a round tower it does not exist—is rent by a large fissure, which extends through nearly half its height, and has been caused doubtless by some violent agent rather than the gradual operation of time; and it is pierced both longitudinally and transversely with small square apertures, running all through the building, probably for the purpose of ventilation, and of preserving the fabric from the influence of damp. It is the western side of the Tower that remains standing, though even this face is not complete, as both of its edges have been broken away. On the north and south the walls are broken down, and their material dispersed, though the line occupied by them can be traced; on the east, the fallen masses which once formed that side of the Tower still remain on the spot.

The bricks used in this pile are furnace-baked of the ordinary description, and resemble those at Al Hheimar, rather than the finer ones at the Kasr. Mr. Rich, writing of the mortar, says, "The fire-burnt bricks, of which the ruin at the summit of the Birs was built, have inscriptions on them, and so admirable is the cement, which appears to be lime mortar, that though the layers are so close together that it is difficult to discern what substance is between them, it is nearly impossible to extract one of the bricks whole." The other parts of the summit of this hill are occupied by immense fragments of brickwork, of no determinate figure, tumbled together and converted into solid vitrified masses, as if they had undergone the action of fire or been blown up with gunpowder, yet the layers of the bricks are perfectly discernible. The appearance of these great black and brown masses of masonry, looking at a distance like so many edifices torn up from their foundations, is very singular and weird; it seems as if the Titans had broken loose, and in their gambols had been playing at pitch and toss with the gigantic lumps of masonry, which are generally of an irregular shape, while some rest on mere pivots, like the Druidical remains in Britain. Before examining them closely, one might be led to conclude that they were masses of black rock; some of them measure, according to Captain Mignan, twelve feet in height by twenty-four in circumference. Their present aspect must be attributable either to their having been scathed by lightning, or subjected to the action of a fierce and continuous

application of fire. It seems probable, therefore, that all other means of destruction having been found ineffectual, owing to the solidity of the brickwork, the aid of fire came into request. An effect similar to that now exhibited in the splitting of one portion of the wall into a deep fissure, and the breaking down of the other into large masses, would be produced by that element when employed on a closed building, and well fed with inflammable material, as naphtha. In furtherance of this view, it may be stated that Diodorus, in a quotation, relates that about 130 years before Christ, a king of Parthia, who captured the city and removed the Babylonians into slavery, burnt the former and some of the temples of Babylon, and demolished the best parts of the city. From the summit we could discern some vestiges of an enclosure round the whole pile, as noted by Mr. Rich, the general distance of which from the base appears to be about 100 yards. In an eastern direction, and separated from it by a clear space of about 100 yards, lies an immense mound, which stretches away north and south to a breadth of 450 yards, when its extreme points curve and meet to the eastward. It occupies a space of 650 yards, and has a height of fifty-five feet; on its summit is a Mohammedan building or Koubbe—meaning, in Arabic, a cupola or dome—called after Abraham, because, according to a tradition of the Arabs, Nimrod, "the mighty hunter before the Lord," ordered a fire to be kindled on this spot, for the purpose of immortalising that venerable patriarch. A little to the south stands the ruined portion of another koubbe, regarding which the Arabs have of course another tradition; but as the individual treated of does not bear the same historical importance as Father Abraham, I will not trouble the reader with the legend.

The whole summit and sides of the Birs are furrowed by the weather, or by human violence, into deep hollows and channels, completely strewed with broken bricks, stamped with from three to seven lines of writing, together with stones, glass tiles, cakes of bitumen, and vitrified substances. When you consider this venerable structure, truly its aim and object form a deeply interesting problem, not only to learned men, but to every reader of history, if we are to conclude that it really is all that remains of that Tower of Babel which, the Mosaic account tells us, the perversity or the impiety of man reared with the avowed object of scaling the heavens, and reaching the presence of the Almighty. That the Birs Nimroud and the Tower of Babel are identical may be justly gathered from the following facts enumerated by Buckingham, who agrees with Mr. Rich in taking this view of the question:—The square of the temple, says Herodotus, was two stadia (1,000 feet), and the Tower itself one stadium; in which Strabo, who gives the exact elevation of the Tower, agrees. The former adds:—"In the midst a tower rises, of the solid depth and height of one stadium, upon which, resting as a base, seven other turrets are built in regular succession. The ascent is on the outside, which, winding from the ground, is continued to the highest tower, and in the middle of the whole structure there is a convenient resting-place." Strabo says that the sepulchre of Belus was a pyramid of one stadium in height, whose base was a square of like dimensions, and that it was ruined by Xerxes. Arrian agrees in this particular, and Diodorus adds that on the top was a statue of Belus, forty feet in height, in an upright posture; from which Major Rennell has inferred that the tower must have been about 500 feet in height, corresponding to the dimensions assigned by the other authorities. Its destruction by Xerxes must have taken place before any of the writers, whose descriptions are cited, could have seen it. Both Strabo and Arrian say that Alexander wished to restore it: the former asserting that he found it too great a labour, for it was said that 10,000 men were not able to remove the rubbish in the course of two months; and the latter stating that it had been begun, but that the workmen made less progress than he had expected. From this the following facts may be gathered:—First, that the Tower of Belus was of a pyramidal form, composed of eight separate stages, successively rising above and retiring within each other; secondly, that its whole dimensions were a square of one stadium or 500 feet at its base, and its height exactly the same; thirdly, that it had around it a square enclosure of two stadia, or 1,000 feet for each of its sides; and fourthly, that attached to this was a temple, the relative position and dimensions of which are not specified, though its ruins were very considerable. To all these features the remains of the Birs Nimroud perfectly correspond.

We descended from this stupendous ruin, cogitating on the numberless generations of men who have climbed its furrowed sides since the terrible day when it was given to the flames, and we speculated curiously on the countless generations of men who would yet be born to survey from its summit the dreary and saddening landscape presented therefrom. The time of its destruction dates from the earliest period of reliable history, and yet these ruins stand out in the plain, proudly defying, as it were, the vicissitudes of the elements, and scorning even to yield to that Time which, though called the "devourer of all things," has been unable to digest this toughest morsel of man's handiwork. Writing of the day when it became "as Sodom and Gomorrah," the accursed cities of the plain, Bishop Newton, in his work on the Prophecies, says, "Babylon never recovered its ancient splendour after it was taken by Cyrus; but upon the removal of the seat of empire from thence by the Persians, it by degrees decayed, till it was at last reduced to an utter solitude. Berosus, in Josephus, says that Cyrus ordered the outer walls to be pulled down. The Persian kings ever regarded Babylon with a jealous eye. Darius Hystaspes, upon a revolt, greatly depopulated the place, lowered the walls, and demolished the gates; Xerxes destroyed the temples. The buildings of Seleucia, on the Tigris, exhausted Babylon by its neighbourhood, as well as by the immediate loss of inhabitants taken away by Seleucus to people his new city. A king of the Parthians soon after carried away into slavery a great number, and also destroyed the most beautiful parts of the city. In more modern times St. Jerome (who lived in the fourth century) mentions Babylon as nothing more than a chase for wild beasts to feed and breed there for the King of Persia's hunting. The place thereabouts is represented as being overrun with serpents, scorpions, and all sorts of venomous and unclean creatures." In this he is wrong, for no animals of the nature he specifies are to be found in the ruins of the city. The place is a solitude in the strictest sense of the word.

Before finally leaving the subject of Babylon, I ought to say a few words as to the Babylonian bricks, and the character of the inscriptions on them, as they form one of the most interesting features of the remains of this most wonderful of all cities. A description of these, as well as of the "cylinders," or cylindrical-shaped bricks, I reserve, however, for the next chapter.

Captain Faulkner's Expedition up the Shiré River.

By recent accounts from the Cape of Good Hope it appears that the expedition led by Captain Faulkner, which had in view the ascent of the Shiré, and the navigation of Lake Nyassa, has met with the ill fate which has so frequently befallen African explorers. Captain Faulkner had previously made this journey as a volunteer under Mr. Young in the Livingstone search expedition of 1867, and on his return conceived the project of revisiting the country, with a small party, in a steam-launch, hoping to be able to reach the northern end of the lake, which is still unknown, and enjoy the sport of elephant-hunting in the prolific country along the banks of the Shiré. Among the gentlemen who volunteered to share the dangers of such a journey were Captains Casement and Norman, and a crew, guides, and interpreters were picked up at the Cape, and at the small Portuguese settlements near the mouth of the Zambesi. Unfortunately, the season for ascending the rivers was ill chosen. In the dry period of the year, from July to December, travelling is comparatively easy; the country is dry and healthy; the numerous streams passable; and the level lands and swamps, swarming with game, afford a firm footing to the huntsman. It is the season, too, of abundance; the crops of corn ripen, and the natives in many of the villages, especially in times of peace, have a superfluity of provisions to dispose of to passing travellers. It was during these months that Mr. Young accomplished his rapid and successful journey, his previous two years' experience with Dr. Livingstone on the Zambesi expedition having shown him that his only chance of a successful trip to Lake Nyassa and back, was to time his movements so as to ascend the Shiré before the waters were too low at the commencement of the dry season, and return to the ship of war waiting for him at the mouth of the Zambesi before the rains set in. Nothing short of actual experience can give an adequate idea of the desolation of the country during the wet season. Many of our readers will remember the disasters of the Universities Mission under Bishop Mackenzie in this same region, and the descriptions given in the published letters and books on the subject. The moisture-laden winds from the tropical part of the Indian Ocean sweep over the plains from the east, and condense into torrents of rain on the high lands bordering the great lake; with the heat and moisture diseases often decimate even the hardy negro tribes, and Europeans have slender chance of escaping them. Lacking this experience, the enthusiastic band of young Englishmen advanced up the river towards the end of last year, and were caught by the rains on the Shiré. News of what befell them was brought by one of the party, who tramped the distance by land between the Shiré and the Portuguese settlement of Quillimane, and returned to England viâ the Cape of Good Hope. It appears that the party succeeded in ascending, in their steam-launch, a good distance up the Shiré, with the remainder of the fine season. The weather then changed, and heavy rains set in, which continued with such fury that before many days had passed the country on both sides of the river was inundated. It soon became a matter of difficulty to find a dry position for the encampment, and still worse to go any distance in search of food. At first they had tolerable success in hunting, but with the increase of the flood it was scarcely possible to find game of any sort, and they were reduced to a miserable diet of Kaffir corn. Day after day, the floods from the rain and the overflow of the river increased in extent, and the weather-bound travellers prepared for the worst. At length, exposure to wet, cold, and hunger brought on fever; and fever, in some of the party, developed into virulent small-pox, which grew gradually worse. Captains Faulkner and Casement were more severely attacked than the others; the latter gentleman gradually sank under the disease and died, leaving his companion also in a dangerous condition. Captain Norman, who suffered the least, acted as nurse and doctor to the rest. The bearer of the news stated finally that Captain Faulkner was in a fair way of recovery when he left, and intended, as soon as circumstances permitted, to proceed further up the river, with a view to carrying out the objects of the expedition.

Height of Forest Trees in South America.

Dr. R. Spruce, a distinguished botanical traveller, has recently given, in the "Linnean Society's Journal," some account of the height to which trees grow in the equatorial forests of South America, about which an erroneous impression has hitherto prevailed. According to him, the loftiest forest trees of the Amazons Valley do not exceed 200 feet in height. The tallest tree from which he ever gathered flowers was about 140 feet; but he had measured a prostrate tree that was 157 feet long, without the upper branches, which were broken off, and which would have made the entire length probably about 170 feet. Several colossal forest trees, however, were considerably taller than this, especially the Brazil-nut tree (*Bertholletia excelsa*), a tree of lofty and elegant form, and the silk-cotton tree (*Eriodendron Samauma*), which rises like a cathedral dome over all the other trees. He was never able himself to measure a tall specimen of either of these, but had been assured they had been cut down measuring fully 200 feet. From these and many other instances he concluded that the real patriarchs of the primeval forest ranged from 120 to 200 feet high. With regard to palms, an erroneous idea prevails that in the South American forests they tower up above the other trees, writers having rashly assumed that to be a universal characteristic which Humboldt related only of some points of his South American journey, namely, that the crowns of palms stand out so completely above the general height of the other trees as to give the idea of "a forest above a forest." This is true only of the low bushy woods near the coast towns, where the cocoa-nut palms tower up above spreading mango and inga trees that nestle at their base. If a traveller leaves the coast, and penetrates the virgin forest beyond, he will see that the loftiest palms do not usually exceed the exogenous trees of average height; it is very rarely, in fact, that palms domineer over all other trees. The tallest palms Dr. Spruce ever cut down for the purpose of getting at their flowers measured about eighty feet. He never, however, felled the tallest specimens, some of which, measured with the sextant, proved to be 120 feet high. It would appear from these statements that none of the trees of the equatorial region of America, where heat, humidity, and fertility of soil combine to produce the largest extent of continuous forest on the surface of the globe, reach the height of the great conifers of California, the *Sequoia gigantea* and *sempervirens*, the former of which when full-grown attains an average altitude of from 200 to 300 feet; and sometimes, according to late authentic measurements, reaches the extreme height of 325 feet.



ENGLISH TRADING SETTLEMENT ON THE GABOON.

The Gaboon.—II.

BY DR. GRIFFON DU BELLAY, SURGEON IN THE FRENCH NAVY.

CHAPTER IV.

FISHING AT IGONGO—TEXTILE PLANTS—HEMP—WAY IN WHICH THE GABONESE UNDERSTAND TRADE—SLAVERY—CHIEFS OF VILLAGES—KING DENIS.

Thus, sleep for the man, and the preparation of food, the cares of dress, and intrigues, more or less open, for the woman; for all, the pipe and tobacco—these form the elements of home life amongst the M'pongwés. Visits from hut to hut, perpetual gossiping, various transactions with the Europeans, a little fishing, and as small an amount of fatigue as possible, form a picture of village life. The cultivation of the ground on a larger scale is carried on in the vicinity of the larger dwellings, the collection of india-rubber takes place in the woods; the trade in ebony, elephants' tusks, and red-wood is carried on in the villages of other tribes, who inhabit the region which produces them. Fishing is now carried on with nets, but a short time ago a method was employed, which has its counterpart in some parts of Europe, and which consists in poisoning, or more or less intoxicating, the fish with vegetable substances, which do not, however, render them uneatable. In Europe it is a shell-fish found in the Levant which serves for this purpose; at the Gaboon, it is sometimes a creeper called Onono, but more frequently a pretty leguminous plant, with yellow flowers, which they train on their houses, and which, without doubt, has accompanied the tribes on their migrations from the interior. Nothing is easier than to fish in this manner. I tried the experiment one day in a large sheet of water left amongst the rocks by the receding tide. Some handfuls of leaves were worked up for that purpose. All the small fry to be found there came immediately to the surface and died. A moment after, a kind of lamprey came to breathe the upper air, and allowed itself to be taken with the greatest ease. The pool contained nothing more, and in spite of this rapid poison the fish were excellent. It is easy to perceive that this mode of proceeding is not practicable in the sea, nor where the rivers are very rapid; so that the Gabonese have almost discontinued this practice since Europeans have taught them to weight their nets with lead, and thereby made them much more useful. These nets in general are made of the fibre of the anana, well twisted, and edged round with a strong cord made of the fibre of the magnificent hibiscus, "evenone," a beautiful plant, well worthy of examination, which grows abundantly on the sea shore, and whose sulphur-coloured flowers call to mind those of the cotton tree.

The materials for all textile fabrics abound here, as in all hot countries. Bromelias shoot out leaves more than six feet in length; the bark of the beautiful "ojono" is used in making mats. Hemp, even, thrives very well: it is true that it is not cultivated by the natives for manufacturing purposes, but only for the sake of smoking the leaves. I have mentioned the products which form the trade of the Gaboon—a trade in which the M'pongwé is, in reality, only a medium—a carrier between the European and the tribes inland. This intermediate traffic is the bane of trade all along the coast. The tribes in the interior, who are the only producers, have much difficulty in coming into immediate contact with us, nor have they the wish to do so, for the inhabitants of the coast have inspired them with an actual dread of the European. Brazen-faced liars, these men represent themselves as the victims of our tyranny, offering, moreover, themselves as mediators, and naturally make their victims pay dearly for their kind intervention. Those with whom they trade, in their turn, use the same tactics, to the cost of the more distant tribes. So that an elephant's tusk, which has come a distance of forty leagues,

has passed from hand to hand, not having been sold to each holder, but simply entrusted—a circumstance which warrants each one who possesses a claim upon it to demand a commission, according to the especial doubtfulness of his actual payment at last. Merchandise, then, arrives at the coast enhanced in value, in consequence of successive dues not yet actually paid, and which have increased its price a hundredfold. Then the price at last paid by the European to the carrier is not in money, but in various commodities—hardware goods, and woven fabrics. When it comes to the hands of the person who has the first claim, it must be very much diminished in amount, when we call to mind the several abatements it has suffered *en route*. In short, the trade carried on by the Gabonese consists of cheating without shame the producers, whether Pahouhins or Bakalais, and robbing not less impudently the European buyer—not exactly the traders at the factories, who can purchase at leisure, but the captains of vessels who conduct their own business while on the move. Many of the captains traffic systematically with these porters, and give them merchandise on account, under promise of receiving the products of the country of an equal value at a specified time. Rarely are these compacts faithfully executed. When the captain returns he finds only a part of his consignment, the rest is still in transit, if it is red-wood or ebony. They ask for continual delays, he loses his time and his health, and often sees that the best thing for him to do is to sacrifice what he has advanced and depart. In the part where the French authority is exercised these frauds are held in check, for the porter very well knows that he must answer in person if he fails to complete his engagement; but beyond the limits of French jurisdiction the captain is very frequently robbed. If he wishes to buy on account, the plan of the native of the Gaboon is very simple. He pretends that he is short of goods, hides, if he finds it necessary, what he has, wearies out the European by a delay which is fatal to his goods and to himself, full of danger to his vessel if winter is coming on, and he is obliged at length to purchase at whatever cost. By these rascally proceedings the M'pongwé does not grow rich; to do so requires an activity which he is unable to keep up for any length of time. It is a matter that involves no small effort to go in his canoes, and often to a great distance, in search of red-wood and ebony, and then bring them alongside a European vessel; so if he has made a lucky hit in trade he soon realises the benefits of it—that is, he purchases slaves and wives, and then takes his rest. Perhaps some may feel astonished that such an investment of capital should take place in a part of the French dominions, but we must not forget that this authority has been established through amicable arrangement and not by right of conquest, and that we are therefore bound to respect the institutions of the country, and to be satisfied with the prevention of all flagrant irregularities. It must, moreover, be allowed, as regards slavery, that, with the exception of a few tribes who are more than ordinarily cruel and warlike, we rarely find that this institution amongst the Africans assumes that singularly oppressive character which has been too often given to it by the pitiless harshness of the European.

The distance which separates the slave from his master is in this country not very wide, and the boundary line is not impassable. One black is perhaps the slave of another black, though never of a mulatto, without losing his standing as a man. They have not been purchased, as the slaves of whites have, to work in large plantations, but simply for the purpose of assisting their master in the not very arduous labour of his house and trade.

These slaves are therefore seldom very harshly treated, and, in fact, they form a part of the family. Such is their actual condition; but it has its disadvantages. The master is superstitious; he believes in poisoning and sorcery, and his slave is often the victim whom he sacrifices to his religious fear. French authority has done away with such frightful practices wherever its power is really established, but still there can be no doubt that sometimes the distant forests hide under their shadow the dreadful scenes of religious sacrifices. Mostly, the slaves of the Gabonese come from the interior and from the banks of the Ogo-wai; some formerly came down this stream by the river Nazareth, the northern branch of the delta which it forms in its approach to the sea, and by this means they reached the Portuguese and Spanish stations which long existed at Cape Lopez. It is there the Gabonese go now to buy them; others are brought directly from a point higher up the stream, amid the woody plantations which separate it from the tributaries of the Gaboon. There were to be found formerly amongst these both Pahouins and Bakalais, but the near neighbourhood of their tribes rendered their escape easy, and the M'pongwés, being unable to keep them, have been compelled to give them up to the Portuguese slave-dealers. There is no doubt that this traffic is carried on sometimes close to the French settlement, but few individuals are affected by it. Owing to the vast extent of forest by which the country is covered, as well as to the great length of sea-coast, those who are engaged in it contrive sometimes to escape the strict surveillance which the French authorities exercise.

Notwithstanding the really close resemblance which exists between them, the children which are the fruit of the intermarriages between the M'pongwés and their slaves are never placed upon terms of equality with those of the pure race. If they wish to marry a M'pongwé woman they are but ill received; if they wish to engage in a commercial transaction, however active and intelligent they may be, they are but indifferently trusted, and meet with little success. The original taint is even transmitted to their sons; and whatever these may accomplish, however successful they may be in their enterprises, they are never looked upon as belonging to the superior class, and form, in fact, a separate caste. We Europeans trouble ourselves little about obtaining an accurate acquaintance with the habits of the Gabonese, and can only with difficulty understand the slight difference which serves to establish amongst them this kind of social hierarchy. These differences, however, exist, and the few M'pongwés who can boast their descent from ancestors, amongst whom are to be counted neither the Boulous nor slaves, plume themselves with a peculiar vanity upon the aristocratic purity of their race. There are only a few families, to whom the chief authority has been entrusted for a long time, who can really establish such pretensions. It is, therefore, fortunate for them that tradition alone is employed in transmitting the recollections of the past.

I shall have sufficiently explained the organisation of Gaboon society when I have said that the superior power is vested in chiefs. Each village has its own chief, who assumes without ceremony the title of king, and who is besides, equally

with the humblest of his subjects, a simple trader, formerly a slave-dealer, and now a dealer in all kinds of commodities. But amongst these chiefs or kings there are only two or three who hold a really important position. They exercise over the others a kind of moral sovereignty, which has neither money nor arms to support it, but which is, nevertheless, to a certain extent held in respect.

These chiefs do not reign by hereditary right; they are elected by the votes of their fellow citizens, and are always chosen out of royal families. The elections used almost always to give occasion to a certain amount of disorder, and it appears that not unfrequently the adherents of the several candidates came to blows. These quarrels, however, were never of a very serious character, for the Gabonese, who are at the present time distinguished by mildness of disposition, never possessed great warlike instincts, even in the times before they sought shelter under European protection. The elections are still conducted with turbulence, but, being carried on by common consent under the paternal superintendence of French authority, it is seldom that they are attended with any serious strife. When an important chief is in question, able to secure the respect of his countrymen, it is generally the French commandant who nominates him, and it is he who really gives him the office. This meddling with native concerns was not foreseen by those who framed the terms of the French settlement in the country, but it is the natural consequence of the desire by which each candidate is actuated to secure French support, and of the hope which he entertains of finding his complaisance rewarded by some valuable present. His installation into power is not unattended with disagreeables for the newly elected, for often on the eve of triumph his future subjects cause him to suffer by blows and injuries for the obedience which, with the utmost possible sincerity, they will offer him the next day. This singular method of imprinting upon the memory of their chiefs a recollection of their humble origin and of their common equality, proves that if the Gabonese is but an indifferent courtier, he does not lack, as a kind of set-off, a certain amount of practical philosophy.

The authority of the M'pongwé chiefs is limited to minor affairs, now that the French authorities prevent any possibility of squabbling between the inhabitants of the different villages. In each of them a police force is established, and the regulation of any little dispute which may arise amongst the inhabitants is so much the more easy, as some of them who are the heads of a numerous progeny supplement the power given by election by their authority as patriarchs of the family—an authority which is always treated with respect. As to the difficulties from without, these are generally adjusted by the French commandant, and his office as chief judge is by no means a sinecure; for his subordinates, who pay but little respect to the rights of other people, are ready to cheat the inhabitants of distant villages, reckoning upon the impunity which is but too often assured to them by distance, and by the want of a well-organised police force.

King Denis is the most important Gabonese chief at the present time—an old man, held in reverence by his countrymen, and respected by the Europeans. Speaking more or less perfectly, as is the case with many chiefs on the African coast, several foreign languages—French, English, Portuguese, and a little Spanish—he has had transactions with all the people who trade with the Gaboon, and to all he has had an opportunity of rendering some little service. He facilitated the establishment of the French by his personal influence over his tribe, and has always used it in their favour. The French Government, in return, has rewarded his zeal by granting him the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Rome has in like manner recognised by a decoration the assistance which he has afforded to the Catholic Mission, to which he had entrusted the education of some of his children. Denis, notwithstanding, still remains as great a devotee of fetichism as ever, and I would not undertake to say that he does not occasionally turn slave-trader when it suits his purpose. These decorations are not the only testimonials of European approval which he has received. The English have presented him with a medal, and with several splendid suits of uniform; France in like manner has not forgotten to add to his wardrobe, and few persons can boast of being able to dress themselves so magnificently. Very recently, when the question was agitated whether French authority might not be extended over the inhabitants of Cape Lopez, amongst whom he possesses great influence by reason of his reputation for prudence and wisdom, the task of negotiating the treaty was entrusted to him, and on this important occasion he was able, for nearly a fortnight, to appear before his astonished subjects each day in a fresh dress, and each day more splendidly attired than on the one preceding. One day he appeared as a French general, the next as the Marquis de Molière, and then as an English admiral. His head was invariably ornamented with a wig—a part of his costume which he prized by no means the least, for this article of attire has not yet become amongst the native chiefs so common as military uniforms.

Such is the person whose portrait we have endeavoured to give (page 293). The expression of his countenance is quick and lively, combining at the same time slyness and good-nature; his deportment is marked by real dignity, such as we do not often find amongst aged negroes, who, for the most part, mistake for this sentiment a grotesque exhibition of vanity. These characteristics stamp the portrait of the Gaboon chief with an individuality sufficiently striking. Accustomed for a long time to European habits, he knows how to carry his magnificent costumes easily and without embarrassment.

Although Denis lives generally in a most unpretending manner, suitable to the narrowness of his income, yet he delights in showing hospitality, entertains heartily those who visit his humble dwelling, and knows perfectly well how to distinguish the motives by which his several European visitors are influenced—whether they are actuated by feelings of sympathy with him, or whether they have intruded themselves upon him from simple curiosity. He lives on the left bank of the bay, and is the most influential chief there. If, through the French preferring the other side of the bay, King Denis lost the benefits which the immediate neighbourhood of the Europeans would have conferred upon him, he has assuredly gained greater tranquillity and a more complete independence. Perhaps this privilege goes far to enhance the respect in which he is held by the natives—a respect which he obtains by his great age, and which extends further than one would imagine. I have been sometimes astonished to find that his name was pronounced with the utmost respect in many villages of the Ogo-wai, with which neither he nor his people have much connection.

When I was in his village with M. Serval, in 1862, it was easy to perceive that the very friendly terms upon which we lived with the old chief, and which were made known to the inhabitants by our interpreters, helped to increase no little the estimation in which we were held by our hosts.

By the side of Denis is the portrait of his principal wife, who, in virtue of the privileges accorded to her position, has the management of the cultivation of the land around the principal dwellings entirely in her own hands, and resides there almost constantly. As regards King Denis himself, he is attached, from long habit, to an old ruined hut, hoping, doubtless, that it will stand as long as he lives. He remains there with half-a-dozen of his wives, and refuses to take possession of any of the more comfortable huts which his sons have built for him in the neighbourhood. Perhaps he thinks that this half-ruined house is in more complete keeping with that double ruin which seems to threaten his fortune and his race. In times past the slave trade made him rich; now he lives but poorly, though helped by the French Government; and he sees the M'Pongwé people gradually dying out around him. In fact, all primitive races seem to decay and disappear as soon as they come in contact with the European.

What are the causes of this decay? Those which are generally adduced appear in this instance to be insufficient. There have been no disastrous wars with the neighbouring tribes, no epidemic diseases, and no real misery. An immoderate use of spirituous liquors and an unbridled sensuality must, to a great extent, account for it. Whatever it may be, this decrease in the population of the M'Pongwés is real and rapid. It strikes with astonishment most of the naval officers, who saw the Gaboon when the French first established themselves there, when they see it now. This state of things, moreover, is not peculiar to the tribe in question. The Boulous, who are their immediate neighbours, exhibit unmistakable marks of the same decline. Fortunately, new blood appears to be likely one day to restore this weakened race. The Pahouhins, who are advancing with rapid strides from the interior towards the coast, will fill up the void places which are continually appearing in the regions nearer the sea.



MISSION-HOUSE OF THE CATHOLICS AT THE GABOON.

CHAPTER V.

RELIGION OF THE GABOON NEGROES—GODS AND FETICHE HUTS—MALE AND FEMALE FETICHISTS—THE SICK AND THEIR DOCTORS—GABONESE FUNERAL—POISONERS AND SORCERERS—TRIAL OF ICAJA—A WAR FETICHE—THE GOD OF THE WHITES AND THE GOD OF THE BLACKS—THE SHARK'S COUSIN.

THE Gabonese are votaries of fetichism; and by the Gabonese I must be understood to mean all the tribes who live in this part of Africa. We must not, however, take the word fetiche too literally, and in the restricted sense which has been given to it by some writers.

The simple worship of inanimate objects, without attri-

buting to them any symbolical value, is much more rare than one might suppose. Understood thus exclusively, fetichism is not the religion of the Gabonese; for they believe in evil spirits, and hold in awe the souls of the dead. They have, it must be allowed, but a very imperfect conception of superior beings; they invest them with a material form, but it is very doubtful whether any abstract idea of the immaterial has ever entered their minds. But however vague their conception of the supernatural may be, they entertain at least some notions about it; and these are sufficient to raise them, to a certain extent, in the intellectual scale of humanity.

If to the respect, or, rather, I should say, to the fear, with which the wandering souls of the dead inspire their minds—to this belief in the existence of genii as possessing great power of inflicting evil, and yet little solicitous about conferring good—we add an implicit belief in the virtue of a multitude of talismans and of fetiches which possess the power of preserving them from sickness or from the accidents of war, we seem to have everything contained in their theology. It is in the more distant villages that these beliefs exercise a real sway. The inhabitants of the coast have lost, in their intercourse with the Europeans, at least to a great extent, confidence in the powers of their gods, without having received as yet any higher system of belief in exchange; so that we may look upon them at the present time as practically without religion. They are all more or less superstitious.



AKÉRA, A YOUNG GIRL OF THE GABOON.

The two words fetiches and fetichists, are ever on the lips of the Gabonese. With them everything is fetiche. Moondah, the word which expresses this idea, appears to be as the "taboo" of the Tahitians—the foundation of their language. The little ornament of tiger's claws which the women wear round their neck, is called moondah; the elegant and finely-cut plate with which fishing-tackle is carefully adorned, is called moondah; the particle of the burnt ashes of a leopard's brain which the warrior hides under his cotton drawers, and grasps at the moment of battle to give him courage, is also moondah. This is regarded as a powerful fetiche; but there is one which they consider as more powerful still. It consists of the ashes from the burnt flesh or bones of a white man. This is a talisman infallible in war.

But these, after all, are only amulets; their real gods are representations, more or less grotesque, of the human form. Their idols are often fashioned to represent the features of a European, with aquiline nose, thin lips, and light colour. Is this a mere freak of fancy? Is it a kind of homage paid to the superiority of the white man? I cannot say; but in any case I think that there is no good ground for accepting the view expressed by a traveller in the last century, who having remarked the same circumstance on the Congo, and having observed that the course of emigration brings the people of the interior to the coast, was of opinion that the features and colour given to their idols pointed, perhaps, to the existence of a white race in the centre of the continent.

These fetiches are sometimes to be seen in their dwellings, especially in those of their chiefs, where they are supposed to exercise the same tutelary power which was assigned to the Lares by the ancient heathen. But this is not where we usually find them. In every village a little hut is set apart for their especial use—a modest temple, sometimes of such small dimensions that the worshippers are scarcely able to enter without crawling; but in the larger villages its appearance is more imposing, more in keeping, in fact, with the importance of the guests for whom it is designed. The inhabitants do not readily admit Europeans into the fetiche hut. In a village of the Ogo-wai, inhabited by a people of the same race as the Gabonese, I was permitted to enjoy this honour by a chief, in his delight at receiving a visit from a European for the first time.

In a hut of moderate pretensions, three fetiches, a god and two goddesses, their faces bedaubed with red and white

paint, and their bodies unpretendingly draped in European cotton, reclined on a kind of bed or altar. Articles of different kinds were suspended around them—cotton drawers, for instance, and skins of wild beasts; there were, however, no scalps, no spoils taken from enemies, nothing repulsive. The articles were votive offerings, no doubt, but altogether of a peaceful kind. The fine and manly form of my entertainer seemed to expand at the sight of these wooden gods. Was I in the temple of a savage, or by the side of a great child smiling at his puppets?

I cannot say exactly what ceremonies are practised inside these fetiche huts; they cannot be very imposing. A few prayers, perhaps, or invocations to the god for preservation from sickness, protection from the vengeance of enemies, and, above all, a request that the suppliant may be fortunate in some contemplated commercial transaction. On fête days these idols are paraded with great pomp through the villages. On these occasions every one daubs his body with painted figures of the most grotesque character, and follows the procession chanting and singing in most discordant tones. When a village engages in a great religious ceremony of this kind, the king himself is the leader, as holding the highest authority in both political and religious matters. A long belt fastened to the edge of his sleeve is the mark of his dignity. Every one bows before this sacred symbol, and there are but few refractory ones who refuse to acknowledge its power.

But independently of the kings, there are those who have the title of fetichists, many of whom have but little of the religious character about them, and are principally sorcerers and doctors. These are supposed to possess the power of entering into communication with the spirits at will. When they are appealed to in order to decide some disputed matter, they shut themselves up in a fetiche hut, or retire to some solitary wood, and seat themselves at the foot of a tree, which is moondah, and there, after having remained in retirement for some hours, they pronounce judgment. Sometimes they are invited by husbands to interfere in domestic quarrels. Then, strange nocturnal scenes take place, in which ventriloquism, and other tricks of the same character, appear to play an important part.

Once, when passing the night in a village on the banks of the river Remboé, I was awakened by piercing shrieks, which seemed scarcely human. Then a solemn voice re-echoed through the silence which succeeded. Its accent was stern, and seemed to breathe forth anathemas. I was aware that some diabolical ceremony was being practised, and that the cries which I had heard were only a kind of summons to the neighbourhood. I was about to rise, in order to better observe the proceeding, but my host, who was the king of the country, prevented me.

"It is nothing," said he; "it is only a neighbour who is making fetiche about his wife."

This did not much enlighten me, and I was going out, in spite of his entreaties, when he assured me that the face of a white man would drive away the spirits. They had wished, he told me, to await my departure before practising this invocation, but the fetiche, who was only stopping there on his way to some other place, had been paid and was in a hurry. I of course took care not to disconcert his arrangements.

He continued for more than a quarter of an hour his exhortations and reprimands, which the king explained to me at length. All the women in the place must have been in a terrible fright, for the subject of inquiry was a serious case of conjugal infidelity, and the divine voice did not point to any culprit in particular. At length groans and sobs were heard close to my hut; they proceeded from my neighbour's wife, who was being soundly chastised by a hand at once rude and sacred. Divine vengeance was satisfied; the other women might sleep quietly; for this night at least they were safe.

This religious correction has a double advantage; it reaches the guilty party, and at the same time it inspires all others with a salutary terror. It may easily be supposed that it produces a great effect.

The old chief who explained to me this nocturnal scene, pretended that the fetichists were only useful to keep up in the minds of the women the feeling of respect which they ought to entertain for their lord and master. Where next will scepticism find a resting-place for itself?

In speaking of the male fetichist we must not forget the female. I have only seen one of these women, and that was on the river Ogo-wai, where European influence has not as yet extended so far as to obliterate all traces of distinctive national habits.

M. Serval, a lieutenant in the navy, and myself had just arrived at the village of Avenga-wiri. Our appearance in the midst of these people, who had never before seen any European, did not produce its usual effect. A vast crowd, assembled round a hut, from whence issued a most execrable din, made up of the sounds of the "tam-tam" and shrill cries, seemed scarcely moved at the sight of us. Evidently something important was going on there. We entered the house, not without considerable difficulty, and became eye-witnesses of a scene which was at the same time hideous and grotesque. In the middle of a large room a young woman, with her body almost naked, and tattooed with all kinds of figures, while her face was painted in four different colours like a quartered escutcheon, was dancing to the beating of the tam-tam in a state of absolute frenzy. From time to time a young negro detached himself from the circle, placed himself before her, and watching with a kind of anxiety the wanton movements of her limbs, tried himself to imitate them as he followed the sound of the tam-tam. As soon as he became fatigued by this rough exercise he gave place to another, whilst the indefatigable vixen, excited by the deafening strains of the music, tired her second partner. In the estimation of the spectators she was an inspired woman, "she saw the spirit." I have seen the tumbling and howling Dervishes at Constantinople, the infernal sect of the Aissaouas in Algiers, and I shall see some day, perhaps, the "Convulsionnaires," for they have not died out even in Europe; but the female fetichist of Avenga-wiri appeared to me to belong to the same class.

We can readily imagine that persons so easily affected by superstitious notions would not regard sickness as a natural derangement of a machine more complicated and consequently more fragile than all others. They look upon it as the effect of poison or sorcery, or the vengeance of some offended deity, and the fetichist is the proper person to apply to for a cure. The most celebrated are those whom a life passed in the solitude of the woods has surrounded with a certain prestige. Amongst these the Boulous have the greatest reputation for skill. A wounded Gabonese will readily apply to a European doctor; but for any internal malady he places implicit confidence in the fetichist.

This is logical too—sickness, being a kind of demoniacal possession, must be amenable before anything to exorcism.

Whenever a sorcerer of reputation—that is to say an oganga—is called upon to practise his art, it is regarded as a most solemn transaction. Dr. Ricard, a naval medical officer, gives us the following description of the mode of proceeding when any chronic disease requires treatment :—

"The fetichist, before he undertakes the case, requires a short time in which to make a perfect diagnosis of the disease. If he is a skilful hand, he begins his operations as soon as the violence of the malady appears at all to abate, otherwise he temporises. As soon as the day is fixed, a large hut is erected in the most public place, in which, according to the number of the patients (who are for the most part females), one or more beds, formed of bamboo, and provided with mosquito-nets, are placed. This hut becomes the meeting-place for all the women in the village ; the idle loiter about there, and occupy themselves either in talking or playing. The patients pass a part of the day in having their bodies rubbed with powders of various colours, and each day the nature of this decoration is altered. Every morning and evening they go out attended by a retinue of women. This promenade, which does not at first extend beyond the precincts of the village, is afterwards prolonged to a distance of many leagues ; in the evening they dance to the sound of the tam-tam. From time to time the fetichist comes and inspects them by the help of a looking-glass, to ascertain the effect of his treatment, and these visits being continued till he has discovered that some improvement has taken place, he is, of course, generally successful. Often the patient has a relapse, and then the fetichist consults the spirits again. Sometimes he declares that the prisoner must die ; at other times he foresees so many difficulties in the case, that he demands a fee for the cure too exorbitant to be given."—*Revue Coloniale*, 1855.

We have here, as M. Ricard remarks, a mode of treatment which, by a graduated system of exercise and the profuse perspiration which it excites, may really have an advantageous influence upon certain chronic affections. But it cannot be applied to all diseases, and it is abundantly evident that in many difficult cases the oganga succeeds by the application of remedies, the nature of which he is at great pains to conceal. I myself have never had the opportunity of carefully observing one of these black doctors at his work, but I have more than once marked their failure. I have also known difficult cases which they have successfully cured.

In connection with this subject, I will describe a scene in which I bore a part, and which is not without its value. It was not a regular consultation. The oganga, a Boulou of my acquaintance, had come the preceding evening ; he had left his prescription, and the patient had followed it. The sufferer was an aged chief, named Kringer, who appeared to be affected with disease of the heart. One day, as I passed through his village, I found him, about noon, seated in the middle of the street in a complete state of nudity. Close by him was a large vessel full of hot water, in which a quantity of herbs were soaking. A kind of holy-water sprinkler was immersed in this decoction. All the people in the village had just ranged themselves in a single line, and were singing some monotonous chant. The procession was on the point of starting when I arrived.

His "principal wife" headed the file ; she took hold of the wet broom and sprinkled the patient twice, pronouncing, at the same time, a form of exorcism against the evil spirit ; she then waited until all who were in attendance had repeated this formula, after which she spat on each side of the patient, as expressing a wish that in a like manner he might cast out the evil spirit by which he was possessed, and then solemnly passed the instrument to her eldest son, who followed her. This ceremony was repeated until the whole village had filed past. It was a long and tedious affair. The poor old chief shivered and shook, and from time to time urged in an imperative voice the procession to greater activity. When the ceremony was finished, he, in his turn, spat twice, muttering at the same time some exorcism ; and then, as a finale, his wives rubbed him for a long time with prepared leaves. What was this preparation? It was very complex, and although I recognised certain elements from having seen them in my botanical excursions, the greater part of them were unknown to me.

However, when I saw Kringer some weeks after this occurrence, I cannot say whether he had succeeded in spitting out the evil spirit, but he seemed to be very much improved in health. Had he really disease of the heart? I very much doubted it then, and I regret now that I did not ascertain the fact by examining the patient myself.

This was a great success, but fetichists do not cure all their patients. When one of them dies, his wives put on mourning ; they shave off their hair, and for a month or two leave off all their ornaments ; they assemble with their female friends in the hut in which the corpse lies, and where it remains exposed for three days. The neighbouring people assemble there to reproach the departed for having given up his life and forsaken his family. As there cannot be a réunion without drinking, eau-de-vie is passed round amongst the assistants. The firing of guns is heard outside. A coffin is made out of some of the boxes belonging to the deceased ; in this he is deposited, with one or two of his household utensils, not forgetting, above all, his glass and his pipe. On the third day the corpse is carried to a burying-ground, hidden in the woods, far away from the sight of man, and especially from Europeans. A small retinue, consisting of his parents and a few slaves, attends him to his last resting-place. If the village is near to the sea, the inhabitants assemble upon the shore at the time of interment. The exact moment when the body is committed to the earth is marked by the firing of a gun, and, on hearing the signal, all throw themselves into the water, taking care to fall upon their backs, in imitation of the poor man who has just been buried. On other occasions, if the deceased person has occupied a position of importance, he is not interred without the sacrifice of some of his slaves, to be his companions. Since, however, they have held intercourse with Europeans, this barbarous custom seems to have disappeared ; but, in spite of the watchfulness of the French authorities, it probably still exists in the more distant villages.

When this ceremony is over all is not, however, completed ; the fetichist is there, and he stoutly maintains his own infallibility. As soon as he has seen his patient pass away, he hastens to announce that he has been poisoned or bewitched. The next step then is to punish those who have been guilty of the crime, and the task of discovery devolves upon himself. This is by no means a difficult matter to effect, for all around him are credulous in the extreme, and he is a master in the art of deception.



THE CHIEF KRINGER, AND HIS FAMILY.

I have taken from the notes of Captain Vignon, who has been for a long time in command of the Gaboon, and who has collected many very interesting facts, an account of a scene descriptive of the mode in which the black art is practised, and with which no European was in any way connected. If at our factories there are any who still believe that sick men die by the spells of sorcerers, at least they leave the sorcerers alone.

"On the day of the funeral, as soon as night sets in, the people of the neighbourhood meet together at the house of the departed, which is lighted up with torches; the fetichist stands in the midst of them. At a given signal, all the assistants begin to sing to the sound of the tam-tam; the fetichist alone dances. This part of the ceremony lasts until near midnight; then the fetichist orders the lights to be put out, and when everything is enveloped in darkness, he invokes the spirits, and entreats them to make known to him the guilty person. These adjurations ended, the torches are re-lighted, and the singing and dancing resumed until day. The fetichist then takes from underneath his clothes the skin of a little animal called 'Eninca,' walks with it round the room, and throwing it down at the feet of the unhappy wretch whom he has previously marked out as the victim, calls out his name, and shouts out in a loud voice, 'Behold the poisoner.' If the selected person is a slave (it is generally upon some one of this class that the fatal verdict falls) he is immediately seized



A VILLAGE ON THE GABOON.

and carried off to some more distant dwelling, there to suffer the punishment due to his crime. Sometimes he is tied to a tree and cut to pieces with knives, at other times he is given up to the Boulous, who burn him alive. If he is a free man, the sentence passed upon him cannot be carried into effect upon this evidence alone; he must submit to the ordeal."

This ordeal is the direct judgment of God upon him, and is of a most dangerous character. The pretended sorcerer is compelled to drink a strong poison. If he succumbs to its effects, his guilt is evident; if he survives the trial, he is pronounced innocent. This poison is extracted from a shrub called at Gaboon icaja, and at Cape Lopez m'boundou. It seems to belong to the family which contains *Nux vomica* and the bean of St. Ignatius; strychnine is its most powerful ingredient. I have found some specimens of it in the marshy forests of the Gaboon. It is a shrub of about six to ten feet in height, not very branching, with few leaves and a long tap-root, which is covered by a bark of a bright red colour. It is this bark which possesses the active properties. It has been analysed by M. Martin, a chemist attached to the navy, who found that it gave all the reactions characteristic of strychnine. When wanted for use, the root is scraped until sufficient is obtained to fill about a third of an ordinary sized glass, then about half a pint of water is poured upon it, which rapidly assumes the colour of the bark. When the infusion is completely coloured, the poison is fit for use.

M. du Chaillu is the only traveller who has taken part in the administration of m'boundou in the inland villages. In one instance, of which he states he was himself a witness, death ensued five minutes after the poison had been swallowed. Blood poured from the eyes and ears of the sufferer—an effect which, to say the least of it, seems very extraordinary. On another occasion he saw an old fetichist named Olanga take it of his own accord, in order to enhance his own credit; for any one who drinks this poison with impunity is supposed infallibly to acquire the gift of divination. I give the story in the words of the traveller himself.

"The poison was prepared, but not in the presence of Olanga. He was not allowed to take any part in its concoction, but two of his friends were deputed to watch over his interests, and see that everything was done according to rule. When the preparations were completed, he was called. He drank the contents of the cup at a draught. At the expiration of five minutes, its power began to show itself. Olanga began to stagger, his eyes became bloodshot, and his limbs were contracted by convulsive movements. He manifested, at the same time, one symptom which enabled the bystanders to foresee that the poison would not prove fatal. This symptom is a profuse liquid evacuation, without which a favourable result is not to be anticipated. The movements of Olanga resembled those of a drunken man. He spoke in the most incoherent manner, so much so that every one imagined that he was under the influence of inspiration, until at last he fell, to all appearance completely intoxicated. It is said that this old doctor was able to swallow the poison in large doses, without feeling any effect from them, except that of profound intoxication. This power has naturally procured him a great reputation."

The description thus given by M. du Chaillu coincides with the accounts given by the inhabitants themselves, whenever they can be induced to talk upon the subject at all, and it reminds us of the principal effects produced by preparations of strychnine. But it is evident that the individual who has been accused of sorcery, and who has been condemned to death by anticipation, is either compelled to drink a stronger dose than that given to the fetichist, or else the latter is in possession of some antidote, by which he is able to neutralise its fatal effects. It is supposed that if a large quantity of palm oil has previously been swallowed, it is sufficient to neutralise the action of the icaja. This antidote is probably not infallible, for when a Gabonese in good circumstances is accused of sorcery, he does everything in his power, by means of presents, to procure exemption from this terrible ordeal.

It must not be thought that this kind of judicial poisoning, the natural consequence of a savage and stupid superstition, is peculiar to this part of the country. A few degrees further to the north, at the mouth of the Niger, the same practices are met with, and the bean of Calabar, one of the most deadly poisons known to us, is the agent employed. In other places some other substance is used, and it is probable that this terrible custom prevails more or less throughout the whole of the African continent, for, with respect to superstition, all negroes are about on a par. The intercourse with Europe, and especially the authority which we are able to exercise, mitigates the cruelty of those who dwell in our immediate neighbourhood; but it is very doubtful whether intercourse with civilised nations really eradicates the original credulity of their nature. I wish it to be understood, however, that I make an exception of those who have been really regenerated by a thorough European education.

The African negro believes in sorcery. Brought, as he is, when quite an infant to our colonies, reared, or, it may be, born amongst us, surrounded by the influences of our religion, but without being withdrawn from the people of his own race, he believes in the existence of "Zombis" (the name given to ghosts at the Antilles), and he always carefully keeps about him some fetiche to protect him. Should one of the ministers of our religion take from him his talisman, and give him some holy relic in exchange, you may be sure that he will fail to understand its symbolic signification. And when he perceives that his new medal fails to preserve him from the evils from which he dreamt that he would be exempted by his own charm, without questioning the sincerity of the missionary, he will return to his national fetiche, making the remark to himself that "the missionary's fetiche is very good for the white man, but it was not intended for the poor black." At the same time, he is not at all astonished, for he is convinced that our God, who has given us so much power and so much wealth, cannot be at the same time the God of the black man.

He appears to think, moreover, on the other hand, that his gods take little interest in us, and that the power of his fetiches is not transferable to us, and therefore he sometimes gives them to us with but little hesitation. I bought one day, for a few rolls of tobacco, one of those strange little figures which are to be found in every village, with a bit of glass inserted in its breast, and a circlet made of the feathers of the touraco round its head. The bargain was a long and difficult matter to arrange, for this grotesque little god, fixed at the end of a stick, was a great war fetiche, whose value had been proved by long service. The warrior in whose possession it was, fixed it in the ground by his side when he went to sleep, and then slumbered free from all anxiety. We can easily understand that the happy

possessor of such a talisman would hesitate before he parted with it. He let me have it in the end, but he would not have sold it to a black man at any price. He was willing to part with that which ensured his own invulnerability, because it would be of no value to the person to whom he transferred it; but he would not have been so foolish as to give it up to any one on whom it would confer protection, and who might, perhaps, one day be his enemy.

This belief in the existence of different gods for the two races both comforts the black man and feeds his vanity. The superiority of the European in what we may call the world of material facts is overwhelmingly evident to him; but, with this exception, he refuses to acknowledge it. When he sees us smile at some of the strange dreams which his superstitious imagination has conjured up, he gently reproaches us with our incredulity, and tries to make us understand (not without a certain air of pride) that the God of the white man, who has shown himself to be so generous to him in some respects, has, notwithstanding, concealed from him more than one mystery, the secrets of which the black man has been able to penetrate.

Such was the nature of the reply once made to my friend M. Serval, under rather odd circumstances, which deserve narration. He was at that time in command of a small despatch boat, the *Pioneer*, the crew of which was composed mainly of blacks—not Gabonese and fetichists, but inhabitants of Senegal, and Mahommedans, and consequently in all respects superior to them. One day, one of these laptots, whilst bathing close to the vessel, had his legs bitten off by a shark, and died almost immediately. A few days after, the men had the satisfaction of harpooning one of these dangerous creatures, and they naturally regarded it as the murderer of their comrade. They had already hoisted it on deck, and felt assured that the moment for wreaking their vengeance had arrived, when one of their companions, who had been busy on the lower deck, presented himself suddenly above the hatchway, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy. At the same instant the shark made a violent effort, and succeeded in freeing itself from the hook, and fell back into the sea. To men exasperated, and who believed that they had their enemy safe, there was something altogether unnatural in the event. The laptot who so inopportunely made his appearance unfortunately belonged to a tribe which was held in but little esteem, and which was strongly suspected of sorcery. His sudden appearance, and the cry which he had uttered, seemed to make the matter clear. He was evidently in league with the shark, and, following out this idea, they presently discovered that the master of the deep was his cousin, who had put on this form for the purpose of performing his part in some terrible piece of witchcraft. The crew, furious against their companion for making his appearance so unseasonably, wished to throw him overboard to keep company with his cousin, and such would have been his lot if the gourmet had not protected him. The gourmet is the chief who presides over every company of laptots, and who is often appointed at the moment of embarkation. He is chosen from amongst the most intelligent, is held in much esteem, and his authority is always respected. But on this occasion his voice was treated with contempt; besides, he was himself but half assured of the innocence of the accused, and consequently he did not protect him very zealously. more because he felt constrained to enforce discipline than for any other reason. At length, he went to the captain to tell him of the disturbance. M. Serval, who knew him to be an intelligent man, tried in vain to reason him out of his folly; he would not be convinced, and cut short every argument with this unanswerable piece of reasoning, "White men know a great deal —much more than black men; but there are some things which they are quite ignorant about, and which black men understand perfectly." He meant, of course, the works of sorcery. What reply could be made to this? None. M. Serval succeeded in keeping things quiet for three or four days by reason of the respect in which his men held him, but the position of the poor sorcerer was untenable, and it was necessary to put him on shore.

Such, then, are the blacks—I mean the better sort of them. Civilise them as much as you will, and develop their good qualities, but if you do not withdraw them from the influence of their race, your real success will, I fear, be but small. They will become little better, after all, than what many of them are already—children of nature, gentle and good, simple minded, endowed with moderate inventive powers, imitative to a very great extent, capable of devoted attachment, and brave at times; but the old negro nature lives, and will ever live, under the black skin, and you must not be astonished if one day he escapes from you, and, under the influence of some dark superstition, reveals himself in his true and natural colours—shows himself, in fact, to be plainly, what in reality he has never ceased to be—trustful as a child, and equally cruel.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE FIELDS—NATURAL PRODUCTS—OLEAGINOUS AND AROMATIC PLANTS—RICHES OF THE FORESTS.

If the social and intellectual life of the blacks has always its interesting side, we can scarcely say the same of their material life. I have endeavoured to describe the dress and the dwellings of the Gabonese. Their intercourse with Europeans has given them a taste for a certain degree of comfort in this respect; but as regards their food they are much as they ever were. Although nature exhibits on all sides a wonderfully prolific power, they have barely sufficient to supply their own wants, and absolutely nothing for foreigners. Even in the immediate neighbourhood of their own villages we scarcely see anything but a few beautiful tufts of bananas or manioc; and in their interior some sacred trees in the close vicinity of a fetiche hut, and some ilangas—a liliaceous plant, supposed to possess the power of keeping off lightning. The mango, imported by the Europeans, is beginning to be found here, but the bread-fruit tree does not succeed so well, in spite of the vigorous efforts of the French missionaries.

Round the country dwellings the banana, manioc, yams, and maize, are cultivated on a larger scale, and the sugar-cane in small quantities, with a few aromatic plants. The place in which these are grown is frequently changed at the expense of the neighbouring forests. The clearing of the woods is not effected without considerable labour. The inhabitants of the villages go out together en masse for the purpose, and encamp in the open fields. They put up rude shelters covered with the leaves of a tree very frequently met with, called the ogongou. Some of the women occupy themselves in cooking, whilst others, with their children on their backs, are engaged in assisting the men to cut up the trees which have been felled.

In the evening they dance to the sound of the tam-tam, for this is the conclusion of all their occupations, whether of work or of pleasure.

The fires burn brightly in the forest and cast a vivid reflection on the energetic movements of the dancers, whilst their skin absolutely shines with the perspiration resulting from their violent and wanton movements. Night and day are filled with activity; there is an animation and life which is unknown in their villages. Every one seems to have thrown off his natural idleness, and to be bent upon vigorous exertions. But as soon as the ground is really cleared and the great task completed, their natural instincts at once resume their sway—the men go home to repose after their unusual fatigue, and leave to the women the work of sowing, without assistance, the ground which has been cleared by united efforts. It is, in fact, the banana and the manioc which arouse them to this unwonted activity. Both of these trees seem to be indigenous, although I have never met with the banana except in places which have been at some period or other under cultivation. This tree is of immense value to the country. I have heard of nineteen different kinds, and I have myself transmitted specimens of several varieties to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, at Algiers. Some of these bear fruits of an enormous size, but none possess that delicate taste peculiar to the little banana, so well known to our colonies under the name of the fig banana. The manioc has a great advantage over that of America in not being poisonous. It is prepared in a peculiar manner, and reduced to a paste called gouma, after a preliminary course of maceration, which produces a certain amount of fermentation and a sharp and nauseous flavour, and which, notwithstanding, is highly appreciated by the natives. This, with dried fish and the banana, baked before it comes to maturity, forms the staple of their food. Nor are sauces wanting for this simple diet. There is perhaps no country richer in oleaginous products,



TRUNK OF THE OVOÜNCHUA, A SPECIES OF "FICUS."



BAKALAI WOMAN AND CHILDREN.

which have never been made use of. With the almond of Oba, which is a beautiful mango tree natural to the country, a paste called dika is made, in flavour and colour very much like chocolate; a remarkable production, which M. Aubry le Comte, who is at present manager of the Colonial Exhibition, was the first to bring into notice. Two trees belonging to the sapota family, the djavé and the noungou, supply, the former a kind of semi-fluid oil, and the latter a fine fatty substance, of a pure white colour. A tree which grows to a great height, called m'poga, produces an excellent kind of oil; but it is difficult to extract, owing to the excessive hardness of the fruit which contains it. A leguminous flowering plant, the owala, bears a huge pod, the seeds of which are oleaginous and eatable. If to this very imperfect list we add the palm oil, which is not very common, and the arachide, of which the natives think but little, because its cultivation calls for a certain amount of labour, we may see how rich this country is in vegetable products, and what immense resources its inhabitants have at their command, if they were willing to take the trouble to cultivate them. In fact, cultivation is scarcely necessary, and they are only required to multiply and group together the more useful kinds.

We must not close this account without speaking of the more highly-flavoured condiments to be met with in the Gaboon, of which, however, but little use is made. First on the list stands the maketa, or golden ginger, excellent in quality; next, the yan-gue-bere, the enoné, and many other plants belonging to the cardamom family, whose hot and aromatic seeds are well known as articles of commerce under the names of malaguette, Guinea pepper, and grains of paradise, &c., and which have been sometimes used by us both for chemical and culinary purposes. There is also a tree called ogana, which bears pods of a somewhat strong aroma. Nutmegs are not, I think, produced in the country, but we found there, however, nutmeg trees of two different kinds, called the combo and the niohué, the nut of which is without perfume, but very oleaginous. The vanilla tree is common, but not its aromatic pod. I have, indeed, often seen the plant, but never the fruit. The women, who make use of the leaf in preparations for the toilet, are altogether unacquainted with its pod or its perfume; it is therefore probable that this plant, in its natural state, produces fruit less frequently than those of the same species found in America.

The Gabonese is, like all Orientals, sensual in his temperament, and pretends to be in the possession of remedies for the cure of impotence. The aphrodisiac most in repute is the root of the iboga (*Taberna ventricosa*, belonging to the order of *Apocyneæ*). This is a kind of general stimulant, taking the place of coffee, and the natives make use of it in their long canoe excursions to prevent them sleeping and to revive their energies. The fruit of many other plants possesses similar properties; the one held in most repute is the red orendé, another, the ombené (the *Sterculia acuminata* of Palisot de Beauvois), is well known under the name of colat, or gourou. Its rough, sweet taste strongly affects the papillæ of the tongue, and renders them for the moment insensible to the more delicate flavours: brackish water then appears fresh and leave to the valuable property, which causes this fruit to be much ground which the Soudan, where it is an important article of the banana and here is not a single person who has travelled in activity. Both this country since the time of René Caillé, who has not spoken of the excellent properties of this plant.

None of these products cost the Gabonese any labour; the forests in the midst of which their cultivated fields are situated, supply them in abundance. These forests are in appearance as grand and majestic as we should expect to find them in a country where the sun is so powerful, and the rain so abundant. Around these trees, which grow sometimes to an immense height, climbing plants of the utmost variety entwine themselves: innumerable leguminous bindweeds of a thousand colours, passion flowers, *Combretaceæ*, trumpet flowers of all sorts; two or three kinds of vines of immense size, whose grapes, which have a very tolerable flavour, although rather pulpy, would no doubt be very much improved by judicious cultivation; *Apocyneæ* of all kinds, some secreting, like the inée, a dangerous poison, others, like the n'dambo, yielding at the same time delicious fruits and great quantities of india-rubber.

A mere list of the botanical riches of this country would be almost endless. I must not, however, omit to mention the ogina-gina, a tree producing a kind of gum, the okoumé, or candle-wood, a gigantic tree which secretes a kind of resin in abundance, and out of whose trunk their largest canoes are formed; fig-trees producing in greater or less quantities a species of India-rubber, which is turned to no account, and woods used in the making of furniture, many interesting specimens of which were sent to the Paris Exhibition.

I shall, I hope, be excused for giving these botanical details, if my reader will only call to mind that the principal beauty of this country consists in the rich mantle of verdure with which it is perpetually clothed, and which affords almost its only attraction to those Europeans who are unable to penetrate into the interior. The fauna is much less varied in character, and presents less to attract the curious. The natives themselves, with their habits and manners strangely altered, though often not much for the better, by intercourse with Europeans—with their vices, rendered no less revolting, although to some extent excusable on account of the rough and savage condition in which they live (I speak, of course, of the tribes on the coast)—scarcely suffice to excite the curiosity of the traveller on his first arrival amongst them. After a time he feels nothing but indifference.

The vegetable world alone, so different from everything amongst ourselves, and at each step assuming such new features, presents a spectacle so essentially varied to eyes capable of appreciating it, that it affords the weary mind an inexhaustible and welcome source of occupation.

For myself, I feel that in endeavouring to convey to others the impression produced upon my mind by these magnificent forests in which I have wandered as a novice, admiring the beauty and riches of the vegetable kingdom here so profusely displayed, rather than as a scientific inquirer, I only try to discharge a debt of gratitude I owe to these scenes. The greatest boon that a European can expect in a country so little suited to him by its climate and social conditions, is to find so much agreeable mental occupation presented by the inexhaustible variety of its natural productions. My rambles in the woods daily offered me something new to admire and investigate; and it is saying much, after a residence of several months in such a region, to confess that I never suffered from ennui, nor was ever depressed with the feeling of home sickness.

A Journey up the Orinoco to the Caratal Gold Field—Raleigh's "El Dorado."—III.

BY C. LE NEVE FOSTER, B.A., D.SC., F.G.S.

CHAPTER IV.—(*continued*).

THE MINES.

THE next day was devoted to an excursion to Panama, which is the name given to a little clearing about two miles to the west of the town. It is reached by a path through the forest, which brings one suddenly upon a few miserable hovels, the abode of a few miners, who have been getting gold from loose quartz blocks that strew the hill-side, as well as by quarrying away the outcrop of lodes. To lessen the labour of breaking the rock, the miners have called in the aid of fire, for burning renders the quartz far more friable. The miners never work upon any quartz which does not contain visible gold. All quartz which shows small particles of gold is pounded up by hand in iron mortars; or, if the miner is poor, he simply buys an iron pestle, and burning out a hole in the stump of a tree, uses that as a mortar, and rigs up a stamping apparatus by the side of his hut. The gold is easily got from the powdered auriferous quartz by amalgamating it in a batea. The batea is a wooden pan, which is partly filled with the powdered ore; water and a little quicksilver being added, and the whole kneaded up carefully, the gold unites with the quicksilver, which is thus reunited into one mass by washing. Squeezed through a cloth, the quicksilver leaves a solid mass of amalgam behind, and, on heating this on a shovel, the quicksilver is driven off, and a cake of gold left behind. It is in this manner that all the gold quartz is worked. At present the most important workings in the district are at Callao.

On leaving Nueva Providencia by a mule-path to the north, you pass through plantations of sugar-cane, plantains, maize, and the cassava plant, for the distance of about a mile, and then enter the forest, which continues for half a mile, till the Callao clearing is reached. Here, indeed, we have a specimen of a rough mining village. We first come upon some fenced clearings, where the charred trunks of trees and heaps of white ashes show that the timber has been recently felled, and has to be burnt to be got rid of. The path soon brings us to the village itself. Even here we see evident proofs that what is now a scene of active industry was forest a few years ago; for stump after stump of the original timber remains standing in the street, forming a number of natural posts. Stores are numerous. Many of them are open booths, and in this respect impart to the village the look of some of the Continental fairs. I need hardly say that at Caratal the billiard-table is not wanting, and close by is another table covered with a white cloth, where gambling is constantly going on. Crowding round it are negroes and Venezuelans of all classes, satisfying their passion for the national vice, which is really the curse of the diggings. To give some idea of how much it prevails, I may state that one man in Nueva Providencia does nothing else but manufacture dice. I have passed his cottage day after day between six and seven in the morning, and have always seen him hard at work cutting out and marking the little ivory cubes. The large consumption of dice is in part due to suspicions of unfair play, for you may see an unlucky gambler rush out into the street, dice in hand, and smash them between two stones, to see whether or no they have been loaded.

Signs of mining are apparent everywhere. Shaft after shaft is met with, where negroes are hauling up gold quartz from a depth of thirty or forty yards, and from the sheds which cover the pits comes the clank of the pestle and mortar. Women and children gather round the heaps of refuse, and, thanks to the keenness of their vision, can manage to pick out a good many pieces of quartz, with small specks of gold which had escaped the eyes of the miners. This affords them the means of easily earning a little money; and each one pounds the quartz himself, or even rubs it fine between two stones, amalgamates the powder, and gets out a little cake of gold, which he sells at one or other of the shops. The Callao miners are working a quartz vein, or "reef," which has furnished extraordinary riches: most beautiful specimens, showing coarse pieces of gold, are obtained every day, and masses of pure white quartz, dotted over with lumps and streaks of virgin gold, show how much money may be earned in some cases even where everything is done by manual labour. Still, if the Callao lode is to be worked much deeper, the miners must inevitably have recourse to machinery. The deeper pits are much troubled by water, which at the present time has to be hauled out by means of buckets.

After Callao, the most flourishing diggings are at Chile, about four miles from Nueva Providencia. As we leave the town on the south, some of the tierra de flor workings may be noticed. Just under the soil, a layer of red earth is often met with, which contains nuggets of gold. The earth is dug up, washed in a batea, and the nuggets are found in the bottom. The largest nugget yet obtained in the district, one of fifteen pounds weight, was found in the tierra de flor, at a stone's throw from the town. Close by are some old alluvial diggings, and great care is required as you ride along, so as not to fall into one of the numerous old pits with which the surface is riddled just like a sieve. The path winds in and out between these open pits, and where the clayey soil is wet and slippery, an accident might easily happen. In crossing the Mucupia, if the dry season is not too far advanced, you are sure to come upon miners washing gold-bearing earth which they have dug up in the neighbourhood. Seated on a stone in one of the pools to which the brook is now reduced, and without other clothing than his drawers, the miner mixes up the auriferous dirt with water, and by a skilfully-imparted motion, manages to wash away the lighter particles, and leave the gold behind. The ride through the forest offers no feature of peculiar interest till the Aguinaldo diggings are reached, in a little valley about two miles from the town. Here the clear and beautiful note of the minero, or miner-bird, is sure to greet the traveller. It is often heard in other places, but along the Chile road you are invariably favoured by its song. The miners say that it is never heard unless there is gold close by; and in this case, at all events, they say so with reason. The Aguinaldo diggings are very shallow. After making a pit some six or eight feet deep through coarse gravel, the pebbles often being as big as one's

head, the miner reaches the "pay dirt," from which the nuggets and small grains are extracted by simple washing in a batea. The adjoining "Peru" valley, through which the path leads, is also dotted over with numerous pits, and ere long we reach a little clearing, with a few huts known as "Peru;" and then, climbing rather a steep hill, we drop down upon Chile. The workings here are perhaps the most striking in the district, as there is now a great chasm in the hill-side, caused by the falling in of the workings a year or two ago; and the miners have been forced to abandon the system of quarrying away the "reef" or vein, and now work it by means of shafts. These are pretty numerous for a distance of about a quarter of a mile, and a great deal of rich gold quartz has been obtained from veins and branches at Chile. A fortunate Frenchman actually obtained 110 pounds weight of gold, worth between four and five thousand pounds, from one pit in a very short space of time.

It will be seen from the various statements I have made, that nearly all the Caratal gold is obtained from quartz veins or "reefs."* The alluvial diggings, or tierra de flor, at the present moment are not very much worked, and it is only in the dry season that anything can be done in the present river beds; though these for a long time formed the only source of gold that was known. The total annual production is but small—only about 30,000 ounces; but it must be remembered that every bit of quartz has been pounded by hand, and every particle of alluvial gold washed out in a batea.

Having visited the principal workings in the diggings, I began to make excursions into the forest in all directions, so as thoroughly to explore the gold-bearing region; and here I met with little to interest the general reader. The forest is not usually too thick to prevent one's walking; but still a large knife is often wanted to cut the way through occasional dense portions where the undergrowth is very thick. Having read such glowing descriptions of the forests of South America, where vegetation was so luxurious, so gorgeous, and so striking, it was not without disappointment that I traversed the forests of Caratal. There is an absence of striking tropical features, a dearth of palms, orchids, and large ferns, which I expected to find. You have fine trees, it is true, furnishing good and useful timber; but to the general observer there is nothing particularly tropical in their look, excepting the numerous lianas which hang down everywhere like ropes. The chain liana, bejuco de cadena, is said to furnish an extract with properties similar to those of sarsaparilla; and there are many plants to which the Indians and natives ascribe important medicinal properties, and probably not without reason.

I quite expected to have found plenty of game and animals of all sorts in the Caratal forests; but I was forgetting that so many of the miners carried guns, and had been destroying game for the last ten years. The hunter may get deer, and have good sport in shooting the peccary, or wild pig; but these animals were far more abundant ten years ago, though they may still be found in fair quantities in any unfrequented part. The American tiger, or jaguar, has been killed at Caratal, and hence the name "Tigre" given to the hill close to the town. It is a rare animal in the district; the puma and tiger-cats are also rare. The so-called urso, or bear of the country, is simply the ant-eater. I happened to see one in the savannah near Guri. The large tapir (*danta*) still roams through the forest; but I was never lucky enough to meet with one. It is far more commonly the case to hear than to see monkeys, and the howling of the araguato (*Simia ursina*) often startles one in the solitude of the forest. Birds are numerous. The large pauji or curassow, the pava or paba (Penelope), the gruya, and a kind of partridge, may all be shot in the Caratal forests, and are all very good eating. Parrots, parroquets, woodpeckers, doves, toucans, orioles, and humming birds are common; and I have already spoken of the minero.

Snakes are far from being common. I have heard of rattlesnakes near Guasipati, but not in the neighbourhood of Nueva Providencia; and though I was more than two months in the district, and in the forest every day, I only saw four snakes. Of these, two belonged to a species of whipsnake, and one was the beautiful but deadly corral; this I was fortunate enough to kill.

There is but little fishing carried on in the Yuruari and its tributaries, though fish are not uncommon. It is somewhat curious to the European to see crabs, large enough to be eaten, living in fresh water—for instance, in the Mucupia brook. I was disappointed with regard to the insects; they do not strike one as being numerous or attractive for size and beauty. I suppose this must be accounted for by the absence of flowering plants. It is true I did meet with a few large and gorgeous butterflies, and managed to secure several species, but still not so many as I had expected. There is one insect, however, which is universal in the forest, and that is the troublesome tick called garrapata by the Spaniards. It attaches itself to your clothes as you walk through the forest, and quickly finding some means of getting to your skin, there buries its proboscis and fattens away at your expense. It produces only a very slight irritation of the skin; but when on returning from a walk, and finding from one to five dozen of these insects adhering to the skin on all parts of your body, you are apt to get fidgety till you have dispatched the very last. Another insect pest is the jigger, chigoe, nigua, or *Pulex penetrans*, common here as in the West Indies generally. I did not see or hear a mosquito all the time I was at Nueva Providencia, but of course a few are met with in the rainy season.

The climate of Caratal during the months of October, November, and December is uniformly warm, but not oppressively hot. The extremes of temperature that I noticed were 68° Fahr. and 92° Fahr. On getting up in the morning I usually found the thermometer at 75° Fahr., and it would rise to 88° or 90° in the afternoon. The diurnal range was very small. In the forest itself you are not exposed to the direct rays of the sun, and during the dry months these temperatures, as might be supposed, are very far from being unpleasant. In October, November, and December the weather on the whole was dry; from the 20th of November to the 20th of December there were thirteen days on which rain fell, but as a rule the showers were very short, and appeared to be very local. This rain is called that of the Nortés, or north winds. I am told that January, February, and March are dry months, and very pleasant. The rainy season begins at the end of April or early in May, and lasts till September.

At the present time it cannot be said that the climate of

* For further information about the geology of the district, and mode of working the gold deposits, I must refer the reader to my paper "On the Caratal Gold Field," read before the Geological Society of London, June, 1869.



FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE ORINOCO.

Caratal is perfectly healthy. Many persons suffer from an enlargement of the spleen, and more still fall ill of intermittent fever, which is rather troublesome than dangerous. With proper care it may be cured in a few days, and as far as I know, no one died of fever whilst I was in Caratal. I knew one man who did all he could to aggravate his illness, which, in spite of his folly, did not carry him off. No doubt, care and temperate living will enable a man to resist it, at all events, for a time. I am glad to say that I never enjoyed better health in my life than I did during my stay in Nueva Providencia, and I may add at the same time that I never took a grain of quinine all the time I was in the country, though I was asked by people at least three times a week, "Have you had the fever yet?" as if it were a matter of course that I should have it.

The cause of this fever is not to be found in swamps and marshes, for I saw none in the neighbourhood. It can only be attributed to the decomposition of vegetable matter during the clearing of the forest, and the want of freer ventilation. At the present time the mining settlements are shut in by the forest on all sides, and if miasmata arise there is no draught to carry them off. A hot sun pouring down upon wet, decaying leaves, lying on a clayey soil, is surely a sufficient cause for the production of malarious emanations, and if these are not speedily blown away they may be expected at any time to produce fever.

If this theory be correct, the remedy is simple; extend the clearing so as to let in more air, and burn the leaves and boughs, instead of letting them rot away. Dr. Stevens, the manager of the American Company, told me that he had reduced the sickness among his men fourteen per cent., by building sheds over the barrancos where they worked; his men were thus kept dry, and not exposed to the sun.

In procuring information about the climate, the *granum salis* is all-important. One man will tell you that a place is not fit for a dog to live in, whilst another will say he has enjoyed perfect health there for the last twenty years; so much depends on the individual. I met a man one morning in one of the Nueva Providencia stores, carefully wrapped up in blankets, and suffering from fever, and I naturally condoled with him on his ill luck. "Oh," said a friend of mine, to whom I was mentioning the fact shortly afterwards, "you don't know the whole story; the man had too much bitter beer last night, and it is all his own fault." The fact is this: slight excesses, which in Europe would simply give one a headache the next morning, will often bring on fever in the tropics.

To show how men will lay the fault on the locality and not on themselves, I may here relate an anecdote about a man who happened to be in Caratal during the early part of my stay there. He came home drunk one night, and it was some time before he could find his hammock. At last this feat was accomplished, and he tried to take off his big riding-boots. This was quite beyond his powers, and after many fruitless efforts he lay down in his hammock and soliloquised: "Well, I have travelled all over the world; I lived five years in Brazil, ten in Cuba, four in Jamaica; I have travelled through Spain and Portugal, I have been in Africa; but I never yet was in such a d—— country, where a man is obliged to go to bed with his boots on." This story, of course, became the joke of the place, and Venezuela was always known as "the country where a man must go to bed with his boots on."

Seven Months in the Balearic Islands.—III.

BY E. G. BARTHOLOMEW, C.E., M.S.E.

MINORCA—DIFFICULTIES OF TRAVELLING—MAHON—IVISA, THE PEARL OF THE MEDITERRANEAN—HISTORICAL SKETCH.

LEAVING Majorca, and the small adjoining group of Cabrera, I pass now to Minorca, the second in importance of the Balearic Islands. I shall proceed thither by way of Ciudadella, because it is the nearest point to Majorca; this island will, however, receive a smaller share of notice than its larger and more important neighbour, though it is not devoid of interest in many respects. Its ancient history, no doubt, closely resembles that of Majorca, but we are led to this belief rather from the relics of antiquity which have frequently been met with, than from written records. Some ancient remains exist in the "termino" or district of Alayor, which are supposed to have been a Druidical altar. A vast number of coins have at different periods been dug up, amongst them Carthaginian, Celtic, Greek, Phœnician, Macedonian, and Roman—those of the latter kind being principally of the time of the Emperor Constantine, while in addition to these a few silver Arabian coins have also been met with.

It is certain that the Carthaginians possessed Minorca at one time; in fact, Mahon, the largest and most important town in the island, was named after Mago, the Carthaginian general who founded it. The Romans wrested Minorca from the Carthaginians, and they in their turn yielded it up to the northern barbarians, who gave way to the Moors, who were themselves subdued by the king of Majorca in the eleventh century; and the island continued part of the kingdom of Arragon till 1375, when, with Majorca, it became united to Spain.

Minorca has played no inconsiderable part in the great drama of events which have transpired in Europe within the last 150 years. In 1708 it was taken from Spain by the British, who held it till 1756, when it was captured by the French. It was restored to Britain by treaty in 1763, was taken by Spain in 1782, and re-taken by Britain in 1798. During the American war Minorca was again captured by Spain, and finally ceded to her in 1814. The cause of the repeated efforts made by England to retain this island has been the facilities it afforded the government for keeping the Algerines in restraint; its possession induced those pirates to pay more

deference to the English flag than to that of any other nation, and secured a stricter observance of treaties.

Before I visited the island, I had been led to believe there yet remained in Minorca many of the inhabitants speaking English. In this I was disappointed. A few of the "oldest inhabitants" remembered the occupation by the British, fifty years before, and I was gratified at finding my countrymen spoken very highly of, to the disparagement of the Spaniards and their government.

The general aspect of the country bears an unfavourable comparison with the other islands; its scenery is much less diversified, and the island is, for the most part, badly cultivated. There are a few exceptions to this, the most fertile districts lying along the northern coast. In the centre of the island there are also a few pretty valleys, called "barancoes;" but the whole of the south and west parts are low, sandy, and unproductive. The highest hill in Minorca (1,206 feet) is situated near the middle of the island, and is surmounted by a convent dedicated to "Our Lady of the Bull." The island is so barren, and so badly cultivated, as scarcely to yield sufficient food for the inhabitants. The absence of mountains prevents the formation of currents of cool air, and the excessive heat of the summer so relaxes the energies of the inhabitants that, although both copper and iron exist here, the people are too lazy to work the mines. There is a curious subterranean lake within a cave near Cava Perella; besides this, there is nothing in the country districts worthy of note.

A very well-constructed road runs completely through the island, from Ciudadella to Mahon, a distance of nearly thirty miles. Half the battle of a journey may be said to be overcome when the road is good; but your enemy will gain the victory, in spite of the road, if the conveyance and motive power be no better than that which I had to endure in my journey over this thirty miles of really good road. The carriage was devoid of springs, and the two unequally-sized mules had, without doubt, been already doing duty for many long hours before their owner offered, for not a very small sum, to convey me to Mahon. Ignorance of the capabilities of the animals was in my case bliss; so, delaying my departure till the cool of the day, myself and my companions rested for an hour or two; and then, resigning ourselves to the guidance of our driver—I was going to say our Jehu, only his mules prevented his being that—and making ourselves comfortable in the straw of the tartana, we started on our journey. In some respects it was fortunate our animals were fagged, as high-pressure speed would have been unbearable; as it was, the accommodating pace enabled me to walk nearly the whole distance, paying, nevertheless, for the escort and the carriage of the luggage. So well arranged was the speed, that I could without difficulty make an advance of a mile or two, and then rest on the bank and "wait for the wagon." Whatever desire we might have had to accelerate matters, neither threats nor cajolery could move the wretched animals one step faster. The reader may naturally remark that such conduct from mules is only to be expected; but a Spanish mule is a very differently constituted animal to an English mule. A Spaniard does *not* expect stubbornness from his mule any more than we do from a horse. A good mule is more highly valued than a horse in Spain, and far more trouble is taken with him. The coat—that part, at least, which is allowed to grow—is as glossy as silk; and it is usual for the wealthy classes in many parts of Spain to drive mules in their carriages in preference to horses—in fact, they are fashionable. But the Spanish groom has a ridiculous habit of shaving the legs and the lower half of the animal's body, leaving an horizontal line between shaved and unshaved all round him. From four p.m. till two a.m. the next morning we continued our journey; and expressing a wish to put up at an English hotel, which, I was informed, existed in Mahon, we succeeded in gaining admission; and never have I more enjoyed the luxury of an unprepared bed than I did upon this occasion, in spite of mosquitoes, which, as I felt in the morning, had enjoyed themselves too.

Mahon, or more probably Port Mahon, the second town in the Baleares in size, and in some respects more important than Palma itself, stands at the head of an inlet of the sea about three miles long, forming a splendid harbour, reckoned the best in the Mediterranean. In this almost tideless port there is in some parts seventeen fathoms of water; at the entrance is ten fathoms, and close to the town six. The town derives its name, as I have stated, from Mago, the Carthaginian: that a chief of that ancient naval power should have fixed on this locality for the site of a town is a proof of the sagacity which characterised his nation. The harbour contains a dockyard without ships, a lazaretto generally without patients, and, I might almost add, fortifications without guns. This is the only quarantine station the Spaniards possess in the Mediterranean, the other being on the Atlantic coast at Vigo, and, being at an inconvenient distance for vessels touching at Valencia or Alicante, it is proposed to establish another near Cadiz. In speaking of the lazaretto at Mahon, I am led to the mention of an incident which shows the absurdity of Spanish quarantine arrangements. During my stay at Palma, a few cholera cases occurred at Valencia, which port was in consequence declared "infected," the mail steamer running between it and Palma being there at the time. When she arrived at Palma—at which place the authorities are rather particular, and where the unfortunate official of "la sanidad" has to remain in an open boat near the infected vessel to prevent communication with the shore, and, from being unaccustomed to the undulatory movement of the sea, is generally unable to maintain a full stomach—she could not land her passengers, nothing but the mail-bags being permitted to leave the ship, the usual fumigation and punching through of every letter to allow the smoke to enter and the plague to depart being adopted. The steamer had immediately to sail to Mahon to perform fourteen days' quarantine, and then, the owners having learnt that Alicante had received no intimation of the infected state of Valencia, or, if it had, decided not to notice it, they sent the vessel to fulfil her engagements at Valencia with orders to touch at Alicante for papers en route to Palma; the result was that she was freely admitted at Palma, though only one day later from Valencia than if she had come direct. As regards this same declaration of infection at Valencia, it was thought that the governor of the province, who was an Alicante man, had made it in order to draw the shipping to Alicante; and he risked his life by the act, as his residence was mobbed, and he only escaped by the help of the military. To return to Mahon. At each side of the mouth of the harbour is a fort, whose cross fire would effectually command the entrance. There is often a heavy sea here, which sets in from the Gulf of Lyons. Near the harbour's mouth, on the south side, is the castle of St. Philip, a fort built by the

English for the lodgment of their troops, and now a ruin. More than £2,000,000 was expended by this country upon the harbour and fortification of Mahon and the neighbourhood. It was off this harbour that on the 20th of May, 1756, an action between the French and English fleets occurred, when the latter, under poor Admiral Byng, was defeated in attempting to reinforce the garrison of St. Philip.

There is a fine open street in Mahon, in which stands the best hotels; these are good, and enjoy a large patronage from the vessels (chiefly English and American) which put in for water, &c. Mahon possesses a good reading-room, where a few Mahonese, proud of their ability to speak English, assemble, and who are gratified at introducing an Englishman. The cathedral of Mahon is large and imposing; the organ was the finest in Spain until the new one was erected at Valencia in 1861 at a cost of 40,000 dollars.

Leaving Mahon in a gun-boat, I returned to Palma, and had an opportunity of examining the low sandy beach which forms the entire south and west coast of the island; and, what is far more interesting, I was able to admire from the sea the northern coast of Majorca—that magnificent range of beetling crags I have once before spoken of. I feel drawn to these bold eminences by unusual attraction. I once climbed to the summit of one, but, difficult as was the ascent, the coming down was worse. Several times I had to ascend a second time a considerable distance, having lost my path, and meeting an obstacle altogether barring further descent. Swinging from the stems of mountain bushes, or sliding down with a mass of loose stones which, disturbed by my weight, came down as fast or faster than myself—this was the only way in which I could descend. Whilst on a narrow ledge near the summit, resting to enjoy the view, a splendid eagle, near whose eyrie I suppose I was, sailed slowly and majestically in front of me, and so close that I could see his bright eyes fixed on me. Had he chosen to make a trial of strength with me, I should never have penned these lines, for my footing-place was too small and insecure to afford me a chance of coping with his agility in his native element, and help was out of the question; for although I could hear very plainly the ascending voices of my friends 2,000 feet below me, every effort of mine to attract their attention failed.

Throughout Minorca are scattered great numbers of shells and fossil débris; among the latter is a stone known as "serpent's tongue," and another which the Minorcans believe is produced in the head of the toad, and called "toad-stone." Venomous reptiles are common in the island, although, fortunately, olive oil, the antidote, is generally at hand. The beautiful "rock fish" abounds on the coasts, its colours vying with those of the rainbow. Then there is that wonderful mollusk the *Pholas dactylus*, whose home is within the solid rock, and whose means of subsistence is a mystery to naturalists. It can only be found by breaking in pieces its house, the submerged block. There is a shell yielding mother-of-pearl of very large size, and the *Murex purpura*, producing the celebrated Tyrian purple; also a species of the genus *Pinna*, said to be sometimes three feet long. This must be the *Pinna rotundata*, of whose beard gloves and stockings are made. In many of the sheltered beaches which exist around the coasts both of Majorca and Minorca, the ground seems composed almost entirely of small and beautiful shells, of an immense variety of form and colour; some almost as transparent as glass, but so minute as only to be found by gathering a handful of the surface, and separating them from the grains of sand.

I now with pleasure take leave of Minorca, for it is, in my opinion, the least interesting of the three principal islands, and I am going to introduce my reader to the fairest of them all; the most varied in scenery, the most interesting in its inhabitants and their habits, the most fruitful, and yet the least known of the Baleares—Iviza, the Pearl of the Mediterranean.

A native poet has written of his island—

. . . . . .

"Dirigiendo su canto solo á Iviza
Á Iviza, que envidiada y no envidiosa,
Su orgulla ostenta en undulosos mares:
Perla brillante en su valor gozosa,
Que en hechos mil ennobleció sus lares:
En producciones y clima tan hermosa,
Que es digna la memore en mis cantares."

Much of this praise is true, yet the voyager touching at the port of Iviza, as the mail-steamer usually does in passing from Valencia to Palma, would form but a poor impression of the real loveliness of this island. My own notions were that the dirty village, the real "Ciudad" of the island, was only less uncivilised than filthy. Some ecclesiastical students I fell in with have searched into the early history of Iviza, and, assisted by their efforts, I give it in a condensed form.

An idea prevails that, although separated from the continent by more than fifty miles of water, Iviza was once connected with the coast of Denia. The adjacent land corresponds, and the Cape of St. Antonio stretched out from the mainland in the direction of the island. Geologists even maintain the possibility of *all* the Balearic group having been at one period of the earth's history connected together and with Spain.

The group which is composed of Iviza, Formentera, and several small islands adjoining, is marked on the maps as the "Pityusas," anciently so called from the large quantity of pine trees which once grew upon them. They were also called "Gymnesias," which, according to Diodorus Siculus, was because in his days the inhabitants went naked. Iviza, from its nearness to Spain, as well as from its fertility, was eagerly coveted, and its possession contested by those nations who made the Mediterranean the arena of their struggles. The Carthaginians, in their turn, formed a settlement here, although they never held entire possession of the soil, or undisputed sway over the people. I believe the original inhabitants were never dislodged, and to the present day the descendants of the primitive stock remain the holders of the land. Nearly 700 years before our Saviour's birth the fleets of Carthage came to Iviza to recruit after a repulse experienced at Majorca; but the native slingers went to oppose their landing, and after destroying some of their vessels, compelled the rest to return to Carthage. For nearly 150 years the lesson thus taught them was remembered; and then, attracted by the position of the island, the bravery of its inhabitants, its natural wealth, and the abundance of its salt, the restless Carthaginians determined to return and effect a lodgment at all costs, so that from thence, as a base for their operations, they might more easily carry out their designs upon the Peninsula. They therefore, in 539 B.C., sent a large fleet and army to Iviza, and, effecting a landing, placed the yoke of slavery upon the inhabitants. Grievous complaints were made by the Ivizencas against the overbearing conduct of the Carthaginians, and at length a general was sent with instruc-

tions to cultivate the friendship of the islanders, and to reconcile them to the rule of Carthage. In this he succeeded, and even secured their assistance in repelling Dionysius the Elder, who attempted an invasion of the island, and, with the help of the celebrated slingers, gained a complete victory over that tyrant.* An outbreak ensued after this, and the islanders expelled their quondam friends. Hamilcar Barcas† succeeded in regaining the lost affection of this singular people, and married one of the islanders, having issue Hannibal the Great, who was born, according to some, on the Isle of Tricuadra, though more probably on the Isle of Hannibal, which, together with Tricuadra, says Pliny, existed opposite Palma; but both have now disappeared. To him succeeded Hasdrubal. The friendship between Iviza and Carthage was now cemented, and when Scipio attempted to land there en route to Tarragona, the islanders joined their allies in opposing him. Their united efforts were useless, and the Romans became part possessors of the soil. During their occupation the Carthaginians built a temple to Mercury, which stood at the foot of the range of hills to the north of the city. This the Romans destroyed, and fragments of its columns, statues, &c., are sometimes met with. Marcus Aurelius had it rebuilt in the Ionic style.

* It is recorded of the Ivizencas that with the view of perfecting their children in the art of slinging and throwing stones, they would only supply them with food after they had dislodged it from a ledge on which it was placed, by the hurling of a stone.

† Said to be the founder of Barcelona.

Journeyings in Mesopotamia.—VI.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE INDIAN NAVY.

CHAPTER VIII.

BABYLONIAN BRICKS AND CYLINDERS—JEREED THROWING—DEPARTURE FROM HILLAH—LOWER COURSE OF THE EUPHRATES—SHEIKH EL SOOKH—VISIT TO AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT—FUTURE OF MESOPOTAMIA.

CHESNEY states that the Babylonian bricks vary in size from eleven to thirteen and a half inches square, their thickness being three and a quarter inches; they are sometimes, however, much smaller. The cement used was common clay, but in the foundations and exterior parts of the great city, bitumen appears to have been extensively employed. One face of each brick had on it an inscription, and sometimes a figure, and in some instances it was also glazed; this face was placed downwards, the cement being usually found adhering to the upper surface. Another, and inferior, description of bricks is rather larger than the kiln-dried variety, being nearly four and a quarter inches deep, and from eleven and a quarter to fourteen inches square. The larger ones weigh thirty-eight pounds eleven ounces (avoirdupois), and were formed of the pure clay of the country, rendered more tenacious by being mixed with a little sand and some coarse straw or fine reeds; these bricks, when dried in the sun, become very hard and durable in this dry climate. The writing on the bricks from Al Hheimar consists of ten lines in an upright column, with many stamped across to the angles of the brick; while that at the Birs Nimroud, the Mujillibe, and the Kasr is limited to between three and nine lines in number. The characters are those known as cuneiform, the deciphering of which has for so long a time baffled the learning of Oriental scholars. Exclusive of the space left on the margin of the brick, and the figures of lions and other animals which are occasionally introduced, a face of each brick presents a written page of twelve or thirteen inches square, and so exactly do the same letters resemble one another that, when repeated, slight flaws or blemishes are found in all of the same stamp: from which circumstance it may be gathered that movable type was used, and that the bricks were stamped when in a soft state. This kind of printing, however, is not confined to the larger type on the common bricks, but was employed in the still more curious and interesting cylindrical-shaped bricks which are also found in the ruined structures of Babylon. This variety is a barrel-shaped cylinder of baked clay, four and a half inches long by two and a half inches in diameter in the broadest part, the centre, and one and a quarter inches in diameter at each extremity, and having the whole surface covered with small arrow-headed characters. The Arabs call it a firman, and, according to local tradition, it was baked in order that the intended edict might not be changed. The figures and writing engraven upon the cylinders, as well as the testimony of Herodotus, prove that engraving upon metal and stone must have been employed at Babylon previously to its destruction. These hieroglyphics are supposed in many cases to constitute astronomical records, for the compilation of which the astrologers of Babylonia were remarkable. Pliny mentions that in the time of Epigenes the records embraced a period of 720 years. Some of these cylindrical bricks may be seen in the British Museum—two of them the gift of the lamented Mr. Rich. Cylinders of a similar character, but smaller, have also been found in the ruins of Babylon. They are perforated through the centre or sides, and were worn as amulets or necklets.

During our short stay at Hillah we were not favoured with an interview by the Lieutenant-Governor, but our wishes as to escorts, to enable us to visit the lions of Babylon, and on other points relating to our creature comforts, were invariably complied with. On one occasion—it was while returning from the Birs Nimroud—we were amused by our horsemen exercising at throwing the jereed. This instrument, which is made of any heavy wood, is about a yard long, and the thickness of that useful domestic implement, a broom—if I may be pardoned for comparing a warlike weapon to so humble an article. One horseman first gallops forward, and with loud shouts and menacing gestures challenges his comrades; to him an opponent offers himself in the mimic game of battle; as these retire the new champions match themselves. The object is for

one party to pursue, and the other to fly and try to elude a blow from the jereed; this is managed by the person pursued throwing himself completely out of the saddle at the moment the weapon is hurled, and clinging to the pig-skin either by the heel or lower part of the leg. If the jereed strikes him—it is blunt, and cannot do much damage—he is obliged to pick it up, which he generally does, not by dismounting, but by throwing himself out of the saddle as before, till his hand touches the ground; on the other hand, if the jereed misses him, the thrower picks up his own weapon, and in turn becomes the party pursued. I have witnessed this manly amusement on the plain outside the walls of Baghdad, and nothing can be more picturesque than the scene presented by two parties of horsemen when they charge at full speed into one another, with lances ready to launch at the foe each man singles out, much after the fashion of the tournaments of mediæval times in Europe, of which we read in Scott's romances. The flowing dresses and turbans, and the wonderful grace and dexterity with which these desert cavaliers manage their high-mettled steeds, add greatly to the stirring character of such a scene. Superb as was the horsemanship of many of the Arab jereed-throwers, I remember few among them could rival my friend, the captain of the *Comet*, in the management of his charger, whether in racing or in the splendid sport of hog-hunting. One of Captain ——'s common feats was picking up a handkerchief from off the ground while riding at full speed.

On the sixth day of our stay at Hillah we bid adieu to the miserable town, and embarking in a boat with our baggage, we set off down the Euphrates on our return to Marghill.

We gave a "last long lingering look" at the world-famous Birs Nimroud, and with a feeling of melancholy, induced by the reflection that we were gazing for the last time probably on the plain which once resounded to the tramp and echoed to the voices of myriads of the human race, turned our thoughts to the new scenes about to be opened to us, and to the petty cares of every-day life.

Soon after leaving Hillah, the Euphrates begins to assume that appearance which may have caused Herodotus to say that it differs from all other great streams by becoming smaller towards the lower than in the higher part of its course. The numerous canals drawn from each side, at short intervals from each other, in order to irrigate the fields, as well as the date groves and pomegranate gardens near the villages here, covering both banks, produce a change in the appearance of the country, which, although very gradual, becomes sufficiently evident. About seventy-five miles from the bridge of boats at Hillah, the canal of old Lemlum is passed, and here the river is no more than 120 yards in width, having an ordinary depth of twelve feet, with a current of about three miles; and it contains but one island in all that distance, between the point of our departure and the commencement of what was at one time the Chaldean Lake. At the north-western extremity of the plain, the Euphrates forms two branches, from which smaller ones and numerous canals diverge. These reunite at some rising ground near El Karaim, which is situated on both sides of the main trunk, and thus is produced what Chesney calls a delta, since the obstruction here offered during the season of floods causes the water to spread for thirty miles—that is, from the north-western to the south-eastern extremity of the basin; the latter extending in width from ten to fourteen miles westward of the main channel, and to a much greater distance on the opposite or eastern side. On the right bank of the smaller branch stands the town of Lemlum, consisting of about 400 houses, constructed entirely of reeds. Nearly a mile below the separation of the Lemlum branch is a canal, branching off in the opposite or western direction. The main channel flows along with a diminished volume by a number of very deep short bends in the marshes, near the extremity of which it is rejoined by the canal on the western side. Seven miles lower, or forty-two miles from the bifurcation, it again receives the eastern branch coming from Lemlum, having previously received on both sides the remains of what had been by different channels conveyed from it for the purpose of irrigating the villages and rice grounds. Thus reunited to its former waters, and at the same time free from the marshes which absorbed so much of its contents, the Euphrates reappears in its majestic proportions, and sweeps grandly on between high banks covered with jungle. About fifty miles from the Lemlum marshes it averages 200 yards in breadth, and contains nine small islands. The greater branch has in the marshes, and during the season of floods, a bare average breadth of about sixty yards, with an ordinary depth of eight feet. Like the parts of the country adjacent to the river on both sides, the left bank is covered with a shallow inundation, amidst which numerous villages—consisting of houses formed of reeds, covered with mats of the same material—appear here and there in the more elevated spots of ground, which are all but hidden by the water.

The course of the river is now tolerably straight, and it flows through a fertile country, abounding with villages, surrounded by date groves. The largest of these Arab encampments is at Al Kut, the residence of the sheikhs of the powerful tribe of Montafik, or Montafige, and which is situated on the left bank, eight miles above Sheikh el Sookh, or the Sheikh's market. From Al Kut to Sheikh el Sookh, the average width of the river is about 250 yards; its ordinary depth is twenty feet, with a current of two and a half miles in the season of floods, according to Chesney, though other writers have placed it higher. The town of Sheikh Sookh is of considerable size, and lies on the right bank of the Euphrates; it contains about 1,500 clay-built houses, and nearly as many of mats. Wellsted mentions that Sheikh Sookh was built about a century ago by the chief of the dominant Arab tribe. It is enclosed by a mud wall, having flanking towers for musketry. The site is admirably chosen, being nearly midway between the Hye Canal and the confluence of the two rivers, thus forming an entrepôt for what little commerce the surrounding country furnishes. Its bazaars are pretty extensive, and present a gay scene in the variety of costume of the natives of distant towns, who are constantly arriving and departing. Wellsted computes the population at 70,000, which is, however, a greatly exaggerated estimate.

For some distance below Sheikh Sookh the river flows through a bed higher than the level of the surrounding country. Great facilities consequently exist for irrigating the land, though this has its serious disadvantages, for in case of heavy freshes or summer rains, the waters either flow over or burst the banks, causing thereby great loss of life and property. On the 10th of April, 1831, a catastrophe of this nature occurred. The water began to rise with great rapidity; in twenty-four hours it had gained its usual height, but the flow continuing, it burst its

boundaries, and inundated the whole country. From its elevated position Bussorah was saved, but the intermediate country between it and Baghdad, a distance of over a hundred miles, presented the appearance of a vast lake. According to the same traveller, in the latter city, which is low seated, 15,000 people in one night were either drowned or killed by the falling of their houses, the foundations of which the waters of the river had sapped or rent away. Other portions of the country on the banks of the river became converted into bogs and quagmires, in which numbers perished; while those who with their domestics were herded together on mounds, were compelled to witness their date trees—on which, in the failing of their crops, they are accustomed to depend for their subsistence—swept away in the general ruin. Similar floods are often alluded to by the earlier writers, and a most destructive one, we are told, happened about the time of Mohammed.

Little rain falls in Mesopotamia in ordinary seasons, and the country, like Egypt, owes its fertility to its rivers. The permanent flooding of the Euphrates is caused by the melting of the snow in the mountains along the upper part of its course. This takes place about the beginning of March, and increases gradually up to the time of barley harvest, or about the last days in May, when it is usually at its greatest height; the river continues very high, and its course very rapid for thirty or forty days, and then there is a daily decrease, which becomes very small and regular towards the autumn. From the middle of September to the middle of October the Euphrates may be said to be at its lowest; it then seems to be stationary until the rains commence towards the end of October, when there is a perceptible but variable increase, which continues till the frost checks it in December, and causes its waters again to subside. From this time until the beginning of March it is subject to slight alternations of decrease and increase.

On one occasion we landed, and having received an invitation from an Arab sheikh, who was chief of the tribe to which one of our attendants belonged, we paid him a visit, and were hospitably entertained. The great man received us with every token of regard at the door of his tent, and returned the usual salutation of "Salam Aleikoum," with the rejoinder, in a deep-toned voice, "Aleikoum Salam." We then entered the temporary residence of our host, where we found several men of the tribe waiting to greet us with a like pious ejaculation; and seating ourselves at his request, were entertained with a meal of camel's flesh and sheep's head, together with rice saturated with butter, jars of milk and butter-milk, dates and figs, barley cakes, and other condiments, in the profusion so truly characteristic of Bedouin hospitality. Of course we had to partake of these delicacies according to old-established desert custom, with the instruments made and provided by Dame Nature, that is to say, having a due regard to the old adage, "Fingers were made before forks." We boldly plunged our hands into the savoury mess, and bolted together the food and all compunctious visitings that might, and I may say did arise, at the sight of long dirty fingers, and of nails that—bah! but I will drop the painful reminiscence. Water was brought for us to perform the necessary ablution, and what ought to have been the first act on the part of our hosts, was our last. We bathed our hands, partook of coffee, and then, at the invitation of the sheikh, seated ourselves in front of his tent. We witnessed the jereed throwing, which I have already described, and which was very spiritedly carried on, and also a sort of war-dance, of which Wellsted gives a description in his "Travels in Arabia." A circle is formed, and within it five or six of their number enter, and leisurely walking round for some time, each challenges one of the spectators by striking him gently with the flat of his sword. The adversary thus selected leaps forth, and a feigned combat ensues. They do not parry, either with the sword or shield, but avoid the blows by leaping backwards, or springing on one side with great agility. Their swords are about three feet in length, straight, and thin bladed. The shield is about fourteen inches in diameter, and is generally used to parry the thrust of the spear or "jaínbeer." They also entertained us with foot-races and wrestling, and with a camel race, which last was very entertaining. Two swift camels were matched and ridden with nose-strings as well as bridles; the sport somewhat resembled that in vogue in certain fairs in England, when donkeys are pitted against each other, to the intense amusement of bystanders, and to the manifest disgust of the quadrupeds, who seem to take the pastime in very ill part. The camels at first "wouldn't go," and when they were induced to start did not attain a very high rate of speed. On quitting the encampment we expressed ourselves as highly delighted with the entertainment we had received, and made, according to Oriental custom, some little sort of an acknowledgment in the presentation of cotton, cloth, and navy buttons.

It is not a pleasing reflection to think what these Bedouins are, and what they might become with all their noble qualities physical and moral; for though they hold human life cheap, and have many other of the ineradicable vices of the savage, yet are they generous, and hospitable, and brave, and much might be made out of a race possessing these virtues. Not only the character of its rulers, but the whole condition of the country appears to be altered from what it was in ancient times, for Alexander speaks, in his account of his advance through it, of vast forests that had to be cleared in his march. When the "Euphrates Valley Railway" scheme has passed out of the domain of theories into that of accomplished facts, when the capital of that high-sounding company has been all subscribed, the line surveyed and constructed, and when the engine goes puffing past such stations as Nineveh and Babylon, who knows but that in those halcyon days the ancient glory and greatness of the kingdom of the Chaldees may return? We do know that when the great Napoleon entertained his scheme for the conquest of India, he inserted in his treaty of Tilsit with the Emperor Alexander, a secret provision, in which they undertook to effect their object by marching their troops through this country. Reflecting on those possibilities, one is inclined to speculate on what Mesopotamia might be, were European capital, that has already regenerated so many lands, to flow into this once highly favoured country; not only railways, but what is a greater necessity—irrigational works, might be constructed, thus forming a network of veins through which the life blood of commerce would flow, once again transforming this desert into the garden of fertility and plenty of which Herodotus writes. All these Utopian schemes, as they now seem, cannot happen till the "Sick Man" of Turkey, who has sat like a nightmare on the chest—or, rather, to use an Eastern metaphor, has clung like Sindbad's "Old Man of the Sea, round the neck of the good genius of Mesopotamia—has relaxed his grip of the country.



FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

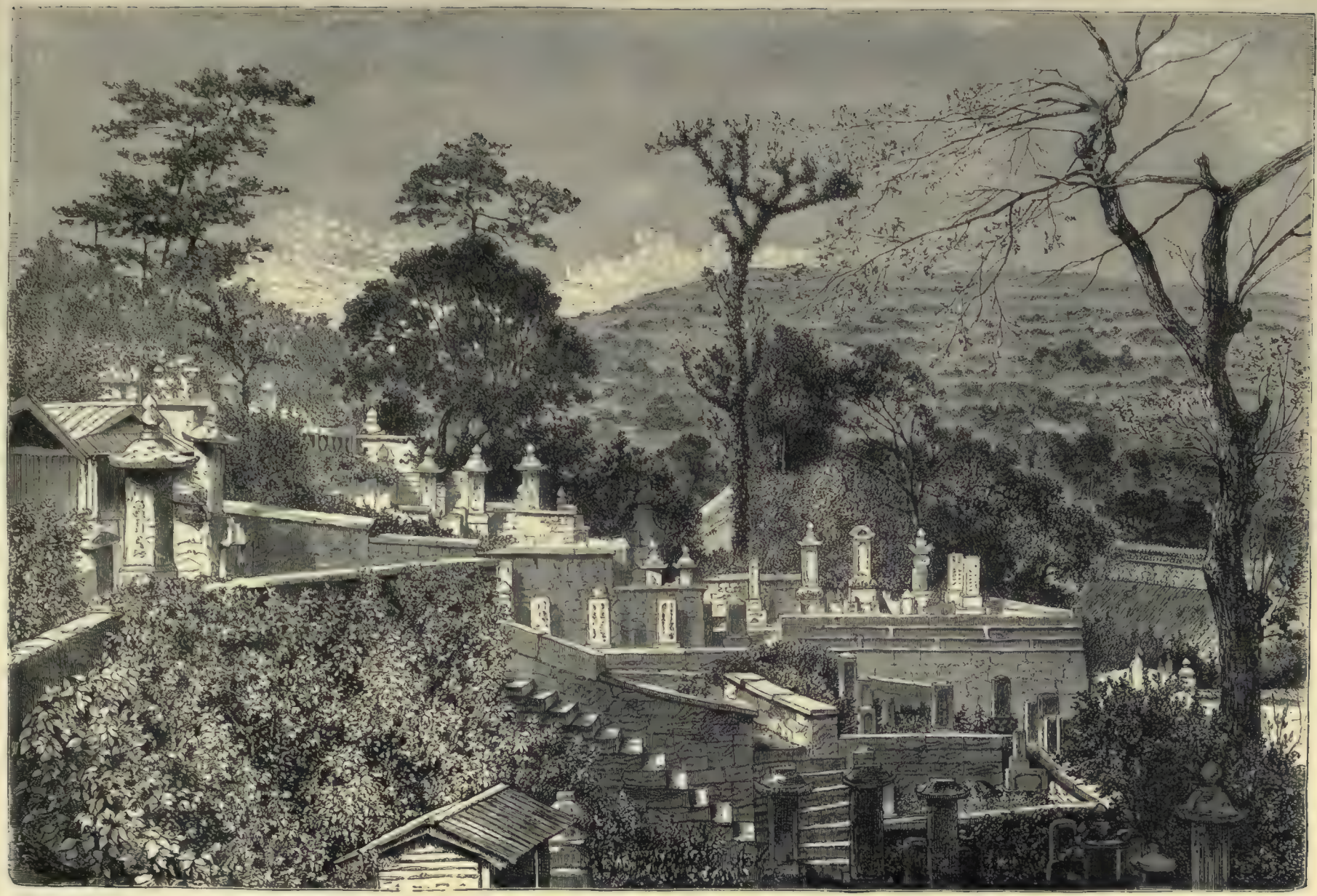
A European Sojourn in Japan.—VII.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, SWISS MINISTER IN JAPAN.

BUDDHIST PRIESTS AND JAPANESE LITERATURE.

When Buddhism was at its height in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the bonzes worked with their own hands when they wanted to build a temple, or to ornament one with pictures or sculpture. But if they have made some progress in the arts indigenous to Japan, particularly sculpture and architecture, we cannot say much for their literary productions. One might suppose that this is owing to the monastic lucubrations in thousands of volumes "on the lotus of the good law," "the twenty-eight subdivisions of contemplation," "the twelve glories of Buddha," besides the miraculous lives of ascetics, saints, and martyrs innumerable! The distinction of such a literature is to be absolutely unreadable to all the world except that part composed of the population of bonzeries, or the regular dependants of these establishments. However, one title to glory may be claimed by the Japanese bonzeries; two or three of them were in ancient times the scene of laborious researches and patient efforts, which, though perhaps originally without any other motive than curiosity, ended in making some discoveries of great social value. At one period, when they had only the Chinese characters to write in, a scholar of the sect of Youto, named Kibiko, thought of abridging the complicated forms of those large square characters, and of reducing them to forty-seven simple elements, unchanging and easy to recognise. This Primer, which they made use of from that time for notes, criticisms, and explanations, they call the Katakana.

But the bonze Kokaï, who was born in the year 755, and was the founder of the sect of Singu-sju, went still farther in his views on the simplification of the Chinese signs; he also chose forty-seven of them, as suitable for representing the Japanese syllables; he deprived them of their figurative or metaphorical value, and adapted to them the simplest amongst the various styles of Chinese writing, and thus composed the Primer which they call the Hirakana. This is the manual which women and the common people, and even the literati themselves, use in writing the most ordinary things, and composing works of light literature, such as romances, songs, and comedies. All the Japanese women learn in their infancy the Hirakana, and it is the only elementary book which they are taught. The men also possess it, but they learn the Katakana besides; the literati add to this the knowledge of a more or less considerable number of Chinese signs. The result of this wise combination is, that the men can always read the writings of the women, but the women can read the writings of men only when the latter condescend to use the Hirakana Primer. Of all the



CEMETERY OF NAGASAKI.

host of Buddhist saints there is not one who is more universally respected than good Father Kokaï—and the popular instinct is not deceived in putting above all the wonder-workers of legends, the modest inventor of cursive writing. From one end of the empire to the other, they render him divine honours under the title of Kobo-daïsi, "the great master of the infinite religion."

CIVIL WARS.

The civil wars which caused the ruin of Kamakura have little interest in themselves. The empire of Japan presents from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century the spectacle of an increasing anarchy, which threatened the fabric of political centralisation established by Yoritomo. In the very heart of the Daïri a domestic quarrel forced the legitimate sovereign to abandon Kioto to his competitor, and during a period of sixty years six Mikados, one after another, usurped the pontifical throne, whilst the true descendants of the Sun had to submit to hold their court at Yosino, a little town situated south of the capital, in the province of Yamato. At last a family arrangement put an end to this public scandal, and the hundred and first Mikado of the south took possession of his see in the holy city, and solemnly restored the fiction of his theocratic sovereignty. On the other side, the power of the Siogouns was the object of ardent rivalry, and in order to satisfy it they ravaged Kioto and Kamakura with fire and sword, and did not even recoil from fratricide. The feudal nobles profited by the general confusion to make one more attempt to free themselves from their obligations as vassals to the crown or its lieutenants, and in the year 1573, when the vigorous Nobunaga was surprised and massacred with all his family in his palace at Kioto, the empire seemed shaken to its foundations.

There was at that time living in the house of a high functionary of the Daïri a groom named Faxiba, son of a peasant, a grave, taciturn servant, whom his master honoured with peculiar confidence. He was often to be seen near his horses' stalls, seated in the manner of the people of his class, his arms extended on his knees, absorbed in a deep reverie. Suddenly he was called to the service of the Daïri. He entered the military house of the Mikado, and at the end of a few years Faxiba became Siogoun, and commanded under the name of Fidé-Yosi the troops sent into the provinces of the grand vassals who had revolted. Two years sufficed for the suppression of the rebellion. His return to Kioto was a veritable triumph; the Mikado solemnly invested him with the highest title of the Daïri, that of Quambuku, and proclaimed him his lieutenant-general. Fidé-Yosi then transferred his arms to another field of disorder, which was that of religious dissension. Each of the thousand divinities of the Buddhist mythology had obtained a place in Japan. There were temples, statues, and monasteries. Bonzes, monks, and nuns abounded throughout the empire, but especially in the centre and the south of Nippon. Each convent struggled with its neighbour in procuring the richest patronage. By degrees, however, the rivalry became so ungovernable that jealousy, bitterness, and hatred sapped the friendly relations of some of the powerful and ambitious orders. From invectives they passed to blows. The imperial police interfered in the first mêlées of these tonsured heads, but they were soon unable to oppose an obstacle to the torrent. On various occasions furious bands in frocks and cassocks, armed with staves, pikes, and flails, made a raid during the night on the property of the fraternity who had offended them. They ravaged everything they could meet with, maltreated, killed, or dispersed the victims of their onslaught, and did not depart till they had set fire to the four corners of the monastery. Sooner or later retaliation would fall on the aggressors, who had to submit in their turn to the same treatment. Six times in the course of the twelfth century the monks of the convent on the Yéïsan burned the bonzerie of Djensjôsi, and twice the monks of the latter convent reduced to cinders the convent of Yéïsan. Similar scenes were repeated in divers parts of Nippon. At length, in order to protect their convents against sudden attacks the rich priors converted them into fortresses, and their audacity increased with the incapacity of the Government. The enemies met in arms on the borders of the temples which they possessed in the capital. A part of the Daïri was plundered in 1283, at the end of one of these skirmishes. In 1536 a fire, lit in a temple of Kioto, spread to the neighbouring quarters, and occasioned a terrible disaster.

The efforts of the Siogoun Nobunaga to keep an insurgent brotherhood in order, proved unsuccessful against the intrenchments behind which they resisted him. Fidé-Yosi resolved to put an end once for all to the monks and their quarrels. He surprised the most turbulent monasteries, demolished their defences, and transported to some distant island the monks who had been guilty of attempts on the public peace, and subjected all the Japanese clergy indiscriminately to the watch of an active, severe, and inexorable police. He decreed that from henceforth the bonzes should be simple occupants of the land, and that the Government should be the proprietors, and should reserve to itself the free and entire disposition of it. He commanded that the clerical dignitaries, both regular and secular, should confine themselves strictly, with their subordinates, to the sphere of their religious duties. This is a law from which the Japanese priests have never since departed. In the interior of their chapels they officiate at the altar under the eyes of the people in the sanctuary, which is separated from the crowd by a rood screen. They only address them in preaching, and that only on fête days specially set apart for this exercise. Processions are permitted only at certain periods of the year, and with the concurrence of the officers of the Government placed in charge of public shows. As for their pastoral rôle, it has been confined within such limits that I can find but one word to characterise it, that of undertakers' men. In short, the bonzes are restricted to the performance of the sacramental ceremonies, and the Japanese do not care what sect or custom accompanies them in their last moments. It is they who conduct the funeral cortège, and who preside, according to the wishes of the friends of the defunct, at the interment or burning of his remains, also at the consecration and keeping of his tomb. But although everything connected with the dead is given up to them without reserve, still the police keep a strict watch upon their intercourse with society. Most of the secular priests are married, and live in familiar intercourse with a little circle of their neighbours; but the means taken to prevent their committing any offence are all the more rigorous. I have seen, in the principal market-place of Yokohama, an old bonze exposed for three consecutive days on his knees in the heat of the sun on a wretched straw mattress, having nothing but a little crape handkerchief, with which he wiped the perspiration which rolled from his bald head. The cause of this was explained on a board, placed a

few steps in front of him, which informed the people that this miserable creature, having devoted himself to the secret practice of medicine, the justice of the Taïkoun had condemned him to transportation for life, preceded by public exposure.

In the year 1586, soon after Fidé-Yosi had delivered the empire from its monastic troubles, some strange news attracted his attention to the island of Kiusiu. Hitherto the commerce of Japan with the ports of the Archipelago and of the continent of Asia had met with no hindrance. The Prince of Bungo, about forty years before, had received the Portuguese adventurers thrown by a tempest on the shores of his provinces, had furnished them with the means of returning to Goa, and invited them to send a ship each year, loaded with merchandise suited to their market. In this way the friendly intercourse between Portugal and Japan commenced. In one of these first voyages the Portuguese ship, when setting sail for Goa, gave refuge secretly to a Japanese nobleman who had committed a homicide. The illustrious Jesuit, Francis Xavier, who had recently arrived at Goa, undertook the religious instruction of this Japanese fugitive, and baptised him. In 1549 the first Jesuit missionaries installed themselves in the island of Kiusiu, under the direction of Francis Xavier himself, and assisted by Hansiro, the Japanese nobleman. The missionaries were struck with surprise and terror, when they met in Japan a number of institutions, ceremonies, and objects of worship, almost the same as those which they were themselves bringing. They declared, quite forgetting the greater antiquity of Buddhism, that this religion could only be a diabolical counterfeit of the true Church. However, they were not long in discovering a means of drawing some profit from the circumstance, in the interest of their propaganda. There was nothing in the doctrine of Buddhism opposed to the admission of Jesus amongst the number of Buddhas who during a number of centuries have appeared on the earth. There was no insurmountable difficulty in giving to the Virgin the precedence of all the queens of heaven. The ancient pantheon—in short, the prevailing worship—offered several advantageous points of contact, and all kinds of pretexts for entertaining the matter. This first mission was wonderfully successful; and what has occurred since then authorises us in saying that by his zeal and powers of persuasion Francis Xavier gained in all classes of Japanese society numerous sincere converts to Christianity. Some of the Buddhist dignitaries, feeling uneasy about their religion, made some humble remonstrances to the Daïri. The Mikado asked them how many sects they estimated to exist in his states. They replied instantly, "Thirty-five." "Very well," replied the good-natured emperor, "this will make thirty-six." But the Siogoun Fidé-Yosi regarded the question from another point of view; he was struck by the circumstance that the missionaries not only applied themselves to spreading their doctrine among the people, but endeavoured to gain favour with the grand vassals of the empire. While the tendency to anarchy in the latter was nurtured by the priests, he discovered that they were dependent on a sovereign bearing a triple crown, who could at his pleasure depose the greatest princes, distribute to his favourites the kingdoms of Europe, and dispose even of the newly-discovered continents. He reflected that already the emissaries of this mighty ruler of the East had created a party at the court of the Mikado, and had built a house in the capital: that the ancient Siogoun Nobunaga was openly showing himself their friend and protector; and that in his own palace he had reason to believe that there were dark plots and intrigues going on amongst the suite of his young son, the heir-presumptive of his power. Fidé-Yosi communicated his observations and his fears to an experienced servant, to whom he had already entrusted some very delicate missions. The gloomy and profound intellect of this confidant, who became celebrated in the history of Japan under the name of Hiéyas, was applied without delay to sound the depth of the danger. An embassy of Japanese Christians, conducted by Valignani, superior of the order of Jesuits, was on their way to Rome. Hiéyas furnished his master with proof that the princes of Bungo, of Omura, and of Arima had written on this occasion to the spiritual emperor of the Christians, Pope Gregory XIII., declaring that they threw themselves at his feet, and adored him as their supreme lord, in his capacity of sole representative of God upon earth. The Siogoun restrained his exasperation, but only in order that his vengeance should be the more striking. He employed nearly a year in organising with his favourite the stroke which he meditated. At last, in the month of June, 1587, his troops were at their posts, distributed over all the suspected provinces of Kiusiu and the southern coast of Nippon, and in a state to repress all attempts at resistance. On the same day, and from one end to the other of the empire, an edict was published by the Siogoun, by which he ordered—in the name and as lieutenant of the Mikado—the suppression of Christianity in the space of six months, prescribing, as measures for carrying it out, that the foreign missionaries should be banished for life, under pain of death; that their schools should be immediately shut, their churches destroyed, the cross thrown down wherever it was found, and that the converted natives should abjure the new doctrines before the officers of the government. At the same time, to establish the harmony between the two powers, the Mikado paid a solemn visit to his lieutenant, whilst he, in order to recompense the services of his faithful Hiéyas, raised him to the rank of prime minister, and appointed him governor of eight provinces. All the measures ordained by the edict of the Siogoun were accomplished with one exception, and that was the one which, to the mind of the *ci-devant* groom of the Daïri, ought to have caused him the least trouble. To his great astonishment, the native Christians of every class, sex, or age, absolutely refused to renounce their faith—accordingly, he seized the lands of those who possessed any and enriched his officers with the spoils. But these examples of severity did not produce any effect. They were then threatened with death, but they submitted their heads to the sword of the executioner with a resignation hitherto unknown; and the proofs which they showed of their faith in many cases attracted the sympathies of the people. A variety of punishments were tried—funeral piles were lighted, such as were made by the emissaries of the Portuguese inquisition at Goa, and a great number of victims suffered crucifixion. The Japanese martyrs recall in the constancy of their faith the first confessors of the Gospel. The Dutchman, Francis Caron, an eye-witness of the last phases of the persecution, said that the few examples of abjuration which came under his notice were owing principally to the employment of a torture still more frightful than the punishments of the cross or of the funeral pile. It consisted in suspending the victim, head downwards, in the interior of a cistern, the feet remaining above the lid, which they closed with

planks in order to make the well quite dark. It was generally six or eight days before death released the sufferer from this dreadful torture. For three consecutive years the fury of the officers of the Siogoun was expended in these and similar refinements of brutality, during which they tortured more than 20,500 victims—men, women, and children. Suddenly the persecution abated. Fidé-Yosi called to arms the banished feudal nobility, and sent an army of nearly 160,000 combatants to the coasts of the Corea, with which country Japan was then at peace (1592). His generals challenged the Coreans to join them in attacking the dynasty of the Mings. The Chinese army marched out to meet the invaders, but sustained such a decided defeat that the Emperor of China hastened to offer peace to the Siogoun, with the title of King of Nippon, and first vassal of the Celestial Empire. Fidé-Yosi replied proudly, "I am already King of Nippon by my own making; and I shall be able, if I choose, to make the Emperor of China my vassal." In the year 1597 he carried out his threat by sending a second army of 130,000 men. But he died before the end of this new campaign, and the two empires, equally tired by such an unjustifiable war, became reconciled, and recalled their armies. These two expeditions to China, as well as the edict of persecution, appear to have been premeditated acts of Fidé-Yosi, resolved on that he might attain the double end of his ambitious dreams—the extinction of the feudal nobles, and the erection on their remains of a monarchical dynasty.



FAXIBA, AFTERWARDS FIDÉ-YOSI.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

THE aspect of China reminds one continually of a crumbling, ruined edifice watched over by a guard of invalids. Japan, on the contrary, exhibits no signs of decay, and the fresh vegetation of its evergreen isles is in keeping with that appearance of perpetual youth which is transmitted from generation to generation among the inhabitants of this fortunate country. They adorn even their last home with the attributes of eternal spring, and their cemeteries are always gay with grass and flowers; the tombs, which are merely commemorative slabs, preserve the memory of the departed, without the addition of anything which recalls the idea of destruction; every family possessing a separate enclosure, and each grave being marked by a stone, the roll of the departed unfolds itself from hill to hill, scattered amongst the sacred gardens and groves as far as the outskirts of the towns and villages. At Nagasaki the effect is very striking; the town extends to the foot of a chain of mountains, the lower slopes of which, being abrupt, are hewn into flights of steps, and form a vast amphitheatre of funeral terraces, especially around the eastern quarters. There are, as it were, two cities in the plain, that of the living, with its long, wide streets of frail wooden dwellings, inhabited by a short-lived race, and that of the dead on the mountain, with its walls and monuments of granite, its venerable trees, and solemn stillness. The inhabitants of the town must be constantly reminded of the generations which have lived and died before them, and the departed spirits may seem to their imagination still to be hovering, mute but watchful, over the busy city. Once a year the whole population holds a solemn festival—about the end of August—to which the spirits of the departed are invited, and which lasts for three consecutive nights. On the first evening the tombs of persons who have died during the past year are illuminated with paper lanterns of various colours, and on the two following nights all the tombs, without exception, are similarly decorated, and the inhabitants of Nagasaki install themselves in cemeteries, and indulge in copious libations in honour of their ancestors. Loud bursts of gaiety resound from terrace to terrace, and rockets sent up at intervals awaken the echoes of the celestial vault, which mingle with the voices of the human crowd. The vessels in the harbour are crowded by the European inhabitants who wish to enjoy the fairy-like spectacle presented by the illuminated hills. About two o'clock on the morning of the third day long processions of people, carrying lanterns, descend to the edge of the bay, while the mountain gradually becomes dark and silent. The spirits must depart before the dawn, and numbers of little boats made of straw are launched for their accommodation, and stored with fruits and small coins; these frail barks are also loaded with the coloured lamps which had illuminated the cemetery, and when their little sails are spread to the morning breeze they are quickly dispersed, and soon catching fire, the last trace of them has disappeared before morning. In ancient times, when the worship of the Kamis was the only religion of Japan, personages of importance were honoured with a special place of interment distinct from the common cemeteries. For this purpose a conical hill was chosen, enclosed by walls of immense strength, and generally surrounded by a wide ditch; a *tori* placed at the entrance of the bridge, which connects it with

the plain, marking the sacredness of the spot, which received the name of Yasiro, "fortified place." The coffin was deposited in a stone sepulchre, like a cenotaph, protected by a little wooden building, resembling a Kami chapel in appearance. The funeral procession resembled the triumph of a hero; the coat of mail, arms, and most valuable possessions of the departed, and his chief attendants, were interred with him, and his favourite steed was sacrificed to his manes. But these barbarous customs were abolished in the first century of our era; lay figures were substituted for human victims, and a rough sketch on a plank of white wood, representing the companions of his triumphs, took the place of the living horse amongst the objects enclosed in the tomb.

Native artists displayed a degree of skill and animation in the execution of these Yémas, or sketches of horses, which has made them one of the artistic curiosities of Japan. They are to be found in various chapels both in town and country in the form of native pictures, and amateurs especially prize those which ornament the leaves of certain state screens in use at the court of Yeddo; they sometimes form a part of the presents offered by the Taïkoun to foreign courts. This style of drawing does not seem to have been favoured by the Mikado, while miniatures became more and more fashionable. The miniature paintings of Kioto are not unlike the missals of the middle ages; they are done on the same sort of vellum paper, with the same misuse of gold ground, and the same luxuriance of colouring. Manuscripts ornamented with vignettes in the text, are rolled on an ivory cylinder, or on a staff of valuable wood with metal ends. Almanacks, collections of litanies and prayers, romances and poetry, are generally bound up in the form of volumes, and the fashionable worshippers make use of the most microscopic editions of the offices in their devotions. But the ladies and poets of Kioto use the calendar of flowers as their only almanack.



LAYING-OUT THE DEAD.

The First Journey of Exploration across Vancouver Island.—IV.

BY ROBERT BROWN, F.R.G.S., ETC., COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION.

THE RETURN TO VICTORIA.

AFTER two days' easy travel through the usual wooded country, we reached a swift, narrow river flowing to the southward. This we concluded to be the Nittinat River, which, according to the chart, must debouch into a lake. We now set to work to build a raft out of the dry cedar trees on the shore, with a view to descend it, as the banks were high in some places, and densely wooded with huge pines and underbrush. In one place I measured a Menzies spruce (*Abies Menziesii*) 28 feet in circumference, and high in proportion; and a cedar 45 feet in circumference, or 15 feet in diameter—just half of the diameter of the huge Wellingtonias (*Sequoia*) in California. Though the river was swift, yet it was shallow, and at the lowest state of water now; so that, after we had secured our packs on it, and launched it, frequently it stuck fast on the gravel bars of the river, and then all hands sprang into the water up to the middle, and pushed it off. Gaily and with loud shouts we descended the river,

until we found that the raft was proceeding rather *too* swiftly, and almost before we could spring ashore, we heard the roar as of a cataract. In another minute the raft would have been sucked into a cañon of the river, and undoubtedly every one of us must have been drowned or dashed to pieces. We were, however, in time, and drew our raft into a quiet haven, where, I suppose, it is still lying. We now took to the banks, and were apparently again approaching human habitations, for a trail led along the banks of the river until it ended at a little Indian lodge, uninhabited, among bushes by the river side. Here we found an old canoe, which we patched with old flour-sacks and pine resin until it was floatable. Next morning Mr. Barnston and I set off in this frail craft down the river, to settle matters with any Indians whom we might meet, and try to arrange about the others following, leaving them in the meantime to build a raft and make the best of their way down the rapid stream, which was now deeper than before, and broader also. The morning was dull, but off we started with a cheer, sweeping down the river at a fine rate, Barnston steering, while I knelt in the bows and staved her off rocks and logs, which threatened every moment to destroy our frail craft. The river was a continuous succession of ripples and rapids, with remains of salmon weirs, and calm, deep, lake-like reaches, through which we had to propel it with paddles. It was remarkably clear of trees, there not being more than one or two stoppages from that cause. On one occasion we ran over a rapid, in the middle of which was a tree, forming a bridge, with the lower branches depending in the water, between two of which we ran with great rapidity. We managed, however, to do so without touching, but it was a very close shave; to use the language of our steersman, it was "spitting through a keyhole without touching the wards." The river was very winding, and at every bend it seemed to be going to end; but as we swept round some wooded point, again we were disappointed. We passed many Indian lodges on either bank, but chiefly on the right; but all now deserted, though in the autumn, when the river is alive with swarms of salmon, they will be inhabited by Nittinat salmon fishers from the coast. In all, we passed eleven lodges, all separately situated, inhabited by many families, each of them surrounded by more or less open land, or shaded with mossy maples (*Acer macrophyllum*), and embosomed with salmon-berry bushes* laden with their pleasant fruit, the entrances, however, being everywhere choked with thickets of nettles. They were backed by magnificent forests of hemlock,† spruce, and cedar, though as a rule the timber decreased in quality as we approached the coast, and the forest became denser, with an undergrowth of salal (*Gaultheria shallon*) and other creeping shrubs. Several well-defined hills, though all wooded to the summit, lent variety to the scene. All day long we paddled, with only one halt, and the sun began to set, and there seemed no end of the river, though I calculated that we had followed its windings for more than twenty geographical miles.

The canoe leaked abominably. I was nearly up to my middle in water, and we had every now and then to get out to ease it over some shallow. If the chartography of the river is not very perfect, any one who has ever sketched in such circumstances will readily forgive what he can appreciate. We were about giving up all hopes of seeing the end that day, when to our delight the current decreased and a strong sea breeze began to blow; the downward current was stemmed by a slight upward one, and soon we sighted a lake-like sea, with large trees which the spring and winter freshets had brought down. We here drew our canoe ashore and lit a fire; and as night closed in we got anxious for the safety of our companions. Just as we were rolling ourselves up in our blankets, we were aroused by shouting on the river, and starting up in fear of Indians, we could scarcely credit our eyes when Whymper* and Macdonald landed from a raft, all safe, but drenched to the skin. They had built a raft, and this being found too small for the whole party, Buttle and Lewis had started down the river bank, and hoped that we would send succour to them, as they had no food whatever. It was hard to get to sleep, for Macdonald (who was an old sailor) "yarned" until morning about the wonderful descent of the river they had—on two boards out of the Indian lodge, tied together with their blanket ropes, the holes being made by firing pistol bullets through. Indeed, so wonderful was the adventure, that we have hesitated to relate it before, in case the discovery of the source of the Nile and the descent of the Nittinat, all in one year, might upset the geographical world! We were up by early dawn, and Barnston and I started off in our little canoe to seek Indians to go after Buttle and Lewis and take us all to the Nittinat village. Rounding the first point, we came right in front of an Indian village of four or five large lodges. As our canoe was leaking badly, we drew in to see if we could get another. The whole place was deserted; but in the chief's house, known by a ring of red on the outer wall, we found a tolerably good canoe, which, after the free and easy style of the north-west, and in the name of Her Majesty the Queen and her faithful deputy Arthur Edward Kennedy, we pressed into the service of the Expedition. It was rather a high-handed act, but necessity compelled it, and, moreover, the law of the stronger dictated it. We were not long in finding Lewis and Buttle, sitting rather dolefully on a "sandbar," making a meagre breakfast of salmon berries. They said they had "had a hard old time of it," and their torn clothing and woe-begone appearance did not belie their words. We were only sorry that our larder—now *sans* meat, *sans* bread, *sans* tea, *sans* everything—could scarcely supply them with anything better, but, like Mr. Squeers' boys, we adjourned to the woods after breakfast to supplement our meagre fare with a little vegetable diet in the shape of berries. Next day we spent in patching up our canoes to face the sea, for we now perceived that the inlet we were on was no lake, but an arm of the sea;† and on the 29th of the month we were up by three a.m., and started off before the wind—as it generally blows seaward before the sun gets fully risen, and the opposite direction afterwards. We passed a village on the right, and a little further on another, built on each side of a stream, with a stockade in front. All were, however, deserted. We erected a blanket for a sail on each canoe, and we went gaily along, the artist's gorgeous railway rug, which was officiating for a sail on the first canoe, giving quite a grand appearance to our tiny fleet. At the mouth of the river the salt taste of the inlet

* *Rubus spectabilis.* Dougl. † *Abies Mertensiana.* Lindl.

* Mr. Frederick Whymper, now in San Francisco, known as the author of "Travels in Alaska" and as a contributor to ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

† In my map of Vancouver Island (*Petermann's Geographische Mittheilungen*, 1869), anxious to keep up the Admiralty nomenclature, I have called this inlet Nittinat Lake. The name seems to have misled the engraver, for he has represented it as fresh, though the text expressly describes it as salt water.

was not perceptible, from the large quantity of fresh water which was pouring in, but now sea-weeds began to appear, and the inlet to narrow. The water was also thick with *Medusæ*, and the rocks clustered with mussels. Indian villages, tastefully situated, were common, but hitherto we had seen no inhabitants. However, towards evening, we drew into the side, prepared our arms in case of attack—for the Nittinats bear a most infamous reputation—and after a short paddle we came to a narrow entrance, eighteen miles from the Nittinat river mouth where the sea ran through with great force. Outside we could hear the glad sound of the Pacific, and all our faces brightened at the knowledge that we had crossed the colony through a narrow and hard line of travel. "Eh! Captain," Lewis asks me, "*Πολυφλοσβοιο θαλασσης?*" Lewis is the scholar of our party, and we indulge him any such cheap display of pedantry. We see a man cutting firewood, who at the sight of us darts off to a village we see smoking on the cliff. With strong paddling we drew into a cove out of sight of the village; but we had scarcely drawn them up on the beach than we were sighted, and in five minutes surrounded by a crowd of painted savages, their faces often besmeared with blood, others blackened, but not, I was glad to see, with the war black, and nearly all with pieces of *haliotis* shells in their ears and the septum of the nose; all professing great joy at the arrival of white men at their village. Moquilla, the chief, was, as I expected, from home; but his deputy was excessive in his friendship and offers of assistance. I, of course, professed to believe them all, and though he assured me that his people were of the most virtuous and honest description imaginable, I ordered all our stuff to be got under cover as soon as possible, and a sharp look-out to be kept on them; but notwithstanding all our vigilance, we discovered a few hours afterwards that they had managed to steal several articles of value. Their blankets (the sole dress of most of them) give every facility for making off with small unconsidered trifles. The women mostly wore a blanket of cedar bark, nicely woven, and a girdle of the same material, with pendant stripes, in the form of an apron. The Indian would not hear of his good friend King George's* great chief encamping outside his village; and though I knew what his object was, as I had some favours to get from him before I left, I had to comply with as good a grace as may be, and pitch our tents in the village square. The village was perched up on the rocks around, and soon we were surrounded by a crowd of men, women, and children, squatting in front of our fire, begging, pilfering, and trading.

The Nittinats were once a powerful tribe, but the same decadence as among other tribes is everywhere perceptible, and they do not now number over 400 fighting men. However, their village is almost impregnable from the sea, the waves rolling in high breakers on the beach, and the sea entering the inlet through a narrow strait, only passable at certain stages of the tide. They are great canoe builders, and their little craft in all stages of finish were lying about the village It was the midst of the halibut season, and numbers of these fish, sliced or drying, were lying about on frames. The whole place smelt fishy and disagreeable, and we were glad when night closed in and we got clear of some of our unwelcome visitors. For the first time I considered it necessary to post sentinels, as I apprehended mischief. The lights burnt in the village all night, and stones were thrown down above our watchmen. It afterwards came out that they had intended attacking us in the dark, but were afraid of our rifles and revolvers. In the morning they were of course all sweet and pleasant; but it was with difficulty that I could obtain a canoe, and then only at a very stiff price. Every objection was thrown in our way. They could not leave; there were no Indians where we were going; and the trader in whose charge our stores were expected to be was away; but, finding that we overruled all these obstacles, we finally got off, after "potlatching" (or making presents to) half the village, and buying dried halibut against famine to a good extent. I never was so glad to get quit of an Indian village, and felt exultation as we rode through the breakers, and raising the mat sail, scudded along the coast, past Kloos (*Klahus* "the other" [*house?*]), Quamadoa, Echwatess, Karleit, and Wawahadis, all villages of these people, standing in little bays on sandy beaches.

By evening we enter Port San Juan—an inlet of the sea off De Fucas Strait, along which we are sailing. On the opposite side is Washington Territory, United States, and the snow-capped Olympian range can be seen in the distance, with Mount Baker's white head towering to the eastward. In Port San Juan we see no sign of vessel with stores for us, nor of our companions, whom we had expected to meet us here. Rounding a point, we come into a little cove, when our fears of starvation are at least staved off by the sight of Indians, and out of a little block-house comes a short, merry-faced fellow, who hails us as we enter with all sorts of witticisms. This is the Indian trader, who for many long years has lived all alone here, though earlier in life he was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, under Sir John Franklin. The story of this waif of civilisation is a long one, and as we sit round his fire we hear bits of it, mingled with many a wild story of the life he has led here. We pitch our tent in front of his door, and accept his apologies for his want of hospitality. A few days afterwards a ragged figure comes down the San Juan river—a mountain stream which flows in here—which we recognise to be one of our companions of a week ago. He is very hungry and very tired, and has a long tale to tell of the rough mountains they have travelled over from the Cowichan Lake to the sea. A few days afterwards the Indians find the rest, and once more we are all together in the rendezvous at Port San Juan. To tell their story would be to occupy too much space. Neither can I follow our subsequent career: how we discovered the gold placers of Leech; how we crossed the country by many routes and with many fortunes—good, bad, and very indifferent; and, finally, how, as the snows were covering the hills, we landed once more in Victoria, there to receive the "thanks of Parliament," and the congratulations of our friends. The object of this article has not been to describe geographical data—these I have published elsewhere—but to attempt a little sketch, so far as our space would permit, of one of the pleasantest of our many journeyings and explorations—sometimes alone, at other times, as in this case, with companions—all over the wide region west of the Rocky Mountains. Pleasant as are the recollections of this journey, a more agreeable feeling still remains to him who conducted it; and that is, that during many trials, the early friendship which united us all has never been dissolved; and that, scattered as are the companions of these days through many lands, there is none who does not look back with pleasure on his early co-partnership in North-Western travel.

* The general Western Indian name for an Englishman.

The Island of Réunion.

RÉUNION, or Bourbon, as it used to be called, is the largest of the Mascarene group of islands in the Indian Ocean, lying just within the southern tropic, about 400 miles east of Madagascar, in latitude 21° S., and longitude 53° E. of Greenwich. The Portuguese, under Pedro de Mascarenhas, discovered these islands in the middle of the sixteenth century. At that time (1545) the prospect to colonists proposing to settle there must have been very discouraging. The whole island, little more than a rocky mountain, a terrible volcano, with inaccessible peaks, and its inhospitable shores covered with huge rocks and boulders, must have been the reverse of inviting. Although there were no human inhabitants, there certainly were birds, including the almost fabulous solitaire (*Pezophaps solitarius*), sea and water fowls, fish in abundance, turtle, and immense land tortoises (*Testudo tricarinata*); but there were no mammals, with the exception of the tanrec (*Centetes ecaudatus*), a species of hedgehog, and flying foxes (*Pteropus*). There was neither grain, fruit, nor vegetable food, except the cabbage-palm. Consequently, all the domestic and other animals, fruits and plants, were introduced from foreign shores, and have become naturalised in what is now an earthly Paradise. From the absence of convenient harbours, and the comparatively small extent of its sugar plantations, the commercial importance of Réunion is much inferior to that of Mauritius; nevertheless, it has been a most flourishing little colony.

Bory de St. Vincent declared "that the island of Bourbon appeared to have been created by volcanoes, and destroyed by other volcanoes," and there appears to be much truth in what he said. The island, about forty miles long by thirty broad, and almost oval in shape, is, in fact, composed of two groups of mountains, joined by a table-land called the Plaine de Caffres, at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the sea; the largest group of mountains (the remains of extinct volcanoes) to the north culminates in the Piton des Neiges, 11,000 feet above the sea, and the southern group in an active volcano of 7,000 feet elevation.

Another natural division of the island is caused by the protection afforded by the high mountains from the constant south-east trade winds, separating it into the windward and leeward divisions. Each of these two last divisions is arbitrarily divided into four cantons, each possessing a chief town with a resident justice of peace. The cantons, at least the larger ones, are subdivided into communes and sous-communes, under commissaries of police.

St. Denis is the principal town, and seat of government. It is conveniently situated on the north of the island, has no harbour, and a dangerous exposed roadstead. It numbers some 36,000 inhabitants. St. Pierre is the chief town on the south, where a small harbour is in the course of formation, and, including the adjacent commune, numbers nearly 20,000 inhabitants. The population of the island may be roughly computed at upwards of 200,000 souls, of whom 135,000 are native-born creoles, and the remainder emigrants. Of the creoles born, but a small proportion are actually white, the majority being composed of a mélange of negroes, Madegasses, Caffres, Mozambiques, Abyssinians, and Arabs; whilst the immigrants are chiefly Indian—either Malabars, Bengalis, or Tamils—and Chinese, with latterly, since the Cochin-China war, not a few Annamites. It may be here mentioned that the resident English Consul is *ex officio* the protector of immigrants, the majority of whom are from Her Majesty's Indian dominions. These immigrants have only been imported since the emancipation of the slaves, which took place in the year 1848. The climate of Bourbon is most healthy, and it is only since the introduction of Indian immigrants that cholera has been known. The fever which has so disastrously afflicted the sister island of Mauritius is unknown here.

A large portion of the country surrounding the still active volcano is uninhabited and uncultivated. It forms a vast desert of ashes and scoria, and every alternate year is traversed more or less by streams of molten lava. This part is called the Grand Brulé. The volcanic vents are steadily changing their place in a southern direction, and the island is visibly extending on that side. The remainder of the island, by its varied temperature, different altitudes, and alternate wet and dry seasons, offers a vast field of study to the botanist. The littoral zone may be said to contain, besides its indigenous vegetation, the majority of its cultivated plants. Above this we find the broad belt of forest vegetation up to some 3,000 feet, beyond which is the zone of tree-ferns, bamboos, and other reeds and grasses, with tamarinds. Higher up still are shrubs, then stunted bushes and heaths, with the beautiful satin-leaf plants; whilst finally the summits on which the snow rests in the winter present blocks of lava and basalt, sparsely covered with mosses and lichens.

On the coast the cultivation of sugar is carried on to a great extent. Vanilla is cultivated in gardens, about thirteen thousand pounds weight of the pods being yearly exported. Cacao, cloves, and cotton, which used to be grown largely in the island, have given way before the more remunerative sugar plantations; and in the mountains coffee and wheat are still grown, but not to such an extent as formerly. The coffee of St. Leu has the best reputation, and is grown chiefly for local use.

The government of the colony of Réunion, according to the terms of a decree of the senate in 1854, is administered by the governor as representative of the Emperor and Minister of Marine. This high functionary is responsible for the administration of the colony, and the military and naval forces are entirely at his disposal. The chiefs of the colonial administration under him are the Ordonnateur, the Directeur de l'Intérieur, and the Procureur-Général, besides a Contrôleur, who corresponds direct with the Minister de la Marine. There is a colonial privy council, consisting of the above heads of departments, with two resident notables and the bishops, of which the governor is president. Besides, there is the Conseil Général, of which half the members are named by the Government, and half elected by the respective municipalities of which the Directeur de l'Intérieur is president, and represents the Government. The military force at the disposal of the governor is composed of a battery of artillery, a detachment of sappers, and a company of marines. These are regulars. There is also a militia composed of all the white inhabitants, but it is inefficient.

The agricultural interests of Réunion have suffered, of late years, more than those of our own colony, Mauritius. The quantity of sugar exported has fallen from 68,400 tons in 1860, to 36,000 in 1867; the value of imports has fallen from 42 million francs in 1860, to 26 millions in 1867; the total imports in the same time from 38 million francs to 20 millions, and last year a further reduction has taken place.



VILLAGE ON THE GABOON.

The Gaboon.—III.

BY DR. GRIFFON DU BELLAY, SURGEON IN THE FRENCH NAVY.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BOULOUS OR SHEKIANIS—OIL OF TERMITES—THE BAKALAIS—THE MANGROVE COUNTRY—CONSTRUCTION OF HUTS—WILD ANIMALS—SINGULAR ANTS.

THE invasion of the Shekianis or Boulous stopped short at the Gaboon. This tribe was originally very formidable, if we may place confidence in the accounts given by the M'Pongwés, who fear them still, although they affect to despise them. In the estimation of these M'Pongwés—to a certain extent refined by intercourse with the civilised world, and proud of their connection with the white man—the Boulou, the man of the woods, is a savage with whom they are never voluntarily on good terms, and with whom they never form any connection except as a matter of profitable speculation. In this they show their taste. The Boulou, without being very black, is darker than the M'Pongwé; his skin is rough and cadaverous in its appearance, the projection of his jaw-bone is more marked, the expression of his face often little better than brutish. Generally speaking, he is frightfully ugly. His migratory habits have given him decidedly nomadic tastes. The scantiness of his personal property, and the very small scale upon which he practises agriculture, render it very easy for him to move from place to place. He is, in fact, a thorough vagabond. He loves marauding. He robs the Gabonese, who are afraid of him; the victim does not complain, but, like the trader he is, tries to do business with the robber, and to indemnify himself by overreaching him.

The huts of the Boulous are small and badly built, inconveniently arranged, and, like the owner himself, very dirty. It would be difficult to say exactly how he lives. The M'Pongwé, though practising agriculture, does so but to a limited extent; and the resources thus acquired, eked out by the produce of his fishing, are barely sufficient to keep him from starving. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that the Boulou must at times be in still greater difficulties. It is true that, living as he does continually in the woods, he knows how to turn its resources to the best account; and he is reputed to be a skilful hunter. His tastes, too, are by no means refined.

I have placed in the Colonial Museum at Paris a specimen of the oil with which he prepares his food—a substance so filthy that it could not fail to excite disgust in the least squeamish stomachs. This oil is prepared by boiling in a large pot a termite, with a black head and a soft, bluish-coloured body, the appearance of which reminds one of a large dog-tick. This oil is limpid, and of a fine opaline colour. Its taste is

not disagreeable, as I know from experience, for I swallowed some before I discovered its disgusting origin.

The retired and solitary life which the Boulou leads, often in the midst of woods, has surrounded all his race with a kind of mysterious prestige. Like the old charcoal-burners in the forests of France, he is something of a doctor and an accomplished sorcerer. The forest has no secrets for him; he knows where to find useful herbs, and, more easily still, dangerous poisons. He is, in a word, a great fetichist.

It is upon the banks of the river that we must look for the Bakalais or Akalais, the tribe which, next to the Boulous, most frequents the French factories; and a journey there is by no means refreshing, for the traveller does not pass beyond the belt of muddy alluvial soil where the waters of the sea mingle with those of the rivers. This is a country of mangroves, and nothing else but mangroves; for the region of mud and slime is the exclusive kingdom of this singular tree. It seems to take possession of the ground by the thousand roots which shoot out from its trunk, by those which descend like long hair from its branches, by its numberless fruits, which, before falling, send forth a great root, and then, dropping into the water by thousands, support themselves there in an upright position like a brine-gauge; and, kept steady by the weight of their roots, are at length carried by the tide to take possession of some bank of mud which they meet with on their course. This aggressive tree raises on the banks of rivers an impenetrable wall of greyish verdure, all the more gloomy since there is nothing to diversify its wearisome monotony; for in this part of the world all nature seems inanimate. Here and there a beautiful kingfisher may be seen; sometimes a parrot or a touraco raises its hoarse and disagreeable cry; or perhaps a foliotocolle, perched at the top of a tree, betrays his presence in the breeding season by some piercing note; but, hidden in the midst of the foliage, we are not allowed to admire its rich green plumage, nor the exquisite beauty of its metallic sheen. These signs of life, however, seldom disturb the repose of these solitudes.

The stagnation of nature in the midst of a vegetation so prolific, and which is altogether so contrary to what one would naturally look for, produces a painful effect. We cannot help but feel that a country where vegetation is so abundant, but where at the same time animal life is so scarce, was never intended to be the abode of man, and there is no place for him more deadly. From time to time the half stagnant waters, so soon as the sea retires, expose to view inaccessible mud banks; the half rotten roots of the mangrove appear above the water covered with oysters and mussels, and, running about amongst them in the most impudent manner, are a multitude of little black crabs, which might be mistaken for spiders.

Sulphurous gases, which the pressure of the water prevents from being exhaled, escape from this vast swamp, and, arising continually on the surface like soap bubbles, diffuse around a pestilential odour. During the night also, in addition to these exhalations, which are the origin of all kinds of fever, a penetrating moisture prevails, which makes one shiver, whilst millions of mosquitoes fill the air and rush upon their prey. Such a country as this was never intended to be inhabited by Europeans; even the natives themselves are continually subject to attacks of fever.

As we proceed further into the interior, the aspect of nature changes; the horizon expands, and vegetation becomes more varied. Trees like the aguirigui (*Avicennia tomentosa*), which seems to unite in fantastic forms the mangrove and the ordinary shapes of arboreal vegetation, conduct us gradually into a different state of things. We meet first with the enimbas in great profusion, a large kind of palm tree, the fruit of which is dry and produces but little oil, and is therefore of but little use to the natives in a culinary point of view, but it furnishes them instead with planks ready made for the construction of their houses, and with shingles, which are easily prepared for the purpose of roofing. These planks are the branches of the enimba themselves, or, to speak more correctly, the ribs of its leaves, about eighteen feet in length, thick, narrow, level on the side, and perfectly straight. All that is therefore requisite to adapt them for building purposes is to strip them from the leaves and they are ready for use. The leaves themselves are used in the place of tiles, and are ranged side by side, and fastened together with wooden pegs. We may remark, however, by the way, that, correctly speaking, we ought not to talk of *building* a Gabonese hut; it is, in reality, constructed by sewing it together, bit by bit, without the use of either nail or hammer. The thread which is used for this purpose is a kind of long liana, easily bent and very strong, called ojono, belonging to the inexhaustible tribe of the palms. It is a species of rotang, very disagreeable to meet with in the woods; for it is armed with a kind of bent hook, placed in pairs on each side of the stalk, like the flukes of an anchor, and which, when they lay hold of the passer-by, seem unwilling to relinquish their prey.

The first villages of the Bakalais are to be met with in the midst of these enimbas, which they cultivate and sell to the Gabonese, and the tree forms, with sandal-wood and ebony, their chief article of commerce.

These people are not very numerous; they seem to be the advanced guard of a large tribe which dwells on the banks of the Ogo-wai. Their onward march appears to have been arrested, and they are now retreating continually before the advancing Pahouins, who are gradually dispossessing them. Their loss, however, is scarcely to be regretted, for, whilst the Bakalais are in appearance as ugly as the Boulous, they share also all their faults. They have all the tastes peculiar to a nomadic race, and have also but little respect for the rights of others; they are, however, more industrious, for they weave out of vegetable fibre, with considerable skill, a kind of cloth, which is certainly stronger and more durable, though less prized, than a great deal of the European calico of which their drawers are made. They have, besides, more taste for music than their neighbours, and manufacture musical instruments, some of which resemble the harp, others the guitar.

We must not quit the forests of the Boulous and the Bakalais without making some mention of the other inhabitants who share their possession of them. These are rare, however, and the hunter finds little game; but the naturalist has less reason to complain, especially if he is willing to devote himself to the world of small creatures.

On the hill-sides, which extend from the bottom of the bay, a wild buffalo is occasionally met with—the niaré—and more rarely the white-faced wild boar, of which animal I once met with a tame specimen; the warted snout, eyes surrounded by long bristles, and long ears fringed with hair, like a brush, give to this animal a singularly novel appearance. There is, moreover, a kind of sloth—*Perodicticus potto*, called by the natives

ekanda, also a nocturnal, climbing animal, the youko. These are very curious-looking creatures, not often met with, and seldom to be found in any European collection. The pangolin, the civet cat, the palm rat, the ant-eater, the daman, are, with the panther and several kinds of monkeys, the chief representatives of the family of mammalia. The elephant and the gorilla, the largest of all the quadrumana, are now rarely seen, save in the distant forests where the Pahouins live. The panther is not much more common. According to the testimony of M. Vignon, it sometimes follows the track of persons who pass through the woods, and prowls about but seldom attacks them.

The serpents are more dangerous; they are more common, and all exceedingly venomous, with the exception of the great boa—the python—whose huge size is alone sufficient to render it formidable. Pythons often come gliding about the huts to catch stray fowls, and they will even pursue the rats into the leaves which form the roof. The most remarkable is the *Echidna Gabonica;* this is a large viper, with short horns and without a tail, which attains a length of about seven feet, and whose scales, of various colours, are arranged in lozenge-shaped patterns, with singular regularity and elegance of design.

In addition to these dangerous animals I must not forget to mention the ant, that plague and pest of warm countries. From the little, familiar, and diminutive insect, so small that a whole republic might live in the crack of a table, to the huge red ant, whose habitat is in the forests, and which is an object of terror even to the largest animals, we meet with no less than twenty different species. Some live in our very midst; they are to be found in our houses—take up their quarters in our boats, and confer upon us some slight services in return for their incessant depredations. Like the homeless dogs of Constantinople, to whom the Turkish police wisely surrendered the office of scavengers—a work which they themselves would not perform half so well—the ants clear the house which they have selected as their home of all impurities.

These are only an annoyance. There are others who have fangs capable of inflicting a severe wound. One of the most singular in its appearance is a large, light-coloured ant, with a long body, which makes its nest in the trees. It draws together, with an immense number of threads, clusters of leaves at the end of the branches, and out of them forms a kind of pocket, tolerably well secured, in which it establishes its brood. On some trees these nests are to be counted by thousands. The intrepidity of their occupants is perfectly surprising; on the slightest interference they pour out in hot haste, and without a moment's hesitation rush head-first upon the enemy.

Another is still more remarkable—a large red ant, which is often to be seen marching through the grass or across the path in close column, and observing a peculiar order of advance. The division proceeds in two compact rows, with the claws so well intertwined the one with the other, that the whole troop may be raised at the end of a stick in masses like balls; they form also two long parallel walls, two or three inches in height, and equally distant the one from the other. Between these two walls—as it were between two high banks—a perfect river of ants flows on, carrying provisions or larvæ, which are, perhaps, the spoil of some hostile republic. In the midst of those who are thus engaged in work, are to be seen others, whom we may describe, on more accounts than one, as the thick-headed males, unencumbered with any burden, and to whom appears to have been assigned the task of directing and accelerating the march. The grotesque disproportion between their heads and their bodies exactly resembles some of those caricatures in which a head of colossal size is represented fixed upon the shoulders of a figure of microscopic proportions. They possess a formidable pair of pincers, and discharge the office of policemen for the colony, and watch over its safety. On the flanks of the double wall before mentioned they act as scouts—collect fugitives, urge on those who lag behind, and repel the attack of every enemy. As regards the latter office, however, they have but little to do, for there are very few who feel disposed to molest them. The negroes, to whom the luxury of shoes is unknown, do not hesitate to tread upon and crush them.

There are other reasons besides for the respect which is paid to these travelling ants. I was one day walking with a chief, when we encountered one of these voracious armies crossing the path. Just as we were clearing it my companion stopped short, proceeded to gather a leaf from the nearest tree, placed it gently on the ground, and then passed on. I was convinced that some mystery lay hidden in this little act. I accordingly asked what he meant by paying toll, as it were, in this singular fashion.

"My wife," replied he, "is *enceinte*, and I do this to secure her against any misfortune at the time of her confinement." I could scarcely keep my countenance when this droll explanation was given me. The man was annoyed, and said, in a somewhat satirical tone, that I did wrong to laugh at him, for, after all, if we whites were not afraid of the ants, there was no merit in that, since we never brought our wives to the Gaboon. It must be allowed that this was an argument which it was impossible to gainsay.

CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT TO THE FANS, OR PAHOUINS—SIMPLICITY OF DRESS—CURIOUS WEAPONS—POISONED ARROWS—WAR-DANCES—CANNIBALISM—THE GORILLA—MODES OF KILLING ELEPHANTS.

THE villages of the Bakalais are in close proximity to those of the Pahouins. The first which I visited, in the year 1862, in company with two naval officers, was a new settlement on the banks of a winding stream, one of the affluents of the river Como.

After wandering about in numberless directions in this kind of watery flat, we at length arrived at our destination. The single hut which we first came upon might have been supposed to belong to some native lover of solitude, but it proved to be the outpost of a village which was hidden from our view by the surrounding trees, and which had thus been placed in an attitude of defence. We had frequently been told that the Pahouins were a truly warlike tribe, always on their guard, and not easily taken by surprise. This soon became evident to us, for an eminence hard by was speedily covered with a host of warriors, large and small. Children even rushed to join the throng, brandishing sagayes suited to their height. In the midst was the chief, who carried javelins and war-knives sufficient to stock an arsenal. He was a man of about forty years old, cast in a large mould, muscular and hard-featured, with a projecting forehead, and his hair so cut as to give his head an appearance of great width at the temples. He had a well-built frame, his arms were long and lank, and his breast was tattooed in a particularly ugly fashion. His only garment

was the shaggy skin of some animal, wrapped round the waist. He received us in a most freezing manner, but the eloquence of our interpreter, and, above all, the hope of obtaining presents, altered his demeanour. Besides, although these people may never have come into actual contact with white men, they are not ignorant of their existence, and consequently our visit, without being expected, was, as it were, only half a surprise. The distribution of some tobacco-leaves to the assembled company put them all in good humour. They began to smile kindly upon us, and in doing so exhibited formidable rows of teeth, filed and pointed, the appearance of which suited but too well the reputation for cannibalism which this tribe has already gained. The ice was now broken, and we were permitted to enter this savage circle.

The village, which was close at hand, might pass, like the greater number of those belonging to the Pahouins, for a kind of fortress. The 200 or 300 huts of which it was formed were placed in two long parallel lines on either side of a wide street, which was barricaded at each end by a guard-house. Its inhabitants were very remarkable, and of quite a peculiar type. It is impossible not to be struck at the very outset by the Pahouin tribe. The children are quick, sprightly, and intelligent, with regular features. Their heads are long, their foreheads large and prominent, and their eyes large and soft. But, unfortunately, these good looks gradually disappear as they grow older. By the time they have arrived at the age of fifteen or sixteen years—a period when their passions develop themselves—the type of the tribe becomes marked. Their plumpness disappears, the cheek-bones stand out, the temples become hollow, and the forehead more and more prominent. All these marks give to the Pahouins a peculiar stamp of countenance, which prevents them ever being confounded with the M'pongwés, or any other tribe of the Gaboon.

The women have also the long head and projecting



PAHOUIN WARRIORS.

forehead, but they rarely have the hard and thin features characteristic of the Pahouin. They are inclined to corpulence —too much so, perhaps—but without ever becoming obese, a fault almost unknown amongst the black races. Their hands are often astonishingly beautiful, small in size, and delicately set on. Notwithstanding all this, however, these brawny, scantily-clothed beauties appear absolutely ugly, with hardly any exception, upon a nearer view. Unfortunately for them, art helps nature to look worse instead of better. It is not that they do not care about dress. They cover their bosoms with turkey. If that bird were found in the country one would naturally suppose that it had served as a model to the inventor of this strange fashion. This stout, pliant stuff, dyed red with an extract of sandal-wood, is taken from the emvien, which is none other than the fig-tree—that tree which tradition has handed down to us as having provided garments for our first parents, and which supplies, even at this day, the clothing of a people who are almost as nearly in a state of nature as they were.

Such were the singular people amongst whom I found



THE SACRED ISLES OF LAKE JONANGA.

necklaces, after the fashion of the Gabonese, and hang to their hair numerous strings of fine white pearls, which fall upon their shoulders and before their eyes, dangling against their faces; an ornament altogether unique and effective. On their arms and legs they wear bracelets made of copper or polished iron, which look like long spiral coils. The young matrons disfigure themselves still more by smearing their bodies from head to foot (I know not why) with a decoction made from red-wood. A strap, entirely covered with cowrie shells, is passed across their shoulders, and in its fold their infant reposes. Of garments, properly so called, these ladies have none, and it is only figuratively that we can speak of their being dressed at all.

But they wear the ito, an ornament which they highly prize. This is a little piece of plaited red bark, which is tied round the waist, and the end spreads itself out fan-shape in the middle of the back, like the expanded tail of a strutting

myself for the first time; I have visited them frequently since, but generally in the villages in the vicinity of French establishments, where they soon begin to lose their original characteristics. Hunters and warriors, the first thing Pahouins ask of the European are guns, then manufactured goods and grotesque ornaments, which latter always give such intense gratification to negroes. In one of these villages, where the original habits of the natives have to a certain extent been altered by contact with white men, M. Houzé de l'Aulnoit has sketched the illustration which we present to our readers on the previous page. The chief, whose head is dressed in a Kolbach, has the peculiar characteristics of his race; but how infinitely preferable his ridiculous costume is to the native war-dress of the primitive Pahouin!

The weapons of this tribe are not less characteristic than their dress. Skilful in working in iron, an art unknown to

other tribes, they make sagayes, great war-knives with fine points, and of an elegant shape—an instrument which ought to be formidable when wielded by a brave man—shorter knives made for different uses, adzes, and excellent hatchets of a remarkable shape; and lastly a very singular weapon, hatchet or knife, whichever you like to call it, which accurately represents the profile of a bird's head set on a very arched neck; the latter serving as the handle, while a groove which divides the beak into two parts, and a hole to represent the eye, leaves no doubt as to the intention of the designer. M. du Chaillu says that this strange weapon is thrown from a distance at the head of an enemy. I, on the other hand, have heard it asserted that it is a kind of sacrificial knife, used for the purpose of immolating human victims—victims sacrificed not to the gods of a barbarous religion, but simply to gratify the appetites of the sacrificers themselves. A single blow on the temple inflicts a mortal wound, and the bent part serves afterwards for the work of decapitation.

All these blades are of good workmanship, and much better than the greater part of the sabres and knives which are supplied by foreign merchants to the Africans. They are moreover chased with ornamental devices, and are sometimes even inlaid with copper, in a way which bears witness to the taste of the workmen. Their stock of tools is of the most simple character. It consists of small portable anvils, one of which is fixed in the ground, whilst the other serves as a hammer, and they heat the iron by a wood fire, which is kept alight by a pair of double bellows of a very ingenious structure. It is a piece of wood, several inches in height, in which two parallel cavities are cut, of a cylindrical form, each of which is fitted at its extremity with a tube to convey the blast. Each of these cavities is covered with a very flexible skin, to which a wooden handle is fastened, and the covering, as it is alternately raised and lowered, draws in and gives out the air. Thus, they form two pumps combined, the alternate play of which produces a continual blast of air. These bellows, so simple and easy in their structure, appear to be known over the whole of the African continent, for Captain Speke mentions having found them in use amongst the inhabitants on the east coast.

But the most dangerous arm of the Pahouin, and the one most peculiar to him, is the cross-bow, with which he shoots small poisoned arrows of bamboo. This weapon requires great strength on the part of him who uses it, for it demands the whole power of the body to set it; but as it is discharged by a slight pressure, it can be fired from the shoulder like a gun, and it shoots with great precision. The effect of the poison with which the arrows are steeped is terrible. It is always advisable to accept with some reserve the statements of the natives, as well as those of travellers on such points, but a skilful physiologist, M. Pélikan, helps me in this instance by a communication which he has recently made to the Academy of Sciences. He has analysed this substance, a specimen of which I have deposited in the Colonial Exhibition at Paris, and he has recognised in it one of those poisons which have a great and violent effect upon the heart. It is the extract of a climbing plant called inée or onaye, which belongs to the family of the *apocyneæ*, or perhaps to the genus *echites*, and which is very rare, or at any rate seldom to be met with in our shops.

The bow with its poisoned arrow is more used in the hunting-ground than on the battle-field; for the necessity of being seated in order to *load* it, makes it awkward in a struggle.

When we had been through the village, my companion and I rummaging in all the huts, and at each step seeing arms and different objects unknown to the Gabonese, we returned to the chief's dwelling. Tam-tams were speedily brought, as well as other musical instruments, made on the principle of the harmonica, and the whole village began to dance. Those women ornamented with the ito had taken especial care to spread out their tails; it is evident that upon the proper fluttering motion of this piece of dress they rest all their hopes of success. Two long rows of dancers, men and women, each conducted by a leader, wind about before the orchestra, follow and retreat from one another by turns, wax more and more animated, and at last finish by the most extravagant gambols.

A people eminently warlike, the Pahouins have a characteristic dance, which I myself have never seen, but which has been several times described to me by my colleague, Dr. Touchard, who lived for some time in their neighbourhood, and to whom I am indebted for more than one interesting account. Two warriors advance one towards another. They are fully armed, and their heads crowned with a large tuft made of the feathers of the touraco or the merle metallique. Round their neck is a collar made of tiger's teeth; from the left shoulder a large war-knife is suspended, encased in a sheath of serpent-skin; round their waist a skin of some wild animal, and from it hangs a short poniard; in the left hand a sheaf of sagayes, in the right a large thick shield made of elephant-skin. When these men, equipped with these formidable weapons, proceed to an encounter, their nostrils dilate, and they seem to sniff war. Their mouth is half open, displaying their sharp-edged teeth; and one feels oneself to be amongst a people of extraordinary energy.

Europeans who have lived amongst them are unanimous in holding this tribe (notwithstanding their cannibalism) in higher estimation than any other on the Gaboon. We can by no means believe that this cannibalism is committed simply to gratify a degraded appetite. M. du Chaillu, in his account of his travels amongst the Pahouins, or Fans, as he more justly terms them, appears to me to have much exaggerated this appetite for human flesh. According to him, the single village which he visited was a vast charnel-house; everywhere were strewed human bones and quivering flesh. He has evidently overdrawn the picture. There are French officers acquainted at the present time with many Pahouin villages, and they have seldom met with any traces of cannibalism. In the villages adjacent, those who eat human flesh hide themselves, not from any fear of French interference—of that they have no dread—but from a feeling of shame, which prevents them indulging their hateful tastes before men who do not share them, or even before their children. This very remarkable reserve, which has also been observed amongst some of the tribes of the Pacific Ocean, affords further proof that cannibalism is essentially unnatural—that it found its first excuse in actual famine, and ought to disappear with it; or at least, that it should occur only in exceptional cases, under the influence of religious or warlike excitement.

The Pahouins come from some distance inland. Their skill in hunting, their total inability to manage canoes, prove that they have inhabited the high forest land in the interior

of the country, and probably have exhausted its resources. They have brought thence and preserve still the aptitude for turning to account all that they find. Serpents, insects, meat in a state of putrefaction—nothing comes amiss to appetites obliged to appease themselves with what we should call refuse. Cannibalism is almost a necessary consequence of the scarcity of food. But this barbarous custom, which exists also among the Bakalais, will gradually die out as these tribes lose their nomadic habits, and settle down in permanent establishments round our posts.

In their organisation they do not differ essentially from that of the neighbouring tribes. As amongst the ancient Germans, their criminal code is based upon the principle of compensation; blood is not paid by blood, but by an equivalent satisfaction. Polygamy does not exist amongst them to the same extent as amongst the M'pongwés. Marriage takes place at a less early age, and morality is less lax. Their religion appears to be a kind of moderate fetichism.

They devote themselves to some extent to agriculture; but the chase is their principal resource, and at the same time their chief pleasure. Amongst the denizens of their forests there are two animals, now almost unknown in the neighbourhood of our stations, which are well calculated to excite their ardour for the chase. I speak of the elephant and the gorilla.

The gorilla, or d'ginna, is a gigantic ape, found only in this tract of country, and which had never been heard of or seen by Europeans before the establishment of the French settlement. Several of these creatures had already been sent to the collection at Brest and the Jardin des Plantes by officers, and principally by surgeons in the navy, before public curiosity was so highly excited several years ago by the accounts which M. du Chaillu gave of his hunting expeditions, and by the resemblance which was pretended to have been discovered between the gorilla and the human race. Such a comparison cannot be received with much complaisance. Here, in a few words, is a portrait of this strange member of the quadrumana.

Its height equals, or even surpasses, that of a man; its shoulders are double the size, consequently the development of the chest is immense; the head is extremely large, sunk between the shoulders, and marked by a massive facial expanse, while the skull is small in proportion; above this a lofty crest serves as an attachment for powerful muscles, employed in moving a jaw of prodigious strength; the nose is flat, the forehead receding, and the brain small and imperfectly formed; the arms are tremendously strong, and reach down to the knees; the lower limbs are too short; the hands well made; the hinder part of the foot is massive, but ill developed, and unsuited for long maintaining an upright position; short black hair covers the whole body.

Such is this monster ape, which the blacks fear as much as they do the most ferocious beasts. It plays an important part in the superstitions of the country. Like others of its species, it is not carnivorous, and will not interfere with men unless it is first attacked. It allows the hunter to approach near, happily for him, for he would assuredly lose his life if he failed to kill his prey at the first fire. The huge body yields its life easily, for those which I have seen have died from wounds which would not have proved immediately mortal to a man. The breadth of its chest, and a peculiar formation of the larynx, give to its voice a startling power; but the moaning of the little gorilla resembles the fretful complainings of an irritated child, and were it not that its body was hairy, it might be mistaken at first sight for a little negro. It has been found impossible hitherto to rear the young ones, and equally impossible to capture alive these creatures when fully grown.

At the present time the Pahouins are the best traders in ivory. When they made their first appearance on the Como, they hunted for the benefit of the Bakalais, who furnished them with guns, and kept for themselves only the flesh of the animals which were killed. Now the Pahouins are armed, and can do without their neighbours. Their mode of hunting elephants requires an intimate knowledge of their habits. These animals usually live together in large herds in the woods, and do not move far from their favourite haunts. The hunters take advantage of their quasi-sedentary habits. If they do not find a sufficient number collected together, they have a grand battue; they disturb without frightening them, and gradually get them concentrated on one spot. When this is accomplished, they enclose them in several fences made of bindweed—an insufficient barrier certainly for such powerful creatures, but strong enough to impede their flight. When all is thus prepared, the surrounding villages unite, and with guns and spears commence a massacre, which is not without danger for the aggressors. Often they have recourse to poisoned food; sometimes also to traps. The method most in use is to make a hole in a thicket, through which the stupid animal will try to escape, and to hang above it a heavy pointed stake, which falls on the elephant as it passes, and breaks its spinal column.

Such is the Pahouin tribe, which is the most interesting of all those which dwell on the Gaboon, and which will soon be the most important, for they are advancing with great strides towards the French settlements. They will be welcomed there with pleasure, for if it is possible to do anything with that country, it must be by means of the races who are sufficiently acclimatised. At the same time, the French must not deceive themselves. They will find them restless subjects, and auxiliaries very difficult to manage. If they are as a rule gentle and hospitable, they are also suspicious and fickle, but possessed of an industry and energy rarely met with amongst the black race.

CHAPTER IX.

RIVER NAZARETH AND THE OGO-WAI—NATURE OF THE SOIL—LAKE JONANGA—ASHIRAS—FETICHE ISLANDS—MIRAGE.

I HAVE already said that the treaties made in 1862 with the chief at Cape Lopez had placed this part under French rule. It is situated in the delta formed by the different mouths of the Ogo-wai, a river at that time almost unknown. The Nazareth, its northern branch, became then a French possession.

Admiral Didelot, who was at that time commander-in-chief on the African coast, was desirous to plant the French flag there, and make a rapid exploration of the Ogo-wai, and of the means of communication which might exist between this river and the affluents of the Gaboon. He confided this duty to M. Serval, captain of the *Pionnier* and myself.

On the 18th of July—that is to say, in the middle of the dry season—we entered the river Nazareth. Unfortunately for

us, it had fallen about six feet since the end of the rainy season, and was still falling; so that, notwithstanding the *Pionnier* drew but little water, the following day she grounded on a sandbank about sixty miles from the entrance. The expedition began therefore under bad auspices. We were not then in the Nazareth, but in the Ogo-wai itself, which, spreading over a vast surface, afforded us a splendid view. To the ventured further he might be obliged to leave his vessel on some sandbank until the return of the rainy season.

It only remained for us to continue our voyage in canoes —a troublesome method, exceedingly slow, and one which put us at the mercy of the inhabitants, whose hostile feelings we were soon to verify.

The village of Dambo was, happily, well disposed towards



THE YOUNG FETICHIST OF LAKE JONANGA.

mangrove-tree had succeeded pandanus and yuccas, a great number of oil palms and enimbas, and, in fact, all the luxuriant vegetation of the forests of the Gaboon.

But in the midst of this beautiful panorama navigation was a difficult matter. Islets and sandbanks began to obstruct the course of the river, and one on which the *Pionnier* had run aground was only the first of many and more serious obstacles. The next day we succeeded in reaching the village of Dambo, about sixteen miles from the point where we first grounded, and it then became evident to M. Serval that if he

Europeans. Its chief—N'Gowa Akaga—received us cordially, paid us all the honours, and in the evening visited the watanga, the great ship of the white men. He did not show much astonishment, and was reserved in his expressions of praise, which showed great discretion on his part, for praise from the blacks is often a cloak for covetousness. He placed at our disposal one of his largest canoes, with two men of his village, and on the morrow M. Serval and myself set out, taking with us several black sailors. The *Pionnier* turned back to await our return in deeper water.



PAHOUIN VILLAGE

I will not relate all the incidents which occurred during this fatiguing voyage, which, it is true, did not last more than twenty days, but during that time we had no interval of rest.

We always started at an early hour in the morning, stopping during the intense heat of the day at some village, and then going on again, passing the night at another further on. Our appearance caused quite a commotion in those parts. Urged by curiosity and allured by the hope of presents, all the chiefs were determined to see us, and we soon found that it was not prudent to disappoint them. We had chanced to pass by the important village of Aroumbé without noticing it, and had stopped to allow our men some repose, when there appeared half a dozen canoes filled with armed men. They came to invite us to retrace our steps, and were prepared to compel us if we made any objection. A few minutes after there arrived from the opposite side canoes from a village which we did not wish to visit on account of the delay it would cause, and they had anticipated us. There then ensued a great palaver between the two companies, and we feared at one time that this discussion, arms in hand, might become serious. At length they calmed down. The people of Aroumbé excused our visit until our return, but they went away in a bad humour, and it was clear that we should be liable to these unpleasant interruptions each day if we did not visit all the important villages.

We visited successively Gamby, Atchanka, and Igané, all of which are peopled by the original inhabitants of the coast, who have evidently come by the southern branch; whilst those of Dambo and Aroumbé, whom we had met with on the right bank, were clearly related to the Gabonese, and must have ascended the river by its northern branch, the Nazareth. At length we found ourselves in the midst of the Galloise race, the most important, perhaps, on the Ogo-wai, who believe themselves, and appear in reality to be, different from the others, though speaking nearly the same language.

I took advantage of our short stoppages to explore the environs, and I found everywhere the same kind of cultivation as at the Gaboon. I also saw several fine tobacco plants, cultivated as an ornament, for the inhabitants do not know the use of them. They had been brought from the Congo.

I could only make these observations during the brief time we rested at the villages, and that was just the hottest part of the day. It was still less easy for me to examine the animal kingdom, for one could not hunt at such an hour. It was therefore impossible for me to procure specimens of several interesting animals peculiar to this part of the country, particularly one, a giant ant-eater, which Dr. Touchard speaks of as a new animal.

I was also unable to see much of the nature of the soil, in a country where the earth is hardly scratched even for cultivation, and where the rocks which appear above the surface are covered by a thick mantle of vegetation. The subsidence of the waters fortunately left the banks of the river exposed to view, and the formation of this natural valley, which is almost uniform for a very considerable distance, enabled us to determine the structure of the country itself, or at least of its outer crust.

Beyond the marshy flats on every side, the banks present thick beds of an argillaceous sand, more or less compact, of an ochre colour, in which are embedded great lumps of ironstone, with rounded projections on the surface, hollow inside, and varying from the most complete friability to metallic hardness. With these are often mixed fragments of red porphyry or quartz, and sometimes the clay changes its appearance, becomes finer and whiter, and finally passes into marl. In those places where the bank rises, the lower strata consist of conchiferous chalk (limestone?), or beds of clay full of ammonites. No minerals are known to the inhabitants, not even iron. The weapons and instruments which they possess are either of European manufacture, and are obtained through the medium of traders on the coast, or else they are those made by a more distant tribe, the Ashébas, who, like the Pahouins, are acquainted with the use of iron.

We proposed to ascend the Ogo-wai up to the point where the two rivers Okanda and N'gounyai join. We hoped that we should there meet with new tribes, with the Enincas, who appear to be in direct communication with the affluents of the Gaboon, and perhaps the Oshebas, who resemble very closely the Fan-Pahouins. Unfortunately, the information we were able to gather on this subject varied every moment, and this object of our pursuit seemed to fly before us. At the same time, the reception which we met with showed that there was every day an increase of bad feeling towards us, and the property which our canoe contained, or which we carried on our persons, excited their envy more and more. At Aroumbé a discussion took place during the night amongst the people, and the conclusion they came to, as reported by our interpreter who overheard it, was that, although they were not strong enough to plunder us themselves, yet, as the large village of Bombolié, at which we were to arrive the next day, was close by, the best thing for them to do was to follow us in canoes, and share the booty.

The result of such an attack, unhappily, could not be doubtful; if made during the day it would not be without its dangers to the aggressors, but if during the night nothing could be easier. It seemed useless for us to plunge ourselves into serious difficulties for the purpose of prosecuting geographical researches, the result of which was uncertain, and we therefore fell back upon the Lake Eliva, or Jonanga, which we had passed on our right without exploring; to tell the truth, its inhabitants were not much more to be trusted, but it was almost necessary to make some researches there, and we were, moreover, likely to be amply repaid for our trouble.

Many considerations urged us to do this. The people of the Ogo-wai, especially the Galloise, had perpetually spoken to us about the extent and beauty of this lake, and besides everything else it was in their estimation a mysterious lake, the sanctuary of their religion. Proof of this had been given, they said, by extraordinary appearances. The great ships of the white men, which passed Cape Lopez (that is to say, more than 120 miles from the spot) might there be seen in the clouds; powerful and jealous genii lived there, and if any profane person dared to approach the sacred islands, which they had chosen for their home, his canoe would be capsised and he would assuredly meet his death. The fact of our being tanganis—that is to say, white men—would not preserve us from this melancholy fate; on the contrary, we could not possess a worse passport for such a voyage than the colour of our skins. These strange accounts, which we had at first received as mere freaks of imagination, were told us by the natives as far as the villages on the banks of the N'goumo, a

river by which the Lake Jonanga empties itself into the Ogo-wai. There could be no doubt about the matter; Eliva was most certainly an interesting spot, and in all respects well worth a visit.

We soon crossed over the N'goumo, a pretty stream of water not more than a mile and a quarter in length, and we pushed forwards to reach the island of Azinguibouiri, where we proposed to pass the night, and from whence we could very well ascertain the conformation of the lake.

Infinitely varied in form, it baffles all description. At the bottom of the different gorges numerous torrents carry down the waters from the surrounding heights, but not a single river of any importance falls into it. Its depth varies from twelve to nineteen feet during the dry season, and its waters are perfectly transparent, while those of the Ogo-wai are of a singular reddish colour. To the east the ground rises rapidly and forms a series of elevations culminating finally in the mountains of Ashaukolos, which shut in the horizon, and through which the Ogo-wai forces a passage. A luxuriant vegetation covers the banks. The obas attain great beauty there, and the caoutchouc grows in great abundance; oil palms are more rarely met with. The shores are covered with grasses; close to the water a very pretty dog-lily displays its white flowers, but no rushes are to be seen, nor any of those plants usually found in stagnant waters, which at once reveal the muddy nature of the soil, and betray at first sight the unhealthiness of a country. The region of Lake Jonanga is therefore, I believe, a healthy one.

The population, which is very scattered, is of the Galloise race. Further distant, behind the Ashaukolos Mountains, dwell the Ashiras, of whom we saw two representatives. Their narrow and receding skulls, and their heavy and prominent features mark the inferior rank which they hold in the intellectual scale. They appear to be industrious, however, and manufacture for the greater part those fine and pliant mats known to the trade as matting of Loango, or Loanda. Like the Pahouins, they have their teeth filed to a point.

We were cordially received in the village of Azinguibouiri. The king, in order to do us honour, had arrayed himself in his best apparel. This consisted of a pair of cotton drawers, not over clean, and a white hat of European make, which seemed to have paid by its long service beforehand for the present honour of covering a royal head.

The next day we took the route which leads to the famous fetiche islands, which the natives so incessantly talked to us about, or rather to the island of Aroumbé, which alone is inhabited.

We were received on the shore by a dozen intelligent-looking children, consecrated to the service of fetichism, and dressed accordingly, in a very strange costume. Their principal garment was a pair of Bakalais drawers fastened round the waist by a belt of white pearls, and ornamented with arabesques, some with pearls, others with a kind of red chenille, and from the sinuous and festooned border hung clusters of blue pearls and small bells. Necklaces of large pearls of all colours hung round their necks or were worn crosswise; bracelets of red chenille adorned their arms and legs; while rings of brass on their wrists and ankles completed this unique costume. The little fetichists are kept up to the age of seventeen or eighteen, at which period they are initiated into the mysteries of their religion. "They see the fetiche," to use their own expression. Up to this time celibacy is strictly enforced. Once initiated, they obtain the title of fetichist, and return to ordinary life.

Accompanied by these "Levites" of a new order, we ascended to the village of Aroumbé, where we waited, as the king wished to honour us with a visit. He required some little time to array himself in his robe of ceremony, which certainly was deserving of notice. This was a uniform—but to what army it had at one time belonged I am at a loss to say—adorned with epaulettes of yellow wool and spangles, corporal's braiding and buttons, upon which were embossed three cannons, with this motto, "Ubique" (everywhere). Was ever a motto more applicable? Who can say through how many hands this corporal's uniform had passed before it arrived at this sequestered lake, to serve as a court dress for an old negro king?

Yondogowiro, as this strange personage calls himself, is in reality the great religious chief. The person who exercises the highest authority (the value of which it is difficult to estimate) lives in a village on the Ogo-wai, and is rarely seen at Aroumbé. Both these men belong to sacerdotal families, and in order not to derogate from his noble origin, Yondogowiro married a cousin of the supreme fetiche, who himself married N'Gowa, a daughter of his new cousin. These two ladies, who happened to be then at Aroumbé, afforded us perfect specimens of the coiffures in vogue in that country—a mode which differs from that of the Gabonese; in one the hair was massed up on each side of the head, in the form of long, broad horns.

From the hut where we received the king we witnessed a very curious scene. A group of bananas, planted in the middle of the village, had been selected as a domicile by a little bird, which had built its nest there at the expense of the tree itself. The banana-leaf, as is well known, has a long mid-rib, edged on either side by numerous fibres, which together form the level portion—the limb of the leaf; it looks, in fact, like an immense plume with the feathers glued to each other. The bird separates these fibres one by one without detaching them from the stalk, and then plaits and felts them together. Each leaf thus dealt with furnishes materials for a dozen such nests, which hang suspended from the mid-rib. Nothing can be more pleasing than this winged republic, which seems as if it would fain pay by a cheerful gaiety the hospitality of the village.

Accompanied by Yondogowiro and Queen Agueille, we paid a visit, in the course of the afternoon, to the sacred islands, and I must say that, in spite of sinister predictions, we found it as pleasant a journey as could be made in a canoe at the equator, where the temperature was about 103° Fahrenheit, under a cloudy sky.

Let us picture to ourselves two islets, or rather two immense patches of verdure, placed in perfectly limpid water, and absolutely covered with a cloud of birds of every size and variety of colour, freely enjoying themselves amidst the most profound security. The great ibises, with their red heads, perched on the peaks of the rocks, looked down upon us as we passed at the distance of six or ten feet, and raised themselves to the full height of their long thin legs and flapped their rose-coloured wings, bordered so beautifully with black embroidery. Below, a species of yellowish-white vulture—large black birds, of lofty flight—and kingfishers flew to and fro. A group of pelicans of

a quieter disposition had taken up their abode in some large trees, which paid dearly for the honour of affording them a lodging. Stripped of their leaves, and burnt by the guano with which they were covered, they would never bear leaf again; they were only like immense perches, from which the pelicans watched the water, their heads half hidden in their feathers, and their crops hanging down on their breasts.

It is scarcely probable that these sacred islands owe their gloomy reputation to these peaceable inhabitants. With them or in them, perhaps, the mysterious genii live. Our Galloise guide had prudently remained at Aroumbé. Our Laptots themselves, notwithstanding their being Mahometans, of which they make such boast, thought it their duty to give us some sage advice; but Yondogowiro, the great fetichist, was there to appease the anger of the genii. It was, indeed, a curious sight to see this little old man in his uniform, too high in the collar, too short in the sleeves, raise himself in his canoe and stretch forth his hands supplicatingly to the pelicans, the bird best adapted to receive with becoming gravity this religious homage. With one hand he rang a little bell—an emblem of his sacerdotal authority—with the other he crumbled a quantity of biscuit into the lake, then he invoked the genii in the following words:—"Here are white men, who come to visit you; do them no harm. They bring you presents of biscuits and alougou. Preserve them from death, and ensure their safe return to the Gaboon."

The prayer was simple, and appeared to be sincere; it was only effectual, however, in my case, for M. Serval, less favoured by the gods of this Olympus, did not return without fever. The presents mentioned had been liberally given. After the distribution of the pieces of biscuit, Yondogowiro filled his mouth with alougou—the name given to the trade-brandy of the country—and dispersed it to the winds in a manner dangerous to those near him. He did not perform this operation without having first swallowed part of the offering on his own account. He deducted a tithe. At several places this ceremony was repeated—prayers, sacrifice, and a little taste for himself. Seated before her royal husband, Agueille smoked her pipe. As the privilege of landing on these islets belongs to the great fetichists alone, we did not insist upon doing so; and after we had gone round them, we went to the entrance of the lake which connects the extremity of the Lake Jonanga with a smaller one, Eliva Wizanga. It is close to the entrance of this canal where the apparitions are seen, about which we had heard so much. We did not wait to witness them—they only appear in the rainy season; but we hoped that the mere sight of the place would give us a key to a phenomenon, to the existence of which we were obliged to attach some credit, since so many people had spoken to us of it without any mistake as to time or to place, and without ever varying from one another as to the details.

The account given to us by the natives was this: During the rainy season, if they place themselves, a short time after sunrise, at the entrance of the canal, with their eyes turned toward the west, they see in the clouds white forms, which those people who have been to the sea-coast pretend to recognise as ships passing Cape Lopez. They declare they see them tack, furl the sails, fire the cannon, and then suddenly disappear. Without admitting all these details, might we not believe that there lies some truth at the bottom, and that, in spite of the distance, these vessels are seen to pass here by some powerful effect of mirage?

After this hasty and singular excursion we escorted back to Aroumbé the great fetiche and his royal consort.

CHAPTER X.

THE HIPPOPOTAMI OF BANGO—LAKE ANENGUÉ—FOREST OF RUSHES—JOURNEY TO OGO-WAI BY LAND—CONCLUSION.

Our visit to Lake Jonanga was now ended, and we took leave of its inhabitants, not without several palavers, and followed the course of the Ogo-wai.

We heard by the way that the people of Aroumbé intended to make us pay a ransom on our return, and to do some harm to our pilot, to whom they attributed our refusal to pay them a visit on a former occasion. In order to avoid any altercation with this quarrelsome village, we passed it during the night. By daybreak we were five miles beyond it, at the entrance of the Bandou, or Bango, the first great branch which leaves the left bank of the Ogo-wai to fall into the sea, and which consequently forms the southern limit of its delta.

Some hours afterwards, we re-entered the village of our friend N'Gowa Akaga, King of Dambo. This excellent man viewed our return with unfeigned delight, for he knew of the hostile feelings entertained by some of the chiefs against the King of Cape Lopez, whose recent treaty with us now began to be known, and he was aware also of their eagerness to obtain European products, so that he was not without some anxiety on our account.

After we had rested several hours in this hospitable village, we followed the route of the *Pionnier*, which, having returned on this side of the sandbanks, awaited our arrival near to the village of Niondo. On the morrow we once more set out, this time in a whaleboat, to pay a visit to Anengué, a village described by M. du Chaillu, who assigns it an important part in the future commercial development of the country. We re-ascended the Azin Tongo, an affluent of the Ogo-wai, which flows eastward; then a narrower channel, the Gongoni, which brought us to the Bango. We were told that this river had several communications with the lake. We had, indeed, only to cross in an oblique direction in order to find the most important—the little river Guai-biri.

Our sudden appearance on the Bango disturbed for a moment a troop of hippopotami which were disporting themselves near to a sandbank. We had numbers of times met with these huge animals on the Ogo-wai, where the banks in every direction show traces of their footsteps; but they had always been in solitary couples, and in the water, so that their heads and the higher parts of their huge hind-quarters were alone visible above the surface, and they disappeared at the slightest sound. A bullet fired into the midst of the herd made them dive instantly, but we had scarcely crossed their play-ground when they all reappeared. Notwithstanding the bad reputation these animals have gained of attacking those who thus venture amongst them, these particular ones had the goodness to wait in the water whilst we fired at them from a distance.

We arrived at an early hour on the Guai-biri, and attempted to enter the lake without further loss of time. But we had barely got two miles, when the canal suddenly contracted, and we found ourselves in a ditch of stinking mud, surrounded on all sides

by rushes, and without any apparent opening. We were obliged to retrace our steps.

The following morning we set out in a small native canoe, and having reached the point of obstruction, entered a winding, tortuous ditch, whose existence it was impossible we should have suspected, and along which we could only advance by cutting away, as we went along, the immense rushes which obstructed our passage. Soon the water disappeared and dry ground showed itself. But we had provided for this difficulty; large cross-pieces of wood were laid down to make the ground firmer, and our canoe, transformed into a sledge, was vigorously pulled along on this kind of ladder. Whilst the blacks attended to the canoe, we endeavoured to make our way through the rushes in advance of them, supporting ourselves by their prismatic stems—which were as strong as those of young trees—kept from sinking by the close network which their roots form on the surface of the mud, and sheltered from the sun by the splendid globular umbels which crowned their summits at the height of some ten feet. This beautiful plant must be nearly akin to the papyrus of the ancients, which has given its name to paper. Closely pressed one against another as they are, the number of these rushes must indeed be prodigious.

After a toilsome journey of three hours, now in the canoe, now out of it, always in the mud, we at length came upon Lake Anengué. Its approach had not deceived us; it is in reality nothing less than the lowest portion of an immense swamp, not deep, haunted by crocodiles, and which we had probably entered on its muddiest side. Hills of considerable height shut in the southern side; and between these elevations the moving plain formed by the tops of the rushes shows the continuation of the swamp. The inhabitants of the few villages which crown the higher grounds, appear to have held for some time communication with Europeans settled at the entrance to the river Fernand-Vaz, whom they supply with elephant tusks, and more especially palm-oil and india-rubber.

After having devoted a day to this hasty exploration, made still more fatiguing by the intense heat of a burning sun and the perfect stillness of the air, we left without regret this melancholy morass. My travelling companion carried back with him a violent attack of fever, and I myself a certain degree of disenchantment. I cannot, in fact, share with M. du Chaillu the hope of one day seeing this muddy plain transformed into rice fields, and steam-vessels traversing waters which must be so extremely unhealthy. With this short expedition ended our voyage. Had it been undertaken before the sinking of the waters, it would doubtless have been a most successful one; it has not, however, been without good results, and affords landmarks for the future.

Several months after its termination, M. Serval and I reconnoitred the routes which place one of the affluents of the Gaboon, the Ramboé, in direct communication with the higher Ogo-wai. We crossed magnificent forests, where are to be found more gorillas and elephants than human beings. A distance of about twenty-five leagues had to be traversed by difficult paths; but the permanent places of shelter which have been put up along them, show that the route is habitually made use of. We had proved, in fact, by this that commercial intercourse between the two rivers had been established by this channel, and we felt no doubt that it would be possible to turn this to greater account, and to make it profitable to the French settlement on the Gaboon. Overcome by a serious illness, which I had for some time felt coming on, I was prevented going as far as the Ogo-wai, and was held prisoner by fever in a Bakalai village. My companion, however, reached it at a higher point than we had been able to get by canoe, about sixty-five leagues from the sea-coast. The river there was still more than half a milé in breadth. It is, then, really an important stream of water. But from what source does it come? This is a question which the future must solve.

I will end this description of the Gaboon with one question. What use can be made of a country that has not one regular



FETICHE BANANA TREES.

product? Its trade in ebony, dyewoods, and ivory is not of any great importance. It can only be increased by the more rapid exhaustion of its resources, since it destroys and does not replace. To attempt to introduce some agricultural industry—the cultivation of cotton, for instance—would be to yield, I fear, to a generous illusion. Europeans cannot work in such a climate, and native labour counts for nothing. Perhaps, however, in spite of these drawbacks, we might gain something from the natural resources of the country, and particularly from its beautiful oleaginous plants. If we encourage the increase of these precious trees, we shall obtain from the natives the only exertion which appears to be compatible with their nature, that of cutting down each year that which they have not had the trouble of cultivating.

Journeyings in Mesopotamia.—VII.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE INDIAN NAVY.

CHAPTER IX.

KOORNAH—THE SHATT-EL-ARAB—RETURN TO THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER—HOG-HUNTING—CONCLUSION.

After leaving Sheikh Sookh, the Euphrates takes a bend to the eastward, and the banks being very low, it again forms a kind of delta, extending to Koornah, a distance of sixty-three miles by water. The walled town of Koornah I have already described; it extends along the right bank of the Tigris, and the left of the Euphrates. A line of walls denoting the site of the ancient Apamea may still be seen extending across the peninsula formed by the confluence of the two rivers. On passing Koornah, we sailed down the commingled waters known henceforth as the Shatt-el-Arab. This noble stream, which has a breadth of half a mile, flows in a straight course towards the sea. After receiving a tributary called the Kerah, the banks of the Shatt-el-Arab present a more pleasing aspect, and are fringed with date groves and numerous villages. In the entire course between Bussorah and Koornah, a distance of forty miles, there are but two islands, both of them large; the river has an average width of six hundred yards, with a depth of twenty-one feet. Below the city of Bussorah, the width of this noble stream is increased to seven hundred yards, while it has a depth of thirty feet.

Near the earthworks of Mohamrah, the waters of the Karoon flow into the Shatt-el-Arab after a long course through Shastin, past Ahwaz, and other places. After this junction the main stream inclines a little more to the south, and during the remainder of its course passes many large villages, and almost a continuous belt of date groves. Between Mohamrah and the sea, a distance of forty miles, it has an average width of 1,200 yards. At length we saw the tall spars of our old ship, and it was like returning home again to find ourselves among our shipmates, who heartily greeted us on our return from our wanderings in Mesopotamia.

The *Comet* had not yet arrived with the despatches from Baghdad, and as the captain's orders were to wait until he had received them for transmission to the Bombay Government, a further stay at Marghill was the necessary result. At this we were not much grieved, for there was plenty of amusement to be had in shooting ducks and other wild fowl, and, what was still better, the swamps a few miles up the river were the favourite resort of the wild hog. As this sport has about it a spice of danger, it was patronised to a much greater extent than the former. Hog-shooting parties were formed three or four times a week, and the captain himself, being an ardent sportsman, gave leave to the officers and men to indulge in the Englishman's known predilection for slaughtering something—from an elephant or a tiger in the jungles of India and the wilds of the country inhabited by the Hamran Arabs, to sparrow shooting as practised by the hobbledehoys of an English country village. The day after my return to Marghill I eagerly joined a party of officers and men—the latter being a quarter watch that had been made up—to enjoy a day's hog-shooting.

All preparations were made over night; an ample supply of ammunition, consisting of ball cartridge for the quadrupeds and duck-shot for the feathered tribe, was laid in; rifles and fowling-pieces for the officers who were to form the party, and muskets for the sailors, were cleaned and placed handy; and last, but not least, sundry hampers and suspicious-looking bottles and flasks betokened that the inner man of "poor Jack" was not neglected. The *Medora* carried only a few rifles, the fire-arm provided for the general service being the old musket familiarly known as "Brown Bess." Part of the starboard watch sailors accompanied us, all of them armed with these weapons. It was necessary that we should have men to act as "beaters," and as the Jacks were desirous of taking part in the sport, they fulfilled at the same time the duty of beating up the hogs. The start for our day's sport was made from the ship about five o'clock in the morning, and the shooting party, consisting of fifteen sailors and four officers, myself among the number, "laid into" the cutter. The oars were quickly dropped into the rowlocks, and the boat shoved off.

It was a lovely morning, with the sun just peeping above the cloudless horizon. There was scarcely a "cat's-paw" on the water, so unruffled, even by a passing breeze, was the surface of the river; and the balmy breath of early morn, always delicious and refreshing in the East after the sultry, breezeless nights, had already given place to the fiery beams of the orb of day. The strict discipline enforced among the boats' crews of a man-of-war was on this occasion relaxed, and the men chatted and joked as they gave way with the long ash oar. The boat was pulled in-shore to avoid the current, and after a row of about an hour and a half the scene of our intended sport was reached. On the way we passed flocks of wild geese, flying, however, too high in the air to be shot at; and also saw some hyænas which

had come down to the water's edge during the past hours of darkness, when they made "night hideous" and sleep impossible with their melancholy, wailing cry; but, at the sight of us, these creatures, which are very shy, trotted off at their best speed, and were lost sight of in the long jungle. We had brought three or four natives to point out the best shooting grounds, and these men also carried the provisions, and made themselves generally useful.

When the boat was run up in one of the small creeks with which the country abounds on either bank, a seaman was left to take charge of her, and the rest of the party, eighteen in number, struck out at once into the jungle. As we were now on the actual spot where the wild pigs "most do congregate," we looked to our arms, and prepared to commence the sport without loss of time. The modus operandi was simply as follows:—The sailors were formed in line at right angles to the river, extending across the scene of operations, and with intervals between each man, while the officers established themselves along the margin of the stream. When all had taken up their stations a signal was given, and the whole party advanced in line, keeping a sharp look-out for the animals. The belt of low land which fringed the river was about 600 yards wide, and consisted of soft, marshy soil, broken with deep ditches, or nullahs as they are called, sometimes dry, but generally half-filled with water; and was covered with a dense jungle of tall reeds, almost six feet high. This made our progress very laborious, and what with the swampy nature of the earth, into which your feet sank over the ankle at every footstep, and the difficulty of making your way through the thick mass of foliage, it was really very fatiguing work.

However, we knew before starting what to expect, and had come with our energies nerved for the occasion, as well as our feet and legs protected by huge boots (a pair of which I had had made for the purpose in Bushire) reaching to the top of the thighs. We had not been many minutes thus making our way with our rifles at the "ready," and all on the qui vive, when on the extreme left was heard a shout, and then three or four shots delivered in quick succession. Soon the cause of this excitement became evident, in the quick movement in the jungle ahead, but which was almost immediately lost in the distance, as the "suer," as the natives call the wild hogs, successfully made his escape. One of the officers who had fired averred that he planted a bullet in the hind-quarters of the beast; and this was very probable, as the tenacity with which these animals cling to life is remarkable. I have seen a wild boar knocked over, in whose carcase was discovered, when cut up by the ship's cook, no less than seven musket-balls.

We continued the sport, without any marked success, for two hours. Many of the animals were, indeed, struck, but seldom did any of us have an opportunity of inflicting a wound in any vital part. It was no easy matter to surprise them, for the "grunters" were gifted with a quick sense of hearing; and then, unless you got a shot at them while in a recumbent position, the chances were against your wounding them in the head or heart, for they made off at a surprising pace—now dashing through the jungle, and then, when coming to a nullah, taking the obstruction with a flying leap that would not have discredited an Irish hunter at a stone fence. I had a capital shot at a large boar while he was in the act of clearing one of these deep nullahs, and hit him in the side; the beast rolled over, but long before we had come up to dispatch him he had regained his feet, and disappeared in the dense jungle. The thick forest of reeds was also a serious obstruction to our sport, for the bullets glanced off the tangled mass of stalks, which at the same time effectually concealed everything beyond a few yards from us.

We were rather disappointed at our want of success, when at length a shot fired by a petty officer, who was next to me, drew my attention in his direction. I fired at the spot where the rushes were violently agitated, for the animal was evidently not seeking to escape by diving into the jungle, as the majority of the others we had sighted had done, but was making for the river on my right hand. This drew upon him the fire of five of us, and, as he was headed off the stream, he turned back. I could not see any of our party, for we were all acting independently, but I gathered as much by the motion of the brushwood and the shouts from my right. I was not long in loading again, and, having advanced a few paces, found a space in front almost free from jungle. As I reached the spot, and looked in the direction I had heard the last shot, I saw an enormous boar charging back from the river, where his retreat had been cut off, and instead of "steering ahead," when we should have lost sight of him, bearing down along the line, and regularly running the gauntlet. He had been wounded, for blood was flowing from two or three places, and this rendered him savage and reckless. There are few beasts more dangerous than a wild boar when hard hit and unable to escape; in fact, there is a well-known proverb respecting the ferocity of a "wild boar at bay," and as this gentleman came tearing along, with his head slightly lowered, like a mad bull, and his white and gleaming tusks churning and snapping with fury, he presented a very formidable appearance, and clearly meant mischief. At that moment a "maintop-man," an Irishman, a very strong, broad-set little fellow, made his appearance to my left, rushing out with great eagerness, and having his musket with the bayonet fixed, as he afterwards expressed it, when interrogated as to his impetuosity, "Bedad! to let the blaggiard have the baggonet." I stood still, and waited until the animal came near me, for I felt that, if he selected me for his victim, it would require all the ounce of lead in my rifle to settle him. The infuriated boar was dashing at me, when O'Callaghan obtruded his comical visage to the front. Whether it was that the enraged "porker" was exasperated at this exhibition of ill-timed levity (for he doubtless considered it no laughing matter), or for some other occult reason, is uncertain, but directly Paddy showed himself (wildly gesticulating and hurrahing the while) the boar, attracted by the noisy demonstration of welcome, swerved a little, and, passing me at a terrific pace, singled him out.

I was perhaps a little flurried, for my aim, directed at the head, was not very accurate; nevertheless, when I fired, the ball struck him full in the flank, the force of the blow knocking his "after-part" on one side. It slightly checked him in his onward course, but only for a moment. Furiously the brute dashed at the plucky native of Erin, who, nothing daunted, "let him have it," or rather, didn't let him have it; for, although O'Callaghan's fire was delivered close enough to have scorched the bristle of the "pig's cheek," the bullet struck the stock of a sailor's musket in quite a contrary direction. This wonderful performance was a great subject of merriment for many a day among his messmates, but at the time it nearly

cost the Tipperary boy his life, for almost at the same instant that I heard the report, I saw poor O'Callaghan high in the air, legs uppermost, and with the musket flying about his head like a shillelagh in a faction fight. The boar was upon him, and would most certainly have made an end of the brave fellow if an old petty officer—who had profited by the practice at a mark at which the crew had lately been exercised, and had reserved his fire—had not planted a shot in the eye of the savage beast, just as he had turned again and was about to rip up his unlucky and defenceless opponent. It was done well, and not a moment too soon; for, although we were all running up to the assistance of our shipmate, our guns were unloaded, and the pig had it all his own way. The shot, penetrating to the brain, took instant effect, and the animal dropped dead on the spot. Poor O'Callaghan was set on his legs again, and found to be none the worse, beyond a few bruises, for his involuntary somersault; he had luckily received the charge of the pig on the most convenient part of his person, and never experienced any ill effects from the collision. There was nothing after this event worth mentioning; we had, on the whole, pretty good sport, and at the end of a very fatiguing day, succeeded in killing and securing four pigs. No correct estimate could be formed of the number wounded. Two out of the four animals slaughtered were very fine large boars, and "all hands" had pork for breakfast, pork for dinner, and pork for supper, during the following week, besides the daily rations of meat.

Ten days after my arrival at Marghill, the *Comet* returned with despatches from the Consul-General at Baghdad. I bade good-bye to my kind friend and late host, the captain of the armed steamer, and then the old ship sailed for salt water, at which our mess was not sorry; for we began to regard ourselves somewhat in the light of the fresh-water sailors of London, who, dressed in the rig of seafaring men, are for ever pestering one with offers to take you for a pull on the Serpentine, or the more adventurous souls who loaf about the Thames above the bridges. Indeed, there was a grave possibility—unless we soon had a taste of the roaring nor'-westers of the Persian Gulf—of Marghill, with its attendant good fare of wild ducks and fresh pork, becoming a very Capua to our jolly tars; and so we bade adieu to Mesopotamia. But before taking leave of the gentle reader, who, I fear, has been bored at times with my dulness, I must express my acknowledgments to General Chesney and Messrs. Buckingham, Wellsted, and Mignan, to whose valuable works I have so frequently had recourse, in reviving half-forgotten reminiscences of scenes and places witnessed and visited during the pleasant days of my Journeyings in Mesopotamia.

Seven Months in the Baiearic Islands.—IV.

BY E. G. BARTHOLOMEW, C.E., M.S.E.

ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS AT IVIZA—HISTORICAL SKETCH—CONCLUSION.

About 100 B.C. Iviza yielded wholly to the Romans; they sought to exterminate the aristocracy living on the island, and to make the inhabitants tributary to their court at Tarragona. I cannot relate all the skirmishes which took place between Marius and Sylla, and other well-known Roman generals, in most of which Iviza and its brave inhabitants bore a part; Iviza declared for Pompey, and suffered the indignation of Cæsar. At this period this beautiful isle was a centre of luxury, and famed in science, art, industry, commerce, and agriculture. Proofs of its greatness in former times are often met with; coins, monuments, statues, sepulchres, and utensils being numerous. Amongst other relics are the following:—At the sides of the principal gate of the fortifications separating the port from the city are two statues, believed to represent persons of high rank; they were decapitated by the Vandals. That at the right of the gate is of marble, well cut; the nearly obliterated characters on its pedestal are as follow:—

CIVLIOCFGAL
TIRONI
GAETVLICO
QVESTVRB
TRPLPRAETORI
AMICO OPTIMO
LSEMPRONIVSLFOVIR
CENECIO.

The statue on the left hand resembles a priestess, and has the following inscription under it:—

NONIVET
REGINAE
LOCVLATIVS
QVIR REGIVS
ET. . . EMINA. . . CF.
RESTITVTA. . . R
ET. . . LOCVLATIVS
QVIRREGIVS
SVIS. D. S. R.

Inside the gateway is a niche holding the statue of a priest, much mutilated, and without an inscription. At a short distance from the city, by the roadside, is a square stone resembling a pedestal, on which evidently a statue once stood. The inscription is very legible, and is as follows:—

L. OCVLATIO
L. F. QVIR
RECTO
AEDILI. IIVIR
FLAMINI
L. OCVLATIVS
L. F. QVIR.
RECTVS. F
PATRIINDVLGENTIS
SIMO POSVIT.

I copied many other ancient inscriptions, the details of which I need not give here.

Sepulchres are met with in many parts, and prove by their remains and contents that the Romans occupied nearly the

whole island, which they devoted to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. They made sugar, and exported it to the continent, drinking-vessels, &c., which obtained notoriety, and manufactured cotton. Besides these works of handicraft, they explored the soil for minerals, and dug mines which amply repaid their labour. Iviza was once truly the priceless pearl of the Mediterranean—the envy of the surrounding nations—and now she has lost all but what nature has left her. Poor Iviza! beautiful even in her ruins. During the Roman occupation of Iviza our Saviour was born. St. Paul preached the Gospel here in the year 60. In the fourth century the disciples of Augustine, perhaps St. Augustine himself (for he was born at Thegaste, near Carthage, and educated at Carthage), established monasteries in the islands of Iviza and Formentera.

In 426 A.D. Genseric took possession of the island by means of stratagem: under cover of night he came upon the unsuspecting inhabitants, and slew great numbers of them. Some fled to Tagomago, a mere rock rising a few hundred feet out of the water, but being blockaded, were compelled to surrender, and those who would not embrace idolatry were persecuted. Genseric continued the terror of Iviza until his death; his son Huneric succeeded him. He was a strict Arian, and banished to Carthage the bishops of Iviza, Palma, and Mahon; Hilderic, in 522, ordered their return. In 711 the Moors obtained possession, and held the island till driven out by Charles the Great in 900. In 1000 they again took it under Muguid, the Moorish King of Majorca. Albulanazer, surnamed the King of the Pirates, was governor in 1114. At this time Pope Pascal, acceding to the proposal of the city of Pisa, organised a crusade to deliver the Ivizencan Christians from the clutches of the pirate wolf. Peter, Archbishop of Pisa, was appointed commander of the expedition, which, consisting of 300 ships, sailed from Pisa on the 6th of August, 1114. The number of ships gradually swelled, until on arriving at Iviza it amounted to nearly 500 sail. The magnitude of the armament frightened the Moors, but their overtures of peace were rejected, and in the ensuing contest the governor was slain, and the Christians, after destroying the fortifications, started off to the conquest of Majorca, which they accomplished. They returned to Pisa in 1117, carrying with them the widow and son of the Mallorquin king and King Burabé, who had come over from Africa to the assistance of the Moors. The widowed queen and her son and Burabé became Catholics, and the young prince was raised to the dignity of a canon.

In 1147 Iviza again became subject to the Moors, and so remained till in 1213 James I. of Arragon freed the whole of the Baleares from the yoke of Mahomed, and became King of Majorca; subsequently it fell under the dominion of Spain, and has since remained a part of that kingdom. The Spanish rule has, indeed, done little for this now neglected isle. It contains 100 square miles of surface, more than two-thirds of which are capable of producing abundant crops, and yet not one-tenth is brought into anything like a cultivated state; still, the words of the poet will apply to Iviza—

> "'Tis a goodly sight to see
> What heaven hath done for this delicious land,
> What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree,
> What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!"

The next line is not applicable: it says—

> "But man would mar them with an impious hand."

And yet, as a proof of how little is known respecting Iviza, I quote from Hugh Murray's excellent geography, published in 1834. "Iviza," he says, "is a small isle of rugged surface, which forms one immense mountain, shooting up with a variety of summits."

There are a few villages scattered over the island, but all insignificant. "La Ciudad" contains about 7,000 inhabitants, and is divided into an upper and lower part, separated by a well-constructed wall with ramparts and bastions. Most of the good houses are in the Upper Town, where stands on very elevated ground a small cathedral, the view from which cannot be equalled. There is little to be said about the place, except that the inhabitants, as well as their houses, retain strong traces of the Moorish occupation. One thing is common to both divisions of the town, that is, bad smells, and it is difficult to say in which part they most abound. I would suggest the early morning as the best time for going to the market-place, where will be seen the best-flavoured fruits which grow on the three islands, and as cheap as good. The nut-bearing pine grows abundantly in Iviza, and here they will be found all ready shaken out of the fir-cones in donkey-loads. The market occupies the centre of an open square, and around it are several platerias, or shops of workers in silver and gold, who drive a large trade in fabricating ornaments for the countrywomen, with whom such decorations form a necessary part of their church-going attire.

My duties rendered it necessary that I should remain for some time in the country, and I was thus enabled to form a fair estimate of the character and habits of the country people, and become acquainted with the lovely scenery with which the island abounds. The panegyric I have quoted and applied to Iviza is applicable only to the country.

The population scattered throughout the isle is considerable; it amounts to about 22,000, which you would hardly credit, so dispersed are the cottages. The habit is for the children to remain after their marriage with their parents until the house becomes too small to hold the increasing numbers, or circumstances induce them to remove. The family groups thus collected are often highly picturesque, and there is but one drawback to the beauty of the picture, which becomes very evident in this hot climate, affecting the nose rather than the eyes—it is the utter disregard of ventilation, and the huddling together of men, women, children, dogs, ducks, fowls, fuel, and eatables. On my journeys I travelled as follows:—Selecting a strong steady ass for my own use, I had piled upon his straw saddle sundry blankets, a pillow, sometimes a mattress, and mounted myself on the soft heap. This precaution was necessary, considering the nature of the ground I had to traverse. My attendant, who acted in the double capacity of groom and cook, followed with another animal for his own use, and a third, on whose back was a confused heap of bedding, pots, kettles, baskets, meat, and anything else likely to prove useful in the unfrequented districts I had to traverse. Arrived near a suitable house, Pedro would pass on and solicit permission, on behalf of "el Signor Ingles," to use the fire, and to spread the mattresses under the porch for the coming night. I often had my bed placed on the house-top, and if not dreaming of Pedro, often thought of him. I slept more free from disturbance in the open air than if I had ventured into the house. I only once attempted the latter arrangement; I had reason to repent of my rashness before

morning. It is extremely pleasant to sleep in the open air, and to wake with the sunrise, whilst sweet scents, "the dew of herbs," known only to morning, are wafted from the pine woods before the scorching sun has dried up the moisture. It is a little difficult to arrange one's toilet under these circumstances; the last thing a Moor thinks of is to wash himself, and he cannot understand that others should wish to do so. Never travel without soap in Spain; this adage equally applies to her islands. If a stream runs near you, all the better; if not, a bowl of water suffices. From day to day, and from week's end to week's end, my dinner consisted of a mixture of fowl's limbs, tomatoes, hard-boiled eggs, sometimes potatoes, and always garlic; the whole stewed with water in an earthen pipkin; and in spite of its sameness, and, as some would say, of its garlic. I can speak to its power of appeasing the keenest appetite.

In some cottages wine was procurable, some of the native wines of this island being peculiarly fine in flavour. It is quite white, and can be taken with impunity in large quantities. I once tasted home-made wine of a different character at a country blacksmith's; it was pressed from grapes sun-dried almost to the condition of raisins, and possessed the fullest and richest flavour of any wine I have tasted, combined with very great strength. Speaking of grapes leads me to say a few words about the vines which rather grow than are cultivated in Iviza. Before the oidium made its appearance, every farmer cultivated sufficient plants to supply the requirements of his family for the ensuing year; since then the grape has been almost entirely neglected, for the poor peasantry have no money to buy sulphur, and, being unwilling to root up the vines, you may pass over hundreds of acres of vine-planted land, every plant being either barren or dead. I am now speaking only of the vines in the open country, the real vineyards; in the woods and sheltered spots they present a very different and an extremely beautiful appearance. Clinging to large trees near whose roots they have been planted, they are to be seen in full strength and fruitfulness. I have seen a large fir-tree having every one of its wide-spread boughs intertwined with the branches of a vine springing from a single stem, and dotted with immense bunches of the richest grapes; and I remember one such tree on a bough of which I lay and feasted without trouble upon the cooling clusters. Greatly did I regret having to cut down this same tree to allow my telegraph wires to pass free. A stranger is always welcome to help himself to fruit of any kind, but the same hospitality is not extended to a fellow-countryman.

The algarroba-tree is very abundant, and springs up spontaneously both in Iviza and Majorca. The fruit resembles a long, brown, flat bean, and possesses a sweetish-sour taste. It has of late years been imported into England, and is better known here as the fruit of the carob-tree. In the Baleares and south of Spain it forms a large proportion of the food of horses and other animals. A Spanish proverb says it is certain death to sleep under an algarroba-tree. I have proved the fallacy of this statement by experience. The foliage of this tree gives out a very peculiar and unpleasant odour, and it is so powerful, that you know of the existence of an algarroba at a distance of at least 200 yards.

The prickly fig, or higuero de Moro, called so because first planted in Spain by the Moors, is a remarkable plant. It resembles a gigantic cactus, and when in flower looks pretty. After these fall, the fruit forms. It is cool but tasteless, though a favourite food with the Spaniards. Another Spanish saying is, that death is the consequence of drinking spirits or wine after eating a prickly fig. I did not venture to test the truth of this statement. I was surprised at the ease with which this plant is propagated. A single leaf, or even a part of a leaf, will take root if stuck in the ground, and no locality seems too arid or dry to afford nourishment for its growth. It will thrive admirably on a stone wall, and this is the more curious since the whole character of the plant is highly succulent, from its thick fleshy leaves to its very juicy fruit.

Of the common fig there are two kinds—the black and the white. The former is not much valued, being smaller and not so rich in flavour as the white, and it does not dry well. It is seldom exported, but the islanders dry large quantities, and store them for winter use. The white fig is a delicious fruit when it grows in such a climate as the south of Spain, but nowhere does it reach to such perfection as in Iviza. When ripe it is like a ball of honey, and deliciously cool. This fruit satisfies hunger better than any juicy fruit I know. Some of the white fig-trees are perfect marvels of vegetable growth. I have seen a single tree whose branches covered a circular spot of ground nearly 400 feet round; the shade of such a tree is most refreshing. The fruit is regarded as unwholesome if gathered whilst the sun shines on it; but perhaps this also is a fiction. A large quantity of dried white figs are exported from the island, whilst an immense quantity of the most delicious undried fruit is given to fatten pigs, who make a fearful mess of the dead ripe figs by trampling them into the mud. The fig-tree bears two distinct crops of fruit, the first of which is not good enough for drying.

One word about the melons. Another Spanish proverb says, "A woman and a melon are best known after trial." I can testify to the truth of this saying as respects the melons, perhaps some of my readers can with regard to women. It is a singular fact that from the same stalk you may cut a dozen melons, every one of which shall have a totally different flavour: the shape, size, colour may be precisely similar, and yet one may not be eatable, and of the other you can eat almost the seeds and skin. The finest flavoured melons should possess a taste of aguardiente, as the Spaniards call brandy, though not brandy as we mean it, it being flavoured with anise-seed. Aguardiente is an intolerable poison to an Englishman, and yet, strange to say, a very similar flavour in a slight degree gives a melon a richness which must be tasted to be appreciated.

Almonds and olives are grown in large quantities in Iviza, and the comparatively small quantity of oil which is made in this island fetches a higher price in the market than any other. The oil-presses are rough and primitive, and much oil is lost through want of care. The crushed olives are mixed with warm water and placed in flat bags laid one over the other, a flat board terminating the pile, which is placed under an immense wooden beam near its fulcrum, a screw acting upon the outer end. The board on which the pile stands has a groove or channel cut round it, into which the expressed oil and water runs, and an opening at one side carries it into a large hollow cut in a stone. Here most of the oil separates from the water, and floating on the surface, flows off through a channel cut in the *upper* part of the stone basin, whilst the redundant water passes away through an orifice at the *bottom*; but owing to the oil not having time wholly to separate itself

from the water, much is wasted by passing away with it. I collected some of the waste many yards away from the building, and proved to the owner how much he was losing. There are not many oil-mills in the island, and those who require their olives crushed pay in kind for the use of the mill, the proprietor of which makes a good thing out of his machine. In England we regard the olive as a hard, salt kind of berry, indigestible though palatable, and entirely devoid of any flavour of oil. This is the unripe fruit. When ripe and fit for crushing, olives turn black and fall from the trees; in this state they form an excellent relish when eaten with bread and salt. I have often enjoyed a lunch of this kind, finding it wholesome, agreeable, and satisfying. In bruising the fruit for the press, the stones and all are crushed.

But I must close my remarks on Iviza, and with it on the Baleares generally. There are many other islands, more or less insignificant, connected with the group, but scarcely any of them are deserving of notice. Formentera, lying to the south of Iviza, is the largest of these satellitic isles, but it is a place of no importance; the only communication kept up with it and the rest of the world being by a felucca once a week, "weather permitting," between it and Iviza; and the passengers usually consist of a few peasants, who exchange the produce of their ground for clothing, and articles not obtainable in Formentera. The island contains a very scattered population of 1,350 souls. Although not a large number, it is sufficient to disprove the ridiculous assertion that Formentera is deserted on account of the number of serpents upon it. It is, however, a singular fact that, although the two islands are separated by a channel only a mile and a half broad, venomous reptiles exist on Formentera; they are, however, not only unknown in Iviza, but are unable even to live there, the cause of this favoured singularity being ascribed to the saltness of the soil.

A European Sojourn in Japan.—VIII.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, SWISS MINISTER IN JAPAN.

JAPANESE ORNAMENTATION—THE QUEEN'S COURT.

THE architecture of the Japanese, and all their works both of industry and art, denote a certain pursuit of the symbolic, added to great purity of taste in the imitation of nature. In the framework of the roofs of temples and palaces, there are ornaments sculptured in wood, representing a bank of clouds, above which rises the pediment of the building. The state entrance of the daïri is ornamented with a golden sun, surrounded by the signs of the Zodiac. The porticoes of the Buddhist temples are surmounted by two elephants' heads, to denote that this religion has its origin in India. The weight on a carpenter's plumb-line represents the sun descending to the horizon. The favourite subjects of their mosaic and wood-sculptures are sea waves crested with foam, basaltic rocks worn and hollowed by the sea, cranes and bats with extended wings, and groups of trees and reeds in various combinations. There are also many ornaments whose signification we do not understand, such as that seen in the enclosure of the daïri, a kind of vase of bronze, with a rough representation of a bird of the size of a man. This is one of the most ancient monuments of native art, and is called the Tori-Kamé, but its origin and use are unknown. Other vases of great antiquity, mounted on tripods and used for burning perfumes, have carvings of the head or scales of the crocodile, an animal quite unknown in Japan. The tortoise and the crane, which are frequently introduced on the sacred chandeliers and perfume vases, are emblems of immortality, or at least of longevity. The Foô, the mythological bird common to China and Japan, is placed on the lintels of the daïri, and on the top of the Mikado's palanquin, as an emblem of eternal happiness. These symbolic images, and others, which it would take too long to enumerate, are introduced in the designs of the rich silks figured with gold and silver, which are the glory of the Kioto weavers, as well as into the engravings and carvings on the plates of gold and silver, brass and steel, with which the native jewellers decorate the hilts and scabbards of swords and other articles; they use them also in adorning the pieces of plate and works of art in porcelain and lacquer, which form the chief decoration of Japanese establishments.

It was once remarked to me, in a warehouse full of curiosities produced by the workshops of Kioto, that not one of the articles displayed was of a purely rectangular form. I examined a number of cabinets, caskets, paper boxes, and other varnished articles, and found that none of them had a sharp angle, all the corners being slightly rounded. This may be nothing more than a peculiarity of taste; but there is another fact which has probably a symbolic significance, namely, that all Japanese mirrors have, without exception, the shape of a disc, which seems to confirm the opinion of Siebold, that the mirror in the Kami temple is an emblem of the sun's disc. It would be more difficult to divine the reason of certain fashions in Kioto, if, indeed, there is any reason in fashions. Ladies of the court pluck out their eyebrows, and replace them by two large black marks some distance higher on the forehead; perhaps it is that these high-cheeked beauties fancy they improve the oval of their faces by this little feminine artifice, which tends to raise the eyebrows, which nature has placed rather too much in the centre of the face. With the exception of a few locks plastered with wax, and arranged in rings on the forehead, the hair is quite smooth and flat on the head, and hangs down on the back, where it is confined in a knot, which conceals certain mysterious combinations, as all the great ladies display a thick head of hair flowing amid the folds of their mantles. The amplitude of this rich brocaded garment leads one to believe that feminine happiness in Kioto is measured by the amount of yards of material which it is possible to display. We were at first puzzled to know the meaning of the two long flaps which on each side fall below the

flowing hem of the mantle, and when the wearer is walking follow the motion of the feet, and give the impression that she is advancing on her knees. Such, indeed, we discovered, is the effect intended to be produced, as it is necessary that the ladies of the court who are admitted to the presence of the Mikado, should appear to approach his sacred majesty on their knees. In the interior of the palace there is no sound to be heard but the rustle of silk on the soft carpets which cover the mats; bamboo blinds soften the daylight, screens ornamented with wonderful pictures, damask draperies, and velvet curtains enriched with loops of silk cord and flaming artificial birds, form the partitions and doors of the reception rooms. There is no furniture, but here and there in the corners a porcelain aquarium, surmounted by natural flowers and shrubs arranged with great taste, or a cabinet inlaid with mother-of-pearl, or shelves containing the voluminous poetical anthologies of the old empire, one of which was printed on golden leaves. An odour of scented woods, of fine mats, and fresh stuffs, mingles with the pure air which penetrates on all sides through the open screens. The young girls of the palace present tea from Oudsji, and sweetmeats from the Empress's refectory. The Empress, or Kisæki, who rules over the other twelve legitimate wives of the Mikado and his crowd of concubines, is seated in solitary state, at the head of a flight of steps leading to a daïs, which extends along the whole apartment. Her ladies of honour and attendants squat or kneel behind her at a respectful distance, in groups, each wearing the costume and colours proper to their rank, and look like a parterre of gay flowers. As to the dress of the Empress herself, its folds are arranged with so much art that they envelop her like a corolla of gauze and brocade, and the three spikes of gold which surmount her diadem look like the anthers of some gorgeous flower.



A RECEPTION BY THE MIKADO, IN FORMER TIMES.

On days when the Queen holds a reception the guests



VISIT OF THE TYCOON TO THE MIKADO, AT KIOTO.

are ranged in concentric semicircles, opposite the sovereign, and at a sign from her the ladies-in-waiting prostrate themselves before her to receive her orders before proceeding with the entertainment. The Kisaki's court is the chief school for the Japanese floral games. On the third day of the third month all the wits of the court assemble in the blossoming orchards of the palace. Saki is handed round, and a playful combat waged between nobles and ladies as to who can produce on the classic fans of white cedar, ornamented with ivy leaves, the most poetic stanzas in celebration of the return of spring. But the Empress's court used not to be confined to literary entertainments. She had her orchestra, composed entirely of stringed instruments, and also theatrical representations, in which a corps of young comedians acted or performed dances in character, some slow and measured, requiring the use of a mantle, with a train and long hanging sleeves, others quick, lively, and fantastical, in some of which the effect is heightened by the dancers assuming the wings of butterflies or of birds. The court ladies had, besides, their latticed boxes, not only at the imperial theatre, but at the circus for wrestlers and boxers attached to the Mikado's court, in virtue of privileges granted twenty-one years before the Christian era. They were also fond of having cock fights in front of the verandahs of their villas. These manners and customs still prevail at the court of Kioto, with the exception of the literary and artistic element, which has quite vanished. It was the last vestige of the civilisation of the ancient empire, which is now concentrated in one place, where it remains as stationary as the tombs on the funeral hills. However, all around the ancient Miako a new civilisation is progressing in the towns and country districts, the Tycoon is developing a network of civil and military institutions, and even already the smoke of steamers announces the advent of western civilisation. These circumstances lend a kind of tragic interest to the present position of the hereditary theocratic emperor of Japan, the invisible Mikado, whom there is no opportunity of describing, even when speaking of his court; but he too will eventually be extricated from the mysterious shade which envelops him, and brought into the full light of contemporaneous history.

THE TWO EMPERORS.

During my stay in Japan, the extraordinary event took place of a visit of ceremony from the Tycoon to the Mikado, which caused a great sensation, and afforded many subjects for the pencils of the native artists. To foreigners this was an excellent opportunity of studying the relative positions of the two potentates, which is a matter of extreme interest.

In the first place, the Mikado enjoys the superiority of an uninterrupted descent from the gods, demi-gods, heroes, and hereditary sovereigns who have ruled in Japan since the creation of the empire. He is the supreme head of its religion, however varied the forms with which it is invested by the people, and officiates as the sovereign pontiff of the ancient Kami worship. At the summer solstice he sacrifices to the earth, and at the winter solstice to heaven. One of the gods is supposed to have the special care of his precious destiny, and from the temple which he inhabits at the top of Mount Kamo, he watches over the daïri by day and night. At the Mikado's death, his name, before being inscribed in the temple of his ancestors, is simultaneously engraved at Isyé, in the temple of the Sun, and at Kioto, in the temple of Hatchiman, as theocratic emperor and hereditary sovereign. The Mikado, without doubt, holds his power by divine right, but, in the present day, he has few opportunities of exercising it. Now and then he thinks fit to award pompous but purely honorary titles to some of the ancient nobility who have deserved well of religion. Occasionally also he gives himself the satisfaction of protesting against the actions of the temporal authorities when they seem to clash with his own prerogatives; and especially in regard to the treaties concluded between the Tycoon and some of the Western Powers, which he was afterwards compelled to sanction.

On the other hand, as every one knows, the Tycoon is the fortunate heir of low-born usurpers. The dynasty which he represents was founded by former subjects of the Mikado, who actually despoiled their master of his army, navy, possessions, and treasures, as if it had been their vocation to deprive him of all terrestrial objects of solicitude. Perhaps, indeed, the Mikado has too readily submitted to this arrangement. He has relinquished the manly exercises of hunting, hawking, and shooting with the bow, for the dignity of a chariot drawn by an ox, in which he takes his daily exercise in the grounds of his castle; and, in order to escape the fatiguing solemnities which obliged him to remain motionless on a daïs to receive the mute adoration of the prostrate court, he has become entirely invisible, and, it is said, holds no communication with the exterior world except through the women who are charged with the care of his person. They have to dress and feed him, preparing a new costume for each day, and serving him in vessels fresh from the manufactory which has for centuries enjoyed the privilege of supplying him. His sacred feet must never touch the ground, nor must his head be exposed to the influences of the elements or the gaze of the vulgar.

The interview between the two princes could take place only at Kioto, for the Mikado is not allowed to quit the sacred city. His palace and the ancient temple of his family are all that really belong to him, for the town itself is under the power of the temporal sovereign, who condescends to appropriate the revenues to the expenses of the spiritual sovereign, and to maintain a permanent garrison for the protection of the pontifical throne.

All preliminaries having been completed, a proclamation announced the day on which the Tycoon was to leave his capital, the large and populous city of Yédo—a city altogether modern, and the centre of the political and civil administration of the empire, the seat of the military and naval schools, of the college of interpreters and academy of medicine and philosophy. He was preceded by a body of troops, equipped in European fashion; and while this picked troop of infantry, cavalry, and artillery marched to Kioto by the grand imperial road of Tokaïdo, the fleet received orders to sail for the interior sea. The temporal sovereign himself embarked in the splendid steamer *Lyeemoon*, which he purchased from the house of Dent and Co. for 500,000 dollars. His escort consisted of six other steamers—the *Kandimarrah*, celebrated for its voyage from Yédo to San Francisco in the service of the Japanese mission to the United States; the corvette *Soembing*, a gift from the King of the Netherlands; the yacht *Emperor*, presented by Queen Victoria; and three frigates built in America or Holland by order of the embassies of 1859 and 1862. This squadron, exclusively manned by Japanese crews, sailed out of the Bay of Yédo, doubled Cape Sagami and the

promontory of Idsu, and, passing through the strait of Linschoten, and coasting along the eastern shores of the Isle of Awadsi, cast anchor in the harbour of Hiogo, where the Tycoon disembarked, amid salvos from the fleet. His public entry into Kioto took place a few days later, without any further military display than that afforded by his own troops, for the sufficient reason that the Mikado possesses neither cannon nor troops, except a mere body-guard of archers, recruited from among the families of his relatives or the feudal nobility. Even on this modest footing he finds it difficult to maintain his court, and is dependent on an allowance made him by the Tycoon from his privy purse, and also on a collection which the begging brothers of certain monastic orders make yearly, from village to village, even in the most remote parts of the empire, for his benefit. What most of all enables him to maintain his dignity, is the heroic disinterestedness of a great number of his high dignitaries, who serve him without any other remuneration than the gratuitous use of the rich regulation dresses of the old imperial court. When they return to their dwellings, after divesting themselves of their court suits, these proud noblemen do not disdain to exercise the vocation of weavers or embroiderers; and many of the rich silk stuffs to be seen in Kioto are the work of noble artisans whose names are inscribed in the Calendar of the Kamis.



MAIDS OF COURT LADIES AT KIOTO.

But these circumstances did not prevent the Mikado from inaugurating the day of his interview with his royal visitor by the spectacle of the grand procession of the daïri. Accompanied by his archers, his household, his court, and his entire pontifical suite, he issued from his palace by the south portico, which, towards the end of the ninth century, was decorated with the historic compositions of the celebrated poet and painter, Kosé Kanaoka. He then passed along the boulevards to the suburbs, watered by the Idogawa, and returned to his castle through the principal streets of the city. At the head of the procession the antique insignia of his power were carried in great state. These were—the mirror of his ancestress, Izanami; the glorious ensigns, whose long paper streamers had waved over the troops of the conquering Zinmu; the flaming sword of the hero of Yamato, who vanquished the eight-headed hydra to whom virgins of princely blood were sacrificed; the seal which was affixed to the primitive laws of the empire, and the cedar-wood fan, which filled the place of sceptre, and for more than two thousand years had descended from one Mikado to another.

The largest and most picturesque band of the procession was formed by the representatives of all the sects who acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the Mikado. The dignitaries of the ancient religion of the Kamis could scarcely be distinguished by their dress from the great officers of the court; the Buddhist priests and monks formed interminable files of grave individuals, with tonsured or entirely shaven heads, sometimes bare, and sometimes covered with odd-looking caps or mitres; white cassocks, surplices, and mantles, of various shapes and colours, formed their costume. After these came the members of the Mikado's household. Polygamy being permitted legally only to the Mikado, his privilege was of course displayed on this occasion, and a file of heavy carriages, each drawn by two black buffaloes, led by pages in white tunics, contained the empress and the other or legal wives, seated behind open-work doors. The favourite concubines, and the fifty ladies of the empress' suite, followed in norimons, or covered palanquins. The Mikado himself never leaves his castle except in his pontifical norimon. This palanquin, which is fixed on long poles, and borne by fifty bearers dressed in white, overtops the rest of the procession.

The native artists, whose pencils have commemorated the interview at Kioto, have caught its true signification; for instance, the return of the Tycoon to his capital forms the subject of a picture, which imparts a triumphant aspect to the steamer which conveyed the head of the state. The *Lycemoon*, at full speed, cleaves its way through the waves; the crew are all at their posts; hovering above, the artist represents Inari Daïmiôdjin, the venerable protector of the rice-fields, preceded by a band of white foxes, his crafty attendants, to ward off malignant influences from the traveller; and on his left, encircled by clouds, Konpira, the vigilant sentinel of the gate of heaven. Last of all is Marisiten, the god of battle, mounted on a boar in full career, and ready to do battle for his new protégé. It seems as if an opportunity may soon arise for realising this fancy of the artist. One of the most powerful federal lords of Japan, the Prince of Nagato, has attempted to restore the Mikado to his ancient theocratic omnipotence, and already the Tycoon has placed himself at the head of his land and sea forces, and transported them to the scene of this rebellion, to defend political rights against priestly domination.

Whatever may be the duration of this present crisis, we may well believe that its result will be the establishment of a pure monarchy liberated from all sacerdotal supremacy.

A Journey up the Orinoco to the Caratal Gold Field—Raleigh's "El Dorado."—IV.

BY C. LE NEVE FOSTER, B.A., D.SC., F.G.S.

CHAPTER V.

VINDICATION OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S STATEMENTS ABOUT GOLD IN GUIANA.

In this chapter I propose briefly to set forth how the fact of the occurrence of gold in Guiana affects certain accusations which have been brought against Sir Walter Raleigh; and I do so all the more readily as in a "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh" published last year, I find that the author of the biography has not been able to throw any new light on our famous countryman's expedition to Guiana.*

Before proceeding with my argument, let me recall to the reader the main points of Sir Walter's history.

Born in 1552,† Raleigh devoted the early part of his life to arms, and took part in expeditions to France, the Netherlands, and Ireland. Projects for the colonisation of America, even as early as 1579, occupied his attention; and in 1584 two barks equipped by him discovered Virginia, and took possession of it in the name of Queen Elizabeth. Although he afterwards sent supplies to the infant settlement, and dispatched thither a second colony, Sir Walter Raleigh was not successful as the sole proprietor of the colony, and assigned the right of continuing the plantation to a company of gentlemen and merchants in London. In 1592 he commanded the expedition sent out against Panama, but which ended in the capture of the rich prize the *Madre de Dios* off the Azores. Passing over his marriage, we at last come to the expedition to Guiana. Raleigh left England in February, 1595, and on reaching Trinidad, seized the Spanish governor, who, like Sir Walter, was desirous of conquering Guiana, and possessing himself of the treasures of El Dorado. Finding nothing but shallow water at the mouth of the Orinoco, he left his ships at Trinidad, and went up the river in boats with a force of 100 men. He entered into friendly relations with the various chieftains of Indian tribes on the banks, and endeavoured to learn all he could about the country. The river Caroli (Caroni) was the farthest point reached by Raleigh and his companions. They visited the falls on this affluent, and found many stones, which they considered as giving promising indications of gold. Finding that with the means then at command he could do no more, Raleigh resolved to turn back, especially as the rainy season was at its height, and the men were beginning to complain. Descending the current of the Orinoco, he reached Trinidad; and after firing Cumana on his homeward journey, arrived in England "probably late in the summer of 1595."‡

This description of the expedition is condensed from Raleigh's own account, published in 1596. In speaking of this narrative Cayley says, "As the enterprise is of the last importance in his history, and in the end cost him his life, it merits the peculiar attention of the reader."§

Raleigh's account of his journey called forth from the historian Hume* the following severe remarks:—"On his return, he published an account of the country (Guiana) full of the grossest and most palpable lies that were ever attempted to be imposed on the credulity of mankind." And further: "Raleigh's account of his first voyage to Guiana proves him to have been a man capable of the most extravagant credulity or impudent imposture. So ridiculous are the tales which he tells of the Inca's chimerical empire in the midst of Guiana; the rich city of El Dorado or Manoa, two days' journey in length, and shining with gold and silver; the old Peruvian prophecies in favour of the English, who, he says, were expressly named as the deliverers of that country long before any European had ever touched there; the Amazons or republic of women; and in general, the vast and incredible riches which he saw on that continent, where nobody has yet found any treasures!"†

The vindication of Sir Walter Raleigh has been most ably undertaken by Sir Robert H. Schomburgk, in his introduction to the Hakluyt Society's edition of the "Discovery of Guiana,"‡ as well as by Cayley, in his "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," to which works I must refer all who are interested in the subject; but as these were written before Dr. Plassard's discovery of gold in the Yuruari,§ they can be supplemented on one very important head. To Cayley's and Schomburgk's explanations we may add the fact that there are workable gold mines in Guiana, and it can no longer be said that "nobody has yet found any treasures" there. If we take Raleigh's narrative itself and examine it carefully, we find that as far as relates to the manner in which gold occurs, there is no reason to doubt Sir Walter's veracity or good sense, but rather every inducement to admire his truthfulness and perspicacity.

In the preface "To the Reader,"‖ Raleigh says: "But I was resolued that golde must be found, either in graines separate from the stone (as it is in most of al the riuers in *Guiana*), or else in a kinde of hard stone, which we call the white Sparre, of which I saw diuers hils and in sundrie places, but had neither tyme, nor men, nor instruments fitte to labour. Neere vnto one of the riuers I founde of the saide white Sparre or flint a very great ledge or barcke, which I endeuored to breake by al the meanes I coulde, because there appeared on the outside some small graines of golde. But finding no meane to worke the same vppon the vpper part, seeking the sides and circuite of the sayd rock, I found a clift in the same, from whence with daggers and with the heade of an ax, we gotte out some small quantitie thereof, of which kinde of white stone (wherein golde is engendred) we sawe diuers hils in euerie part of *Guiana* wherein we trauelled."

* "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh." By James Augustus St. John. London: 1868. Preface, p. vii.

† This sketch of Sir Walter Raleigh's life is condensed from the "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, Knt.," by Arthur Cayley, Jun., Esq. London: 1806.

‡ "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, Knt." By Arthur Cayley, Jun., Esq. London: 1806. Vol. I., p. 263.

§ *Ibid.*, Vol. I., p. 156.

* The "History of England." By David Hume, Esq. Vol. V., p. 377.

† *Ibid.*, Vol. VI., p. 558.

‡ The Discovery of the Empire of Guiana. By Sir W. Raleigh, Knight. Reprinted from the edition of 1596. Hakluyt Society. London: 1848.

§ Schomburgk says (*Ibid.*, Introduction, p. lxii.), "It cannot be doubted that Guiana possesses gold; there are various instances on record of this metal being found, but none where it has been met with in sufficient quantities to render its working profitable."

‖ *Ibid.*, p. xi.

This account agrees fully with the facts observed by Dr. Plassard, myself, and others at the mines of Caratal. The sand of all the streams between Ciudad Bolivar and the mines is more or less auriferous, and I have already described the quartz lodes of which Raleigh speaks so plainly. It must be remembered that the word "spar" is still the miners' name for quartz both in Cornwall and Devon, and Raleigh, as a Devonshire man, would naturally know the term and apply it properly; and I myself have seen the outcrop of a quartz lode or "ledge," such as Raleigh describes, where there is visible gold at the very surface. Of course, Raleigh was never so far south as the Yuruari, and confined his explorations to the banks of the Orinoco; but it is far from improbable that he heard of the Yuruari gold from the Indians. For we read in Raleigh's narrative that Topiawari, lord of Aromaia, told him,* "that four days' journey from his own town was Macureguarai, and that those were the next and nearest of the subjects of Inga and of the Epuremei, and the first town of apparelled and rich people. And that all those plates which he scattered among the borderers, and carried to other nations far and near, came from the said Macureguarai, and were there made; but that those of the land within were far finer, and were fashioned after the image of men, beasts, birds, and fishes." Topiawari further stated, "that most of the gold which they made in plates and images was not severed from the stone, but that in the lake of Manoa and a multitude of other rivers, they gathered it in grains of perfect gold, and in pieces as big as small stones."†

Taking Aromaia as the country in the neighbourhood of the present port of Las Tablas (*vide* map at p. 261 ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS), we have a wonderful coincidence with regard to the distance of the gold region. Las Tablas is always reckoned as being from three to four days' ride from Nueva Providencia, and a man on foot can do the journey in the same time, for the postman who carries the mail bag from Ciudad Bolivar to Caratal never takes more than six days, and often less, for a much longer distance.

Topiawari's Macureguarai may therefore have been on the Yuruari. It is true that no remains of towns have been found in the district, but this could scarcely be expected, for the houses were probably built then, as they are now, of poles, sticks, and mud, and a settlement once abandoned soon becomes forest once more. I do not mean to say that a rich, well-built, and large town, such as Manoa was supposed to be, ever existed on the Yuruari, but that the Caratal forests were once inhabited is proved by fragments of pottery and stone hatchets which have been found when digging for gold or for agricultural purposes. I was unable to obtain any of the pottery, but Señor Rolldent, of Nueva Providencia, kindly presented me with a stone hatchet which he had found in his garden. It resembles in type several hatchets from British Guiana, now in the Christy collection. The miners naturally place no value on such relics of antiquity, and they are usually thrown away as worthless. I heard of some curious drawings on some rocks in the Yguana valley, but was prevented by want of time from visiting them. However, enough has been said to prove the fact of the Caratal district having been peopled at one time, and we can hardly fancy that any tribes should not know of the existence of gold in the neighbouring river bed, as they would be sure to see it sooner or later while fishing, fetching water, or perhaps when looking for stones wherewith to fabricate tools or weapons.

I think, therefore, it may be said that there are good grounds for believing many of Topiawari's statements, and Raleigh does not deserve to be accused of "extravagant credulity" for having published them in his narrative.

To complete the story, I must trace out the rest of the history of Sir Walter Raleigh. Soon after his return, Raleigh sent out a second expedition to Guiana, under Captain Keymis. This expedition found the Caroli occupied by the Spaniards, and Captain Keymis was unable to reach the spot where the white stones and ore were found in the former voyage; he returned to England the same year.

A third expedition in 1596—1597 did nothing more than explore a little. Cayley goes on to say,* "With the reign of Elizabeth the good fortune of Sir Walter Raleigh sank to rise no more."

In 1616, after an imprisonment of more than twelve years on a charge of high treason familiar to all students of English history, he obtained his freedom, and received a commission from King James I. for a new voyage to Guiana. Raleigh left England in 1617, but when he reached the Spanish main, being too ill to proceed, he sent Captain Keymis with five small ships and between two and three hundred men up the Orinoco, remaining himself at Trinidad with five other ships ready to prevent any Spanish force from going up the river. The Spaniards settled at St. Thomé (Guayana vieja), attacked the river expedition, whereupon Keymis assaulted the town and drove out the hostile force, Raleigh's own son being killed in the fray. Keymis did not succeed in reaching certain gold mines near the town, and returned without any samples of ore. Censured for this by Raleigh, he committed suicide. On his return to England, Raleigh surrendered himself in obedience to a proclamation issued by the king, and was afterwards sacrificed by James in order to retain the favour of Spain, the sentence of death passed fifteen years before being at length enforced, on the plea that he had never been pardoned.

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY TO LAS TABLAS—CANDELARIA—UPATA—CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES—LAS TABLAS—CIUDAD BOLIVAR—TRINIDAD—ST. THOMAS—ARRIVAL IN PLYMOUTH.

IT now only remains for me to describe the journey from the mines to Ciudad Bolivar, viâ Las Tablas, and my return to England.

Starting one afternoon from Nueva Providencia, Dr. Plassard and myself reached Guasipati in a few hours, and were there most hospitably received by one of the American Company's officers, at the company's house. Early on the following morning we started for Candelaria, our party consisting of four persons, besides two peons, or native servants, and a pack-mule. We agreed to try an old route, which is said to be shorter than the ordinary track. Dr. Plassard, with another of our party and the servants, diverged from the path without perceiving it, and were lost for some time. The rest of us who kept the track, riding some distance behind our

* "The Discovery of Guiana." Reprinted in Cayley's Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, Vol. I., p. 253.

† *Ibid.*, p. 258.

* *Ibid.*, Vol. I., p. 352.

friends, did not fare much better. We came to a belt of forest, through which no opening could be discovered; and it was not until after riding about and scouring the country in all directions, that we met a man who was able to direct us. In company with our guide we bivouacked on the savannah, and, starting again in early morning, arrived at Candelaria at eleven a.m.

Late the following night one of the missing party arrived in the town. Like us, they had camped out on the savannah; and, what is more, they had had an adventure with a jaguar, which attacked their camp during the night, and which they fired at. It turned out, on comparing notes, that we had both camped on the banks of the same brook in the wilderness, and only about a quarter of a mile distant from one another. Dr. Plassard and the others did not make their appearance until after we had left the place, and pushed on for Upata.

I was amused at Candelaria, a settlement which consists of a solitary house, half farm, half posada, or inn, by the nonchalance of our host. As we rode up, he was lying in his hammock in the outer part of the building. He just got up for a moment to wish us good-day and shake hands, and then laid himself down again to watch us unsaddle, never dreaming for a moment of lending a hand. Still he was kind enough to point to a place in the savannah where he said we should find some good grass for our mules, and there we tied them up.

We had, however, a famous breakfast or lunch at this place, the principal dish being stewed morrocoi. The morrocoi is a tortoise found on the savannahs and in the forest, and is by no means to be despised as an article of food. The liver is a great delicacy; indeed, as my friend expressed it, "most elegant eating."

Our road lay along the valley of the Carichapo, and towards evening we came to a range of hills which form part of the Imataca mountain chain.

Upata, which we reached at eight p.m., is a town of about 6,000 inhabitants, surrounded by hills on all sides, except where a little stream finds its way out towards the Orinoco. It lies about 1,250 feet above the sea-level. The rocks seen in the neighbourhood are gneiss, micaschist, hornblendeschist, itabirite, and magnetic iron ore. I have heard of a little gold being found near the town. Some years ago agriculture was flourishing at Upata, much coffee, sugar, and tobacco being grown; but at the news of the "diggings" the labouring population flocked to Caratal, and many plantations have since been abandoned.

We were lucky in getting to Upata in time to see a little of the Christmas festivities, which last for an entire week. There was a regular programme of entertainments for the week, all of which were carried out with great zest. The list showed considerable variety, including bull-running, amateur theatricals, balls, and cock-fighting. Unfortunately, as we were obliged to leave the day after Christmas Day, we saw nothing of all these gay doings but the bull-running and a theatrical rehearsal. A strong fence was erected at each corner of the plaza or square, which was constituted the arena for the games. A bull is admitted, and the young men of the place ride after him and try to seize him by the tail. This accomplished, the rider twists the tail round his hand so as to get a firm hold, and then, spurring his horse, actually pulls the bull off his legs and throws him. Of course, he stands the chance of being jerked out of his saddle and tossed by the bull. I heard that a man was killed in this way at the games of the previous Christmas. One man was exceedingly dextrous, for not only did he throw several bulls, but he always managed to do it just opposite a house where a large party of the admiring damsels of Upata were assembled to witness the sports.

Among the various theatrical representations, one was to be given by children; and it was to the last rehearsal of this that we obtained admittance. The play represented various events that took place at the birth of Christ, and I must confess I could not help being amused at seeing some boys and girls come in as shepherds and shepherdesses, sing a very lively chorus, and then dance a waltz in the intervals of the singing. The idea of the shepherds waltzing on hearing of the birth of our Saviour was certainly somewhat ludicrous. The children acted and sang remarkably well, and I should have much liked to see the final representation.

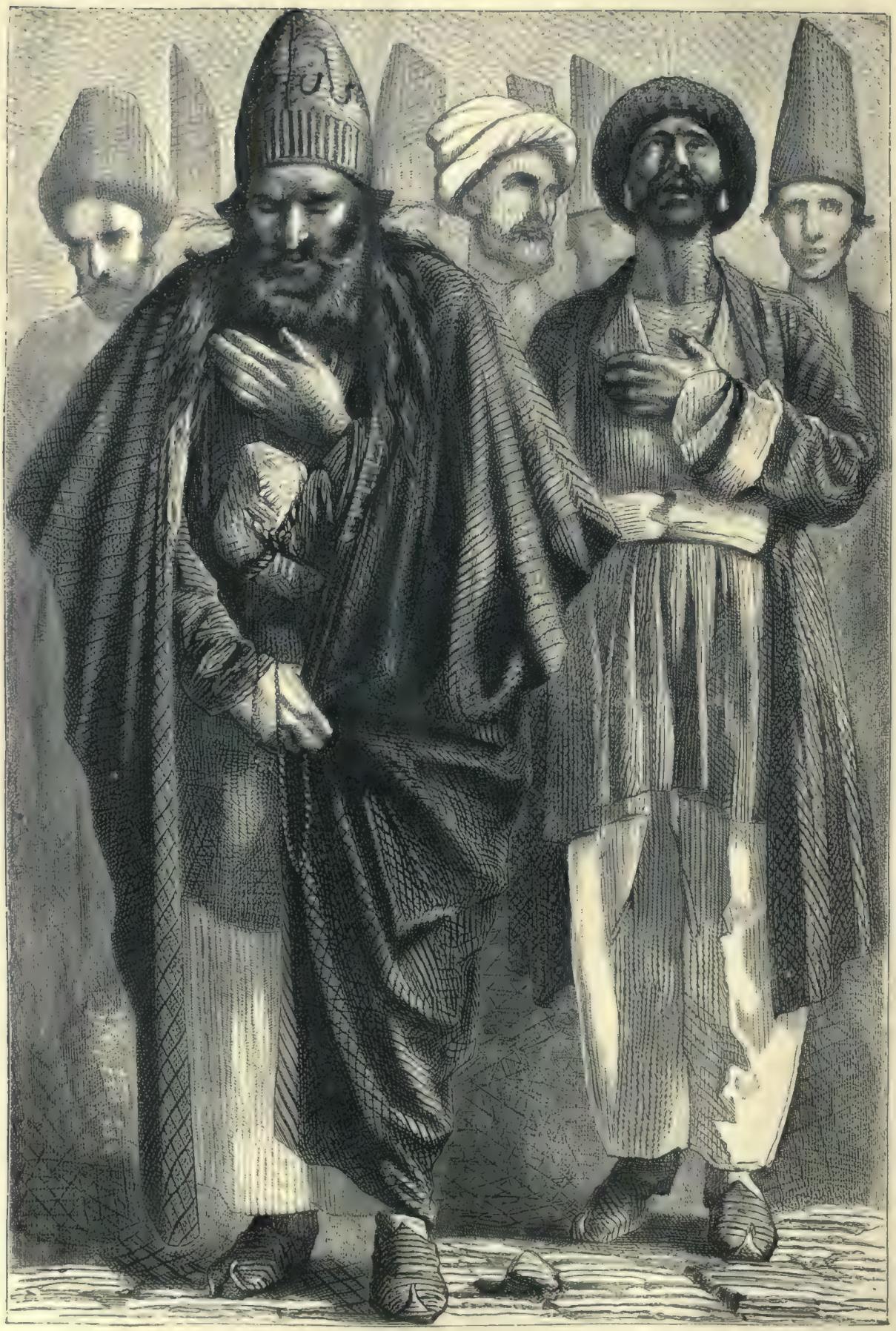
I was sorry to miss the opportunity of getting such an insight into Venezuelan manners and customs as would have been afforded by the balls, theatricals, and cock-fighting; but we did not like to delay, for fear of missing the steamer at Las Tablas, though, as it happened, we had plenty of time to spare.

Just as plum-pudding and mince-pies are eaten in England at Christmas, so is the Ayaca the regulation fare in Venezuela. But in spite of the praises lavished on this dish, I must confess myself unable to appreciate it. It consists of minced meat, herbs, raisins, and, for aught I know, other ingredients, all made up into a thin crust compounded of flour of the Indian corn. The cake, when kneaded together, is then wrapped in a piece of plantain leaf and boiled. Ayacas are always eaten after mass on Christmas Eve and during Christmas week; but they are not quite unknown, any more than plum pudding, at other seasons.

We left Upata on the 26th of December. The road hence to the Orinoco has been made along the valley of the Upata river for a very considerable distance. Near the town there are numbers of farms, and further on there is a long ride to accomplish through the primeval forest, which in places shows plenty of bamboos and palm-trees, and so assumes a more tropical aspect than the forest of Caratal. About noon we reached the farm of Guacaima, where we had lunch, and stayed till four o'clock. Starting once more, we crossed a gently undulating savannah country, gradually falling as we advanced northwards, and finally reached a sandy plain some five or six miles broad, at the extremity of which lies Las Tablas. We found that a "balendra," or river-boat, was to start for Ciudad Bolivar that night, so we took our supper at once, and soon after ten o'clock were sailing up the river with a fair breeze. Unfortunately, the wind lulled in the night, and we did not reach the capital till three o'clock in the afternoon.

When the steamer arrived, it brought me letters which necessitated my return to England. I left Ciudad Bolivar in the *Regus ferrors* on the evening of the 2nd of January, and reached Port-of-Spain on the morning of the 5th. The English steamer was not due at this port for three days, so I had time, among other things, to see the well-known Pitch Lake of Trinidad, an interesting spot for geologists.

I finally left in the packet *Tamar* on the 8th, and, after touching at Grenada, St. Vincent, and other islands, we found ourselves in the harbour of St. Thomas on the morning of the 13th. Changing there into the *Atrato*, we departed on the following day, and after a smooth passage, landed at Plymouth on the morning of the 28th of January.



DERVISH AND PENITENT, RUSSIAN GEORGIA.

ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS:

A RECORD OF

Discovery, Geography, and Adventure.

EDITED BY

H. W. BATES,

ASSISTANT-SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

WITH

ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS.

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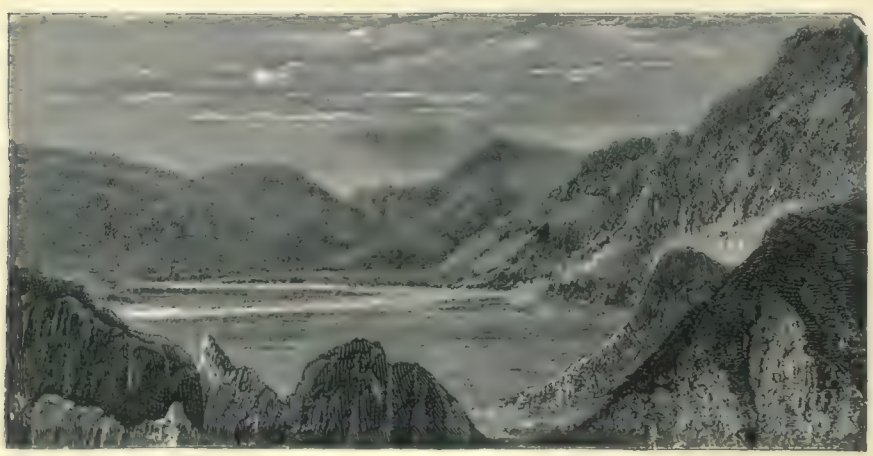
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ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

A RECORD OF

DISCOVERY, GEOGRAPHY, AND ADVENTURE.



THE RAILWAY STATION AT OMAHA

From Ocean to Ocean—The Pacific Railroad.—I.

BY FREDERICK WHYMPER.

ONE of the greatest enterprises ever attempted—one which will mark the age in which we live—has just been brought to a successful termination. The Pacific Railroad, across the continent of North America, is now an accomplished fact. One can take a "through ticket" in New York or Boston, and in seven days land in one of the most promising and rising cities of the world—San Francisco. It has been done in even less time. A prominent merchant of the latter city came across in six days, seventeen hours, and *twenty-three minutes*. It almost seems an absurdity to count minutes in a journey of 3,300 miles, but that was the actual time employed. "Time," said a California paper, "from San Francisco to Washington, seven and a half days: *office-seekers do it in six!*"

Few, even in the United States, expected the consummation of this inter-oceanic railway before 1870, yet it was virtually open on the 10th of May, 1869, the date when the "last rail" was laid, the "last spike" driven, with appropriate ceremonies, at the junction of the two lines (the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific Railroads), which together form the Pacific Railroad proper. I think no excuse is needed for the appearance of the present account of this great highway. Ordinarily, of course, these pages do not profess to chronicle the progress of railway construction. But this road, apart from its great length, will open up so many new territories to the adventurous settler, will render California and the "Pacific Slope," hitherto inaccessible and isolated, countries most easily reached, and, besides, passes through so many new and picturesque regions, that it has geographical interest in a high degree. Having just completed a journey by it myself, I propose to lay before the reader of the "ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS" a brief account of my tour across the New World by this great route, confident that it cannot fail to furnish some points of general interest.

The Pacific Railroad, though virtually not commenced at any point before 1863 (the Union Railroad Company building

westward from the Missouri river, had only forty miles out of the 1,100 which now forms their line, ready in January, 1866), was no hastily conceived idea. It is, indeed, difficult to say who originated this bold conception of a railroad across boundless plains, deserts, and difficult mountain regions. There are half a hundred claimants for the credit in the field, among them that impudent impostor, George Francis Train, who, in a lecture recently delivered in the city (San Francisco) in which these lines are penned, distinctly claimed the honour. The fact is, of course, that the idea naturally suggested itself with the progress of the country, and struck the minds of many far-seeing men at or about the same period. One of the earliest agitators in its favour, John Plumbe, an Americanised Welshman, commenced in 1836, and continued till his death—some years after the discovery of gold in California—to advocate the project, and endeavoured to interest Congress in its adoption. Carver, Wilkes, Benton, Whitney, and many others, supported the same idea, both in and out of the national assembly, but without success; the country was not yet ready—the times were not yet ripe for its consummation. But we must do the United States Government the justice to admit that they awoke quite early to the importance of such an undertaking. Those who look upon the Pacific Railroad as a hasty project, indifferently carried out, may well be referred to the thirteen vast quarto volumes,* which together form the reports, narratives, &c., of the innumerable preliminary surveys made by the United States Government. Those volumes added not a little to our knowledge of the geography, ethnology, natural history, and botany of the central portions of North America, and were copiously illustrated with plates and maps. McClellan (the "young Napoleon"), Warren, Emory, Humphreys, and many other United States topographical engineers, had all more or less to do in planning the routes, or in afterwards working out the data obtained. Besides many minor explorations, five great leading routes were examined. The survey of the route, following closely the 47th to 49th parallels of north latitude, was entrusted to Governor Stevens, of Washington Territory. In general terms, the line drawn was to cross the mountain at the sources of the Mississippi and Columbia rivers, and to follow as far as practicable the valleys of those rivers. It was to leave the Missouri River at St. Paul's, cross the Rocky Mountains by either Cadotte's or Clark's Pass, and terminate on either the lower Columbia or Puget Sound, Washington Territory. This road may some day be constructed; the probabilities are, however, that branch lines from California will be of more service to Oregon, Washington Territory, and other districts of the far North West.

The second great exploration followed closely the 41st and 42nd parallels of north latitude, and was undertaken by Colonel Fremont (the "Pathfinder") and Captain Stansbury. This route was virtually from the Missouri to the Sacramento River, California, and in general terms more closely approximates to that now chosen for the Pacific Railroad than any other. A third exploration, commenced by Captain Gunnison (who, with others, died in the discharge of his duties), and finished by Lieutenant Beckwith, followed with reasonable closeness a direct route from St. Louis to San Francisco.

The fourth survey, that following the 35th parallel, was again of some importance. It was made under the direction of Lieutenant Whippie, and was from the Mississippi to Southern California. A second inter-oceanic railroad, to be known as the Southern Pacific road, has been commenced, which follows the general line of this exploration. One-third of the whole line from St. Louis, a part in California, a portion in Missouri and Kansas, is now open, and in working order, and many believe that it will be, when completed, the favourite highway across the New World. It passes through a vast tract of rich country, and through much dry and worthless desert; but the great point in its favour is the absence of snow at all seasons on nearly every portion of the route. This road will probably be completed in four years' time. The fifth and last survey (under Captain Pope, Lieutenants Parke and Williamson) followed the 32nd parallel, and a portion of the data obtained has been utilised in the construction of the New Southern Pacific Railroad just mentioned.

On the 24th of March last I found myself on board the Inman steamship, *City of London*, lying out in the Mersey, at Liverpool, full steam up, snorting and panting, ready for an immediate start the moment that the agent should give the word. I do not propose to inflict any account of our wonderfully calm and uneventful voyage on the reader. I had not believed hitherto that the Atlantic was ever to be found in so quiet a condition as it was for the whole eleven days occupied by our trip. Of course there were passengers who believed that the seas were running mountains high, and that every capful of wind was a gale. They, at any rate, behaved as though they thought so; and as Sam, the black cook, remarked, "As if that wasn't enough, the captain gave orders for the ship to heave to!" One passenger, who had evidently been reading a recent article in *All the Year Round*, was constantly suggesting that a few barrels of oil should be poured on the waves,* and offered to stand the expense thereof! But the captain was obdurate, not believing that any amount of oil would make any difference on the present occasion; and, sooth to say, our passengers soon presented a healthy appearance, and crowded in to the dinner-table with a regularity refreshing to behold. The roominess, comfort, nay, even luxury of the vessels of the Inman line are so agreeable to the traveller, that the trip across the Atlantic may be made one of pleasure to all but the feeble or invalid.

But at the best, the sea is no place for the landsman; and I, for one, was not grieved to go ashore, and renew my acquaintance with New York. What can be said of the capital of the United States that has not been remarked over and over again? The New York hotels are, to my mind—after pretty extensive wanderings—the best in the world. Indeed, it takes some talent to "run" a New York hotel. It has become a trite saying in the United States, "So-and-so is a smart man, but he can't keep an hotel." I have heard objections urged against them, and know pretty well what those objections amount to. A "transient" customer—especially if he is a bachelor—*may* be put up *au cinquième;* even then has he not the "lift" (a small room on pulleys) to raise him to that eleva-

* "Reports, Explorations, and Surveys, to ascertain the most practicable and economical route for a Railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, made under the direction of the Secretary of War (Hon. Jefferson Davis), in 1853-4." "Narrative and Final Report, &c., 1855."

* This has been done in rough weather with some degree of success; a mere film of oil has a wonderful quieting effect on the waves. It may be remembered that a boat-load of the survivors from the *Hibernia* wreck tried it with marked effect.

tion? The table in all large New York hotels is luxurious. San Francisco alone excepted, I do not know where it is possible to obtain so great a variety, and one has the satisfaction of knowing that it is simply impossible to add to your liabilities by indulging to any extent. The price per day is fixed; it now averages $4 50 cents (about 14s. "greenback-paper currency") in first-class houses. This is for bachelor accommodation; yet a suite of rooms, with all meals, will not cost half the price of similar accommodation in London or Paris. What do you require? there is everything at hand in the hotel basement itself; public reading, smoking, and billiard saloons; the ever-present barber's shop, with baths attached; clothing-stores and druggist's shop. In the hotel office all information can be obtained; near it there is a post-office box, a railway and steamer ticket office; one can at any such hotels as the Fifth Avenue, Metropolitan, St. Nicholas, &c., purchase a ticket even for the ride across the New World from New York to California, without leaving the house; there is a parcel and baggage office, a telegraph office, and, in short, everything that can possibly be required by the traveller; that the waiters and porters do not pester you with unnecessary and mock attentions is to me an advantage. I have never failed to obtain all that I really needed.

New York is undoubtedly a fine city; that it is not a finer is by no means its own fault. The fact should never be lost sight of that it is purely and simply the *commercial* capital of America; Boston, and, to a more limited extent, Philadelphia, are the centres of literature, art, and learning; Washington is the government centre—the legislative capital. Were all these varied interests centralised in New York, as they are in London, the former would be a more attractive stopping-place. As it is, what with Central Park, the numerous public institutions, the theatres, and other places of amusement, New York is a pleasant enough halting-place for a time. But the emigrant cannot be too often warned that New York is not all America. Of the thousands of foreigners who weekly enter the port of New York, it may safely be stated that more than one half stop there for several months, and often for years, not knowing enough about the country to go where their labour would at once be valuable. The labour market in New York is, for the above reason, constantly over-stocked. There are slums and alleys in the great city the very counterparts of those in our own metropolis, and where, from the enhanced price of everything, as much, *or more*, misery is to be found. The sensible emigrant will not tarry in the city, but will make his way to some part of that vast territory yclept the "West," which now-a-days means anything from Illinois, Iowa, or Missouri, to California, Nevada, or Oregon. The field there is wide; the labourers, for the most part, are few and scanty; and when one considers that nearly a quarter of a million souls arrive—mainly in New York, a small part of them only in Boston—yearly from Europe, the impossibility of any one city supplying to them the immediate employment which they nearly all require, will be obvious at a glance.

While in New York, I found that the velocipede mania had attained a most extensive growth. Velocipede halls—commonly known as "Velocipedromes"—were advertised in all directions; and in the cellars of buildings on Broadway were to be found practising saloons by the hundred. But perhaps the greatest novelty of which I heard mention during my stay, was the adoption of a "debtor's chaise," a "new way of *collecting* old debts," which requires a little explanation. The chaise in question is gaudily painted, and the title, as above, very distinctly inscribed on it. To slow-paying debtors the collector makes periodical visits in this vehicle; but in obstinate cases, and where the debtor lives in a fashionable house, it is kept standing in front of the premises for several hours a day. As a general thing, it is said to work admirably; the shame of indebtedness is doubled and trebled when all one's neighbours are made aware of the fact.

A gigantic suspension bridge between New York and Brooklyn, which will have one span of 1,600 feet, is already commenced. Brooklyn is virtually a part of New York, separated only by the East River. It is their Clapham or Highgate—the place of retreat for wealthy or well-to-do New Yorkers. And this leads me to the further remark, that did New York count in her population that of Brooklyn, Hoboken, Jersey City, &c.—all virtual suburbs—her population would be found largely to exceed that of Paris.

Many parts of New York City are as crowded as the "city" in London. About two years ago, at one point on Broadway, a light iron bridge was thrown across the roadway to enable timid passengers to cross in safety; but it has been recently removed, because few persons patronised it. Some rowdies hit on a new mode of making a living out of this bridge, the passage of which was intended to be free. They planted themselves at either end, and when a countryman or an unprotected female was seen approaching, stepped boldly forward and collected a toll on their own account! Of course, they were eventually discovered, and marched off to that appropriately-named New York prison, "the Tombs," where they could meditate at their leisure on the hindrances put by society in the way of one's earning an honest living.

But enough of New York. The great metropolis being built on an island, it becomes, of course, necessary, whenever one is starting for some interior or distant part of the States, to take a ferry-boat over to the railroad "depôt." (It is always "depôt," not terminus, in the United States.) These ferry-boats are wonderful institutions. They fit their stern or bows, as the case may be, so accurately into the wharves on either side, that a stranger hardly knows when he is on board at all, till the motion of the engine convinces him that he is at least not ashore. The particular boat on which I crossed, landed me at the depôt in Jersey city, a kind of New York Greenwich. I had chosen from the half dozen different routes to Chicago, that one known as the "Allentown route;" and can recommend it to the traveller bound to get to the West as fast as possible. The tourist of leisure will do better to take one of the roads *viâ* Niagara Falls. The expense is the same in all cases. (First class fare was $22 currency, a little over £3, when I went over the road.) In America, moreover, tickets are good for long periods. Those for great distances are available for one year, and one can stop at any principal station en route. By giving notice to the guard, one may stop *at any station whatever* on the particular road over which he is passing, and resume his travel at leisure. This is a great privilege, and some trouble and expense is saved, as you are not required to take a number of tickets for short distances. But it is not merely in the matter of tickets that the American system is ahead of our own. The oft-described "cars," with their stoves, filters, iced water, closets, &c., and passage-way running through the train, are, to the writer's mind, much superior to the stuffy, or chilly—as the case may be—compartments of

European trains. The passage-way enables the "conductor" (Anglice, "guard") to walk through the train, inspecting tickets, without inconveniencing any one. It enables the traveller to get up, walk about and stretch his limbs, go "forward" to the "smoking car," leave uncongenial, or join congenial company. "All this is well enough," says the reader, "but it would not suit our exclusive system." Well, a distinction of classes is fast becoming recognised in the United States. Not merely are there second-class "cars" attached to most passenger and nearly all freight trains, but the new sleeping cars do, for a very small extra cost (averaging about $2 a day—say 6s.), give better and more exclusive accommodation than any first-class carriage in Europe. We have nothing approaching the comfort of these cars in England. By day they have little to distinguish them from the better class of American railway carriages, except that they are more luxuriously fitted and decorated. In the evening, the steward, usually a "coloured gentleman," comes round, slides the seats together in such a manner that they form the lower berths, and unfolds from the wall and roof of the car a number of swing sofa arrangements, hanging with stout metal cords, which form the upper tier of berths. The bedding, kept in closets at either end of the carriage, is then made up in the berths, curtains are hung up in front of each berth, and the whole is complete. The larger part of these cars have the passage-way running through the centre. In that case, there are compartments for ladies and families, shut off by light doors. The very best form of sleeping car on which I have travelled, had the passage-way running round one edge of the carriage inside; the body of the vehicle was cut up into "state rooms," like the cabins of a ship, with four berths in each. These cars are fitted with washing apparatus, mirrors, &c.; and one can sleep as comfortably as in an excellent hotel. The inventor of the best class of these cars is G. M. Pullman, of Chicago; and his name ought to be as inseparably connected with them as is that of Watt in regard to the steam-engine. Pullman has also invented splendid "hotel cars," some of which are now running on the Pacific Railroad, where you can obtain a meal at your ease equal to that of a first-class restaurant. They carry their own kitchen, store-house, wine-cellar, and ice-house "on board." These cars, it should be remarked, are not owned by the railroad companies, but by separate associations, who engage to keep them in order, and, of course, have the privilege of collecting the tolls charged for this extra accommodation.



THE "PRAIRIE SCHOONER"—EMIGRANT WAGON ON THE PLAINS.

But to our route. We left Jersey City by the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and passed through much of the best portions of that once well-abused State. New Jersey has not a rich soil, though its plodding settlers—mostly Germans—have made it a perfect garden. The farms and farm-houses have a very English air about them, and the usual gaunt, ugly rail fence of the United States in general, is here represented by veritable hedges. The New Jersey farmers have not had an enviable reputation; not merely was the State, as a state, behind the rest in education and general advancement, but the hard, rough country yielded its produce so reluctantly, that its inhabitants were almost necessarily close and illiberal. Thanks to railroads, and all the social amenities which follow in their wake, New Jersey is fast losing its old reputation. Formerly, indeed, a New Yorker, going to this State, said he was "leaving the United States;" and a Jersey man's first visit to the metropolis was recorded as a new arrival



DISCOVERY OF THE SKELETONS OF SOLDIERS WHO HAD BEEN SURPRISED AND KILLED BY INDIANS (*June*, 1867).

in America! They were looked upon as outsiders, having no part in the great Union.

The "Allentown route" passes through some very interesting and grand scenery in the Alleghany mountains, and the railroad shows many triumphs in engineering matters. There are numerous lengthy tunnels, and the road makes at one point a most remarkable and circuitous curve, known as the "Horse-shoe Bend." Looking across the ravine, one may see a freight train, which is really following one's own train, but which appears to be proceeding in an entirely different direction. The route, moreover, passes through the barren but valuable district of the Pennsylvania coal-fields, and near the spot where "ile" was first struck. There is much valuable timber in this country, but little land suited for agricultural pursuits.

We reached Pittsburg (the most important city on this route between New York and Chicago) about twelve o'clock a.m., the first day out. Pittsburg is a great iron manufacturing city, and is one of the most old-fashioned places in the United States. One sees there those old red brick houses which some fancy are only to be found in England, and many of the streets are narrow and tortuous. The city occupies a basin among the hills, and might be picturesque, if the clouds of soot and smoke which envelop it on all sides gave one a chance of seeing it. Like Birmingham and Manchester, it is given up exclusively to the utilitarian; the beauty of the three streams—the Monongahela, Alleghany, and Ohio—which meet beside it, is almost destroyed by dirty manufactories, dust and ash-heaps, coal barges, dusky-looking steamers, and general confusion. "At Pittsburg," says an American writer, "the god of iron has constantly a thousand altars blazing to his honour." And the general feeling of the traveller, as he hurries away from this unattractive town will be expressed *à la* Ward, "Let them blaze!"

An hour's stoppage for dinner, and we were again on our way *viâ* the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Railroad, bound for the "Garden City," Chicago. For a few miles the road passes through long lines of iron works, and then emerges on the Ohio river, passing through one of the most charming countries in America. Long stretches of natural greensward, rising in the distance into hill and mountain; cosy farm-houses nestling among orchards and gardens; handsome villas and country houses; rafts of timber almost as big as those famous Rhine rafts, floating lazily down the stream, make up a delightful and ever varied scene. Even the barges and wheezy old steamboats we thought so ugly at Pittsburg, *there* are almost picturesque.

Night and early morning found us in Indiana, a country which cannot be honestly recommended to the emigrant in search of a home. The soil is rich, but there is a vast deal of swampy land, and the people of Indiana are known to be among the most shiftless and dejected in the United States. "Fever-'n-ager" is common among them; it is a district of frogs, green pools, stagnant water, misery, and discontent. Nor is that portion of Illinois through which the line passes *east* of Chicago very much better.

We reached Chicago at about nine a.m. on the second day from New York. Time, thirty-six and a half hours, including five stoppages for meals; distance, nine hundred miles. The time has since been quickened to thirty-two and a half hours. Chicago is the New York of the West—if, indeed, it may now be called of the West at all—and boldly asserts that the time is not distant when it will be the metropolis of the country. However this may be, it now boasts over a quarter of a million inhabitants, and its streets are thronged with busy crowds and rattling equipages. Cobden's advice to a friend about to travel was (in substance), "Whatever else you see in the United States, visit Niagara and Chicago." While San Francisco is a rival to the Garden City in rapid increase of population, the latter may safely boast that she has the "livest" population of any city of the United States. And she knows it. If there is any place in the world where unlimited brag is the order of the day, it is Chicago. At the recent celebration at the completion of the Pacific Railroad, the Illinois senator (Mr. Judd) remarked that, "Chicago was one great terminus of the road, and that New York was, geographically speaking, out in one corner, and had *ceased to be of any consequence!*" Such statements from public men are, however, simply nonsense.

The population of Chicago was, in 1829, thirty persons; in 1839 it was a small town containing 4,200 souls; in 1849 it had risen to 23,047; and in 1859 to 90,000; we have no statistics for the year 1869, but in 1868 the census gave 242,383. While other cities in the United States during the recent civil war fluctuated very considerably, Chicago grew steadily. Forty years ago the place was unknown except as a government post. At the commencement of this century a meandering creek—marked by an Indian name, "Chaguoa," on the maps, and said to mean one of two sweet things, "wild onion" or "skunk"—alone marked the spot now covered with gigantic granaries, distilleries, elevators, and warehouses of white marble. The site was first occupied in 1804, when the United States Government erected Fort Dearborn there, and garrisoned it with about fifty men. A few Indian traders then slowly gathered round the spot. The position was occupied in peace till 1812, when, the war breaking out with Great Britain, it was deemed advisable to evacuate the fort. The commander, Captain Heald, was directed to distribute the government property among the Indians, and then to march his company to Fort Wayne. Knowing the Indians—the Pottawatomies—to be hostile, Captain Heald only distributed the clothing and provisions among them, throwing the guns, powder, and whisky into the river. The garrison took up its line of march on the 15th of August, under the escort of some friendly Miami Indians, and had proceeded but a short distance when they were attacked by the Pottawatomies, and were immediately deserted by their escort. The little band, being entirely surrounded, capitulated on condition that their lives should be spared. They delivered up their arms, and were marched back to the fort. A number of them were treacherously killed after their surrender, and the fort was plundered and burnt by the Indians. It was rebuilt in 1816. Many Indian troubles kept the garrison for several years in a constant state of excitement. In 1832 northern Illinois was scoured by the red-skins, and the settlers were forced to flee to Fort Dearborn for safety. The city, however, owes its first real permanent establishment to the construction of the Illinois and Michigan canal, which connects the great chain of lakes with the Mississippi.

How far the city had advanced in 1834 may be judged from the fact that in that year the Board of Trustees deliberately resolved to borrow the vast sum of *sixty dollars*, for the purpose of opening streets. In 1835 the same council plunged further into the vortex of debit and credit, by borrowing $2,000 (£400) for municipal purposes. And now the

city has *six hundred miles* of side-walks and pavements, and has eleven and a half miles of wharves. The original site of Chicago was little better than a swamp; the buildings in some streets have been raised above their original level several times, and even large stone and brick erections were so elevated. The largest hotel, the "Sherman House," was raised in this manner, without disturbing the inmates.

Who has not heard of the tunnel which brings into Chicago the pure water of Lake Michigan, from a point some two miles out from the shore? This work is an engineering triumph in its way, and occupied about two years and a half in its construction. In the lake a huge triple crib, or coffer-dam, of immense strength, built on shore and floated out, was sunk, to rest on the bottom, and firmly moored. Within this a similar strong iron cylinder was forced down into the bed of the lake, and pumped dry, and then the construction of the tunnel proper commenced at both ends. The tunnel has a clear height inside of five feet two inches, and is constructed of brick. Work was carried on day and night, and when the two sets of workmen—one building from the shore, the other from the crib in the lake—met in the centre, the variation from perfect accuracy in the meeting of the two sections was only nine and a half inches horizontally and one inch perpendicularly. Very powerful engines and pumps throw this water to all points in the city. Chicago also boasts some extensive artesian wells.

Chicago possesses a magnificent observatory, and also a small "Academy of Sciences," which owes its successful establishment to the late Major Robert Kennicott, who took part with the writer of the present narrative in the explorations organised in Alaska for the Russo-American telegraph. This institution has very important collections, and, among other objects, possesses the skeleton of a mastodon found near Fort Wayne, Indiana. The "Garden City" possesses 126 churches and chapels, and it is now so much a railway centre that no less than 250 trains leave and arrive daily.

Grain, and grain alone, was the foundation on which all this prosperity was built. In 1838 the first shipment of wheat (some seventy-eight bushels) was made from this city, now one of the greatest wheat markets in the world. In the season 1866-7 the total amount of grain and flour shipped from Chicago was over 21,000,000 bushels. The hog-curing and packing business—one growing out of the vast resources of the country in grain and Indian corn—is a most important one. As many as 1,033,118 hogs were shipped from Chicago in the season of 1867-8. Beef is also largely cured, mainly for the English market.

It may be of interest to the emigrant to learn that, in spite of the vast quantity of land in Illinois and neighbouring States now under cultivation, a considerable amount is still on sale. The Illinois Central Railway Company, for example, is now offering 800,000 acres of land for sale at from $7 to $12 (paper money 21s. to 36s.) per acre—some few tracts being held at higher prices. This land lies on a line of railway (Cairo to Dunleith, with a branch to Chicago), and in no case is over fifteen miles from the road itself. If cash is paid there is a discount; if purchased partly "on time," the settler pays six per cent. interest with his instalments. There are many other companies offering land obtained under similar circumstances. The United States Government grants large sections of public land to railroad companies, and the value of the land (as well as of the alternate sections retained by the Government) is of course much enhanced by the construction of an iron road. Chicago is a good central spot for the intending settler to make a halt; he will readily acquire information at the various companies' offices.

Chicago is purely a business community, and the circumstance influences the manners of its inhabitants. The people bustle along the streets, hustling the foot passengers off the pavements without a word of apology. Being familiar with the deference usually shown to ladies in all the leading cities of the United States (and especially in my present home, San Francisco) I was astonished to find that in Chicago the men never vacated a seat in the street "cars" for the benefit of the gentler sex. Business is the universal theme of conversation, in street, hotel, theatre; and in the intervals before church service one hears a good deal about real estate, the grain market, &c., even if it is carried on in a whisper. The ladies possess the same "go-ahead" appearance, and are altogether too masculine for the writer's taste. The climate is execrable—or something else is execrable—for the complexion; sallow men and women are the rule, not the exception. Fortunately, the laws on the subject of divorce are very facile in their operations in Illinois. A countryman wandering near one of the courts recently was surrounded by the touts of several legal establishments, who addressed him, "Want a divorce, sir? Divorce in ten minutes, sir!" and so on. Legal separations are obtained in most of the States more readily than with us. A lady recently got a divorce on the ground "that her husband was a fool!" a sufficient reason, one would think. Another obtained a similar separation "because her husband used unkind language, and compelled her to black his boots." In Indianopolis, recently, a licence for marriage was granted to a young couple—both considerably under age—who had each been once married and once divorced before. The fact is, that marriages are often contracted loosely in the United States, and this leads to a corresponding amount of divorce. I recently saw a notice of a marriage, where the parties were joined by the parson in the high road, and did not even dismount from their horses. The usual time for marriages in the United States is the evening, the clergyman attending at the house, or often in the hotel. A San Francisco newspaper inserts "Divorces," in the column with "births," and "deaths, &c. But it is just to add that thousands of Americans disapprove of the haste in which divorces are granted, and that the facilities differ greatly in the various States and territories. In Indiana, recently, a new law makes it a penal offence to procure divorces for persons not actually residents; and I saw a case quoted the other day, where a lady was dismissed from a church of which she had been a member, for having obtained a permanent separation from her husband "without a Bible cause."

But we must bid adieu to Chicago—noting, by the way, that although she brags so much about the Pacific Railroad, almost the only gap on that great highway occurs in that city. One has to take carriage or omnibus between the two railroad termini. There will be several routes available from Chicago to the Missouri River this autumn. When I passed through there was but one, the "Chicago and North Western Railroad;" that road will, however, remain the favourite, as it is the most direct route possible. This ride of over 500 miles

—made in twenty-four hours—passes through the richest prairie districts of Illinois and Iowa, where in summer the golden crops wave for miles on miles in unbroken succession. After seeing this country it is easy to account for the prosperity of Chicago. The settlements are numerous, and for the most part evidently prosperous. Some few show signs of decay; the towns have moved on somewhere else. One thing is noticeable in spring in quite a number of them; that the main street, cut up by the wagons and cattle, is often a long mud slough difficult to traverse, except by creeping round the edges. In one such city, the town council recently deliberated whether they should plank the road, or present a pair of top boots to every male inhabitant. The boots had it. We stopped at three of these little settlements for meals. Do not imagine that the repasts out there are anything approaching those one expects to get at home, or that every item is diligently charged. That system would never suit the American people. The charge is 75 cents to $1 a head (say about 2s. 3d. to 3s.), and one sits down to a regular "square" meal—as a good repast is called all over the west. The meals have a family likeness; eggs and hot cakes at breakfast, pie at dinner, and preserves at supper—mention of these items alone enables you to determine the particular repast. There is room for improvement in the coffee, but there was abundance of good meat, vegetables, &c., although it was yet quite early in the season. The days of beans and bacon, and saleratus bread are past, at least for the traveller on the great highway to the Pacific. At a large number of these halting-places, the railroad companies have built commodious hotels, in nearly all cases directly on the platform of the station.

Between the towns of Fulton and Clinton the railroad crossed the "Father of Waters," the mighty Mississippi, by a wooden bridge a mile long, but the temporary bridge of the Missouri—between Council Bluffs and Omaha—had been swept away by the ice. A grand iron bridge is now in the course of construction at this point, and it will be the largest on the great river. There will be eleven spans of 250 feet each; eleven iron tubular piers, and one of stone. The operation of sinking the immense tubes for the foundations has been commenced on the Council Bluffs (Iowa) side of the stream. The first tube was sunk through more than seventy feet in sand and clay, reaching at length, at a depth of eighty feet below the surface, the solid rock.

Council Bluffs is the present terminus of the Chicago and North Western Railway, and until the great bridge above-mentioned is finished, the Missouri will be crossed as before by steam ferry-boats. There is no delay or inconvenience of any kind. We got out of the railway cars, mounted one of the many omnibuses waiting at the station, and were conveyed to the water's edge, where a puffing, wheezy, but large steamer took us on board bodily—vehicles, horses, baggage, and all—and landed us directly at Omaha, the same omnibuses delivering each and all of us at the doors of our respective hotels in that city.



INDIANS HUNTING BISON.

The Missouri at Omaha is a large stream, but otherwise is one of the muddiest, shallowest, most shifting, and utterly unreliable of any in the world. The channel to-day is, and to-morrow is not, shifting quickly. Sand-banks appear one hour and are gone the next.

The morning after I arrived in Omaha, there was a good story in one of the local papers illustrating these facts: "A man," said the veracious chronicler, "about six miles

above here, came to the river-bank with a defined idea of crossing to the other side. He expected to have found a boat or a plank, but both were wanting. While cogitating on the prospect of a walk down here to take the steam ferry, he saw a sand-bar beginning to wash out into the stream. A huge and valiant idea struck him, and he made for the sand-bar. Jumping on it, he kept up a dead run and followed it over to the other shore. His feet were a little wet, but our latest bulletin reports that he is doing well." The "Big Muddy," as the Missouri is popularly called at Omaha, furnishes a constant string of petty "items" for the press when times are dull.

Chicago now speaks of Omaha as one of its suburbs—only 500 miles distant! and Omaha itself strongly objects to being spoken of as in "the Far West." The leading journal says that it "is the point at which travellers gather *for the purpose of going West.*" Where is the West now? The Pacific Railroad—speaking of it as it is understood in the United States—does really commence at Omaha. Thence, it now stretches in one unbroken line to Sacramento, California, a distance of 1,727 miles.



PAWNEE CAMP.

Before this reaches the reader's eye, in all probability the connection by rail will be completed with San Francisco. At present the legislative and commercial capitals of California are partially united by rail, about a third of the journey being accomplished by steam boat. There are also

steamers doing the complete distance. Omaha has now 16,000 people, and is growing rapidly. The city boasts twelve churches and chapels, at one of which pews were *sold by auction on the Sabbath*, before I got there, for $200 (£30) premium. There are several places of amusement—a German tea-gardens among the rest, and an "Academy of Fun," the latter a very sweet place indeed. It boast three daily papers and a (German) weekly, whose editors naturally hate each other like poison. One gently insinuates that the other is a "moral hyena, whose foul and festering tongue drops gall and aquafortis!" The *Nebraska City News* spoke of an Omaha paper in the following terms during my stay:—"Ordinarily," said this newspaper, "the intellectual pabulum furnished to the reader in daily and weekly journals is called in the newspaporial (!) world 'matter.' But the Omaha *Republican* of the 15th of April, 1869, contains about seven columns which is not ordinary 'matter;' it is 'pus!'" An Omaha paper has established a department for "betrothals." The only remaining chance seems to be to set aside a column for "flirtations!" The language of the *Western Press* is usually more forcible than elegant. An editor, writing an article on the necessity of planting trees in Nebraska, said, "H—ll is treeless: if you would avoid a resemblance to the nether regions, plant trees at once by the hundred!"

Some idea of the sudden rise in the value of land in this neighbourhood may be inferred from the fact that "homestead" five-acre lots, two miles from Omaha, are offered at $225 (paper money about £34) per acre. There is, however, plenty of government and railroad land to be obtained, the first at $1 25 cents. (4s.) an acre, the second at from $3 to $15 (9s. to 45s.) an acre, at a reasonable distance from the city. Nebraska Territory has now about 60,000 to 70,000 of population, and is becoming rapidly settled throughout.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company (the company which built *westward*, and not the Central Pacific Company of California, which forms the Californian end of the line) has at Omaha extensive machine shops and "car" building works. Some of the railway carriages turned out by them are very splendid examples of this kind of vehicle. But the traveller who loves his ease should always take a "sleeping-car" ticket: it is very difficult to sleep in an ordinary carriage, besides which, people are constantly entering and leaving at intermediate stations. The country through which the Pacific Railroad passes after leaving Omaha is a very pleasant one. The fertility of the soil in the valleys of the Platte (which, with its branches, is crossed and re-crossed half-a-hundred times), the Elkhorn, Loup Fork, and Papillon Rivers, is undoubted. The Platte, though, for any other purpose than irrigation, might as well be dry. It is unnavigable even for those American flat-bottomed steamers which are said to get along with the help of a "moist surface or a smart dew." There are many thriving towns in this portion of the State of Nebraska, of which Fremont, Columbus, and North Platte take the lead; and in spite of a variable and uncertain climate, and the periodical invasions of devouring grasshoppers or locusts, to which the district is subject, there are many inducements to cause the settler to take up land. The Nebraska corn and wheat are famous, and sell at higher rates than those of most other localities. There is about 200 miles of good country through which the Pacific Railroad passes before it reaches the "plains" proper.

But when the plains are reached, the scene changes. It would be difficult to find a more barren, worthless country than that through which the Pacific Railroad passes for the following 700 miles. Bayard Taylor, indeed, told us not long ago "that there is *no* American desert this side of the Rocky Mountains," and it has been the fashion lately to write up this desolate country, where, in truth, the settler's hair rapidly turns grey, or falls out from the influence of the alkali which lies bleaching in the sun, making the country often resemble a badly-frosted cake. The very railway cars do not escape its influence. They are spotted with a saline efflorescence, and their paint and varnish rapidly peel off. I am well aware that in Utah the industrious Mormons have utilised an equally alkaline country. It seems to me that they might be freely forgiven all their sins if they would turn round and make this desert to "blossom as the rose." The eye gets wearied with these eternal plains; with the dreary waste of sand, which is "not, however," as poor Ward said, "worth saving; where we did not even see the little Injiens trundling their war-whoop on the horizon;" and where the larger animals peculiar to the district, the buffalo and bison, are rarely seen. The progress of the iron road has frightened them further south, and they only approach it when they want to rub and scratch themselves against the telegraph poles—the only use they have discovered for them. The fleet, prong-horned antelope may still be seen in herds, flying from the new monster of the plains; the wolf looks on from a respectful distance, and the prairie dog, safe in his worthlessness, knowing that he can hide himself in his hole at any moment, is about the only animal that does not flee the presence of man. As the Irish teamster said, "Dead oxen are almost the only signs of life" on the plains. The skeletons of poor, over-worked horses and mules lie everywhere bleaching in the sun, nor are human remains wanting. I observed many such from the windows of our railway carriage—probably the result of some of the hundreds of "shooting affairs" which disgraced the construction camps of the Union Pacific Railroad, where, as I was credibly informed, there would often be some disturbance of the kind every night for weeks together.

"The wide plains," says a recent American writer, "which slope imperceptibly, regularly upwards from the bluffs of the Missouri to the bases of the Rocky Mountains, are unlike any other region of earth. They labour under a chronic deficiency of backbone. Rock, to be sure, is sometimes to be seen here in places, but very rarely, save in the 'buttes,' or perpendicular faces of hills, which are mainly confined to the vicinity of mountains, and are obviously a modern product of sun, and rain, and wind, out of the mingled clay and sand which forms the subsoil of this region." These buttes, constantly seen at various points along the railroads, often assume very curious forms. Here is one having the form of a church; a second resembling a dial, the support washed down to a column of limited size; a third resembles a human head, or that of some animal; and so on. They were, for the overland emigrant, landmarks of importance. After passing rapidly over this desolate country, my opinion of the fortitude and perseverance of the old emigrants and pioneers who struggled through sand and sage brush, through creeks and rivers, often unable to get water at all, or, obtaining it, found it absolutely undrinkable, has been raised to a high point.

Nor must the reader imagine that because the railroad is finished the wagon trains are a thing altogether of the past.

Many settlers have not the money to send their wagons, horses, and household gods by train, and prefer, therefore, to follow the old style, taking twenty-five days to accomplish as much as the railway trains will make in a single day. The "prairie schooner," as the emigrants' wagon has been long jokingly named, will not be obsolete for many a day. The great curse of the plains throughout each summer is drought. "No rain, or next to none, falls on them from May till October. By day, hot suns bake them; by night fierce winds sweep them, parching the earth to cavernous depths, withering the scanty vegetation." Annually, too, and often more frequently, the prairie fires desolate the face of the plains. There is so little poetry in this desert, that the writer welcomed the occurrence of one of these great conflagrations, witnessed from the railroad. It was night. The devouring flames ran with wonderful rapidity through the rank grass and sage brush, and



PAWNEE INDIANS.

the lurid fire made the nearer settlers' homesteads, the occasional trees and knolls, stand blackly up against the light. A canopy of smoke hung over all, wafting away to the horizon; the stars looked calmly down, and all nature was still, forming a scene not easily forgotten. When the better portions of the prairie are, by the progress of settlement, protected from this "inundation of fire," large numbers of trees, mostly oak and hickory, spring up spontaneously. These trees have, perhaps, been for years struggling to exist previously; but there was life remaining in their roots. Twenty years, and these "thickets will be forests."* With the forest, too, will come a grateful moisture; and districts hitherto considered worthless may become of considerable value.

The reader, accustomed to read much of the Indians in the "Far West," may be surprised to learn that in a journey of 3,500 miles (including my visit to Salt Lake City), I did not see over fifty Indians. In the streets of Omaha, a few painted and be-feathered Pawnees loitered, offering mocassins, and elaborately-worked "fire-bags," and tobacco-pouches for sale. In the neighbourhood of Columbus (Nebraska) there is a "reservation" of these people. From nomadic Indians they have become a comparatively agricultural and sedentary race, and are now perfectly peaceable. The most dangerous tribes of the plains are the Cheyennes (Chiens) and the Sioux, to which allusion will be made subsequently. Several minor outrages have been committed by them lately. Last May they attacked a party of white men in Kansas, and succeeded in killing three. After a tough fight, the Indians gathered round their prisoner, shouting and dancing with savage glee. They took the white men's scalps, and taunted Doran, the only survivor and their prisoner, by slapping him in the face with them. The Indians did not escape unhurt; seven of their number were killed and three wounded. They threatened their prisoner's life, and tried to terrify him by brandishing their knives and tomahawks close to his head; but he kept cool. Doran at length, after travelling some time with them, hit upon a plan of escape. He had in his pocket a small case of medicines, among which were a couple of phials of tincture of opium, and he conceived the idea of mixing it with some brandy, of which he had a small supply. Watching his opportunity, he accomplished his object, and then, turning to his captors, pretended to drink. One of them, seeing it, rushed forward, and, snatching it from his hands, took a good draught, and then passed it round the circle. In a short time it worked like a charm, and they were all fast asleep. Doran, helping himself to what provisions he could find, mounted his horse and got away. Next day he succeeded in reaching a U.S. Government post at Medicine Bluffs, after which he was safe. A party of emigrants have been attacked recently when passing with a wagon-train across the plains near Kearney (Nebraska). In Kansas, recently, two railway trains have been run off the track by Indians, who removed the rails and spikes. Although an Indian war was waged recently against all these hostile tribes, as yet they are unsubdued.

Hitherto the Pacific Railroad has escaped, the only damage to it having been attempted by white men. But the Indians attacked one of Wells, Fargo, and Co.'s overland coaches in

* *See* Bayard Taylor's "Colorado."

1867; and we may yet learn of similar outrages in connection with the Union Pacific Railroad. As it was, that company lost several civil engineers by the hands of the Indians when the preliminary surveys were being made. The Indians at the California end of the line attempted, it is said, on one occasion to "lariat a locomotive" by stretching a cord across the track, some twenty or thirty of them holding it fast on either side. The gymnastic feats performed by them when the red-eyed, snorting monster came dashing along, are said to have exceeded those of any circus in the world.

President Grant is now attempting a new Indian policy. There is to be a permanent commission of citizens for the management of Indian affairs, a body having supreme control over all agencies, the purchase of goods for Indian grants, and so forth. The executive authority will be placed mainly in the hands of the military, though, strangely enough, Grant has placed certain states and territories, including Nebraska, Kansas, and part of Indian territory, under the control of Quakers. "Um!" cried a big chief of the Arapahoes, "Quakers no good: heap water; no whisky!"

The intentions of the United States government, in themselves excellent, have been too often frustrated by the Indian "agents," who sold the red men goods sent as presents from Washington, drew the salaries of mechanics supposed to be provided expressly to teach the Indians; and generally grew rich on apparently small incomes. The Indian has had much reason to complain; nevertheless, he is doomed, and his only chance now is to settle down and cultivate the reservations provided for each tribe by the government.



VIEW ON THE WHITE NILE.

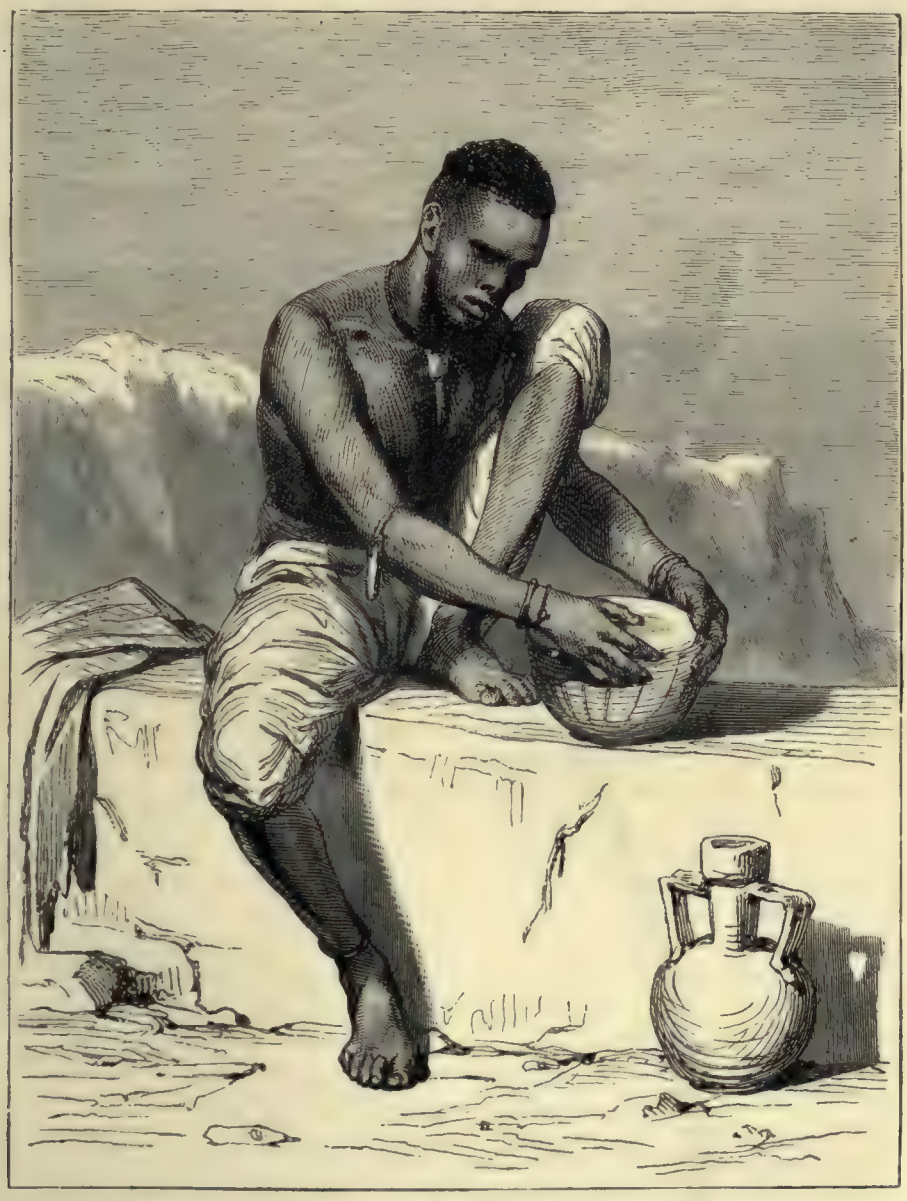
The Nile Valley above Khartum.

No river in the world equals—none can pretend even to rival—the Nile in the number and variety of the claims which it makes on the interest and attention of mankind. Its lower valley was the seat of one of the earliest civilisations of the world, and the remains of temples and pyramids even now are impressive in their ruined majesty. Of its upper valley, draining a widely extended and barbarous region, very little is known, but that little leads us to desire an increase of our knowledge. The mere geographical peculiarities of the Nile are sufficient to excite vivid interest, even apart from the human associations to which allusion has been made.

From the Atbara to the Mediterranean, a distance of 1,200 miles, the mystic river flows on, causing a green belt to make its appearance in the arid region of northern Africa. No tributary joins its waters through all this distance, and no rain falls in this, which is one of the dryest districts of the world. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that the mystery of the source of its shining waters, with their annual inundation, to which all the fertility of Egypt is due, should be one which, since the earliest period of the world, men have endeavoured to fathom? To Englishmen is due the credit of having penetrated the mystery, so far as the veil has yet been removed. Bruce discovered the source of the Blue Nile; Speke and Grant found out the great Victoria N'yanza, and Baker the Albert N'yanza, the companion lake to the latter. These great lakes—vast inland seas—lying under the equator, in a latitude where no other such body of water is found, give rise to the White Nile, called also the White River, or the Bahr-el-Abiad. But from the equatorial lakes to the junction of the Atbara, there intervenes a region embracing nearly eighteen degrees of latitude, and this country, forming an immense basin of drainage, presents features differing very remarkably from those of the lower portion of the Nile. Vast rivers flow into the Nile as tributaries both from the east and the west, and the mountains which bound the basin recede hundreds of miles from the river.

On the eastern side, the Abyssinian table-land and the ranges of which the vast peaks of Kenia and Kilimandjaro are two summits, pour down their waters to the Nile; but to the west the mountains that give rise to the great tributaries from that side are as yet undetermined, while the heights to the south, near which are found the great lakes, represent the half fabulous mountains of the moon.

The Blue and White Niles meet at Khartum, a town whose existence and prosperity are the result of the trade, legitimate and illegitimate, of the White Nile. Gum arabic, senna, hides, and ivory are the legitimate objects of the trade of Khartum, to which these articles are brought from the Soudan. Some ivory, of the annual value of £40,000, comes from the White Nile region to Khartum; but the great trade of the town is in slaves—a trade of "kidnapping and murder." In this hateful traffic Syrians, Copts, Turks, Circassians, and even a few Europeans are engaged. The slaves, caught in the White Nile region, are sent from Khartum across the country to different places. Some are sent to Senaar, others to ports on the Red Sea, whence they are shipped for Arabia and Persia, while others find their way to Cairo, and, indeed, to all places in the slave-dealing East. To put a stop to this traffic is one of the first objects of the expedition on which Sir Samuel Baker (we may now say Baker Pasha) is now engaged; and it is especially in the country drained by the White Nile—that is, the country between Khartum and the Albert N'yanza—that his delegated power will be exercised.



NATIVE OF THE DINKA TRIBE, WHITE NILE, MENDING HIS DRUM.

In a previous number of the "ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS" a short notice of this expedition has been given; and it is now proposed to show with fuller detail the peculiarities of the Nile in its upper course, especially in that portion which Sir Samuel Baker was unable personally to explore, on his former great journey.

From Assouan, in Egypt, to Khartum, at the junction of

the White and Blue Niles, the course of the river is interrupted by six cataracts of greater or less magnitude, which yet offer no insuperable obstacle to the passage of boats or of steamers of light draught. In fact, steamers from the Mediterranean have ascended the Nile even as far as Gondokoro.

Khartum itself stands on a plain, hardly raised above the level of the river at its highest, and is therefore occasionally flooded. Above Khartum this flatness continues, and where the Sobat from the east, and the tributary from the Bahr-el-Gazal on the west, enter the Nile, the country presents the appearance of a vast marsh, through whose wide desolation boats pass day after day among the floating water-plants which cover the surface of the river. This extensive flat contains slight depressions, which form great lakes during the wet season, and sodden marshes in the dry weather; one of these periodical lakes figures on some maps of Africa as Lake No, or Nouaer. Masses of reeds, water-plants, and cane-like water-grass are found, and the beautiful but gloomy papyrus rush grows to so great a height that Sir S. Baker measured some stalks eighteen feet above the water.

The voyage through these swamps is tedious and melancholy beyond description. Before reaching Gondokoro, the marshes on either side of the river give place to dry ground; the banks rise to a height of four feet above the water-level, and Gondokoro itself is on firm soil, raised twenty feet above the river-level. Groves of citron and lime, the remains of trees planted by a mission which formerly existed at Gondokoro, are to be seen among the few poor huts which constitute the station; but the change from the flats and marshes of the Nile is most refreshing, and the green trees scattered over the landscape, together with the distant mountains which bound the horizon, please the eye of the traveller, who has just left the tedious land of swamps behind him.

Above Gondokoro, and thence to the great lakes under the equator, the country on both sides of the river is elevated, rising from 3,000 to more than 4,000 feet above the level of the ocean; while some of the peaks of the mountain ranges attain an altitude of 8,000 feet. The whole of the country to the east is well wooded, fertile, abounding in animal life. The elephant and giraffe, the buffalo and the antelope, are found in great abundance in this country. Through this region, Sir S. Baker and his brave wife made their journey to the Somerset river, which connects the Victoria with the Albert lake, and from the Albert they returned to Gondokoro, but not by the river itself, and only partially along its banks. From Gondokoro to the Albert N'yanza, no vessel has as yet navigated the Nile waters; and though it is tolerably well known what will be found there, yet, doubtless, Sir Samuel Baker will find some difficulties before he is able to launch his vessel on the broad waters of the great inland sea which he was the first to make known to us, and which he hopes to reach again during the present winter.

When at Magungo, near the northern end of the Lake Albert N'yanza, Baker could see the Nile issuing from its low banks encumbered with reeds, and flowing through the Koshi and Madi countries. Crossing the country, he again struck the Nile where the Un-y-Ama flows into it, through a beautiful, park-like country, in latitude 3° 32′ N., near the spot to which Signor Miani had come from Gondokoro in a previous year. Here, from a summit which rose about 800 feet above the Nile, could be seen a long reach of the river. "From our elevated point," says Sir S. Baker, "we looked down upon a broad sheet of unbroken water, winding through marshy ground, flowing from W.S.W. The actual breadth of clear water, independent of the marsh and reedy banks, was about 400 yards; but, as usual in the deep and flat portions of the White Nile, the great extent of reeds growing in deep water rendered any estimate of the positive width extremely vague. We could discern the course of this great river for about twenty miles, and distinctly trace the line of mountains on the west bank that we had seen at about sixty miles' distance when on the route from Karuma to Shooa. . . . Having from Magungo, in lat. 2° 16′, looked upon the course of the river far to the north, from the high pass, our present point, in lat. 3° 34′ N., we now comprised an extensive view of the river to the south; the extremities of the limits of view from north and south would almost meet, and leave a mere trifle of a few miles not actually inspected."

A great part of this country was flat and marshy on the banks of the river; but opposite the summit from which the extensive view above mentioned was obtained, there rises the peak of Gebel Kookoo to a height of 2,500 feet above the level of the Nile; and where the two ridges approach, they form a ravine into which the Nile enters after passing through the flat country to the south. Here the river is no longer calm; its course is broken by many islands, then it becomes a roaring torrent, and passes through a narrow gorge, between perpendicular cliffs, with a tremendous current, forming in one place a cataract between thirty and forty feet high. The ravine through which the Nile flows in this part of its course is depressed about 200 feet below the level of the surrounding country.

From this gorge to Gondokoro, the Nile was not explored by Sir S. Baker; but the explorations and journeys of Dr. Alfred Peney, a French savant, have shown that cataracts and rapids present obstacles in at least four places between Mount Kookoo and Gondokoro.

On the 20th of February, 1861, Dr. Peney set out from Gondokoro on the most important of the numerous journeys which he made in the Nile region. His object was to try whether, by means of boats, which had been constructed according to the orders of M. de Bono, he could surmount the rapids which had arrested the progress of all preceding expeditions. M. de Bono allowed him to employ the two boats which he had had constructed for the purpose. This journey was intended to be preparatory to one of much greater importance, though, alas for science! it was the latest in which Dr. Peney was engaged.

Two European merchants, of whom M. de Bono was one, accompanied Dr. Peney on his expedition, of which the following account is taken from a letter addressed by him on his return to M. Jomard, or M. Malte-Brun, and published in 1863, under the direction of the latter gentleman.

"Our flotilla conducted us in three days (after leaving Gondokoro) to the cataracts—or, to speak more exactly, the rapids—of Djendoky-Garbo. At this place a group of islands and rocks divides the river into several branches. Following the advice of the natives, we entered the most easterly and apparently the narrowest of these canals, in place of following the western branch, explored before us by the different boats of the government and others, who had tried without success to find a passage through the shoals. M. Miani, the latest explorer of this region, had failed the preceding year in his

attempts, and he had been obliged to leave the water and continue his journey by land.

"The route followed by our flotilla—that is to say, the eastern canal of which I have spoken—was traversed without great difficulty, and, after half an hour of effort, we passed the rapids of Djendoky-Garbo. I ought to say, however, that to surmount the obstacles with greater ease, we had taken the precaution of lightening our boats of the greater part of their cargo and crew.

"Three miles above Djendoky-Garbo, we reached new rapids—those of Teremo-Garbo. The latter presented much more serious obstacles than the former, and it was only after two days' continuous efforts that we succeeded in surmounting them. The rapids of Teremo-Garbo, although much larger and more difficult to surmount than those of Djendoky-Garbo, only occupy a space of about 800 yards. The distance of the first rapids to Gondokoro is nine leagues.

"Above Teremo-Garbo, the river resumes the aspect which it had below the rapids, and preserves the same appearance as far as the village of Tambour, in the district of Makedo. There we expected to find more serious obstacles than any which we had previously encountered. Above Tambour, the river narrows considerably; enclosed by a wall of rocks and of low hills, it becomes both deep and rapid, and can only be passed by the help of numerous and strong cables. Unhappily, our ropes possessed none of the requisite conditions for such navigation; our last cable broke at the cataracts of Makedo, and a shock which happened to one of our boats, and which was followed by an enormous wave, obliged us to land as quickly as possible on a neighbouring sand-bank. This accident made it impossible for us to continue our voyage by water; we therefore left our flotilla at the place where this happened, and taking the land road, we continued our exploration of the borders of the river.

"The cataract of Makedo (here the passage merits the name) has two falls of water nearly seven feet in height. A canal which runs by the side of the river and parallel with it, and which has cut for itself a bed through the differently inclined layers of stratified rocks, is the only passage practicable for such boats as ours. We should have gone by this canal if the accident of which I have spoken had not happened, and it is by this that all boats must proceed in passing the cataract of Makedo."

The cataract of Makedo is situated in latitude 4° 18′ N.; and above this, for a distance of nearly ten miles, the river is full of shoals and rapids, one of the most difficult places for the passage of boats being in the district of Djiamoudj. The Djiamoudj rapids appeared to be such as to render the passage of boats very difficult, if not impossible; and beyond them, the Nile is encumbered with so considerable a number of grassy islands, that the passages left for the water are only about a yard and a half to rather more than two yards wide. From the Djiamoudj, the river runs at the foot of the Rego mountains, which terminate in the peak Gniri. This peak Dr. Peney calculated was under the same meridian as Gondokoro, and about a degree of latitude to the south of it, and he mentions that according to native reports, at the foot of this mountain (lat. 3° 2′ N.) there is a considerable cataract, beyond which the river disengages itself from the mountains, presenting a continuous surface, and a bed free from shoals.

Dr. Peney did not reach the peak Gniri, as he was obliged to return to Gondokoro from a village a short distance to the south of the rapids of Djiamoudj. Nor did he ever accomplish his intended journey farther south, for he died of fever at Gondokoro, at the end of July in the same year, 1861.

This account given by Dr. Peney shows that in the part of the river which Sir Samuel Baker has not personally explored, there will be difficulties to encounter which will tax all his ingenuity, patience, and daring.

But as he has accomplished harder tasks than this before now, he no doubt will surmount these, for he is not of the class of men who see "lions in the way" when he has a purpose which he wishes to effect. Much of the success of his efforts, of course, will depend on his personal influence; but if he should succeed, he will not only put down the slave trade, but he will secure for the Viceroy new and fertile provinces, and, it is to be hoped, will bring the regions of the Upper Nile under the influence of an advancing civilisation.

The Navigation of the Upper Amazons.

In recent English maps of South America, the north or the left bank of the Upper Amazons, beyond the Brazilian boundary, is generally marked as belonging to the Republic of Ecuador. This is erroneous, as Peru has long claimed both banks, and has exercised her claim by occupying them. This important possession gives Peru the free use of a channel of water-communication with Europe by way of the great river, and an outlet to the productions of all her interior territory east of the Andes—a tract of level country of most exuberant fertility, as large as France. These trans-Andean provinces, however, have until recently remained in their primitive wild condition; the dense tropical forests with which they are clothed being abandoned to the wild animals, and almost equally wild Indians, who here and there occupy small villages, superintended by missionary priests and scattered civil authorities. It was known that large tributaries of the Amazons flowed from the foot of the Andes, the last ridges of which terminate abruptly like a huge wall within an easy distance of Lima; but their exact direction, or navigability, had never been ascertained. The subject was agitated for years by some of the ablest men of the Republic, and a brilliant future prophesied if these rivers should prove navigable, and a European immigration could be attracted to the unoccupied lands. A port, it was thought, might arise at the foot of the mountains east of Lima, and Peru might become an Atlantic state; the round-about voyage by Cape Horn, or the Isthmus of Panama, being abandoned for a direct and pleasant journey of three thousand miles down the broad river to the Atlantic.

Within the last few years the arguments and dreams of the pamphlet and newspaper writers of Lima have been listened to by the Government, and active measures pursued to test the possibilities of the situation. The first step taken was to arrange a treaty with Brazil, ensuring a right of road down the portion of the river belonging to this empire, and to subsidise, in conjunction with the Brazilian Government, a line of small steamers to ply for traffic on the Upper Amazons. The right of road seems to have been at first withheld, but small steamers of some 300 tons burthen were placed on the river, supported by an annual grant of money by the two powers, and ran regularly from 1854 to 1859 between Manaos, on the Rio Negro, and Nauta, the principal village on the river in Peru, performing the round journey of 2,600 miles—that is, 1,300 there and back—in about a month, or eighteen days in ascending and eight days in descending, the current. So great



A CALM ON THE UCAYALI.

is the depth and volume of water in the mighty stream, that the monthly or bi-monthly navigation suffered no interruption during these years, even in the dryest seasons. The treaty having expired, the Peruvians proceeded a step further in carrying out their plans, by ordering steamers of their own from England. Two of these, each of 500 tons burthen and 150 horse-power, arrived at the mouth of the Amazons in October, 1862; but the right of road was refused by the Brazilian authorities at Pará, the capital of the province which includes the Lower Amazons, and it was not until April, 1865, that the difficulty was finally overcome. The Imperial Government at Rio Janeiro had by that time been converted from the narrow, exclusive policy which had so long held sway in this great empire, a legacy bequeathed by the old Portuguese domination, the last relics of which are now expiring with the advance of more liberal ideas. Soon after a further victory over the policy of exclusion was obtained, by the throwing open of the Amazons to vessels of all nations, by enactment of the Imperial Assembly of Rio.

The Peruvian Government had by this time resolved to establish a station on their part of the Amazons, with dock-workshops and machinery, for the repair of vessels in the country, and to serve as a centre of industry in the wild region. A large staff of English mechanics were engaged, and a floating dock and several small river steamers brought from across the Atlantic on board large sailing-vessels. One of these, of 750 tons burthen, containing the dock, was towed up the Amazons and safely moored at Iquitos, the station chosen, in May, 1865—thus proving the navigability of the river for a large sea-going vessel a distance of 2,200 miles from its mouth. It is stated by Mr. F. F. Searle, the medical officer of the new establishment, that more than seventy English mechanics are now resident at Iquitos. The two larger steamers were placed on the river as regular liners, plying between Tabatinga, the Brazilian station on the frontier, and Yurimaguas on the Huallaga, the latter place being distant 300 miles beyond Iquitos.

Meantime, the important duty of exploring the tributary rivers was not forgotten, and the preliminary surveys have already resulted in the fulfilment of the hopes of the patriots of Lima, in so far as discovering that the great southern affluent, the Ucayali, with its western tributary the Pachitea, and thence the Mayro, were navigable by steamers of light draught to the foot of the Andes, within about 220 miles of Lima. This remarkable discovery was not made without continued effort, and encountering great danger and difficulty—the latter not caused by physical obstacles, but by the hostility of a ferocious tribe of Indians on the banks of the Pachitea.

At first one small steamer, the *Putumayo*, was dispatched on the errand. Leaving Iquitos on the 25th of June, 1866, it passed with ease up the deep and generally tranquil waters of the lower Ucayali (a good idea of which river is afforded by the accompanying engraving), and sixty miles up the Pachitea. It was then brought to a stop at a place called Chunta Isla, in order that some damage done to the bottom might be repaired. The gloomy forests in this neighbourhood are inhabited by the Cachibos, a tribe living in deadly enmity, not



INDIANS OF THE RIVER PACHITEA.

only with the whites, but with all the surrounding Indians. The *Putumayo* was detained here several days, and during this time a deed was perpetrated, revealing the treacherous disposition and uncompromising hostility of these people to all comers. The commander of the steamer, Don Adrian Vargas, took a boat, with four men, down the stream to visit a clearing that had been passed the day before, hoping to obtain there some fresh provisions. During his absence, several canoes filled with armed Indians passed down the river, the savages eyeing inquisitively the steamer, but declining all the overtures made by those on board to come nearer. This, viewed by the light of subsequent events, was supposed to be a reconnoitring party. The next day a single unarmed Indian emerged from the dark forest on the river-bank, directly opposite the steamer, and made signs in a friendly manner, as though inviting the crew to come on shore. After some hesitation, the two officers left on board, Lieutenant Tavara and Midshipman West (the latter the son of an Englishman settled in Peru), took the only remaining boat and crossed to the bank. There was less ground for suspicion, inasmuch as travellers, Peruvians and others, had visited numerous tribes on the neighbouring rivers Ucayali and Huallaga, without meeting with anything but friendly treatment. However, the two young men took their loaded revolvers as a precaution. They went also laden with various articles suitable for friendly trade with the Indians. Three boys belonging to the steamer accompanied them. Hauling the boat on the sandy beach, they followed the Indian into the forest. Two or three others soon joined them, all apparently friendly, and they walked on. At length the officers made halt, and taking out some trinkets, exhibited them to the Indians. At this juncture the boys, who had remained behind, saw a long file of savages threading the forest between them and their masters. There was no time to give warning; Tavara, turning his head, saw the trap they had fallen into; but before he or his companion could take aim with their revolvers they fell pierced through by the long bamboo arrows of the savages. The boys ran back for their lives, and reaching the river, plunged into it and swam towards the steamer; the crew afterwards pouring a volley of grape-shot into the forest where the crowd of savages now appeared baulked of the rest of their prey.

The expedition possessed no means of avenging this treachery, or even of penetrating the fastnesses of the savages to recover the corpses of the two officers. It returned to Iquitos, and a second and stronger force was dispatched in December of the same year (1866) to punish the Indians and complete the exploration. Three steamers (one of them of 500 tons) were sent, with fifty soldiers, and a number of friendly Conibo Indians to act as guides—the latter being deadly enemies of the Cachibos.

On the 6th of December this adventurous flotilla arrived at Chunta Isla, and under the guidance of the Conibos, the armed force was landed on the borders of the forest in the silence of night, and marched through its shades for about nine miles to take the village of the savages by surprise. Suddenly they came upon a small clearing with a number of huts ranged around, and having in the centre a kind of altar, the horrible use of which was afterwards made known. On the force advancing, a number of Cachibos darted out, fully armed; a volley was fired amongst them, and many fell; the rest, alarmed at the strange sound of the fire-arms, vanished into the depths of the forest, where pursuit was impossible. Two women and thirteen children were captured, but no men, and after setting fire to the huts the Peruvians set out on their return. Before they had reached half-way to the river, they were assailed by a shower of arrows in the midst of the darkness, accompanied with frightful yells, which were replied to by a continuous fire of musketry, but with what effect could not be known. In this way, continually attacked by arrows from invisible assailants, they at length regained the water's edge, several of their number severely wounded. Even after embarking the infuriated savages appeared in force at the edge of the forest, yelling and brandishing their weapons, until scared away by rounds of grape-shot. The death of the officers being thus avenged, and a severe lesson taught the savages, the expedition proceeded up the Pachitea. The spot they endeavoured to reach was the port of Mayro, a place which the English Lieutenant (now Admiral) Smyth attempted to attain in 1835, coming from Lima, with the same object as now aimed at by the Peruvians—namely, that of discovering a line of navigation from Eastern Peru to the Atlantic. It was found that the large steamer *Morona* could not advance nearer than forty miles of the place; but the two smaller vessels (sixty tons each) got up in safety, with the Prefect of the Amazonian Province of Maynas and his staff, who proceeded immediately by land across to Lima to carry the joyful news.

From the accounts of the prisoners, obtained through interpreters, there could be no doubt that the bodies of the two officers assassinated by the Cachibos were eaten by them, after being roasted on the altar in the centre of their village. It had been long known that certain small tribes on the Upper Amazons were cannibals, and this event only supplied further confirmation. By far the greater number of the tribes who thinly people the leafy wilderness through which all these great rivers flow are friendly, or at least not hostile, to the white settlers. But the difference existing between the various tribes, in disposition and grade of civilisation, are extraordinary, considering that they all present the same physical features, and belong to the same race. Similar contrasts, however, are presented among the tribes of North America, who belong to the same original stock. In a future Part of the "ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS" we hope to give a further account of the tribes of the Amazons and its tributaries. The Indians of the Amazons have been, in recent times, so well-treated both by Peruvians and Brazilians, and gradually brought within the influence of civilisation, that it is matter for regret that the grand scheme now being worked out by Peru must entail the destruction of a whole tribe which opposes itself to the navigation of the rivers.

The Government at Lima lost no time in following up the great discovery here related: a commission of engineers, under Commander Tucker, was dispatched to survey a road through the portion of unexplored country between Lima and Mayro; and another expedition in one of the small steamers was sent up the main river Ucayali, to ascertain how near it was navigable to the city of Cusco. The road from Lima, after crossing the Western Cordillera, descends the well-peopled, elevated valley of the upper Huallaga past the city of Huanuco to Muña, and thence south-east, partly along a tributary of the Huancabamba, to the Mayro. Finally, an "Atlantic port," under the name of Puerto General Prado, destined, perhaps, to be a great emporium, has been founded at the mouth of the Mayro, distant 3,600 miles from the mouth of the Amazons.

A Visit to the Guajiro Indians of Maracaibo.

BY A. GOERING.

In the course of my wanderings as a naturalist amid the tropical riches and glory of Venezuela, I have naturally been led to visit many places out of the beat of the ordinary traveller, and very little known even to the Venezuelans themselves. One of these places was a semi-aquatic village of the Guajiro Indians, who inhabit chiefly the western side of the Gulf of Maracaibo, and, besides their possessions on the mainland, build pile dwellings, elevated over the blue waters of the gulf in shallow places near the shore.

Having resolved to explore the neighbourhood of Merida, a considerable town near the southern coast of the "Lake" of Maracaibo—which is no lake, but the inland portion of the gulf connected with the outer part by a very narrow strait—I was informed that the best and quickest way thither, from Puerto Cabello, was by sea to the village of Maracaibo. This village is situated just within the strait leading to the inner gulf, and I was told that it was not difficult to get conveyed thence to any part of the shores of the lake, and from the landing-place obtain mules for the land conveyance to Merida.

The winds at the season of my visit were favourable, blowing steadily from east to west. The voyage of some 400 miles in one of the coasting vessels was accomplished in safety, and I was set down with my chests, guns, nets, ammunition, and all the paraphernalia of a travelling naturalist, on the flat shores at the village. There was nothing here to induce me to prolong my stay; the country was a level plain, and monotonous both in its scenery and its vegetable and animal productions. In fact, the entire circuit of the lake, or "laguna," as it is called, of Maracaibo presents a similar aspect, the land not being elevated more than a few feet above the sea-level. Numerous species of cactus of fantastic forms—dwarf, prickly mimosas, or sensitive plants, whose leaves shrink at the touch of the hunter as he passes by—and several other plants of similar appearance, characterise the arid landscape. A similar vegetation, it is true, is found in the sandy coast region at Coro, Puerto Cabello, and other places, but it is here of much less vigorous growth. No spreading tree affords welcome shade and protection from the glowing sunbeams, which heat the ground to that extent that it burns the feet of the tired traveller. A naturalist would make a grievous mistake to select such a place as a centre for his investigations. The productive country lies at a distance of several days' journey, and the whole district is inhabited by the same species as he would already have found in other parts of the coast region.

At the southern end, many rivers rising in the slopes of the snowy range, from 100 to 200 miles distant, discharge their waters into the laguna. The principal of them is the Zulia, the lower course of which flows through alluvial flats covered with the most luxuriant tropical vegetation. Here the glossy, broad-leaved plants of the *Marantaceæ* family, and the slender towering palms, amidst the luxuriant greenery of the dense woods, compensate for the flatness of the landscape; but the country is too unhealthy to make it prudent for a naturalist to stay long enough to investigate its fauna.

Whilst at Maracaibo I took great interest in a tribe of Indians, who inhabit this region, the above mentioned Guajiros. A few half-civilised families of this singular people are settled in the neighbourhood of the town of Maracaibo, and I made arrangements to pay them a visit. Young Indians of the tribe are to be seen in almost every house in the town, employed as domestic servants; the lads making themselves useful in carrying the daily supplies of water for domestic consumption, and other similar labours, and the girls working in the kitchen, and so forth. It is said, I believe with truth, that these boys and girls are sold by their tribe when very young: they seldom have any recollection of their parents. The Indians themselves are quite independent of the Venezuelan Government, living in their wild district free from the trammels of civilisation, and obeying their own chiefs. It is not safe to travel in their territory, owing to the jealousy with which they regard the settlers; and they have persistently refused to part with their lands on peaceful terms. Their mode of holding communication with the whites, and doing the little trade which their necessities require, is to meet the traders at stated times, at a spot near the town of Maracaibo, where the Venezuelans have constructed forts, or rude houses, surrounded by wooden fences.

Having arranged with some friends to pay a visit to one of the Guajiro villages, about ten miles distant from Maracaibo, we set off one bright morning on horseback. The road lay along the shores of the lake, in a northerly direction from the town. A dense fringe of mangrove bushes skirted the swampy shores, and from amidst the dull grey-green undergrowth the smooth stems of coco-nut palms here and there shot up, supporting their graceful crowns of pinnate leaves. After a ride of about an hour and a half through this somewhat monotonous scenery, we reached a place where the coco-nut and other trees grew more densely, forming a pleasant shady grove. We then obtained our first glimpse of the village, a sketch of which I made on the spot. The wary Indians soon perceived us, and two men put off in one of their rude boats, formed simply of the trunk of a tree, hollowed out, and called cajucos. On landing, they asked what we had come for. A few presents, which we had brought, and the fact, which Indians are quick to perceive, that we were not Spaniards or Venezuelans, prepared the way to a friendly conversation, which ended in the men consenting to gratify our curiosity to see their marine village by taking us over. The water shallowed off very gradually near the shore, making the embarkation difficult; but this was overcome by the Indians taking us one by one on their shoulders, and carrying us to the boat. Once embarked, we were obliged to crouch down in the bottom of the cajuco, and remain motionless, the least movement threatening to capsise the crazy vessel. The Indians stood one at each end, and propelled the boat by means of long poles. In this way we progressed pretty rapidly, but we occasionally got aground, and then our guides had to jump in the water and shoulder us over the obstruction.

In this way we reached the Guajiro village. Here a lively scene presented itself. The houses, with low sloping roofs, were like so many little cock-lofts perched on high over the

shallow waters, and they were connected with each other by means of bridges, made of narrow planks, the split stems of palm-trees. As we approached, a crowd of women and children were seen scampering over these bridges, all apparently trying to get within their own doorways, so as to be able to peep freely from within shelter at their unwonted visitors. They appeared curious to know which house we should select for our first visit; but scarcely were they satisfied on this point when they all came rushing towards us, and in a few minutes we had the whole population, large and small, collected round us, staring with the greatest eagerness. We were then invited to enter one of the huts. To do this, we had to perform a feat worthy of some of the monkeys in the neighbouring woods, for we had to climb an upright pole by means of notches cut into its sides.

Each house, or cock-loft, consisted of two parts, the pent-roof shelter being partitioned off in the middle; the front apartment served the double purpose of entrance-hall and kitchen, the rear apartment as a reception and dwelling chamber, and I was not a little surprised to observe how clean it was kept. The floor was formed of split stems of trees, set close together, and covered with mats. Weapons and utensils were placed in order in the corners, and a quantity of women's apparel hung on cords stretched across the chamber, the clothing consisting of calico-print skirts, handkerchiefs, &c., which they wear only when they go on a visit to Maracaibo. On entering we sat down, as customary, on the floor, surrounded by about thirty women and children, squatted on their haunches, the few men present standing up behind the rest, and the whole forming a crescent-shaped group. I had now an opportunity of noticing more closely the personal appearance of these people. They are an athletic, muscular race, of a darker and at the same time ruddier hue than other South American Indians—the Chaymas of Caripé, for example. In other respects, no difference of physique was perceptible.

The conversation which ensued was kept up, on the part of our hosts, chiefly by the old women, the men and younger women scarcely speaking at all—the latter, in particular, being very coy and modest, with difficulty replying in a few words, and with downcast eyes, to some flattering remark. The chief cause of the good welcome we had received soon became patent; it was the expectation of handsome presents, and we soon gratified them by liberal gifts of sundry small silver coins, and abundance of cigars.

I made a sketch of one of the Guajiro women as she appeared attired in her Sunday best. It is not an uncommon sight to see Indians of this tribe similarly attired walking about the shore at Maracaibo; the older women have dresses of similar fashion, but of more sombre colours. As to the men, they wear, when away from home, a kind of blue shirt and trousers; at other times they go almost naked. The occupation of the men is chiefly fishing, in which they possess great skill. A few of the natives speak the Spanish language, but amongst themselves nothing but their own Guajiro idiom is used. In their address they are manly and self-confident. They do not condescend to use the third person singular in speaking to white men, as is customary amongst equals in South America, but address every one as "thou." Unlike many other tribes of Indians, they have a keen sense of the value of money, and are good hands at driving a bargain.

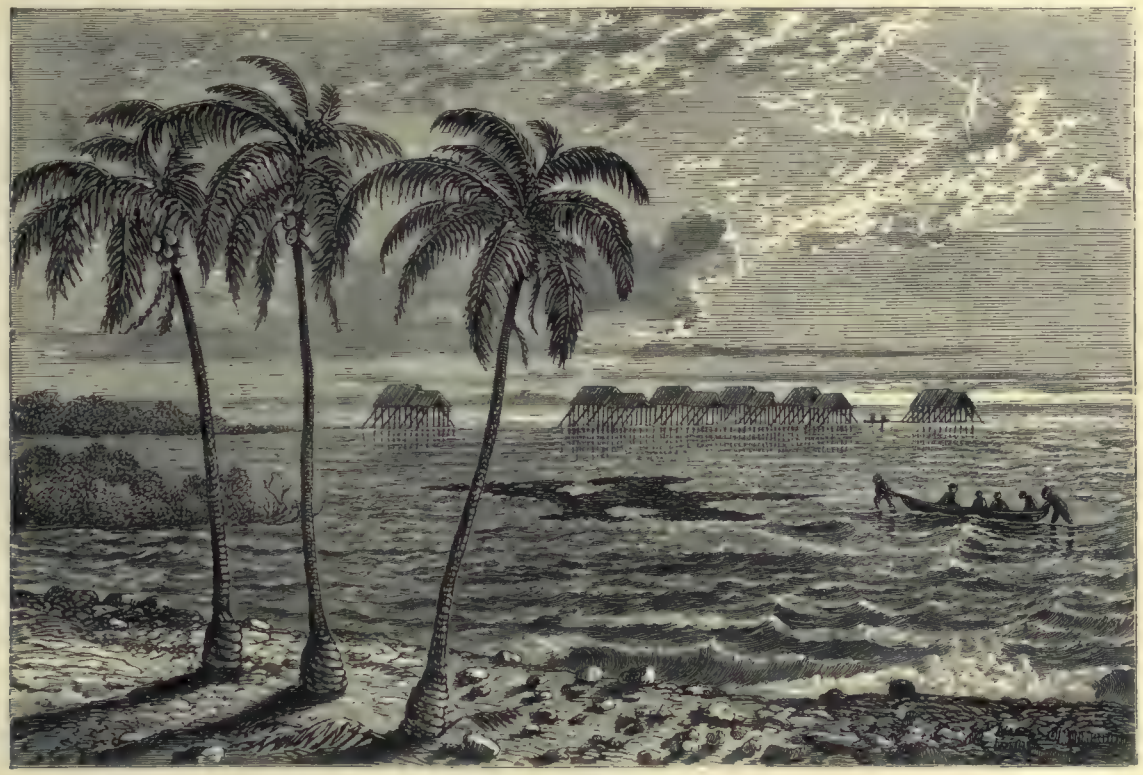


THE BELLE OF THE GUAJIRO VILLAGE.

I gave the good-looking girl who sat to me for her portrait a dollar for her kindness; this liberality caused me a great deal of trouble, for I was afterwards pestered by a whole crowd of men, women, and children, all wanting to grant me a sitting at the same price.

Villages composed of pile-dwellings, such as that I have here attempted to describe, and of which the engravings on the next page give a faithful representation, are numerous along the shores of the great Lake or Gulf of Maracaibo. The positions chosen for their erection are near the mouths of the rivers and in shallow waters. The piles on which they rest are driven deep into the oozy bottom, and so firmly do they hold, that there is no shakiness of the loftily-perched dwelling perceptible, even when crowded with people. The advantages of dwelling in houses so situated, in a hot climate like this, are very great. The inmates receive the full benefit of the refreshing breezes, whether from land or sea, which temper so agreeably the sweltering heats of tropical America; and as

they pursue their in-door avocations they are soothed by the continual murmur of the waters beneath. The lovely blue surface of the lake, with its sweeps of shore fringed with green woods and distant lines of palm-trees, form an agreeable landscape. It is like living aboard a ship, with the advantage of solid footing and facilities of going ashore whenever one wishes. Pile-dwellings, more or less similar to these of Maracaibo, are found in other parts of South America; generally, I believe, about the mouths of the Orinoco and the Amazons. They are the invention not exactly of savages, but of tribes of men in a very primitive stage of culture. Such, probably, were the people who lived in the pre-historic lake-dwellings of Switzerland.



THE VILLAGE AS SEEN FROM THE SHORE.



EMBARKATION OF GUAJIROS

Our visit to these unsophisticated people at length came to an end. We were conveyed to the shore by our guides of the morning, and galloped back to Maracaibo.

A Journey on the Volga.—I.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE, B.A. OXON.

THE ancient geographers—Ptolemy, Pomponius Mela, and others—were unacquainted with the exact course of the Volga, which they called "the Great River." Of the people who dwelt on its banks they knew little or nothing, and contented themselves with saying that it passed through the land of the Sarmatians and Scythians. Herodotus, however, in describing the customs of the Massagetæ, and the defeat and death of Cyrus, the founder of the Persian monarchy, at their hands, is generally considered to indicate the Volga under the name of Araxis. It formed from the earliest times an important line of commercial intercourse between Central Asia and the Black Sea, and was also, in some measure, a check to the progress of the wandering tribes towards the colonies on the Euxine. Later, the powerful kingdoms of the Huns, the Hazars, and the Bulgars were established on the Volga. The power of the Bulgars declined, owing to their incessant wars with the Russians, which are remarkable for having caused the removal of the capital of the Grand Duchy of Russia to Vladimir. From that period the Russians commenced fortifying their possessions on the Volga, and gradually made themselves masters of its whole course.

The Volga issues from a series of small lakes lying to the south-west of the Valdai Hills, in the Utasof district, in the government of Tver, from the last of which—the Volgo—it takes its name. Three miles below is a lock, and from thence to Astrakhan the length of the river is 2,197 miles. It first becomes navigable at the town of Tver, where it is 200 yards wide, and a foot and a half or two feet deep.

It was at Tsaritsyn, 300 miles above Astrakhan, that we first made the acquaintance of this "monarch of European rivers." We had come from Kalatch, on the Don, by the railway which was originally constructed by an American company, but has now passed into the hands of the Russian Government. At first, all the officials of the line were Americans, and we found one solitary Marylander still left, who expressed himself as most anxious to return home. The only decent hotel had been recently burnt down, so we went at once to the steamer and secured our berths. As, however, the *Alexis* did not start until the following morning, we had abundant time for the exploration of the town. Notwithstanding the commerce which passes into and out of it by the river and the rail, Tsaritsyn wears that dead-alive look common to all Russian towns, except St. Petersburg and Moscow. There are, perhaps, more handsome stone houses here than in many other places of the same size; but, away from the wharves, the streets are almost deserted.

Tsaritsyn was formerly fortified by a wide ditch and rampart, traces of which still remain; and a line of earthworks extended hence across the plateau to the Don. It has been the scene of stirring events in Russian history. Originally founded at the time of the annexation of the principality of Astrakhan to Russia, it was taken and plundered in 1669 by the famous river-pirate, Stenka Razin. It stood a long siege in 1774 by Pugachef, who gave himself out as Peter III. He was, however, defeated and carried prisoner in an iron cage to Moscow, where we afterwards saw the chains with which he had been bound, hanging against the wall of the principal prison. Peter the Great's dubina, or walking-stick, and cap are religiously preserved in the town-hall, and exhibited to the curious. The story goes that when he visited Tsaritsyn, in 1722, he made a present of his stick—the identical dubina with which he had chastised his prime minister, Menschikoff—and his hat to the inhabitants, saying, "As I kept my servants in order with my stick, so do you defend yourselves against your enemies with it; and as no one dares to take the hat off the head of Tsarish Majesty, so no one shall dare to drive you out of your town."

The most interesting object at Tsaritsyn is the encampment of Calmucks outside the town. They are dwellers in tents, which consist of a framework of sticks overlaid with skins and pieces of felt, rounded at the top, a hole being left in the centre for the escape of the smoke. The people were dressed in long dark-coloured caftans, bound round the waist by dingy red scarves, but open in front so as to show their brawny bronzed chests. Their boots were of red leather, and reached to the knee. Beneath yellow caps, trimmed with fur, long black elf-locks hung down on both sides of their swarthy faces, which, by the broad, flat noses, projecting cheek-bones, and long, narrow, almond-shaped eyes, proclaimed their origin. They are the remains of the mighty Calmuck horde that, in the reign of Catherine II., urged on by one of those strange impulses to which Asiatics seem so prone, suddenly struck their tents, and ceased not journeying eastwards until, at the end of eight months, they placed themselves under the protection of the Emperor of China. These Calmucks are still Buddhists, and recognise the supreme spiritual authority of the Dalai Lama far away in Tibet. They have a great many curious customs, one of the strangest of which is their treatment of the dead. They carry the bodies away to some distance from the encampment, and leave them on the ground to be devoured by dogs. They then keep watch, and if more than six dogs feed on the body, they hold the deceased in high veneration; but if the contrary happens, they look upon him as a disgrace to his family and tribe. This practice has always been checked by the Russian Government, and is at the present day almost entirely abandoned.

We returned to the *Alexis* at nightfall, and prepared our beds on the cushions of the divans, which in two tiers ran round the cabin. There are no private sleeping berths on board the Volga steamers, but there is a separate cabin for ladies. There were not many first-class passengers, and only one lady, who went straight to her cabin, and did not make her appearance again until the boat was moored at Astrakhan. There were one or two Armenian merchants, and three or four officials of different grades; but forward, there was a large number of Mujiks or peasants, and Cossacks, in whom the puggrees we wore round our wide-awakes created great astonishment, and manifold conjectures as to the class or sect of Mahommedans we might represent. Every available portion of the deck, not occupied by cargo or passengers, was covered with logs of wood about four feet long, piled

up in some places to the height of ten feet. Wood is almost universally used as fuel for the steamers, and the frequent and long stoppages at the wood-stations nearly double the time necessary for the voyage. We started soon after daybreak, and were glad to leave our cushions, where the mosquitoes had effectually prevented our obtaining much slumber. The right bank at Tsaritsyn is some 200 feet above the river; but it gradually decreases in height until, a few miles below that town, it is but little raised above the stream, and the eye wanders over an apparently endless sandy waste, altogether destitute of vegetation; while a similar view presents itself on the left bank. The river is here about four miles broad, but in time of flood it spreads to a width of fifteen miles. Soon after leaving Tsaritsyn it divides into about seventy different channels, interspersed with innumerable islands, some of which are, for Russia, in a high state of cultivation. Many of the islands, as well as the banks of the channel the steamer followed, are in places covered with a thick jungle of reeds, rising to the height of ten feet or more, giving shelter to wild boars, and great quantities of game and wild fowl, the pursuit of which is a favourite amusement with the Russians.

We stopped several times for passengers, and a fresh supply of wood. The chief places at which we called were Chornoë Tar, a large village of 5,000 inhabitants, and Enotāyevsk, with a population of 3,000, the majority of whom gain their livelihood by fishing. The latter place owes its origin to an outpost erected in the early part of the eighteenth century, as a protection against the Calmucks. Agriculture is little in favour here, the people asserting that the sun burns up all their crops. About sixty miles below Enotāyevsk is the residence of the Calmuck Prince Tuman; but we unfortunately were unable to visit it. It is probably the only attempt at a settled abode on the part of the Calmucks, and is built, furnished, and laid out in the European style. Nevertheless, the prince, albeit a Russian general, is said to live habitually in a tent on his grounds. He is enormously wealthy, and owns a very extensive tract of country. One great source of his income is horse-breeding, and he is said to sell as many as 6,000 or 7,000 horses annually. We shortly afterwards saw an immense drove of them, on their way to a change of pasture, crossing the river, under the guidance of a score or two of wild and picturesque-looking horseherds.

We reached Astrakhan on the afternoon of the following day. It is a most disappointing place. From the distance it looks very imposing, with its massive kremlin or fortress—the brick walls of which, although crumbling to decay, are most carefully daubed with whitewash every year; while the huge dome and roof of the Cathedral of the Assumption, towering above the other edifices, and the Tartar mosques and minarets, glitter in the sun. But all this grandeur vanished as we neared the wharf. Rickety, tumble-down, filthy huts—many of them uninhabited—met the eye in every direction. The streets were narrow and dirty, without any of that picturesqueness which so often redeems the filth of Eastern cities; and the stone houses, government offices, factories, and other larger buildings looked gaunt and uninteresting to the last degree. The only thing that gave any life or colour to the streets was the number of Tartars in their graceful costume moving about; but these all wore a silent, downcast air that was most depressing. Having secured a "numero," *i.e.*, a room, at the "Russia," the only decent hotel in the city, we sallied forth into the Tartar quarter, where long blind walls, and an occasional small window most jealously latticed, gave quite an Oriental aspect to the narrow lanes. The sights of Astrakhan proper were easily exhausted. Devastated by fire, sword, and pestilence over and over again, there is little of antiquity about it; and when we had visited the Cathedral and the Museum, where, among other things, there was a capital collection of ancient coins, we had nothing more to see.

Astrakhan is the ancient Atel or Atil of the Alans, Bulgars, and Hazars. It was frequently destroyed by the successive invading hordes on their march from Asia into Europe, but was rebuilt in the beginning of the fourteenth century by the Mongols, on their second invasion, and called Adja-Tarkhani, or Astorokhani, whence its present name is derived. In 1557 it was captured by the Russians, and in 1660 retaken by the Tartars and destroyed, with the exception of the kremlin, to which the Russian inhabitants had fled for refuge. In 1605 it was the scene of great disorders and bloodshed, caused by the pretender to the Muscovite throne, known in history as the false Dmitri. In 1608 these disturbances were renewed by his wife Marina. In 1665 Stenka Razin seized the city, and laid it waste with fire and sword. Among other cruelties related of this ruffian, it is said that he roasted the Archbishop Joseph to death before a slow fire.

Astrakhan was at one time an important place of trade. As early as the fourteenth century the Genoese brought vast quantities of merchandise from India, Persia, and Central Asia, by way of the Caspian, to Astrakhan, whence they were dispersed all over Europe. But the invasion of Timur put a stop to this flourishing traffic, which was transferred to Smyrna and Aleppo. After the alarms caused by the Tartar incursions had somewhat subsided, a portion of the trade returned to its former channels, but Astrakhan never recovered its commercial importance. Successive sovereigns, from Boris-Godunof to Peter the Great and Catherine II., did what they could to restore its prosperity; but its glory had departed, never to return. In 1740 John Elton, an Englishman, formed a company to bring Persian produce direct to England by way of Astrakhan and the Volga. He built a ship at Kazan, and made one or two successful voyages; but having been induced by Nadir Shah to construct a man-of-war for the control of the Caspian trade, and to accept an admiral's commission from him, Elton fell into disgrace with the Russian Government. The English company promptly disavowed his acts; but their representations were unavailing, and the venture came to an abrupt termination. It is not probable that the trade of Astrakhan will increase. The Kharkoff and Kursk Railway will cross the Volga at Samara, and proceed to Orenburg; so that this, and the line in process of construction between Poti on the Black Sea, and Baku on the Caspian, seem effectually to shut out Astrakhan from the hope of ever again attaining its pristine splendour. The city as well as the province is celebrated for its garden produce and fruits, especially melons and grapes. In the reign of the Empress Anne a large box of these grapes, packed in sand, was regularly dispatched three times a week to St. Petersburg by horse-litter, for the use of the court. The cultivation of the vine was introduced by an Austrian monk, who, carried prisoner to Astrakhan, embraced the Greek faith, and planted some Persian vine-stems in the garden of his monastery. We found the wine made from

these grapes somewhat acid and rough, and far inferior to the Crimean wine of Prince Woronzow.

The little trade there is with Persia is carried on by land to Kizliar, thence by sea to Baku, and overland to Astrabad. It consists chiefly of cotton, silk, glue, millet, fruit, and some manufactured goods; in return for which are exported iron, cotton and woollen stuffs, earthenware, and looking-glasses, which come from Nijni-Novgorod, by way of the Volga.

But the chief staple of industry in Astrakhan is formed by its fisheries. It is the centre of all the Caspian fish trade—one of the most extensive in the whole world, and involving enormous capital. The revenue derived from the fishery here is calculated at seven millions of roubles—about one million sterling. The most important fish are the sturgeon, the beluga



CALMUCK ENCAMPMENT

(*Accipenser huso*), the sevriuga (*Accipenser stellatus*), and the silurus glanis. The sevriuga, or stellated sturgeon, and the beluga attain an enormous size, and it is recorded that a beluga was captured in 1769 which was nearly twenty feet long, and weighed 2,500 pounds. A thousand pounds is not an uncommon weight for this fish, while the sturgeon proper ranges only from twenty to seventy pounds. Of the voracity of the former we heard several stories that made severe demands upon our credulity; among others, that it had been known to pull a horse under when swimming across the river. We also heard of a man's body having been recently found inside a beluga; but, upon strict investigation, the body of the man dwindled down to a pair of child's boots!

We were taken on the next day by steamer to visit one of the fishing villages. These are called utschiugi, from the Tartar word utschiug, a fish-dam. They consist of a hundred huts, or more, together with curing and store houses, and sheds for making caviare and isinglass. During the fishing seasons—which occur in the spring, autumn, and winter—about 20,000 strangers assemble, in addition to the regular population engaged in the trade. These either hire themselves to the farmers of the fisheries, or are allowed to fish for themselves on payment for a licence. There are several methods of catching the fish, which, though clumsy, are very efficacious—the fish being so ravenous that they rush at the bait, despite all obstacles in their way. The utschiug, or fish-dam, varies occasionally in construction, but a description of one will serve in all important points for all. Stout posts are fixed in the bed of the stream, about a yard apart, in a straight line, unless the current be very strong, when they are driven in a curving form. At the height of a foot or so above the surface, a stout rail connects these posts. To this rail are fastened shorter and slighter stakes, which do not quite reach the bottom, and, being fastened by willow twigs, form a kind of wicker-work. Chambers of stout wicker-work, divided into compartments, are fastened to this against the stream. The wicker-work flap at the entrance of these compartments is but slightly fixed, and yields to the pressure of the fish like the "door" of a trawl-net. The fish, once inside, cannot turn round, and there remains until the fisherman takes it out. Another very elaborate trap is called gorodba ("to enclose"). At the bottom of a large wicker box or chamber lies a wicker or net-work frame, with cords attached to its four corners, by which it can be drawn up. Across the aperture by which the fish enters, a piece of net is placed, so contrived that on the entrance of the fish it drops over the doorway. There are also certain nooses, against which the fish must strike, depending from a piece of wood floating on the surface, and thus giving notice of a capture. In the winter time the fisherman cuts a hole in the ice immediately over his gorodba, and builds a hut on the edge of the orifice. To obviate the necessity of being for ever on the watch, he sometimes attaches a bell to the float; so that each fish, on entering his chamber, summons involuntarily a zealous and eager attendant, whose kind offices he would doubtless gladly dispense with. The fish are also taken in nets and by a sort of gigantic night-line made fast with anchors and huge stones. It was rather exciting to see the fishermen



A TROOP OF HORSES CROSSING THE VOLGA.

going along this cable—it was neither more nor less—in their boats, and carefully lifting the depending lines one by one. Some required fresh baiting, and being furnished with an obla—the fish generally used for bait—were let down again. Presently one line came up taut, and a boatman stood ready with a strong gaff. As the fish approached the surface, he plunged this into its gills, through which another man passed a stout rope. The hook was taken from its mouth, and the boat started at once for the curing-house with the fish—a fine beluga weighing about 400 lbs. There it was first beheaded; next the entrails were taken out and thrown away, to become a matter of fierce contention among flocks of gulls and other birds hovering near; the roe was then carefully placed in tubs, and handed over to the preparers of caviare; while the sounds were, in a similar manner, handed over to the isinglass makers. The sinews of the back being extracted, were carefully washed and hung upon poles to dry in the sun. The inside fat was next scraped away with knives, to be boiled down, and used instead of butter and oil, for which it forms a favourite substitute with the peasantry. The flesh remaining was then carried into an underground cellar, and placed to soak in brine. Between the brine-tubs the fish which had been already pickled were lying in huge stacks, with layers of salt between each fish, awaiting transport to the interior; and niches, made for the purpose, were filled with large blocks of ice to keep the cellar cool. In winter the fish are sent all over the country, perfectly fresh, in a frozen state.

Caviare is made from the roes of many different kinds of fish, including those of the salmon and the pike; but the best is obtained from the sturgeon proper, the sevriuga, and the beluga. The choicest kind is prepared in the following manner. Long narrow bags of stout linen are filled about half-full with fresh roes, upon which brine is poured until it runs over the edge. The bags are then hung on poles until the brine has filtered through, when they are taken down, and violently squeezed and swung about. They are afterwards exposed to the air for twelve hours, and the roe is then closely packed in casks, and is ready for sale under the name of caviare. Some idea of the enormous number of fish captured at Astrakhan may be gathered from the statement that between three and four million pounds of caviare are prepared there annually. The fishermen complain that the number of fish in the river is decreasing, and attribute this to the steamers; the real cause is, no doubt, to be found in their improvident method of fishing.

The charms of Astrakhan not being sufficient to detain us, we resolved to give up our notion of a trip across the Caspian to Astrabad, and to take the up-Volga steamer next day. We therefore secured our passage by the *Vladimir Glazenap*, so named after one of the directors of the "Samolët"—*id. est*, "it flies by itself"—Company, and started at four o'clock in the morning. On the way we passed a fishing group of a different description to those we had been recently visiting—a flock of some seventy pelicans busily engaged in shallow water, with apparently satisfactory results. This bird is called by the Russians "Dika Baba" (wild old woman). They swim in a semicircle, and drive the fish before them away from the deep water; and then, having duly stationed sentinels at a distance, they proceed to banquet leisurely at their ease. They seem to have become accustomed to the steamers, as, although we passed at little more than the distance of a gunshot, they did not deign to take the slightest notice of us.

About twenty miles below Tsaritsyn lies Sarepta, a Moravian colony founded in 1769, with very great privileges and immunities, by the Empress Catherine. Like the other German colonies established by that enlightened ruler, but infamous woman, it rapidly grew and prospered. Surrounded by Calmucks and other wandering tribes, it became, with a population of only 1,200, an oasis of refinement in the midst of a desert of barbarism. All the arts and trades flourished there, and its manufactured cottons and silks, its watches and jewellery, &c., found their way all over the country, commanding high prices, while the Sarepta mustard became a household word throughout the empire.

Among the passengers we took in at Tsaritsyn was a stout Russian judge, of a very unsociable disposition, who could not be induced to talk to any of his fellow-passengers. As we had suffered grievous torments from the mosquitoes every night, we here determined upon an experiment. Taking the other passengers into our confidence, we proposed to let the judge have the cabin to himself for a couple of hours before we "turned in" for the night. The device was perfectly successful, and we enjoyed unbroken slumbers, Messieurs the Mosquitoes having already supped at the expense of the judge.

We proceeded on our voyage next morning at four o'clock. The cliffs on the right bank of the river continued to rise, while the opposite shore was low and swampy. The *Vladimir Glazenap* is considered the finest of the Samolët boats, and maintains a speed of 13½ miles an hour against, and 16 miles with the current. Her engines of 100 horse-power were, like most of those on the Volga, furnished by Messrs. Cockerell and Co., of Liège. This company owns more than forty steamers, some of them of 250 horse-power, while others, built for the upper course of the river from Nijni-Novgorod to Tver, are of only 45 horse-power, and with a load of 200 passengers will pass safely over two feet of water. The Samolët Company was established sixteen years ago, and there are several others, the chief of which are the *Volga* and the *Mercury*. There are in all, counting tugs, about 700 steamboats employed on the Volga and its tributaries. The Netherlands Company, of Rotterdam, first started steam-tugs on the Volga, twenty-four years ago. They were of iron, and were brought in pieces to Rybinsk. When they first appeared no one would patronise them, and the owners were obliged to freight them themselves. The Mujiks looked upon them as evil demons, but came in crowds to the river-bank to gaze upon them, nevertheless. Our captain told us an amusing story of a carpenter who was once employed to do some trifling repairs to the wooden casing of the steam-chest of the steamer which he then commanded. While he was at work, the engineer commenced getting up the steam. The carpenter, hearing a strange rumbling noise, dropped his tools and stared about him wildly, not knowing whence it proceeded. At length, plucking up courage, he resumed his work; but very soon the steam rushed through the escape-pipe with a shrill scream. Dropping his tools a second time, the carpenter gave one affrighted glance upward, rapidly crossed himself several times, sprang overboard, swam ashore, and then darted off at full speed, vehemently spitting and crossing himself as he ran. He was never seen or heard of again, for he never came back to claim his tools.

The boats, after a time, used to be crowded by visitors whenever they stopped. These persons were very inquisitive, and could not understand the motive-power. The expression, "so many horse-power," especially puzzled them, accustomed as they were to the huge horse-capstan boats. They would say, "Yes, the strength of a hundred horses is very great; but how can you put so many in so small a boat?" Another idea they had was that the steamboat would go along close to the shore, with one paddle-wheel grinding along upon the bank, instead of being towed by horses or men. It took some time to overcome these strange ideas and prejudices; but now-a-days the boats are always full. We were seven passengers in all in the first cabin, and there were about a score in the fore cabin, while the steerage was so crowded that it was impossible to move about. The Mujiks (peasants) are conveyed at a reduction of 40 per cent., on the understanding that should the steamer stick on a sandbank, they shall jump into the water and help to get her off.

We had for dinner a sterlet served with olives. This is considered the greatest delicacy possible in the way of fish, and is so highly esteemed in Russia, that it is transported in Volga water all over the empire. The best are, however, said to be caught in the Kama, which runs into the Volga on the left bank, a few miles below Kazan. We found the flesh watery, and the taste earthy, and therefore pronounced the far-famed sterlet an impostor.

Thirty-five miles above Tsaritsyn, we passed Passad Dubovka, formerly the capital of the Cossacks of the Volga. It is a flourishing town of 15,000 inhabitants, with several factories of leather, tallow, and mustard. It is picturesquely built on an eminence, and boasts three handsome churches, with their green domes rising conspicuously above the roofs around. The little port has a business-like air, for there is a good deal of traffic between the town and Kakalinskaya on the Don. Barges laden with iron and other produce, chiefly Siberian, are here taken to pieces, and transported overland to Kakalinskaya across the steppe, and there being put together again and re-laden, are floated down to Rostow. The opening of the railway at Tsaritsyn has, however, damaged the trade considerably.

A canal between the two rivers has always been a favourite project. Peter the Great began one in the neighbourhood, but abandoned it before he had made much progress. The scheme has been resuscitated again and again, but the Volga and the Don still remain the only great Russian rivers which have no connection with each other by water. We stopped at several small villages to take in and disembark passengers, and passed a bold, beetling crag, which was formerly crowned by Stenka Razin's stronghold, from whence he used to levy something more than toll upon the shipping. We stayed a long time at Kamyshin for a fresh supply of fuel. This town was founded in 1688, and fortified by Colonel Baillie, a Scotchman in the Russian service, who played an important part in the wars of that turbulent period. Its chief trade is in corn and salt, exported overland to the Don. When Sultan Selim made his expedition against Astrakhan in 1550, he commenced a canal, traces of which still remain, from this place to the Don; and an Englishman named Perry, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, commenced another to the Ilovla, a tributary of the Don distant about fourteen miles. Kamyshin was very useful in suppressing piracy on the Volga. Bands of desperadoes, made up of runaway serfs, deserters from the army, Calmucks, Cheremisses, and outlaws of all kinds, rendered the navigation of the river extremely unsafe down to the reign of Catherine II., and robberies and wholesale murders were things of daily occurrence. But when the pirates were caught, an especial punishment of a most horrible description was awarded them. A large raft or float was constructed, varying in size according to the number of criminals, and on this a huge gallows was erected. The pirates were stripped naked, and their hands being securely fastened behind their backs, were then suspended from the gallows by huge iron hooks inserted under their ribs. Placards detailing their crimes were then fixed over their heads, and the raft launched on the stream. The inhabitants of the riverside towns and villages were commanded, on pain of death, not only to afford no kind of relief to these wretches, but also to push off the raft again should it chance to drift ashore. It happened that sometimes their piratical comrades would fall in with them, and rescue them; but they too, if caught in the act, were at once summarily hanged without the ceremony of a trial. A story is related of one man who contrived to disengage himself from the hook, and swam ashore. There he attacked a shepherd, beat out his brains with a stone, and, putting on his victim's clothes, made good his escape.

We moored for the night at Zolotoë—a small village of wooden huts, where the fuel was brought on board by women and girls. They take two long poles so as to form a stretcher, and pile upon them as many logs as two can carry. They receive thirty copecks (about a shilling) a fathom for the carriage of the logs, which consist of pine, birch, and oak cut into lengths and split in two. Most of it comes from Siberia, on huge rafts 300 feet long; but at some of the stations it is cut in the forests in the immediate neighbourhood. We bathed here, and found the water very soft and refreshing. It is strongly impregnated with carbonic acid, and, if shaken in a tightly-corked bottle, will effervesce almost like soda-water. It is pleasant to the taste, but at Astrakhan it is said to savour of fish-oil at times, owing to the multitude of fish in the river!

The deck-passengers poured ashore, and, having bathed, threw themselves down upon the banks and among the stacks of wood to sleep, rejoicing, doubtless, in the opportunity of stretching their limbs with more freedom than the cramped space of the steamer permitted. Many of the younger ones began to carry on very amorous flirtations with the wood-girls, who were most of them young and rather comely. The peasants on shore gave quite a concert, which kept us on the bridge of the steamer until past one o'clock. The Russian peasants seem born vocalists, and to have a very fair notion of harmonising their voices. Most of their songs are extremely plaintive, and always end on a high note. One voice sings a short verse, almost like a recitative, and then all the others join in with a long chorus. Some of the songs to which we listened, however, beginning in a melancholy strain, suddenly changed, with a very striking effect, into a loud, brisk, joyous measure.

The Russian peasant is a very simple-hearted, contented creature. He is extremely good-natured, and never quarrelsome, even in his cups. His costume is as simple as his nature: it consists of a linen shirt, generally worn outside a pair of blue or black linen trousers. In summer, his feet are usually bare; but he sometimes wears *lapti*—that is, shoes

made of the inner bark of the lime-tree, cut into strips and strongly plaited together, which cost him sixpence a pair. If he can afford it, he wears long boots reaching to the knee, and having the trousers tucked inside them. In winter, in default of boots, he wraps pieces of cloth and rags round his legs, imparting to them a very uncouth appearance. His caftan, which he sometimes dons over his shirt, is of blue cloth, cut obliquely from the throat across the breast, adorned with brass or white metal buttons, and reaching to the knee. His more usual garment, winter and summer, is, however, a shooba, or loose coat made of sheepskins, which in a short time becomes indescribably filthy and swarms with vermin. The women, in summer, content themselves with a single garment, made of cotton, and reaching from the throat to the calf of the leg, with a simple cord round the waist; and, in the case of the older women, with another cord tightly bound across the breast. In winter they wear a short gown of blue cloth, and thick, warm stockings.

Of a naturally affectionate disposition, the Russian peasants are generally extremely servile, even grovelling to the ground in the presence of a superior when they have been in fault, and debasing themselves in a fashion disgraceful to humanity. Emancipation, however, is putting an end to this abominable state of things. They are extremely superstitious, crossing themselves repeatedly on all occasions, and having the name of God, reverentially uttered, constantly on their lips. They never enter a room without bowing low before the holy picture which hangs in one corner of every room in a Russian house, and they always uncover their heads on passing a holy picture in the streets; while at the same time, strange to say, they never vouchsafe the slightest token of respect to their popes or priests. They all—men, women, and children—wear an amulet (usually a small cross or sacred medal) to protect them from harm and evil spirits, in whose existence they place implicit credence. The belief in the evil eye—the "Jettatura" of the Italians—is common throughout Russia. The peasant woman, when she feels the pains of labour coming on, endeavours to seclude herself as much as possible, being content with the aid of her mother and sister; and failing these, she will often withdraw herself entirely into the woods, and there remain alone until she can return with her baby in her arms; since she fears that for every eye that looks upon her she will suffer a separate pang.

The Russian peasant builds his house of logs of wood rudely dove-tailed together, with the ends projecting at the corners, and stuffs the interstices with moss. Sometimes the front is ornamented with rough but vigorous carvings, executed with the hatchet alone. The windows are very small, but always double, with a stuffing of moss between to keep out the cold in winter. He dislikes stone or brick dwellings; for, he says, they never get dry, and the wooden huts or isbas are much warmer. Outside his house he erects two or three lofty poles, on the summit of which he places neat wooden boxes as an abode for the starlings, which are much beloved by the Russians, though they have not the same superstitious reason for petting them as in the case of doves and pigeons, whose lives are always spared, because it was in this form that the Holy Ghost first appeared. The Russian peasant does not boast of any superfluous possessions in the way of furniture. The chief article is the stove—a large solid affair built of stone, in which, during the winter season, the fire is never allowed to go out, and whose ample top often serves as the resting-place at night for the whole family. Another use of the stove besides cooking, is to make it almost red-hot, and then dash cold water upon it until the room is filled with steam, and the inmates are enabled to enjoy their favourite luxury—a vapour bath. The remaining furniture consists of broad benches placed round the apartment, serving as seats by day and couches by night. A few household utensils of the plainest and commonest kind complete the inventory, while from hooks in the rafters hang bacon, fish, cucumbers, and other provisions, mixed with the fête-day clothing of the members of the family.



STEAMBOAT ON THE VOLGA.

We left Zolotoë, according to custom, soon after daybreak, and the scenery of the right bank continued to improve. For a long distance a wall of sandstone rock, rising to the height of thirty feet, ran along the water's edge, and looked exactly as if it had been built up of large blocks by masons' hands, so curiously was it seamed by perpendicular and horizontal fissures. About fifty yards back from the edge of this wall rose, at intervals, to the height of two or three hundred feet, a series of conical hills with rounded tops. About ten o'clock we reached Saratov, one of the most important towns on the Lower Volga. Built on a lofty ridge, and extending along the river for a distance of five miles, it presents, with its many domes and spires, a very handsome appearance, the effect of which is greatly heightened by its background of the bold Sokol mountains. The port crowded with barges, trading-vessels, and steamers, and the wharves loaded with merchandise, wore a very busy look; but on landing our first agreeable impressions were soon dissipated. The streets, though wide, had a very meagre appearance; the houses, with a few exceptions, were mean and poor. Dust reigned supreme. Here and there, it is true, there were attempts at pavement in the side walks, sometimes of brick and sometimes of wooden planks; but, as a rule, the original soil is not meddled with.

There was a church for the Protestants, and another for the Roman Catholics, as well as a mosque; but all alike looking poor and insignificant, in comparison with the gorgeous edifices of the orthodox faith. Salt from Lake Eltousk is the principal article of commerce, but large quantities of corn, tallow, iron, and manufactured goods of all kinds are brought here for distribution over the interior.

Saratov has a population of 70,000. The labouring classes earn very good wages here, but, like all Russian workmen, they are incurably lazy, and spend all their earnings in imbibing their beloved vodka—that is, "little water." This town derives its name from two Tartar words, "sara," yellow, and "tau," hill, and is so called from the yellowish clay hills which surround it. In its early days it repeatedly suffered from the attacks of the wild tribes in its neighbourhood. In 1667 it fell under the power of Stenka Razin, and still later, in 1774, under that of Pugachef, who hanged all the boyars, or nobles, he could lay hands upon, and whose memory is loaded with execrations by the inhabitants to the present day.

We had been already struck with the *insouciant* manner of bathing of the Russian lower orders, but nowhere had we seen it carried to a greater extent. Women and girls of all ages walked calmly into the river with nothing on but their amulets, close by the boats and steamers. The process of disrobing was, in most cases, of the simplest: the girdle being loosened, a button at the throat was unfastened, and their single garment fell at their feet. Men and boys, stark naked, bathed with them, and joined in all kinds of aquatic gambols, splashing and pushing each other under the water, while the shore resounded with shouts of laughter. Close by the *Vladimir Glazenap* was a large raft, on which several washerwomen were busily following their avocations. One enormously stout old lady, having finished her basket of clothes, undressed, and having crossed herself, stepped calmly into the water, where she was soon floating about in a most ludicrous fashion. The Russians are very fond of bathing, both in winter and summer; but the cleanliness which this habit would seem to entail is rendered almost nugatory by the fact that they rarely wash their clothes, and on coming out of the bath put on the same dirty garment day after day and week after week. When thoroughly saturated with the steam from their vapour baths, they will rush out into the air and plunge into the cold water, if a river or pool happens to be near, and in winter they roll in the snow instead. To the excessive use of warm baths may be attributed the fact that the girls arrive at maturity at an early age, and are often mothers at fourteen years old. We found a capital enclosed swimming bath here in the river, the price of which was six copeks, or a little more than twopence; but, though nicely fitted up, it did not appear to be much patronised.



RUSSIAN PEASANT GIRL.

After a stay of four or five hours, the steamer proceeded on her way, calling at several villages, many of which were those of German colonists, and easily distinguishable from the Russian by their greater order and cleanliness, and the general air of comfort pervading them. We anchored for the night at Volgsk, a town which owes its rise entirely to the industry and talents of one of its inhabitants when it was merely a fishing village. It is now a flourishing place of 24,000 inhabitants, with a busy commerce in wheat, tallow, and fish. Conveniently situated on a steep bank, it is embosomed in fruit gardens, protected by a lofty semicircle of hills which completely shelter them, and cause the Volgsk fruit to obtain a great reputation. There were large flocks of sheep here of a peculiar breed, with enormously protuberant hind quarters, and no tails. Their wool was very inferior, and they were probably destined to be melted down for tallow—an ignoble conclusion to their lives.

The next day we passed, on the right bank, a long range of cliffs, some twenty feet high, of soft sandstone rock, most curiously eaten away by the river, and hollowed out into small caverns. We stopped for wood at Khvalynsk, which is situated at the head of a small bay opposite a large island called Sosnov. It is surrounded by lofty hills composed of chalk and cretaceous marl, and, for the most part, covered with trees. The trade of the place is chiefly in corn and tallow, and the population amounts to 12,000. It was a fête day of some sort or other, and the people were all dressed out in their best, the preponderating colours being red and blue. Soon after leaving Khvalynsk, we came to the spot where the river takes a sudden sweep to the east, coming back again, after a course of 112 miles, to a point only distant ten miles across the neck of the peninsula. We here passed a long line of barges laden with goods, principally cargoes of wheat. Some of them carry more than 300 tons, and have a crew of eighty men. These Rechievahs warp slowly up-stream by means of anchors with long cables attached, which are carried out in small boats, and plunged into the bed of the river. In some cases the capstans are worked by men, in others by steam. But the most curious contrivance of all is the horse-machine, invented in 1815 by a mechanic named Poedebart. On the deck a huge covered platform is erected, calculated to hold from eighty to two hundred horses, which work the capstan. The anchors are carried out in the usual manner by small boats, and these horse-machines being necessarily very awkward and clumsy, do not make more than fifteen or twenty miles a day; they tow, however, strings of barges with cargoes often amounting to 5,000 tons. The prettiest boats on the river are the pastivas, which are highly ornamented with quaint carvings, the hatchet being the only implement employed. They have a single mast, with a huge square sail as broad as the mast is high, and, when the wind is fair, get along at a great rate. They navigate the river from Rybinsk to Astrakhan, and sometimes carry as much as 300 tons.

We stopped for the night at Samara, a busy town of 28,000 inhabitants, situated on the left bank of the Volga at its junction with the Samara river. The banks of the river here are slightly elevated, but immediately beyond the town there stretches a dead level as far as the eye can reach. The soil is very fruitful, and the corn grown in portions of the government of Samara fetches a higher price than any other cereal in the empire. Nearly 400 millions of pounds of wheat are sent hence annually to Astrakhan and St. Petersburg by water, or overland to Orenburg, and there dispersed by camel-loads among the surrounding districts. The corn-barges, of which there were a large number in the port, are from 300 to 400 feet long, very substantially built, with prettily painted wooden houses, something like the caravans at an English country fair, built on the deck. Their bows are carved and adorned with quaint devices, the most common of which is a pair of eyes. Many of them have enormous masts, composed of several stout timbers securely fastened together, and decorated with small flags, streamers, and odd little weather-cocks. There are a large number of factories and foundries in Samara, and it has three fairs yearly, which last from ten days to a fortnight each. It has several handsome churches—one, of course, called the Cathedral of the Assumption; another, equally of course, dedicated to "Our Lady of Kazan;" and a third which, like the principal square of the town, is named after the Metropolitan Alexis, who once favoured the town with his presence. We were much amused on landing to see a long, low building, with the word "Wauxhall," in enormous white letters, staring us in the face. It proved to be a tea-house, and the only amusement, musical or otherwise, provided for its guests, was afforded by the singing of two women to the accompaniment of a cracked guitar. The streets, and Alexis Square itself, were six inches at least deep in dust, so that in a high wind walking must be almost unendurable; while in winter the mud must render locomotion impossible. Samara is a growing place; it is the nearest point on the Volga to the Asiatic frontier, which is only 200 miles distant. It carries on an important traffic with the wandering tribes of the vast steppes beyond—Bashkirs, Calmucks, and Kirghizes—and is the port of Orenburg, with which it will soon be connected by a railway

Next morning, soon after leaving Samara, we came upon a bevy of damsels bathing. The steamer was rather close inshore, and the captain steered in still closer, causing the girls to rush out of the water and scamper up the bank, to the great amusement of passengers and crew, and not without much laughter from the young ladies themselves. In about an hour more we reached the finest scenery of the Volga, which here forces a passage through the Jegulevski Mountains. The left bank, which had hitherto been flat and uninteresting, is here formed by hills 700 or 800 feet in height for the distance of nearly fifty miles. They are clothed with fine forest trees to the very summit, and open out every now and then vistas of green ravines. Those on the right bank attain about the same altitude, but do not rise so abruptly from the water's edge, and occasionally recede so as to leave charming verdant nooks, in which snug little villages lie nestled. The whole of this peninsula on the right bank belongs to the Orloff family, having been granted them by Catherine II. The forests once gave shelter to robbers and pirates, and are at the present day the favourite resort of wolves and bears. The latter, for the sake of their skins, are the constant object of pursuit. As soon as the hunter catches sight of a bear he challenges him to fight. The bear, unprovoked by opprobrious words, makes off. The hunter gives chase, lavishing every term of abuse he can think of, until at last, his patience being exhausted, he gives utterance to the greatest insult one Russian can offer to another, by making certain vile insinuations touching his antagonist's mother. If this fails to bring Bruin to a standstill, the hunter, armed with knife and hatchet, closes with him, and a deadly struggle ensues. To those of the peasants who keep bees the bears prove a great annoyance. The bee-master selects a large tall tree, and at a considerable height from the ground excavates with his hatchet a hole to contain the swarm. He then carefully cuts away all the branches lower down level with the trunk, and drives in iron hooks and spikes turned upwards. Round the base of the trunk he plants stout stakes with sharpened points. The object of all this is that any bears attacking the hive may, in sliding down again, be wounded by the spikes which they easily avoid in climbing up, and, losing their hold, be dashed on the stakes below. One plan is to suspend a heavy block of wood in front of the entrance to the hive, and this, as often as the bear dashes it savagely aside, rebounds and strikes him repeatedly on the head, until he falls exhausted to the ground. Another plan is to suspend a large square board by four cords

at the corners from an upper branch, in such a manner as to bring it on a level with the door of the hive, to which it is also lightly fastened. The bear finding this a convenient seat, and doubtless feeling grateful for the attention to his comfort, installs himself, and begins to tug at the slight fastening which prevents his getting at the honey. When he has succeeded in loosening this fastening, the board swings off with him to a perpendicular from the branch to which it is attached, and there the bear must remain until either the hunter dispatches him, or he falls to the ground. Various kinds of pitfalls are employed; but the following method of circumventing Bruin in winter time ought to have emanated from the backwoods of America. The hunter, having discovered a tree against which the bear is in the habit of taking repose, watches in ambush with a pail of water. When the bear is asleep he steals forward, and pours the water on his hind-quarters, which are instantly frozen firmly to the ground. The hunter then advances, and makes with his knife a huge slit in the bear's throat, who, dashing furiously forward, comes clean out of his skin, which he leaves as the lawful spoil of his ingenious adversary. A Russian gentleman once described this method to a mujik, who seeing no improbability about it, gravely expressed his determination to put it in practice during the coming winter. The Russians have an odd superstition, that if a man has killed thirty-nine bears, the encounter with the fortieth will be fatal to him. It is needless to add that this superstition, by unnerving the hunter's arm, is often the cause of the fulfilment of its own prognostications.

In the course of the afternoon a curious isolated hill, of rounded form, rising to the height of some 300 feet, attracted our attention. It is called Tsaref Bugor, the Tsar's Mound. The captain said that a legend was current amongst the peasantry that it was formed by the soldiers of Ivan the Terrible, who each brought a helmet-ful of earth to construct it. Unfortunately for this tradition, the hill is of solid rock. We stopped at Stavropol ("the town of the Cross"), to land some passengers; but the water being low, we could not approach within a mile of it. The history of the place is curious. It was founded in 1737 by the Empress Anne, for a horde of Calmucks who embraced the Christrian religion *en masse*, under their ruler Anna Tashina. In 1780 the Calmucks emigrated to Orenburg, and Stavropol, which had up to that time enjoyed a separate administration under a Calmuck Council, was included among the Russian towns of the government of Symbirsk. It has at the present time a population of 5,000; but, owing to the shallowness of the harbour, the trade is insignificant.

We had now reached the upper end of the great bend in the river, and, having passed a range of chalky hills called by the country-people Sengileiski Ushi—"the ears of Sengiley"—from a small town at their base, we arrived in the evening at Symbirsk. This is the chief station of the Samolët Company, and we were introduced to Mr. Vladimir Glazenap, the director, after whom our boat was named. There were several large barges in the port, laden with coal, which Mr. Glazenap takes great credit to himself for having introduced. He brought us a specimen to examine, which very much resembled good Newcastle coal. The coal, he informed us, came from Siberia, and had to be transshipped ten times on the way. This of course renders it expensive, so that it is only employed in one or two steamers at present. The town is a mile from the port, and is built on a ridge nearly 400 feet above the level of the river. On the other side of this ridge flows the river Sviaga, to the north-east, in an exactly opposite direction to the course of the Volga here. Symbirsk was originally founded in 1648, by a boyar named Hitrof, who fortified it with a wooden wall. It was twice besieged by Stenka Razin, who on each occasion was repulsed with great loss. Pugachef, his imitator, was exhibited here for some days in an iron cage, when on his way to prison and death at Moscow, by order of Suworoff. It has frequently suffered from fire, and in 1865 was almost entirely destroyed. The population is 22,000, and the chief articles of commerce are corn and potash. The road from the port to the town is by an almost perpendicular ascent, and we found nothing to reward the climb but a handsome bronze statue of Karamsin, the historian, erected to his memory by his son's widow.

A few hours after leaving Symbirsk, we passed, on the left bank, the ruins of Bulgaria, once the capital of the kingdom of the Bulgars. They are surrounded by traces of a moat and rampart, and one solitary minaret still rears itself, almost uninjured, in their midst. The spot remained for a long time forgotten, and completely overgrown with trees; but Peter the Great had it cleared, and ordered that the ruins should be carefully protected and preserved. Notwithstanding this order, a great number of stones, with Persian, Arabic, and Armenian inscriptions, have been from time to time carried away for building purposes. Some of the tombs are still regarded with great veneration by the Tartars of Kazan, who perform pilgrimages to them. Persian, Turkish, and Armenian coins, together with bracelets, rings, and other ornaments, continue to be found occasionally.

We here saw the *Aktuba*, a steamer so called from a tributary of the Volga, which came by water all the way from Newcastle to Kazan, in 1858. Her paddle-boxes had to be removed to enable her to get through the locks between Lake Ladoga and the Volga. Several steamers, built by Samuda, and engined, some by John Penn and some by Ravenhill, Salkeld, and Co., were brought out by the same route afterwards; but, being too long, their bows and sterns were removed, and they were floated through in three parts. The route adopted was by Lakes Ladoga and Onega, up the river Vitegra, by canal to the river Kovje, down that stream to Lake Beloë, and thence down the river Sheksna to Rybinsk, on the Volga. The difficulties in the way were enormous, but they were overcome by the great ingenuity and skill of Mr. C. H. Moberley, the engineer in charge; the voyage from St. Petersburg having lasted rather more than six weeks. The canal system of Russia is the most wonderful in the world. There are three routes connecting the Baltic with the Black Sea, three connecting the Baltic with the Caspian, and two connecting the White Sea with the Caspian and the Baltic.

In the course of the day we arrived at the junction of the Kama with the Volga, on the left bank of the latter, fifty-three miles below Kazan. The two rivers are easily to be distinguished one from the other, though flowing in the same bed—like the Rhone and Saône, after their junction at Lyons—by their difference in colour: the Kama is of a light brown, while the Volga is somewhat of a milky white, and they flow along side by side for a great distance without mingling. Just at this time the Volga forces the Kama to keep the left bank, but at times the latter comes down in flood, and drives the Volga to the right bank. There is an immense deal of traffic

on the Kama, which is 1,100 miles long. About 2,000 vessels, in addition to an enormous number of rafts, are engaged in the commerce of this magnificent tributary. The chief town on it is Perm, 900 miles from the mouth, where navigation ceases, and the overland route to Pekin commences. The exports from Perm consist of salt, iron and other metals, and Siberian produce generally. It was owing to its full development in the ancient kingdom of Perm that Sir Roderick Murchison gave to the geological formation known in England as the magnesian limestone, lying above the coal beds or carboniferous formation, the name of "Permian," by which it is now universally known. It abounds in copper ore and gypsum. The copper ores are malachite in great abundance, but cuprite and copper pyrites are also found. The metalliferous beds vary in thickness from five or six inches to five or six feet, and exist throughout the whole basin of the Kama.

We were much disappointed that want of time prevented our taking the steamer to Perm, as the scenery of the river is reported to be extremely beautiful. But the traveller, in a country which is new to him, must submit to these disappointments. Arrived at Perm, the temptation to purchase a "padorojna," or permission to use post-horses, and so travel on to Pekin, would have been irresistible. What would then have become of our visit to Kazan, and the world-famous fair at Nijni Novgorod, which was the chief object of our journey?



VILLAGE-HOUSES IN RUSSIA.



VIEW ON THE VOLGA, WESTERN BANK.



CEMETERY OF THE SIOUX INDIANS.

From Ocean to Ocean—The Pacific Railroad.—II.

BY FREDERICK WHYMPER.

CHEYENNE TO THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

NEBRASKA has undoubtedly many points in its favour, but climate is not one of them. In the most beautiful summer weather, when all seems fair, a hail-storm, accompanied, maybe, by whirlwinds or a perfect tornado of wind and rain, may rise at any moment, and damage the otherwise luxuriant crops to a fearful extent. Yet, in spite of this drawback, the country is rapidly settling up; this is owing, perhaps, as much to its comparative proximity to the already forward states of Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri, as to any merits of its own. The soil is, in large parts of the state, undeniably rich and well watered, but emigrants should be warned against its climate.

Having previously heard so much of the erratic climate of this state, I was not astonished, when last spring I passed through it on the Pacific Railway, to observe the black clouds rising suddenly without a moment's warning. In a few minutes we had slidden back from spring to winter. A hail-storm, the icy missiles soon changing to snow, broke over our devoted heads—or, rather, over our devoted train—and the "car" stove had to be vigorously replenished with fuel to keep us warm enough. On our arrival at Cheyenne (the name of which is derived from the Cheyenne—*i.e.*, *Chien*, or dog—Indians, but pronounced on the spot Shy-anne), the train was covered with snow, and long icicles hung from the body of each car. I was blocked up in Cheyenne for two days, the line being rendered impassable during that time, and I had, therefore, an opportunity of studying a "city" which was, for a while at least, one of the most disreputable places on this globe.

Seen at such a time, Cheyenne did not invite careful inspection. However, the snow covered the ground but thinly, and on the second day it was thawing rapidly. The outskirts of the town—and one gets to the outskirts of a town of say 3,000 people very rapidly—were encumbered with a chaotic mass of lumber; packing-cases, damaged furniture, old stoves, tin cans, and bottles—especially bottles—strewing the ground in wild profusion. The pickers-up of rags and bones, the *chiffoniers* of London, would have luxuriated in the scene; but their rejoicings would have been nipped in the bud when they came to learn that the nearest place for the disposal of their property was about a thousand miles off!

Cheyenne rose with the construction of the railroad. It was one of those terminal camps of contractors and labourers on the Union Pacific Company which earned for the time being the distinctive title of——well, the abbreviation usually employed to describe the nether regions, and it deserved that expressive

appellation. Yet there was always a proportion of law-abiding citizens, and when things got to their worst, these citizens organised themselves into a Vigilance Committee, and strung up a number of the murdering rowdies and thieves who infested the town, and thus, virtually, banished the remainder, for they took to their heels and left the place. The same thing happened at Laramie, further on the line. I have photographs of some of these executions, done on the spot, and labelled "Rocky Mountain Scenery!" A few hundred dozen of these pictures, circulated throughout the country, would probably accomplish more than the eloquence of half a dozen missionaries, in converting the hardened crew with whom they would have to deal. Don't let the reader run away with the idea that I am now speaking of the inhabitants proper of these towns. It was the motley crowd, numbering many thousands, who were engaged in building the Pacific Railroad, and after whom followed a still more disreputable set of rowdies, "bummers," whisky-sellers, gamblers, and abandoned women—the spiders after the flies, only that the former were nearly as numerous as the latter. In one of the railroad camps of which I heard, there was one or more shooting "affairs" for *every night during six weeks in succession.* "Where these people came from originally, where they will go to when the road is finished, and their occupation gone," said Mr. Bowles,* writing before the completion of the line, "are both puzzles too intricate for me. H—ll would appear to have been raked to furnish them; and to it they will naturally return after graduating here, fitted for its highest seats and its most diabolical service." Observe, these are the words of a travelled and reliable American writer.

Cheyenne is the stage junction for Denver, in the Colorado territory, to which place a railroad is also in course of construction. The Union Pacific Railroad Company has further built large machine shops there, and the once doubtful point, "to be or not to be," is decided in favour of its permanent existence as a town. When I came through, it had a neat little church; you could even get ice-creams and, better still, warm baths in the place, and the Railroad Company had erected a commodious enough hotel. There was a "Theatre Comique," and a "Museum of Living Wonders," the latter of which included a real Italian organ-grinder, who had probably ground himself thus far round the world, and a "gorilla from South Africa," who had more likely suddenly come into existence at some nearer point; his skin, at the furthest, being about all there was of him. Although Du Chaillu has lectured considerably in the United States, he had no connection whatever with this establishment.

In the neighbourhood of Cheyenne there is a large military station, Fort Russell, where some 900 soldiers of the United States army are quartered, expressly for the benefit of the Sioux and those "dogs of Indians," the Cheyennes (*Chiens*). The Railroad Company lost some excellent engineers by the hands of the latter when the preliminary surveys for the line were being made. General Sheridan was enabled to surround several of their villages, last winter, and killed and subdued a large number of them. Several hundred thereby left this world for happier hunting-grounds. The general had the reputation, however, of treating the women and children with great humanity.

The Indians of the plains, since the completion of the Pacific Road, have given no trouble. How long that happy state of things will last, remains to be seen. Indeed, a man may now go from New York to San Francisco without seeing a dozen on the way. Still, they are in the country, often camped within sight of the road, larger numbers naturally following the track of the buffalo and antelope, who have been frightened away from the immediate vicinity of the line. General Grant's Indian policy appears to be working better than any yet undertaken for their benefit. One change has been made which is most important. It had hitherto been the custom to distribute the annuities (money, food, blankets, clothing, &c.) to the Indians in some large frontier town. The result was, of course, that the whisky-sellers there soon got the whole. For the future, the gifts are to be made only in their own places, or encampments on the "reservations" set apart for every tribe by the Government.

Sooth to say, the country round Cheyenne is not beautiful, but it has points of interest. On the plains all around one can watch the prairie-dog villages, while some of the so-called dogs—something half-way between a ground-squirrel and a rabbit—watch you in return. Some of them are quite fat, and cannot do much more than waddle. Generally they sit on their haunches, with their fore-legs dropping down, like those of a bear. They bark somewhat like a dog, and that is all that there is of the dog about them. The mounds under which they make their homes are small heaps of dirt—say as big as though a bushel of earth had been spilt on one spot.

On the plains in the neighbourhood of Cheyenne, and especially in the neighbourhood of Church Buttes and Granger (880 miles west of Omaha, on the Missouri), very beautiful "moss agates" are to be found. These agates appear to have patterns of various kinds—mosses and lichens crystallised in their midst—and they are now very fashionable, worked and set as jewellery for ladies' wear, everywhere from New York to San Francisco.

The block-houses which were constructed in the "Pony Express" and Overland Stage days, are still to be seen on the plains, many of them showing little but ashes and cinders; scores of them were at different periods taken by the Indians and burnt, and their inmates murdered. Yet they were built so as to be well adapted to resist such attacks. There was often a "corral" (enclosed space) outside them; the buildings themselves were of timber—usually about twenty-five feet square—with loop-holes, and the roofs shingled. They were then built up all round with turf, which at the base was three feet thick, and tapered up to the roof, leaving spaces corresponding to the loop-holes. The roof, also, was covered with turf. Such an erection ought to be nearly impregnable to any such assault as could be made by Indians. Sometimes, too, they were partially, or, as in many cases, entirely underground, the roofs only being raised above the surface, like the houses of the people of Northern Alaska.

Cheyenne is situated in a new territory, one only just organised by the United States Government. This territory, under the name of Wyoming, has been made up from slices of Dacotah, Utah, Colorado, &c. Utah thus for the second time loses a part of her domain: the previously formed territory of Nevada once largely belonged to the Mormon country, but was stripped from her as soon as she proved of value. It is the present intention of the United States Government so to subdivide and clip Utah, that the power of President Young may be considerably reduced.

* "Colorado: the Switzerland of America."

I rode from Cheyenne to the summit of the Black Hills, the highest point on any railroad in the world, on a locomotive with a "snow plough" attached. The ploughs are constructed of sheet iron, backed with a strong wooden frame. They curve backward, and upward, also in a pyramidal form to about the centre of the "smoke stack"—*i.e.*, funnel—and come down to a sharp edge an inch or so above the rails. They can be affixed to a locomotive in a few minutes, and are kept ready at all the mountain stations. Last February there was a snow blockade of twenty days (at one point of the line for five weeks). Usually the "ploughs" are efficient; the one I saw in use operated to a charm, and scattered the drifted snow on either side of the line. But on some occasions they are nearly useless. The snow hardens by packing, or by thawing and subsequently freezing, and an engine, even when backed by several others, can do nothing. Labourers have then to be set to work, until the bad place is passed. The company in some places has erected "snow fences" to prevent the snow drifting on the line. Though very cold last winter at Cheyenne, Laramie, and other stations on the high plateau—for they are at an elevation of 6,000 feet and upwards—there was not a very deep snow-fall, and the Company expect to be able to keep the line in running order all next winter.

The Union Pacific Company has the satisfaction of knowing that its route crosses higher ground than any other railroad yet constructed; and they have the further satisfaction of knowing that, thanks to Nature in the first instance, and the talent of their Engineer-in-Chief, General Dodge, in the second, they had no vast difficulty in reaching it. From their starting-point on the Missouri, at an elevation of 967 feet above the sea level, to the summit of the Black Hills, at an elevation of 8,262 feet, the average grades are only thirty feet to the mile, and do not exceed ninety feet to the mile at any point. The traveller, looking out from the window of a luxurious "palace car" on the usually dreary prospect presented to his gaze at that part of the continent, may pass over the aforesaid Black Hills, and across the Rocky Mountain Divide (between Separation and Creston stations, altitude 7,700 feet), and hardly be aware at all that he has been constantly mounting from the level plains to the mountains. The Rocky Mountains are, indeed, so far as the Pacific Railroad is concerned, a mere geographical term. The fact is, as an American writer has stated, that "from Omaha (on the Missouri) to the summit of the Black Hills, a Californian *vaquero*, or cattle drover, would gallop his horse all the way, and an American could drive a single horse in a buggy with the greatest ease."

Sherman Station, Wyoming, is the highest point on the Pacific Railroad, and this new territory may add this fact to the catalogue of—at present, at least—its countable attractions. At the elevation before named, over 8,000 feet, there is now a little town on a spot where, fifteen months ago, there was nothing but a dreary waste of sand, "not, however," as poor Artemus Ward said, "worth saving;" enlivened only by patches of sagebrush, its isolated "buttes" alone echoing the howls of an occasional wolf, or the crack of some benighted emigrant's whip, as he urged his weary oxen on to the goal of his dreams, in the "Farthest West." Nor is Sherman merely a halting-place for the trains. There is a large United Pacific Railroad round-house and machine-shop there; it boasts a couple of restaurants, a billiard saloon, two or three whisky mills and general stores, and, it is almost needless to add, a Wells-Fargo's Express office. Furthermore, the writer saw there, three months ago, a news-stand, and, strangest of all, a millinery store. What it was doing there, Heaven alone can tell; there cannot be more than six females in the little community. But as at all the embryo towns along the road, whether built of wood or canvas, there is a bar to every dozen inhabitants, there is really no reason why six ladies should not run a millinery shop between them, even at the summit of the Black Hills. The only problems to be solved are: Did the milliner make a good thing up there? and if so, how did the six unhappy husbands of the six extravagant females like it? We pause for a reply. Possibly the Pacific Railroad may be responsible; and if so, the six ladies of Sherman will doubtless be "on view," whenever the train stops to take breath at this giddy height among the hills.

Sherman lies half way between Cheyenne and Laramie, which, for a time at least, did *not* mean "between heaven and—the other place!" but meant rather the "other place" itself. Indeed, there was nothing "between" about it; it was thorough in everything. The "last camp" of the Union Pacific Railroad, whether in Cheyenne, Laramie, Wahsatch, Ogden, or Corinne, was, for the time being, the most disreputable, dangerous, utterly abandoned community ever got together; and the "highest railway station in the world" doubtless comes in for a share of these remarks. Indeed, if any idea of its morals of a year or so ago can be inferred from the number of broken bottles lying round the outskirts of the town, it must have been a sweet place indeed, the consumption of intoxicating drinks thereby indicated being enough for a community five times its size. But Cheyenne and Laramie have reformed, and Sherman has naturally risen with them. Indeed, there should be nothing low about "the highest station in the world."

The highest point on the Sierras crossed by the Central Pacific Railroad of California is a trifle above 7,000 feet, so that the Union Road has the superiority in this matter by more than 1,000 feet. The Central Road itself attains an altitude twice that of the road crossing the Semmering Alp in Austria, and 1,000 feet greater than that crossing Mont Cenis, between Switzerland and Italy. The latter, as is well known, requires the aid of the Fell Railroad to make it practicable at all, while the highest points on this highway of the New World between ocean and ocean are crossed by ordinary locomotives, running on ordinary rails. And that is the only ordinary thing about them.

A few miles west of Sherman—which, by the bye, was named after a civil engineer, who lost his life at the hands of the Indians, and not after the famous general—there is a very remarkable bridge across a stream and deep gorge, known as Dale Creek. The bridge is 125 feet high, and more than 500 feet long. It is built entirely of tressle-work—it is a perfect puzzle, in fact, of wood-work, and was all put up in thirty days, the timber used in its construction having been brought from Chicago. And *en passant* it is to be remarked that this necessity of transporting everything from the Eastern States—tools, blasting powder, iron nails, &c., and even wooden "ties" (sleepers), and nearly all the wood necessary for the construction of the line—should make us a little lenient in our judgment on the road, which, on the whole, is a good one.

A little further, descending the mountains, we came to Laramie, a place too like Cheyenne to call for much remark. There was a "shooting affair" at Cheyenne during my stay: there was one at Laramie the day before I got there. There is an excellent Railroad Hotel at Laramie. Last autumn the guests who came down early to breakfast, had only to look out of the dining-room, and there was an example of lynch law right before their eyes. A murderer, thief, and vagabond, long warned to leave the town, at length committed some crime which brought his career to a close; the Vigilant Committee strung him up to a telegraph pole in front of the hotel. I have a photograph of the scene.



SIOUX SQUAW.

A few miles from Fort Laramie (a U. S. military station, itself standing apart from the town) there is a permanent camp of more or less demoralised Sioux Indians, who are very frequently known as the "Laramie loafers." Those interested in the study of Indian character might do worse than stop at Laramie for a few days. The writer had seen sufficient in Vancouver Island, British Columbia, and Alaska, to know that where so much whisky must exist, the Indian would be a very poor specimen indeed, and went on his course without feeling much curiosity to study these specimens of the aboriginal red man; but he was afterwards enabled to gather some information about them. Still, there is always a chance of seeing Indians belonging to places remote from the white settlements, in such camps, and thus of observing them unaffected by the only form of civilisation they adopt—namely, that of the most depraved classes of our own race. The true Sioux hut, or wigwam, is built of poles and skins in the form of a pyramidal tent, and is big enough for a family of five or six persons. The top is open: there is a low doorway cut in the tent, over which a beaver-skin or a piece of cloth is usually hung. The entrance is so low that one must stoop to enter it. In the centre of the hut a small smouldering fire is to be found; and as all Indians now-a-days possess more or less of civilised goods, an iron pot or two, containing meat, &c., is almost invariably standing hard by it. The wigwam, like a large number of dwellings common to native tribes, is usually full of smoke, and the floor is the only endurable part of it. The Sioux in their natural state are hunters, ride excellent horses,



SIOUX INDIANS BURNING A PRISONER.



SIOUX VILLAGE NEAR FORT LARAMIE.

and require a vast amount of prairie for their wandering life: hence the demoralisation which follows when they suddenly leave that kind of existence to settle on a circumscribed "reservation." Many other tribes—the Crows, Arrapahoes, and Cheyennes—assemble on certain occasions at Laramie; but there is little difference in their habits and fashions. "Manners they have none, and their customs are nasty," as the old sailor concisely put it, when asked rather vaguely about the "natives" of the various countries he had visited during a long life.

The Sioux adopt the mode of burying their dead common to the natives of Vancouver Island, and, in a modified form, to those of Northern Alaska—that of placing them in boxes in the trees, or by placing the coffins on four stakes, as the case may be. They frequently have to travel hundreds of miles on the plains, to find any trees for the purpose. In warfare, the Sioux—and, indeed, all the neighbouring tribes—are especially cruel. Having secured and scalped a prisoner, it has often been their delight to torture and kill him, by placing him bound on the ground, then lighting a fire on his stomach, and dancing round their victim whilst he writhes in his agony.

A most important discovery has been made on the line of the Pacific Railroad, west of Laramie. A coal-field, almost unlimited in extent, showing indications—"out-croppings"—for 300 miles on the road, has been "struck" in the very heart, as it were, of the Rocky Mountains. It was the great objection urged at first against the Pacific Railroad that it passed through so much barren, worthless, treeless, coalless country. Behold! here is the answer. The locomotives of the Union Pacific Company are now running almost exclusively on coal worked by themselves, or purchased of contractors working for them. The Company, according to the usual system in the United States, received a grant of "alternate sections" of land for fifteen miles back on either side of the line. That land has not yet been surveyed. The country generally is most barren and alkaline on the surface, hence the Railroad Company has had the thing pretty much to itself. Where strangers had "located" lots, the Company has usually bought them out.

This part of the country may yet be known as the great "Rocky Mountain Coal-field"—may become as celebrated as that of Pennsylvania, and, like it, may become a centre of manufactures. When I came over the line, there were six mines in working order, and others just opening, at points as far apart as 300 miles. The extent of the field, however broken, is probably much larger. Coal is found on the road to Denver, 80 miles south of Cheyenne. On the other hand, coal has been worked by the Mormons at Colville (six miles from Echo City, Utah) for some time past, and there are good indications of the mineral near Weber City. Four hundred and eighty miles intervene between Cheyenne and Echo City, but the mines now profitably worked on the railroad between those places seem to show that it is all one vast field. The coal is that of the tertiary period of geologists, and on this account the great extent of the deposit is the more remarkable.

I paid a special visit to Carbon Station, where the principal mine of the series is situated. Carbon is eighty-four miles west of Laramie, and is in Wyoming territory. This mine had yielded as much as 1,300 tons and upwards in a week. A little town of 250 inhabitants has sprung up round it, although it dates its existence only from August, 1868. The mine has a shaft, with the usual gear, pumps, &c., worked by steam-power. The drifts are extensive: I walked through one 540 feet in length, and they are, of course, extending every day. The thickest part of the seam was then nine feet through. Neither fire nor choke-damp had given trouble; the water was easily pumped out. The miners—a large number of them Welsh, Cornish, or Irish men—were earning $7 to $12 per day (currency, about 21s. to 36s.), and, it is needless to observe, grumbling at that.

The coal is of good quality. An analysis by Dr. Torrey, the eminent American chemist and botanist, gives the following results:—

	per cent.
Carbon	59.2
Water in combination	12.0
Volatile matter expelled at red heat	26.0
Ash	2.8
	100.0

This coal is singularly free from either sulphur or slate, and from its nature is likely to be very generally known by the name which was specially invented for it—"Anthra-lignite."

Coal sold last winter at Omaha, on the Missouri—comparatively near civilisation—at as high a rate as £4 5s. 6d. a ton ($27 50c. currency). At Salt Lake City, where it had to be hauled by teams, it sells in summer at from $20 to $25 (£3 to £3 15s. per ton); in winter, it has gone up to $60! (in "greenback" currency, £9 approximately). At such a rate, it was nearly unattainable, except by the wealthy. *Now*, the discovery of this vast field, on the very course of a great railroad, will enable all to use it: they will obtain it at moderate prices. At Rawlings, Black Buttes, Point of Rocks, Rock Springs, and Evanstown stations, there are important coal-mines now open: they are all immediately close to the line of the Pacific Railroad. All those just named are worked by tunnels or "drifts" in the hill-sides, no shafts, at present, being necessary.

And almost side by side with these great coal-fields are vast deposits of iron ore. Especially is this true of the Black Hills. There are fields of the red oxide and black magnetic ore combined. Professor Hayden (U.S. geologist for Nebraska, Colorado, and Wyoming, in 1867), inspected all these iron as well as coal fields. He considered that there was iron enough to be found in boulders to supply the western side of the American continent with iron for the next generation. Companies have already been making preparations to start iron-works in this country; and we may live to witness these otherwise undesirable wilds peopled with an industrious race of manufacturers and mechanics.

For, except to the artist, and he one dealing only in the grotesque and terrible, the country is, indeed, little better than a desert, broken by huge and towering crags ("buttes"), cliffs, and isolated rocks, provoking a weary smile once and again as the traveller observes, or fancies he does, the forms of odd-looking heads and animals carved in them ages ago by nature. Now it is a rock-dog sitting on his haunches, rising far above the alkaline drifts which lie all around, white as the driven snow; now the "butte" has the form of a church, of a dial, of a pyramid; now some comical-looking old gentleman's head is plainly cut out on the surface of the rock. These rocks, in bygone days, have had their uses: many of them were land-

marks for the overland emigrants, and as such were welcomed, and may be so again, for the wagon-trains are far from extinct. We saw such—as we sped past them in the train at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour—slowly toiling along, glad, indeed, if they could make as much distance in a complete day. At sunset we saw others preparing for camp—the wagons arranged in a circle, the men looking to the mules or oxen, the women to their cooking, the children at play, chasing each other and the prairie-dogs through the sage-brush. Happy childhood—happy anywhere!

During the progress of a cutting on the railroad in this section of the country, some shale suddenly fired up, whether by artificial or natural means no one knew. The workmen were nearly frightened out of their senses. A dense cloud of black smoke gathered over the spot, and at night the works were illumined by the fitful glare. Every one there believes in the existence of "ile," which, if found, will add one more valuable product to compensate for the sterility of the great treeless desert.

The most remarkable of the rock and "butte" formations commences at and around the valley of Green river (840 miles west of the Missouri), itself a tributary of the almost unknown "Colorado of the West," of whose fearful gorges and rapid waters, hidden as it were in the bowels of the earth for several hundred miles, the readers of the "ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS" have already received a graphic account, and which are now being explored by Major Powell. Gustave Doré is the only artist who would be able to do justice to the eccentric, grotesque, yet wonderfully grand scenery of this neighbourhood. Long ranges of cliffs, sometimes built as regularly as a wall; crags, turrets, towers, and castellated masses of rock rising above them; huge buttresses and bastions jutting from them; forts, domes, and pinnacles—in short, every possible form that rock will take, and of almost every colour, reddish, green, or neutral greys.

Green River is so named from the tint its waters take from the shale formation of its banks, which they wash down. It boasted a "city" once; alas, it has "moved on" with the railroad, and both itself and Bryan, a canvas and board town, a dozen miles further, are "to let." Soon we were in the heart of the Wahsatch Mountains, where the line makes many a detour. Some parts of the road there were, when I passed over it, in very bad order; it had been built up hastily, much of it in winter time, when the embankments were necessarily formed of frozen soil; and when the spring came, they thawed into a bed of putty, the sleepers sinking in all directions. In a distance of 300 miles east of Ogden, in the territory of Utah, I counted the wrecks of *nine* freight and construction trains, including one in which a locomotive was lying upside down, half buried in the earth.

The reader intending to make the trip across the New World need not feel any alarm at all this; the road has been long since got into order, and trains run constantly at good speed over it. Again, at Wahsatch I passed over a "temporary track" on the mountain side, built in the form of a letter Z—that is to say, in three distinct lines; the engine *backing* us down the middle stroke, and preceding us on the others. That device, also, is now done away with; a tunnel through the mountain, now completed, avoids the necessity of any temporary expedients.

Soon after passing this spot, at a distance from the Missouri river of 972 miles, we entered the most interesting part of the whole line, that passing through the very gates of Mormondom, Echo and Weber Cañons. There is both grandeur and beauty to be found there. The rock scenery is wonderful. There is a cliff near Echo city, 1,000 feet high, which overhangs its base more than fifty feet. A great gap enables one to stand under it in apparent security. Then the detached rocks have often very odd forms, and sometimes appear to be balancing on little or nothing. The Weber gorge is still better, for there rocks, trees, and rivers combine to make a charming scene, attaining, in the gap known as the Devil's Gate, the acme of grandeur. Further on, after passing through some tunnels, you emerge into a beautiful and level valley, where the Mormons have founded the prosperous town of Morgan. Weber valley is surrounded by snow-capped mountains; the river, so peacefully winding through it, does not much resemble the boiling, impetuous torrent which cleaves its way through the two cañons above-mentioned, but it is the same stream.

I have made no mention of the temporary tracks used in these narrow gorges at the time I passed over. Some of them, with their wooden tressle-work bridges, and narrow and irregular embankments, were wonderful pieces of temporary engineering, yet many of our passengers preferred to walk over them. This they could do, and I have known times when passengers who had walked ahead of the train were found smoking peacefully, seated on a heap of stones waiting for it to come up. The trains were allowed to pass these frail bridges and viaducts at a snail's pace only. But I say little about them, for the sufficient reason that the road is now open to daily traffic, and ladies and children, as well as men, leave New York for San Francisco without thinking any more of the journey than many at home would of one to Paris or Brussels. The young children, I should imagine, think less. Why, an eight-weeks old babe made the trip the other day. The fact deserves to be recorded, as we shall probably find some who, relying on the distance from home of *either* end of the line, will, as our cousins say, "pile on the agony" pretty considerably, and try to make out that six or seven days in a "Pullman Palace Sleeping Car" is a great hardship. Commercial and other excursion parties have recently come through to San Francisco—the gay city in which this article is written—from Chicago and elsewhere, who have been accommodated with "hotel" cars in addition, where every luxury was served. Such cars carry wine-cellar, ice-house, and kitchen complete. They are promised to be attached to every train very shortly, when the Pacific Railroad will be the most luxurious in the world, and the journey of 3,200 miles from ocean to ocean will be simply a holiday excursion.

It has been very commonly stated that the Pacific Railroad passed through Salt Lake City. It does not, however, actually pass within less than forty miles. There was connection by stage when I visited the "City of the Saints:" a branch railroad is now in course of construction. Ogden Station is the "junction." On our arrival there, finding that the regular stage would be late, I, with some fellow-travellers, chartered a light wagon—a kind of packing-box on wheels—and started in the early morning for the city, *viâ* the great valley. The jolting and shaking we got was probably good for us, but the alkaline dust which got into our eyes and noses was not appreciated. For the rest, the day was

charming, and the ride delightful. The road passes through some four or five Mormon villages, in all of which the peach, apricot, and apple blossoms were out in full force. Every house had a garden or orchard round it. We stopped at one roadside house for dinner. A sour-looking and somewhat elderly vestal came forward when we asked for it. In the back-ground were several younger and decidedly prettier ladies; we confidently expected that the first-named was going to deny dinner to us, on the ground of "too much trouble," when some one made a complimentary remark to the lady (*not* on her personal appearance), and the vinegar melted into honey. She instantly set about the preparations. My inference was, that she was wife No. 1 in the house, accustomed to great deference, and that we appeared to her altogether too much wanting in respect, to come in confidently expecting to get what we wanted in a public inn! I found out afterwards, however, that it was one not usually patronised by the stage passengers. On my way back I dined in a stable! At both these places the fare, though simple, was excellent—fowls, eggs, good cream, and preserved peaches. Oh, those peaches of Utah! They are luscious to the last degree, beating all other American peaches; those of California are certainly not equal to them in flavour.



A CHEYENNE CHIEF.

The substantial nature of nearly everything in the Mormon country will strike a stranger, however accustomed to the West. "Frame" buildings of board and shingle are hardly ever seen, this being greatly due to the scarcity of timber. There are many good stone houses; the larger number are constructed of adobes (sun-dried bricks); the high price of fuel renders ordinary bricks an almost unattainable luxury. Adobes last nearly as long in a warm climate; but the hidden meaning of all this solidity is that the Mormons, having found the Promised Land, mean to stick to it. Elsewhere in the West, things are in a constantly shifting, restless condition; men are always moving from place to place in search of something better.

From the Ogden road the Great Salt Lake is everywhere visible; in some places we approached it within half a mile. The saline nature of its waters is shown by the half dried and drying alkali lying round its somewhat swampy edges. By analysis, it is found that in 100 parts of Salt Lake water there is 22½ per cent. of salts. The water of the Dead Sea is about 2 per cent. salter. Salt Lake exceeds the Dead Sea in size: the former is 40 miles wide by 120 in length—the latter only 40 by 10. The leaden colour attributed to Salt Lake by some writers is simply nonsense. It has the colour of sea-water, and varies, as does the sea, with the light brought to bear on it. When first I observed Salt Lake, it was of an azure blue; I saw it afterwards of a delicate green, and on a dull day of a neutral grey. A small steamer, the *Kate Conner*, now makes occasional trips on its waters; it was employed in bringing supplies to the railroad (which passes close to the northern end), while in course of construction. The same little vessel has recently made a voyage from the lake, up Bear River, to the new town of Corinne (also on the Pacific Railroad). Future travellers may possibly get the chance of a steamboat ride on the great lake. The snow-peaks of the Wahsatch range which surround it, especially those beyond the city, are grand in the extreme. This range of lofty peaks runs in a direction nearly due north and south, to the east and south-east of the city. It forms one of the culminating ridges of the great Rocky Mountain plateau—ridges which lie without any regular order over the whole extent of these elevated table lands. A continuous chain there is not in the Rocky Mountain system. That there are glaciers among these mountains, I cannot doubt. An avalanche last spring, in the mountains of Utah, swept away two houses and a mill, killed three persons, and injured others.

My next communication will include some notes on the Mormons; and then we will proceed in company to California, the bright land of the West.



KAZAN; THE MOAT OF THE OLD CITY.

A Journey on the Volga.—II.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE, B.A. OXON.

We arrived at Kazan at half-past four in the afternoon. The city is seven versts, or nearly five miles, from the port, which wears a busy aspect. We set off in a drosky, and were taken en route to see the state barge in which the Empress Catherine made her memorable voyage down the Volga in 1762, when impromptu villages sprang forth into life all along her course, and conveyed to her an idea of population and prosperity which had no foundation save in the ingenuity of her ministers. The barge is 100 feet long, by 22½ feet wide, and draws 3½ feet of water. There are a dozen small rooms in the stern, opening one out of the other, and twenty-four benches for the rowers. The bed Catherine used is still shown on the quarter-deck. The barge is adorned on the prow, stern, and sides with rudely carved and gilt figures of mermaids, nymphs, &c. In another shed of the Admiralty, which was founded by Peter the Great, but is no longer employed, is preserved the row-boat of Paul Petrovitch; it has, however, nothing remarkable about it.

The next object of interest was the monument erected by the Emperor Alexander I. to commemorate the conquest of the Tartars in 1552. It is a very ugly affair, and consists of a huge pyramid covered with slates, and having its sides broken by four porticoes, sustained each by two columns of no particular order of architecture, and adorned with very poor plaster casts of trophies of arms. The interior forms a church, and beneath is a vault filled with the bones of the Russians who fell in the siege of the city, and for the repose of whose souls mass is celebrated here every Saturday and Sunday. Kazan is built on an elevated plateau, and its kremlin has a very striking appearance, with its peculiar towers, one of which strongly reminded us of St. Bride's in Fleet Street. The interior aspect of the city, but for the number of Tartars in the streets, some on handsome horses, and some in well-appointed droskies, differed in no respect from the dreary dulness of other Russian towns. The chief street runs along the crest of the ridge on which the town is built, and from the corners of the intersecting streets affords capital vistas, while from the kremlin are obtained magnificent views over the river and the surrounding country in all directions. As we walked about, several Tartars, believing us from our puggrees to be some sort of co-religionists, saluted us in their national fashion by placing the palm of the hand on the breast, mouth, and forehead; a piece of politeness we were careful to acknowledge in the same way.

Kazan was founded by the Tartar Khan Batu in the thirteenth century. In 1296 it was razed to the ground by the Russians; but, after lying waste for some years, was rebuilt by the Khan Ula Mahomet. Long wars ensued, and it was finally taken by Ivan the Terrible in 1552. It was destroyed by Pugachef, and has so frequently suffered from fires that nothing remains of the old town except the Suyumbek Tower in the kremlin. There was a belief common among the Tartars that the cupola of this tower contained some valuable and mysterious papers, having reference to themselves; but the cupola, on being examined by order of the Empress Anne, was found to be empty. There are many factories here of tallow, wax, and stearine candles, potash, and other things; but the chief staple of industry is leather, for which Kazan has been famous from its earliest days. The population is 60,000, of whom only 7,000 are Tartars, the great majority of that people preferring to live in villages apart from the town. These villages form a remarkable contrast to the Russian by their neatness and cleanliness. The Tartars are more civilised than the Russians, and any one who cannot read and write is despised by his fellow-countrymen. Their children at an early age are sent to the school attached to each mosque, where they are taught by the mollahs, or priests, and the cost of their education is defrayed by their wealthier brethren. Even the women are taught to read and embroider leather, in which they become great adepts. They marry young, and soon fade. The women of the rich Tartars are carefully secluded, but those of the lower orders lead a much freer life, and go about with unveiled faces; and we saw many young girls of most graceful figure and tolerably good looks. The Tartars are on the same footing as their Russian neighbours, but they do not amalgamate with them. They have two festivals yearly, which last a week each, when they give themselves up entirely to gaiety; and wrestling, horse-racing, singing, and dancing are the order of the day. Every one we saw had a well-to-do and contented look, and a Tartar beggar is a thing unknown.

On our way back through the outskirts of the town we noticed workmen repairing the causeway. It is generally washed away every year when the Kazanka and the Volga overflow their banks, and cover all the low-lying ground between the port and the city. Months after the waters have subsided, the authorities begin to talk of repairs, and men are set to work, who contrive to finish the causeway just in time—to be washed away again. A great deal of the water lies stagnant all the year round, rendering Kazan unhealthy, and we found the air very oppressive and the water undrinkable. We learnt, on returning, that the steamer had been examined, and ordered to remain here for repairs, and that the passengers' baggage had been transferred to the *Putnyk*, which was to sail on the following morning.

Having settled accounts with the steward, we paid a visit to one of the tea-houses here, a sort of music-hall. We entered a large room on the first-floor, with balconies looking on the river, and furnished with little tables set out with tea equipages, at which various groups of customers were busily employed. The teapots and cups were of white ware, and there were several samovars, or urns, in different parts of the room. Milk was to be obtained, but very few persons patronised it, the orthodox thing in Russia being to put a slice of lemon in each cup instead. Cups are a modern innovation, and are but slowly making their way against the old-fashioned glass tumbler. An entertainment of great variety was provided for the amusement of the guests while discussing their tea. First of all, there was an orchestrion, which we thought we recognised as having figured at the Great Exhibition in 1862, and which ground out, among other things, the overtures to "Egmont" and "Zampa." There were three or four girls who sang without accompaniment very

well; one in particular had a magnificent contralto voice. Then there were instrumental performances by a small band, consisting of a harp, a violin, and a clarionet. But most interesting of all was the chorus of fifteen male voices singing national songs, the clarionet keeping up an odd sort of accompaniment. At the end of the song came a dance. A very small boy rushed into the middle of the circle formed by the singers, made the circuit slowly two or three times, and then commenced a series of evolutions which can be best described as a compound of a sailor's hornpipe and the Highland fling. When he began to flag, a bigger boy took his place, and then another bigger still, until the whole affair was brought to a sudden close by a loud thump on the tambourine—which had been maintaining a vigorous accompaniment the whole time—and a long and loud laugh from all the performers.

We started next morning in the *Putnyk* at three a.m. The right bank still consists of lofty, tree-clad hills, but decreasing in height as we ascend. The river is considerably narrower, but there is more activity and movement upon it, the exchange of traffic between Kazan and Nijni Novgorod being very great. At some distance we passed Sviaje, a small town which is only remarkable as having been founded by Ivan the Terrible while on his march against Kazan. He here ascended a high hill, and, struck with the beauty of the prospect before him, exclaimed, "On this spot I will build a Christian town; Kazan shall be beleaguered, and God will deliver it into our hands." A year later a town was actually built and fortified here in the short space of four weeks.

We passed several unimportant villages to-day, one of which, Isadij (of which a view is given on page 48), will serve as the representative of all. At the next station the wood was brought on board by Chuvashes, a tribe of Mongolian origin. They are a very remarkable-looking people, with a distinct type of Tartar features. Their dress—men and women alike—consisted of a white caftan, or tunic, fitting close at the neck and reaching to the knees. The men wore very comical hats, exactly like dice-boxes. The long black hair of the women hung in tangled masses upon their shoulders, intertwined with strings of gold coins, and they wore suspended from their necks a sort of breastplate, also formed of coins. One of them was in fête costume, and had arranged her hair under a sort of bonnet of very remarkable shape. They are a very peaceable, orderly people, living in neat cottages, which, unlike the Russians, they surround with trees. They are very fond of agriculture, keep bees, and breed cattle. Their principal food is barley bread, sour milk, and salted herrings. They retain a great number of their ancient customs, among others that of purchasing their wives. When the wife is brought to her husband's house she remains for a short time in retirement, after which she is conducted into the room where her husband, surrounded by his friends, awaits her. She then walks three times round the apartment, and her husband removes her veil and puts on her head the cap, the badge of the married woman. She in return takes off her husband's boots, in token of her subservience to him; and the marriage ceremony is over.

The Chuvashes have several gods with different attributes. The name of the principal deity is Tora, and that of his wife, the mother of all the other gods, Tora-Amysh. They recognise a devil, whom they call, like the Arabs, Chaitan, and their priests they style Djemmas. They have an implicit belief in ghosts, and stand in mortal dread of their visitations. In order to keep the dead quiet in their graves, they bury with them food and good clothes; and afterwards, from time to time, bring offerings of the same nature to their graves, repeating these words: "We pray to the great Tora for you. Do not visit us, and do not quarrel among yourselves." At these prayers for the dead great crowds of Russians assemble, who, when the ceremonies are over, and the Chuvashes departed, soon carry off all that is left. This practice, although common, is considered very disgraceful, and no greater insult can be offered to a Russian of those parts than to say: "It is quite evident that thou wearest a shirt taken from the grave of a Chuvash."

Another similar tribe, once nomad, but now settled in the government of Kazan, along the banks of the Volga, are the Cheremisses. The language, manners, and customs resemble those of the Chuvashes, but they never intermarry or mix in any way with them. They always make the entrance to their houses face the east. They are skilful agriculturists, and fence their fields and gardens with turf walls. There are never more than thirty houses in one village, and several villages form one commune. This regulation is closely connected with their religious observances, as upon the commune devolves the ancient practice of offering sacrifices. The holy trees beneath which these sacrifices are made all bear the name of Karamat. Their sorcerers are treated with great honour, and take an important part in many of their ceremonies. Although these people preserve their ancient customs and oppose all innovations, they profess the Christian religion, but at the same time cling to their old superstitions. Their language is Finnish, with a mixture of Tartar and Russian words. They are a well-built race, of middle stature, with fair complexions, but turned-up noses, and broad, flat faces. The men dress very much like the Russians, but the women wear a white caftan with a black border.

Another tribe of Finnish origin settled in the governments of Kazan and Nijni Novgorod, is the Mordva. These people are divided into two tribes, the Eastern or Makshan, and the Western or Arzan, differing somewhat in language and dress. Formerly a very warlike and powerful race, keeping the Russians in constant dread of their attacks, they have declined into an extremely peaceable and quiet people, asking nothing more than to be left alone in their dirt, and to enjoy their huts in the society of their poultry and their pigs. They profess Christianity, to which they were converted about a hundred years ago; but they still continue to observe their ancient customs and religious rites as strictly as in the olden times. Agriculture is quite in its infancy with them, and no persuasion can induce a Mordva to adopt anything new. Their principal food consists of peas and sour milk, and they prefer the flesh of the hare to any other meat. The dress of the men differs but little from that of the Russians. The women wear a long white linen dress trimmed with red—for these are their national colours—and with short sleeves. Over this they wear a long white caftan fastened at the waist by a red girdle. Round their necks they wear strings of copper or lead coins. The marriages of the Mordva are, even to the present day, often celebrated according to their heathenish rites. When a young man has taken a fancy to a girl, he asks her to marry him, and if she consents, appoints a place of meeting, to which she comes without her parents' knowledge. The lover meanwhile acquaints his parents and the priest, and the girl is led

away from the place of meeting to be married by that functionary. After the ceremony, the bridegroom has to do battle with his friends for the bride, and a free fight takes place. At the present day these quarrels are only got up to keep alive the ancient customs, and are soon settled amicably, by the bridegroom purchasing his bride with a certain quantity of vodka, on which everybody gets, to say the least, extremely merry. In most respects the customs and superstitions of the Mordva are identical with those of the Chuvashes, and they perform nearly the same rites at their graves.

Above Kazan the river is, in places, extremely shallow, and the captain's talk was ever and anon of pericartes, or sand-banks which are continually shifting. Two men were kept constantly employed, with long poles having the measure marked on them in different colours, sounding the depth from the bows. At each plunge of the pole they announced the result, in a not unmusical singsong tone, to the captain, who occasionally ordered the speed to be slackened until the sounders sang out a more satisfactory number. Once or twice we bumped or grazed the bottom, but, fortunately, never stuck fast. The mate, to-day, got some dirt on his hands from a brass railing on the deck. He called the sailor whose duty it was to keep the railing clean, and after giving him a good scolding not unmixed with sonorous oaths, deliberately wiped his fingers on the delinquent's face!



CHUVASHES AND THEIR COSTUMES.

Another place at which we stopped for wood was Cheboksary, a town with 400 inhabitants and fourteen churches. One of the bell-towers is considerably more out of the perpendicular than the famous Leaning Tower at Pisa. The village was embosomed in trees and gardens, and its situation was altogether prettier than any we had yet seen. Shortly afterwards we came to a village with an utterly unpronounceable name, built on the top of a steep bank, and having long flights of wooden steps leading to the water. The people were engaged in fishing, under the inspection of innumerable flocks of sand-martins, whose dwellings were in the precipitous banks hard by.

Our next place of stoppage was Vasil Soursk, a little village of 2,500 inhabitants, almost as beautifully situated as Cheboksary. We were informed that a magnificent grove of oaks, which challenged the attention here, had been planted by Peter the Great. This is the head-quarters of the mosquitoes on the Volga, but nevertheless we were not troubled by them. The captain being very anxious to get to Nijni Novgorod in good time on the following day, pushed on in the moonlight until half-past eleven, and moored for the night at Ivanda, a very small village on the right bank. It boasted a "Vauxhall," where the musical entertainment consisted of a barrel organ with cracked pipes and a woman with a cracked voice. The character of the place was unmistakable at a glance, and we beat a hasty retreat.

The only place of note we passed on the following morning was Makarief, where there is a famous monastery, founded in 1364, by Makaria, a monk from Nijni Novgorod. It is of great size, surrounded by splendid trees, and commands a magnificent prospect over the river. The adjoining town was formerly the scene of the renowned fair, now transferred to Nijni Novgorod; and the fame of the monastery and of the fair acted and reacted upon each other to the great profit of both. But now everything is going to decay: the river is undermining the town; most of the houses are uninhabited; pilgrims are few and far between; nearly all the monks have abandoned the monastery, and the cupola of its cathedral has fallen in ruins to the ground.

The river was swarming with barges, pashaliks, rechievahs, and other boats, bound to the great fair. We reached Nijni Novgorod at half-past nine a.m., and, while packing up our traps, were much amused at hearing the Russian captain of a steamer moored alongside, after swearing at his men in Russ, introduce a little variety by continuing his objurgations in sonorous English, of the true salt-water type. On our addressing him, he informed us that English beat every other language hollow for swearing purposes.

The port was alive with vessels of all descriptions, some of which had come from the Baltic, and others from Perm and Astrakhan, to interchange the products of the East and the West at the great annual centre of trade. The appearance of Nijni Novgorod from the river is most striking. Built on a range of lofty hills, intersected by deep ravines clothed with forest trees, the upper town, with its gilded domes and



WAYSIDE INN IN RUSSIA.

spires, and the dazzling white walls of its kremlin form a picture which few cities in the world can surpass. Engaging a drosky, we made our way through the teeming streets with great difficulty, to the Hotel Lobashef, near the kremlin, where we were lucky enough to obtain a small room, although at an enormous price. Our first visit was, of course, to the fair-town, where we wandered about for hours, gazing in at the various shops, but more interested in the human throng which crowded its busy avenues. And here let it be at once confessed that we were disappointed; there was scarcely one national costume with which we were unacquainted. Europeans of all nations, Greeks, Armenians, Tartars of various tribes, Georgians, and Circassians were there in abundance, but, though we explored the Kitaiski Riad, or Chinese Row, most carefully, where the leather boxes of tea were piled up in myriads, not a single pigtail was visible. The reason of this, we afterwards learned, was that all the tea is transferred at Kiakhta, the frontier town of the Russian Empire. One street was devoted to the jewellers, where gems, cut and uncut, of almost fabulous worth, were displayed, and cunning goldsmiths' work of various countries, European and Asiatic, tempted the purchaser at every step. Another street exhibited shawls and carpets from the looms of India and Persia, and each fresh stall seemed to boast fabrics more exquisite in design, and more gorgeous in colouring, than the preceding one. A third street was given up to the dealers in cutlery and hardware; and here Sheffield and Birmingham beat native industry altogether out of the field. Street after street succeeded, and alley after alley, each with its particular class of wares, until, eye-tired and weary, we sought refuge in a restaurant underneath the governor's residence, in the centre of the fair. Here we were served with an excellent dinner, and regaled the while by the strains of a very good band. Refreshed with our meal, we again sallied out into the outskirts of the fair. Here miles upon miles of wooden shanties, close packed, stretch along the canal, filled for the most part with native produce—fruit, eatables, &c., and goods of a more perishable character. Heaps upon heaps of water-melons, and fruits, and vegetables of every kind regaled the sense of smell and of sight, and more excitement seemed to be displayed in the chaffering for the materials of the evening meal, than in the transfer of goods of comparatively priceless value in the central avenues. Tons upon tons of iron and other metals lay piled upon the ground, almost as far as the eye could reach, interspersed with an interminable string of carts and other vehicles.

But it was not all mere dry business that met the eye. Jugglers, tumblers, acrobats, gipsies, itinerant musicians of all kinds, with all varieties of instruments, from the apollonicon to the hurdy-gurdy, crossed our path at every turn; and loathsome beggars who begged for themselves, and slovenly, greasy monks who—ostensibly, at least—begged for others, jostled us at every corner. Nor were exhibitions and amusements of a more permanent kind wanting. The fat lady and the learned pig, the unequalled giant and the unsurpassed dwarf were there, snugly ensconced in lumbering caravans. The Russian Wombwell, too, with his marvellous collection of wild animals, was present, and peep-shows in great number, where, for the small sum of one copeck, the gaping mujik was permitted to behold the gorgeously over-coloured glories of the coronation of the Tsar and the defeat of the allied armies of Europe by the sons of Holy Russia, in the Crimean war!

The commerce of Russia has been carried on from the earliest times by means of fairs. One used to be held at Nijni Novgorod as early as 1366. About the same period a fair was held at Kazan, but Vassily Ivanovitch forbade the Russians to attend, and started an opposition at Vassily Soursk. Thence it was transferred to Makarief, and that town having been burnt in 1816, the government determined to remove the fair to Nijni Novgorod, as its situation, on the confluence of the Oka and the Volga, was better suited to the vast trade. Suitable buildings were accordingly commenced in 1817, and finished in 1824, on a triangular space formed by the left bank of the Oka and the right bank of the Volga. In the principal avenues these are either of stone or brick, with the first floor projecting over the ground, so as to form a sheltered footway for passengers. As a precaution against fire, the fair-town is surrounded by a canal, and underneath the streets are galleries and sewers, open to the public, and flooded twice a day from the canals. These sanitary precautions are altogether necessary, and quite successful, since, notwithstanding the enormous concourse of people, an outbreak of epidemics is unknown. The numerous avenues of buildings which, owing to the demand for shops, have sprung up outside the canals and original buildings, are of wood, and fires are of frequent occurrence. These fires do not, however, happen so much while the fair lasts, as about a month or so before it begins. Such a fire had occurred shortly before our visit, and our informant told us that, when first discovered, it was burning vigorously in three distinct quarters of the town. As the fair must be opened on a fixed day, it is imperative to get the buildings restored on these occasions as soon as possible. Workmen are summoned from all directions, and wages rise considerably; at the time of our visit they were still busily engaged in the work of rebuilding.

On the opening of the fair, on the 15th of July, the clergy and civil authorities repair to the cathedral in the midst of the fair-town, from whence they issue in procession, with crosses and banners, and make their way along the principal line of shops to the bridge over the Oka, joining the fair-town to Nijni Novgorod proper, on both sides of which are placed lofty poles, to be used as flagstaves. Here a solemn service is performed, the waters are blessed, and prayers are offered up for the imperial family; the flags are then hoisted and the fair declared to be open. It does not, however, actually commence from this moment; little activity in trade is as yet displayed, and every one is employed in making preparations. On the 25th of July the festival of St. Makaria, or Makarius, the patron of the cathedral in the fair-town, is celebrated, when the archbishop, accompanied by his clergy and the holy images, makes the circuit of the fair. Business now begins to be transacted, but goods are still arriving, and prices are not yet settled; a retail trade only is carried on, and that in a spasmodic uncertain manner. This inactivity is directly dependent on the market of wholesale goods, particularly tea; in fact, everything may be said to remain in abeyance until the tea sales are completed. As soon as the tea is sold—and that which has not found a purchaser at Moscow during the past year, is brought back to the fair and disposed of before the new tea is opened—the Kiakhta traders receive their money, and commence buying goods for future transactions with Siberia and China. They pay their debts to cloth and cotton manufacturers; money passes from hand to hand, prices become established, and the

greatest activity prevails. Such is the condition of matters between the 25th of July and the 10th of August. From the 10th of August the fair is at its zenith. At the dawn of day traffic commences. The bridge of boats is blocked by carts several files deep, amongst which mounted Cossacks vainly endeavour to keep order, and transit for foot passengers seems almost a hopeless affair. The fair nominally closes on the 25th of August, but really continues until the middle of September, when it often happens that the last lingering traders are driven away by force, and the streets given over once more to the pigeons, the starlings, and the jackdaws.

The wharves extend nearly ten miles along the Oka and the Volga. The Siberian wharf alone is a mile long, stretching from the Oka up the right bank of the Volga. Goods lie here piled mountains high. The tea, packed in bales and covered with matting, lies in the open air, and occupies a space of about the third of a mile. Close by are the huts of matting, erected by the persons in charge of the tea. Here, also, stand lines of licensed carts for the transportation of the goods. Iron from the Oural, cotton, wool, flax, hemp, potash, and other raw produce, here lie heaped up in enormous masses. The corn wharf comes next, groaning under tons upon tons of corn and salt.

The greatest portion of the sales is effected on credit, and only a small quantity is sold for ready money. Hawkers receive their goods very often without making any payment whatever, and after the lapse of a year appear again for fresh supplies, although their old accounts are still unsettled. These debts, increasing from year to year, amount to a large sum, and must necessarily operate disadvantageously to the consumer. There is a spacious exchange in the fair-town, of which the merchants avail themselves but little, resorting rather to the taverns for the transaction of their business. Here, over a cup of tea, they establish the prices for the year, and settle their most important affairs with a profound air of mystery. After the business of the day is over, the merchants again resort to the taverns, whose name is legion, and there, listening with intense delight to the strains of a cracked harp or violin, or a gipsy song, they forget their cares, and give themselves up entirely to merriment and dissipation. An old Russian adage says: "One goes to the fair of Makaria for two purposes—a good carouse and a good bargain."

It is difficult to determine the number of daily visitors to the fair, but it may be safely put down at from 150,000 to 200,000 during the busiest time. The total value of goods sold usually amounts to about a hundred millions of roubles, of which one tenth is paid for tea alone. European and colonial goods amount to about another tenth, and the interior produce of the empire represents the remainder, excepting about four millions' worth of goods from Persia, Georgia, Khiva, and Bokhara. The capital in circulation is estimated at one hundred and five millions of roubles, or fifteen millions sterling.

The glories of the fair are, however, departing. The increase of railway communication deals it one severe blow, and the importation of tea direct from China by sea, another. At the present time of writing, too, we learn that Kiakhta, the Russian frontier town, has been entirely destroyed, and Maimatchin, its Chinese neighbour, has been severely injured by fire—a most unfortunate circumstance for the overland tea trade. Nevertheless, the position of Nijni Novgorod must always cause it to remain an important market for Oural, Siberian, and Asiatic goods generally.

Nijni (or "Lower") Novgorod, to distinguish it from Novgorod on the Volkhof, was founded by the Prince of Vladimir in 1222, and in its early days was frequently taken and pillaged by the Tartars. The kremlin was erected by Dmitri Constantinovitch towards the end of the fourteenth century. It contains the governor's palace, the courts of justice, prison, barracks and arsenal, and a monument to the patriots Minin and Pojarski, who rescued their country from the Poles in 1612. Minin, the serf, is represented as adjuring the Boyar, or Noble Pojarski, to attempt the liberation of their common fatherland. There are more than fifty orthodox churches in the city, besides eight others devoted to Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Armenians, &c. The chief of these are those of the Transfiguration, the Archangel, and the Nativity of Our Lady. This last was built by one of the Stroganoff family in 1719, and is of a very strange order of architecture, and painted in all the colours of the rainbow, resembling somewhat the famous church of St. Basil at Moscow. Close by are shown the remains of the house in which Peter the Great lived with his wife Catherine. The church attached to the monastery of the Assumption possesses one of the most ancient pictures of the Blessed Virgin in Russia. A Greek inscription sets forth that it was painted by one Simeon in the year 993, that is to say, five years after the conversion of Vladimir to Christianity. The fixed population of the city is 40,000.

Having thoroughly explored the city and the fair, we took the first opportunity for departing for Tver. The scenery hence was generally flat and uninteresting, but occasionally noble pine forests came down to the water's edge and broke the monotony of the apparently interminable plain. Our first stoppage was at Balakhna, a small town, once the residence of Helena, the mother of Ivan the Terrible, and now only noticeable for its trade in steamboat and barge building. The next was Gorodetz, the whilom abode of the founder of Nijni Novgorod and his successors. Popular superstition says that lights burn nightly on the spot where lie their forgotten graves. The most remarkable building here is a monastery founded in 1149, where Russia's great hero-saint, Alexander-Nevsky, ended his days. The town is famous at the present day as being the head-quarters of the Russian dissenters; and its inhabitants, amounting to 7,500, trade in leather, iron, and corn.

The next place was Katunki, famous for its leather manufactories and the preparation of cats' skins, of which 50,000 are annually dressed and exported. Shortly after leaving this we stuck on a sand-bank, but after a short delay got off again without any damage. We were much amused to-day by a Russian gentleman, who looked almost an idiot. He talked to one of the mujik passengers for upwards of an hour, and in the course of his conversation repeated the same question at least twenty times, "Does your wife please you?" and the peasant's reply was invariably the same, "Glory be to God, little father, she pleases me!"

The next town was Yurief Povoljski. It is situated on the most elevated part of the right bank of the Volga we had passed since leaving Nijni Novgorod, and which here descends to the water's edge in a series of ledges. The story of the founding of this town in 1225, is as follows: the Prince of

Vladimir, on one of his journeys, stopped for the night at the mouth of the Unja, which falls into the Volga opposite the town. During the darkness he saw on the hill on the opposite side of the Volga, an image of St. George with a taper burning before it, and in commemoration of this apparition he founded the town which now bears his name.

Thirty-five miles further on is Kineshma, a small town of 2,500 inhabitants, very prettily situated on a high bank sloping to the river, and embosomed in gardens. There is a large linen factory here with Jacquard looms, and its productions



ISADIJ, ON THE VOLGA.

are in great demand throughout the country. At Ples, the next town, there is another large linen factory, and we took in some bales of goods for conveyance to St. Petersburg.

Kostroma, the next place at which the steamer stopped, is a town of 20,000 inhabitants, and possesses great historical interest. It owes its origin to George Dolgoruki—"the Long Armed"—younger son of Vladimir Monomachus, who, having quarrelled with his brothers, quitted Kiev, and founded an independent principality here in 1152. In 1271 Nijni Novgorod acknowledged the authority of the Prince of Kostroma, which then became for some six years the capital of Russia, but in 1302 passed under the dominion of Daniel, Grand Duke of Moscow. It suffered repeatedly from the incursions of the Tartars, and was taken by the Poles, under Lisoffski in 1608. The monastery of Ipatief is situated just outside the town, on the banks of the Kostroma, which here joins the Volga. Michael Romanoff, the founder of the present dynasty, fled for refuge hither, and accepted the crown in 1613. His rooms are still shown, with their furniture complete, just as he occupied them. At Karabanov, a village in the neighbourhood on the estates of the Romanoff family, the events took place on which the Russian composer, Glinka, founded his opera, "Life for the Tsar." A peasant—Ivan Susanin by name—was seized by the invading Poles, and ordered to guide them to the place where the young Tsar lay concealed. He feigned compliance, but having led the army into the midst of a forest in a totally different direction, he coolly informed his enemies that he brought them there to perish. Threats and entreaties alike failed to induce him to give any information, or to budge an inch farther as their guide. This heroic man was beaten to death, and a great number of the Poles perished miserably from cold and hunger. Those who survived, wandering about in twos and threes, became an easy prey to the Russians. A handsome monument commemorates Susanin's self-sacrifice. It consists of a splendid column of red Finland granite erected on a stone pedestal, and surmounted by a bust of the Tsar. In front of the column is a bronze statue of Susanin kneeling and praying for his country, while on the pedestal below is a large bas-relief, also in bronze, representing his death. Great rewards and privileges were bestowed upon his family and descendants, and the village of Karabanov was for ever

exempted from taxes and the conscription. These immunities have, however, been recently forfeited.

There is a very ancient cathedral at Kostroma, dedicated as usual to the Assumption. It was built in 1239, and all the altars within it face the north instead of the east. The reason of this is that it was in the north that a miraculous image of the Virgin appeared to Prince Basil when out hunting. The high road from St. Petersburg to Siberia passes through Kostroma, and its inhabitants trade chiefly in corn, flax, and leather.

The next long stoppage was at Yaroslaf, which was founded by a prince of that name, between 1025 and 1036. The tradition of its origin is that the prince being accidentally separated from his attendants at the spot where the Kotorosta falls into the Volga, had an encounter with a she-bear, whom he killed with his hatchet. In remembrance of this event he built the town, and called it by his own name. It is divided into two parts, called "the chopped town" and "the earthen town." The former is so called, as being the spot which the prince cleared of trees, and the latter takes its name from the earthworks which surrounded it, and repelled an attack of the Poles at the commencement of the seventeenth century.

The first English merchants ever settled in Russia established a factory here, in the reign of Ivan the Terrible, the same amiable sovereign who made an offer of marriage to good Queen Bess. It is, for Russia, a busy bustling place, with an immense number of churches, and a great many handsome stone houses. The population is 35,000, and the commerce consists chiefly of corn and iron; but there are also a large linen factory, the oldest in Russia, dating from 1722, and factories of silk and tobacco. Twenty-four miles above Yaroslaf we stopped at Romanoff-Borisoglebok. Romanoff originally stood on the left bank, but at the commencement of the present century was moved to its present position on the right bank, and joined to Borisoglebok. It has a population of 6,000 souls, who are engaged in the preparation of flax and sheepskins, for the latter of which especially they have a great reputation.

The sandbanks continued to be very troublesome, and we had to endure several bumps and temporary stoppages before we got to Rybinsk, which is built at the confluence of the Sheksna with the Volga. After Nijni Novgorod and Astrakhan, this is the most important town on the river as far as trade is concerned. The Mariinsk Canal System, as it is called, begins here, connecting the Volga with the Baltic. About 1,000 vessels arrive and depart annually from this port, with cargoes valued at ten millions sterling. It is the great entrepôt for the trans-shipment of corn, and finds employment for about 100,000 labourers. The quays which extend along the Volga and the Sheksna for a mile and a-half in length have a very busy appearance. The cargoes of grain from the corn-growing districts of the Volga arrive here about the end of April or middle of May, but do not generally reach St. Petersburg until July. It frequently happens, owing to the lowness of the



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river, and the warping system of transport, that the grain is nearly two years old before it finds its way to the Baltic. We had a long detention here which was very tedious, as the town is extremely dirty and presents nothing of interest.

Twenty miles beyond is Mologa, where the river, which has been flowing in a N.E. direction, begins to turn to the S.E. It is a small town of 5,000 inhabitants, and the only building of any pretension is the prison. The river Mologa here flows into the Volga, and forms the intermediate link of the Tikhvin Canal System. Thirty-five miles further we stopped at Myshkin, only noticeable as being situated on the left bank, which is rather high here. The next place of stoppage, Uglitch, is a town of great historical interest. It dates from as far back as the middle of the tenth century. It formed a part of the dominions of the princes of Vladimir, and was finally incorporated in the dominions of the grand dukes of Moscow at the commencement of the sixteenth century. On the death of Ivan the Terrible, in 1584, his widow was banished by the Council of Nobles to Uglitch, and here her son Dmitri was assassinated. On the spot where he fell, a church stands dedicated to his memory, and containing his remains in a silver coffin. The shroud his mother made for him is also shown, and is a curious and magnificent specimen of the embroidery of those days. Uglitch has repeatedly suffered from the attacks of the Tartars, and from the great foe of Russian towns—fire. In the middle of the seventeenth century it was utterly destroyed by the Poles, who are said to have massacred 20,000 of its inhabitants, and burnt them in one huge bonfire. The present population, amounting to 11,000, carries on an extensive trade in linen, leather, and ship-building. Between Yaroslaf and Tver, which enjoy a daily communication by steamboat, the distance is 125 miles, but the scenery presents nothing of interest. We stopped at several towns and villages, the chief of which were Kaliazin, with 7,500 inhabitants, and Korchef, with 3,000 engaged in the corn trade.

Tver is a busy place, with a population of 26,000. Its chief industry is the manufacture of iron brought hither in vast quantities from the Oural, and a great deal of it sent back again in the form of nails. The situation of the town is very picturesque, stretching along both sides of the Volga, which is here contracted to a width of 200 yards, and flows between banks rising to the height of 175 feet above the level of its waters. Tver was founded by the Grand Duke Vladimir in 1182, and was governed by its own princes until the beginning of the fifteenth century, when it was absorbed into the Muscovite kingdom. During the period of its separate existence it suffered greatly from the incursions of Tartars, Poles, and Lithuanians. In the middle of the fifteenth century it was devastated by famine and pestilence, and after many destructive conflagrations, was reduced to ashes in 1763. There is a very fine palace belonging to the Emperor, which is chiefly remarkable as having been the scene of Karamsin's reading the first part of his History of Russia to Alexander I. The handsomest church in the town is the Transfiguration, which has a highly curious set of pictures representing the tortures to which the Grand Duke Michael was subjected by the Tartars in 1319. The remains of the unfortunate prince are preserved here in a silver shrine.

We had now reached the end of our voyage of 2,150 miles, having found the latter portion tedious and uninteresting, and, after one day's stay in Tver, were by no means sorry to find ourselves snugly ensconced in a first-class railway-carriage on our way to Moscow.

The Regions of the Cazembe, and Dr. Livingstone's Recent Explorations.—I.

BY CHARLES T. BEKE, PH. D., F.S.A., ETC.

AFTER a silence so long as to have caused serious concern and anxiety to the numerous friends and admirers of our great African traveller, Dr. Livingstone, the gratifying intelligence has at length been received, not only of his safety, but of his having accomplished a successful exploration of the extensive regions in South Central Africa, lying to the south and west of the great Lake Tanganyika, visited in 1858 by Captains Burton and Speke.

From the absence of any detailed narrative of the journeyings of Dr. Livingstone in regions of which our knowledge, hitherto, derived from Portuguese sources, has been most indefinite and imperfect, it is not possible at the present moment to give anything like a satisfactory account of the results of his important and most valuable explorations and discoveries. For this we must be content to await, as patiently as we can, the traveller's return to his native country, to relate to us in person his glorious achievements. But, in anticipation of that great treat, I think I cannot do better than avail myself of such information as we already possess for the purpose of enlightening the public in some small degree respecting the regions visited by him, which, except to those few who happen to have made them the subject of special study, must be regarded as absolutely dark and unknown.

Besides the extraordinary—or, as they should rather be called, the ordinary—occurrences which in all cases befall the traveller in remote and uncivilised countries, there is attached to the recent explorations of Dr. Livingstone a peculiar interest and charm, arising from the announcement made by him officially to the Earl of Clarendon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in a letter dated near Lake Bangweolo, July 8th, 1868, that he thinks he "may safely assert that the chief sources of the Nile arise between ten degrees and twelve degrees of south latitude, or nearly in the position assigned to them by Ptolemy, whose river Rhaptus is probably the Rovuma."

This announcement, as may well be imagined, has given occasion to much discussion and difference of opinion. *Nili caput quærere* has in all ages been proverbial: its old English equivalent is "to look for a needle in a bottle of hay," the

search being considered to be as fruitless in the one case as in the other. And when we reflect on the number of travellers in Africa, who, during the last quarter of a century only, have disputed with the celebrated Scottish traveller, Bruce, the honour of being the discoverer of the Source of the Nile, which he claimed just one hundred years ago, we may well be chary in admitting without the fullest investigation the pretension of Bruce's now more celebrated countryman to have finally solved the great problem of African, and, indeed, of all geography.

Bruce, it is well known, believed the source of the Nile to be situate at the foot of Mount Giesh, in south-western Abyssinia, within a few miles of which spot Mr. Rassam had his first interview with the ill-fated King Theodore; and the mountains of Amidamid, described by the Laird of Kinnaird as "a triple range of mountains, disposed one range beyond the other in form of portions of three concentric circles," suggested to him "an idea that they were the Mountains of the Moon, or the *Montes Lunæ* of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile was said to rise."*

Before proceeding further, it is expedient to show what is really meant by these "Mountains of the Moon," which appear to be inseparably associated with the sources of the Nile. All writers, whether Eastern or European, mention them; all travellers in Africa hear of them; and yet so indefinite, so various, so contradictory are the statements respecting them, that no satisfactory conclusion has yet been arrived at as regards their magnitude, their extent, or even their locality. It is, however, certain that all that has ever been written or said on the subject of these famous mountains, and of their containing the hidden sources of the Nile—and Livingstone's present assertion is only a corroboration of the truth of what I am saying—is founded on the statement of the celebrated mathematician, astronomer, and geographer, Claudius Ptolemy of Pelusium, who flourished in the second century of the Christian era; such statement being that round the Barbarian Gulf, on the east coast of Africa, in which was the river Rhaptus, with the town and port of Rhapta on its banks some little distance inland, "dwell the man-eating Ethiopians, from the west of whom extend the Mountains (or mountain-range) of the Moon—τὸ τῆς Σελήνης ὄρος—from which the lakes of the Nile receive the snows." And ever since the time of Ptolemy, or at all events from the time of El Masudi, the earliest and most eminent of the Arabian historians, who flourished about the middle of the tenth century of our era, the sources of the Nile in the Mountains of the Moon, with their snows, lakes, and cannibals, have been established and prominent features of African geography. Hence, every traveller in the interior of that continent, who may inquire after the sources of the Nile, is sure to be told in the same breath of the Mountains of the Moon and their ferocious inhabitants, the *Nyam-nyam* or man-eaters. Or should he fancy, like Bruce, that he has discovered the source of the Nile, he is of course bound, like him, to place it in or near the Mountains of the Moon, and to adduce some reason why those mountains acquired their peculiar designation.

Bruce, then, placed his source of the Nile near the moon-shaped mountains of Amidamid, in Abyssinia. After him, but with an interval of three quarters of a century, came M. D'Abbadie, who announced that in January, 1846, he and his brother "succeeded in planting the tricoloured flag of France at the source of the White Nile,"* which honour he claimed for one of the heads of the river Gibbe, in the kingdom of Enarea, south of Abyssinia; though more than two years previously he had described that source as being at the foot of a large tree, situated "between two high hills, wooded to the summit, called Boshi and Doshi, in the country of Gimira or Gamru," adjoining the more southerly kingdom of Kaffa; and from these mountains in Gamru he conjectured the Arabs derived their *Djebel el Gamr* or *Kamr*, signifying "Mountains of the Moon."† It is true that El Masudi expressly says he got the name from a map which he saw in the *Jighrafia* of *El Filasūf*—that is to say, the "Geography" of the "Philosopher," as Ptolemy was called in the Middle Ages. Mais ça n'empêche pas!

Twelve years later, namely, in February, 1858, Captain Burton, accompanied by the late Captain Speke, discovered the great Lake Tanganyika, the "Zambre" of Delille and D'Anville; and in August of the same year Captain Speke alone visited the more northern Lake Victoria Nyanza, which he subsequently explored in company with Captain Grant, proclaiming that he had thereby "settled the Nile" by hitting it on the head! But even this feat could not be considered complete without the identification of the inevitable Mountains of the Moon, which were accordingly marked by Captain Speke on his map, in the shape of a horseshoe or half-moon, round the north end of Lake Tanganyika; whilst Captain Burton, without claiming to have discovered a rival *Caput Nili*, contented himself with disputing his companion's mountains, and asserting the Victoria Nyanza to be "a gap in the irregular chain which, running from Usambara and Kilimanjaro to Karagweh, represents the formation anciently termed the Mountains of the Moon."

When, in 1864, Mr. (now Sir Samuel) Baker discovered what he regarded merely as "a great reservoir of the Nile," and named Albert Nyanza—though it now appears to be the main body of the river—he made no pretension to have discovered the source, and therefore he had no need to appeal to Ptolemy and his Mountains of the Moon. But Dr. Livingstone cannot avoid the fate of all discoverers of the sources; and though he does not expressly mention the Mountains of the Moon, his allusion to their author in connection with those sources, shows that he had them in contemplation. How deeply rooted these Ptolemaic ideas are, is proved by our traveller's recent announcement from Ujiji that round the "unvisited lake" west or south-west of that place are a nation of cannibals called *Manyema*, who are evidently the old *Nyam-nyam* in a new place.

But his own solid discoveries, apart from their special intrinsic value, have done to the comparative geography of Africa the inestimable benefit of showing the futility of all such applications of the statements of the Pelusian philosopher to localities to which they do not belong. He has established the incontrovertible fact that the sources of the Nile, though situated in the southern latitude where they happen to have been placed by Ptolemy, do not rise in any lofty *snowy* mountains, or in fact in any large mountains at all, but are found in a plain country of comparatively low elevation, covered with lakes, marshes, and swamps. And as such snowy mountains, with streams flowing from them into the lakes of the Nile, are distinguishing and essential portions of Ptolemy's description,

* "Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile." 3rd edit., vol. v., p. 255.

* "Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Sciences," tom. xxv., p. 485.

† "Bulletin de la Société de Géographie," 3me Série, tom. iii., pp. 313-315.

the conclusion is irresistible that that eminent geographer fell into the error, common to geographers and cartographers of all ages and all countries, of mapping incorrectly, for want of sufficient data, the correct information he had obtained—as, in fact, I have long contended.* And this error his own materials, with our present more extensive and precise knowledge, enable us to rectify in the following most simple manner:—

In the passage cited above it is stated that the sources of the Nile are in the snowy Mountains of the Moon, which mountains are situated to the west of the Barbarian Gulf, and that the rivers from those mountains flow into the lakes of the Nile, which lakes are in about the same latitude as Rhapta. From another passage of the same author we learn that in the said Barbarian Gulf is the island of Menuthias, which is indisputably either Zanzibar or the adjoining island of Pemba. Now the reader has only to look at any map of Africa containing the recent discoveries of Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, and Livingstone—of course not including those now under consideration of the last-named traveller—and on comparing that map with Ptolemy's statements, without any thought of latitudes and longitudes, or any preconceived ideas whatsoever, he will not fail to perceive that that geographer was substantially correct in his information, however erroneously he may have mapped the same. It will be seen that the snowy Mountains of the Moon are there; they being the mountain-range running along the eastern side of the basin of the Nile, and forming the water-parting between it and the rivers flowing towards the Indian Ocean; which range appears to extend southwards, and to unite with the Lupata Mountains of our old maps, the *Espinhaço do Mundo*, or "Spine of the World," of the Portuguese. At the extremity of this range is the Serra Muchinga, crossed on the road from Tete to the country of the Cazembe, which is said to have an elevation of a Portuguese league, or over 20,000 feet; but this is manifestly an exaggeration, as at that height there would be perpetual snow, of which we hear no mention. But some of the peaks of this range, and precisely those situate to the west of the Barbarian Gulf, such as Kenia and Kilimanjaro, are known to be capped with perpetual snow; and in these Mountains of the Moon are, even if they are not yet all discovered, the sources of the various streams that go to form the lakes of the Nile. The great geographer of Pelusium was therefore quite right in his information, though mistaken in the manner of placing it on the map

Nevertheless, Ptolemy's sources of the Nile in the Mountains of the Moon are no more entitled to be called the true sources—that is to say, the head-streams—of that great river, than are the rivers that flow from the snowy Alps of Switzerland into the Italian lakes communicating with the Po to be regarded as the sources or head-streams of this latter river. These sources or head-streams have, on the contrary, to be looked for



A QUIET NOOK ON THE CHAMBEZE RIVER.

* See a paper "On the Mountains forming the Eastern Side of the Basin of the Nile," read at the Manchester Meeting of the British Association, 1861, and printed in the *Edinburgh New Phil. Journal*, vol. xiv., pp. 240-254.



LAKE SCENERY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

in the opposite direction; that is to say, in the Cottian and Maritime Alps, at the extremity of the basin of the Po, where the heads of its tributaries, the Tanaro and Bormida, approach within a few miles of the Mediterranean. And, in like manner, the head-sources of the Nile are situated at the uttermost extremity of that river's basin, where, in fact, Dr. Livingstone has determined them to be; the most westerly and remotest of all being, as I believe, the Kasái, Kassávi, or Loke, which river rises within 300 geographical miles of the Atlantic Ocean, and of which the upper course, at a short distance from its source, was visited by Dr. Livingstone on February 27th, 1854, and described by him in page 332 of his "Missionary Travels."

Thus it is seen that Dr. Livingstone's discoveries have nothing to do with Ptolemy's sources of the Nile, which are situated in the lofty snow-capped Mountains of the Moon, along the eastern side of the river's basin; whereas those explored by our countryman—*Livingstone's Sources of the Nile*—are at the southern extremity of that basin, in regions of comparatively low elevation.

It is to this distinguished traveller that we are indebted for the light thus diffused over what before was in almost utter darkness. In his former journeys he discovered the great western extension of the river Zambesi, which flows into the Indian Ocean; and now, by determining the position of the sources of that river, at the water-parting between them and the sources of the Chambeze explored by him, he has absolutely shut the Nile in, and rendered the existence of any head-streams further to the south a physical impossibility. But, in so doing, he has actually carried the head of this wonderful river, the Nile of Egypt, to within 1,500 miles of the Cape of Good Hope, and has ascertained that it stretches over more than three-and-forty degrees of latitude, or nearly one-eighth of the entire circumference of our globe.

We may now proceed to the consideration more in detail of Dr. Livingstone's explorations and discoveries. The traveller's approach to the extensive regions watered by the Chambeze and its tributaries, which river he has now made his own, as he had made the Upper Zambesi on his former explorations, was by the valley of the Loangwa or Aroangoa, which river joins the Zambesi at Zumbo in about 15° 30′ south latitude, and 30° 45′ east longitude. Leaving this, he climbed up what seemed to be a great mountain mass, though it turned out to be the edge of the elevated table-land of south-eastern Africa, through which the Chambeze flows, and which is now found to form the south-easternmost portion of the basin of the Nile. This elevated region, which lies from 6,000 to 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, is roughly estimated by the traveller to cover a space south of Lake Tanganyika of some 350 miles square. It is clothed with dense or open forest; has an undulating, sometimes hilly surface and a rich soil; is well watered by numerous rivulets; and, for Africa, is cold. It slopes towards the north and west; but no part of it was found to be under 3,000 feet of altitude.

When reading this description of the upper country visited by Dr. Livingstone, I was struck with its general resemblance to that given by myself in 1846 of that portion of the eastern side of the basin of the Nile which had then come within my personal knowledge. My words were, "As a whole, this table-land may be described as a succession of undulating plains, declining very gently towards the west and north-west, and being intersected by numerous streams."* To this I added that those streams, "after a short course on the level of the plateau, fall abruptly into deep-cut valleys, in which they soon reach a depression of 3,000 or 4,000 feet below the general level of the table-land;" as our troops experienced two years ago in their arduous and glorious march to Magdala. The upper basin of the Nile does not, however, appear to retain, to the same extent, this peculiarity of the lower portion; the reason being that as the level of the bed of the river rises gently and indeed almost imperceptibly in its extension southwards, the general level of the country through which it flows falls in like degree; so that eventually the waters spread themselves over the surface of the land, which has now become so nearly horizontal as to afford them scarcely the means of running off from it. In 1846 I described the main stream of the Nile as being the *sink* into which its various affluents are received, "its current being sluggish, and (as would seem) almost stagnant in the upper part of its course, except during the floods. In the dry season its bed would, indeed, almost seem to consist of a succession of lakes and swamps, rather than to be the channel of a running stream." The reports of travellers since that period, and now more especially those of Dr. Livingstone, establish the correctness of the views then enunciated. Indeed the description given by the present traveller of the regions traversed by him, is even more conclusive as to the fact of their absolute flatness. For he states that he found the table-land to have an elevation of 6,000 to 3,000 feet; from which it is a necessary inference that the drainage level of the whole of this distant portion of the African continent cannot exceed these same 3,000 feet. In other words, the head-waters of the Nile, which river discharges itself into the Mediterranean in 31° 30′ north latitude, have in 11° south latitude no greater elevation than 3,000 feet, which gives a fall to the river's course, in its entire length, of one foot per statute mile at the very utmost; which, taking into account the windings of the stream, would of course come to considerably less; and this is leaving out of the calculation the numerous cataracts and rapids, which would reduce much more the general fall of the river's bed. And a peculiarity of the Nile is that, unlike the Amazons and other rivers, the rate of fall does not increase in its upper course, but on the contrary diminishes.

This remarkable fact enables us to understand the nature and character of the immense lakes and marshes along the course of the Upper Nile, which do not, as might at first be imagined, arise from an excess of rain—always heavy everywhere within the tropics—so much as from the inability of the rain-water to escape after it has fallen; so that it spreads itself over the flat country, and there remains for months almost stagnant, in the manner described by travellers in the countries within the Upper Nile Basin. We experience the same, though in an infinitesimally less degree, in our own marshes and fens, where (it needs scarcely to be said) the rains are not greater than on the higher lands, if so great, only the waters cannot immediately escape for want of sufficient drainage.

The following picture of this overflowing of the waters of the Chambeze, and of the discomfiture thereby occasioned to him, is given by Dr. Livingstone:—

"To give an idea of the inundation, which in a small way enacts the part of the Nile lower down, I had to cross two rivulets, which flow into the north end of the Moero: one was thirty, the other forty yards broad, crossed by bridges: one

* "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society," vol. xvii., p. 78.

had a quarter, the other half a mile of flood on each side. Moreover, the one, the Luao, had covered a plain abreast of Moero, so that the water on a great part reached from the knees to the upper part of the chest. The plain was of black mud, with grass higher than our heads. We had to follow the path which in places the feet of passengers had worn into deep ruts. Into these we every now and then plunged, and fell over the ankles in soft mud, while hundreds of bubbles rushed up, and bursting emitted a frightful odour. We had four hours of this wading and plunging. The last mile was the worst; and right glad were we to get out of it, and bathe in the clear, tepid [limpid?] waters and sandy beach of Moero."

Before descending into these comparatively low regions, the traveller passed through the country of U-Sango, the eastern portion of the upland already mentioned, which he describes as a fertile region, affording pasturage to the immense herds of cattle of the Ba-Sango, a remarkably light-coloured race, very friendly to strangers. Dr. Kirk, when forwarding to Bombay Dr. Livingstone's letters received by him at Zanzibar, spoke of the tanned healthy complexion of the native traders who had brought these letters down from the interior. At this I have heard surprise expressed; but the truth is that Africa is a widely different country from what it is generally supposed to be, owing to our defective knowledge of the interior. Africa is proverbial for its arid deserts; yet in its hottest parts it possesses an abundance, nay, an excess, of water. It is said to be inhabited by savage negroes; and experience teaches us that the negroes, many of whom are far removed from the degraded savage state of those with whom we are best acquainted, may almost be regarded as the exceptional race; for they are indigenous only on the sea-coast and in the valleys of the large rivers, where the effects of the great heat and moisture combined are manifested not less in the physical character of the inhabitants than in the rank vegetation of the country.

These Ba-Sango, then, inhabiting the highlands at the upper end of the valley of the Chambeze, are not a negro but a light-coloured people. Dr. Livingstone explains that they "are known by the initial *Ba* instead of the initial *Lo* or *U* for country;" and he adds that "the Arabs soften *Ba* into *Wa*, in accordance with their Suaheli dialect," but that "the natives never do." The late Captain Speke made a similar remark respecting the people further north; among whom, he said, "*Wa* prefixed to the essential word of a country means men or people; *M* prefixed means man or individual; *U*, in the same way, means place or locality; and *Ki* prefixed indicates the language." *

This system of prefixes is common to the languages spoken throughout the greater portion of the continent of Africa south of the equator, among the native races belonging to what is denominated the Caffre or Kafir class or family. It has been commented on by Mr. Edwin Norris, in his valuable edition of Dr. Prichard's "Natural History of Man," in which work, whilst remarking that different dialects have different particles, the editor shows that, in that which he styles Chuana, a native of the country is a Mo-Chuana; two are Ba-Chuana; the people generally are the Bi-Chuana; and the language is Si-Chuana. This system of prefixes, he observes, causes the puzzlement of readers of African intelligence; and, therefore, in order to remedy the evil as far as possible, he omits the Kafir particle wherever it has not become part and parcel of the English appellation. Bishop Colenso has done the same in the case of the people formerly known as the Amazulus, but whom he has rendered famous under the now familiar denomination of Zulus. It is to be hoped that Dr. Livingstone will afford his powerful aid to check this unnecessary and mystifying system of prefixes. Even if the Kafir particle were not omitted altogether, it might, at all events, be separated by a hyphen from the radical; so that in the present instance we should speak of the country as U-Sango, and of the people inhabiting it as the Ba-Sango.

The traveller then tells us that on April 2nd, 1867, he discovered Lake Liemba, on the northern slope of the upland, lying in a hollow with precipitous banks 2,000 feet high, which, as this gives to the country an elevation of 5,000 feet or maybe more, proves that it is at some distance from the plain regions.

Of this lovely mountain lake he writes:—"It is extremely beautiful; the sides, top and bottom, being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes feed on the steep slopes, while hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish swarm in the waters. Guns being unknown, the elephants, unless sometimes deceived into a pitfall, have it all their own way. It is as perfect a natural paradise as Xenophon could have desired. On two rocky islands men till the land, rear goats, and catch fish; the villages ashore are embowered in the palm-oil palms of the west coast of Africa. Four considerable streams flow into Liemba, and a number of brooks (Scotticè, 'trout-burns'), from twelve to fifteen feet broad, leap down the steep, bright red, clay-schist rocks, and form splendid cascades, that made the dullest of my attendants pause and remark with wonder. I measured one of the streams, the Lofu, fifty miles from its confluence, and found it at a ford 294 feet, say 100 yards, broad, thigh and waist deep, and flowing fast over hard sandstone flag in September; the last rain had fallen on the 12th of May. Elsewhere the Lofu requires canoes. The Lonzua drives a large body of smooth water into Liemba, bearing on its surface duckweed and grassy islands: this body of water was ten fathoms deep. Another of the four streams is said to be larger than Lofu; but an over-officious headman prevented me seeing more of it and another than their mouths. The lake is not large, from eighteen to twenty miles broad, and from thirty-five to forty long. It goes off north-north-west, in a river-like prolongation two miles wide, it is said, to Tanganyika. I would have set it down as an arm of that lake, but that its surface is 2,800 feet above the level of the sea, while Speke makes it [Tanganyika] 1,844 feet only."

This objection had already been met by Mr. A. G. Findlay, in the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society" (vol. xxxvii., p. 210, *seq.*); he having, from a comparison of the observations of Captain Speke with those of Sir Samuel Baker, shown almost for a certainty that the elevation of Lake Tanganyika is 2,844 instead of 1,844 feet, whereby its level is brought up precisely to what is requisite to make Lake Liemba a prolongation of it. What becomes afterwards of the waters of Lake Tanganyika itself is a question not likely to be definitively answered till Dr. Livingstone has visited its northern extremity.

Proceeding westwards, as would seem, the traveller came to the Chambeze, which river he crossed in 10° 34′ S. lat., as

* "Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile" (1863), page 31.

likewise several of its confluents south and north, as large as the Isis at Oxford, but running faster and having hippopotami in them. On this fact he makes the following practical comment:—"I mention these animals, because, in navigating the Zambesi, I could always steer the steamer boldly to where they lay, secure of finding not less than eight feet of water." And he then gives the following description of the lower course of the Chambeze and the lakes formed by it, which has caused no small perplexity to those who, like myself, have attempted to lay the same down on the map. We have in this a practical example of the difficulty Claudius Ptolemy must have experienced in laying down his lakes of the Nile and the Mountains of the Moon.

The Chambeze, Dr. Livingstone says, runs into Lake Bangweolo, and on coming out of it assumes the name of Luapula. The Luapula flows down north past the town of Cazembe, and twelve miles below it enters Lake Moero—the clear, limpid lake in which the traveller bathed after wading through the mud and water, as already described. On leaving Moero at its northern end by a rent in the mountains of Rua, the river, which we have seen was previously called Luapula, takes the name of Lualaba, and passing on north-north-west forms Ulenge in the country west of Tanganyika. Dr. Livingstone adds: "I have seen it"—that is to say, the Lualapa—"only where it leaves Moero, and where it comes out of the crack in the mountains of Rua; but I am quite satisfied that even before it receives the river Sofunso from Marungu, and the Soburi from the Ba-Loba country, it is quite sufficient to form Ulenge, whether that is a lake with many islands, as some assert, or a division into several branches, as is maintained by others."

When we obtain the key to this information, there is little doubt of its all becoming quite clear and intelligible. But it is far from being so in its present state; and the matter is rendered more obscure by what follows: namely, that these branches of Ulenge, whatever they may be, are all gathered up by the Lufira—a large river which, by many confluents, drains the western side of the great valley; by which must be understood the great valley or plain of which the Chambeze drains the eastern portion. The Lufira, he says, he did not see; but when he was at some place situated in 11° S. lat., otherwise not described, the river was pointed out to him as being at some distance west of where he then stood, and as being in that latitude so large as always to require canoes; for so I read his somewhat ambiguous words, "pointed out west of 11° S., it is there asserted always to require canoes."

What becomes of the Lufira, thus made to be the recipient of the Chambeze, Luapula, or Lualaba, it would be most difficult to decide. Dr. Livingstone himself remarks—"Some intelligent men assert that when Lufira takes up the waters of Ulenge, it flows north-north-west into Lake Chowambe, which I conjecture to be that discovered by Mr. Baker. Others think that it goes into Lake Tanganyika at Uvira, and still passes northward into Chowambe, by a river named Loanda," elsewhere called by him Locunda. He adds that he has still to follow down the Lualaba, and see whether, as the natives assert, it passes Tanganyika to the west, or enters it and finds an exit by the Loanda. Meanwhile, he reserves his judgment on this knotty point.

I should be inclined to follow our traveller's example, were it not that, in the course of my reference to various authorities respecting the countries visited by him and the rivers flowing through and near the same, I have lighted on some curious facts respecting another large river further west, beyond the Lufira, known as the Kasái, Kassávi, or Loke, whose sources are in the forests of Quiboque, or Kibokoe, through which country Dr. Livingstone passed in his adventurous journey across the continent from east to west in the years 1854-56, and the upper course of which river was visited and described by him, as I have already mentioned. The Kassávi, or Kasái, is generally supposed to be a tributary of the Kuango, or Congo, the well-known river of the west coast of Africa, and it is so laid down on all our maps; but I have reason to believe it to be the main-stream of the Nile, and as having its course north-eastward, to join Baker's "Albert Nyanza." Should this prove to be the case, the Kassávi would become the recipient of the Lufira, and of the Chambeze or Lualaba.*

Respecting the Cazembe, the mysterious potentate, of whom men's ideas much resemble those entertained in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries respecting Prester John, the traveller maintains a tantalising silence. We learn, however, incidentally that he was in the first instance forty days at Cazembe—the same term being used, apparently, to designate the prince, his residence, and his people, and in our maps of Africa being given to the country likewise; and that after some wanderings, which it is hopeless to attempt to trace, Dr. Livingstone went back again to the Cazembe. But how long he remained with that prince, and what occurred whilst he was at his Court or elsewhere, we have absolutely no means of knowing, neither do we possess a word descriptive of that potentate or his people.

Knowing the interest that is universally felt in all these subjects, I purpose availing myself of the accounts given of the two Portuguese Missions to the Court of the Cazembe in 1798 and 1831, to give to the British public some idea of the same. My performance of this task must necessarily be very incomplete; but it may serve to allay in some small degree the thirst for information on this recondite subject, and it will at the same time enable the public mind better to appreciate and relish the description which Dr. Livingstone himself will give of his most interesting adventures among these extraordinary people in the unknown interior of Southern Africa.

In his latest letter to Dr. Kirk, dated Ujiji, May 30th, 1869, Dr. Livingstone writes:—"As to the work to be done by me, it is only to connect the sources, which I have discovered from five to seven hundred miles south of Speke and Baker's, with their Nile. The volume of water which flows north from latitude 12° S. is so large, that I suspect I have been working at the sources of the Cango [Kuango or Congo] as well as those of the Nile. I have to go down the eastern line of drainage to Baker's turning-point. Tanganyika [and] Nyige Chowambe (Baker's?) are one water, and the head of it is three hundred miles south of this. The western and central lines of drainage converge into an unvisited lake west or south-west of this. The outflow of this, whether to Cango or Nile, I have to ascertain."

"Only" this work remains to be done by the undaunted traveller! We can only recommend him to the continued care of the Providence that has hitherto so signally protected him.

* In a number of the *Athenæum*, of January, 1869, is given the "Solution of the Problem *Nili caput quærere*."



PATAGONIAN DANCERS.

Patagonia and the Patagonians.

DURING the recent survey of the Straits of Magellan by Her Majesty's Ship *Nassau*, which was instituted with a view to the examination of passages and harbours suitable to the much larger class of ships now following that route to the Pacific, and which terminated last May, the commander, Captain R. C. Mayne, renewed acquaintance with our old friends the Patagonians, the stories of whose gigantic stature and grim customs, given in the account of Commodore Byron's voyage, and other early narratives, impressed us all in our boyish days. The statements about their great height were contradicted by subsequent voyagers, but have been again confirmed. Bourne, the unfortunate American who was entrapped ashore from his vessel in the Straits, in 1849, and spent three months in captivity amongst them, states in his narrative that, although his own stature was five feet ten inches, he could stand freely under the arms of many of the savages he met with, and that there were no men less than a head taller than himself. He judged their average height to be six and a half feet, and estimated some of them as little less than seven feet. Captain Mayne had not so large a number to judge from as Bourne, who travelled over a great part of the country, and saw many hundreds, but he applied the measuring tape, and gives us decisive results. Among a number of men he found only one who reached the height of six feet ten and a half inches, several measured six feet four inches, but the average was five feet ten or five feet eleven. For a community of savages, living in a barren region like Patagonia, exposed to the inclemencies of the Magellanic climate and frequent periods of famine, this bodily stature is a surprising fact, exceeding as it does by some four or five inches the average height of Englishmen. The muscular strength of these people, according to Bourne, is in proportion to their height and bulk—that is, when extraordinary circumstances arise which rouse them to exertion; for, like the rest of the South American tribes, they are naturally indolent and lethargic in temperament. They have broad shoulders, full and well-developed chests, and frames muscular and finely proportioned.

All who have visited and written about the Patagonians agree in the conclusion that they belong to the same Red Indian race as the other aboriginal inhabitants of America. They have large heads, high cheek-bones, black eyes, expressive of savage cunning, and an abundance of straight, coarse, black hair, resembling the Indians of North America. Their peculiarities of physique, mental disposition, and habits must have been, therefore, in some way brought about by the physical conditions under which they have lived, doubtless for countless generations. It is curious that all travellers have remarked the striking difference existing between them and their near neighbours the Fuegians, or natives of Tierra del Fuego, who are confined to the southern shores of the Strait of Magellan, in the eastern part of the strait, and both shores where they become wooded at the western end of the same waters. At the eastern end a narrow passage is in some places the only line of division between the territories of the two peoples. Captain Mayne says, "The Fuegians differ in almost every respect from the Patagonians. Instead of being above the ordinary stature of man, and of fine, robust figure, they are usually short, badly-shaped, and ugly in features. They take readily to the water, and construct sea-worthy canoes of the branches and bark of birch-trees, which grow abundantly in their dense forests; whilst the Patagonians have no canoes, and much dislike going afloat. They abhor wine and spirits; the Patagonians have an inordinate craving for both. In fact, it is chiefly their insatiable passion for rum which induces them to come down to the shore and hold conferences with the boats' crews of surveying and other passing vessels. The Fuegians, however, belong to the same race as their gigantic neighbours, and both peoples are pretty nearly on the same low level as regards civilisation or capacity for improvement. In the latter respect they are on a par with all Indians of the plains, both in South and North America. It was only the inhabitants of the Andean plateaux and valleys, from Southern Peru to Northern Mexico, who showed any flexibility of character in this respect. As a consequence of this, they attained a high degree of social and political organisation, built cities, and left their mark in many a work of architectural and engineering art over the face of the country."

The tract of country inhabited, or rather wandered over, by the Patagonians, is 840 miles in length, and averages about 200 in width. It commences on the north at the Rio Negro, which traverses the region about the fortieth parallel of latitude, and forms a convenient boundary line to the Argentine Republic. To the south it terminates, as we have said, on the northern shore of the Strait of Magellan; but it does not extend further west than Punta Arenas, a small penal settlement belonging to Chili. The western limit of the territory is the Andes, and the wary savages on the slopes of these mountains oppose every attempt on the part of the pioneers of Chilian settlement to advance to the Indian side of the range.

The whole of this great region is desert; scarcely a tree is to be seen: stunted, thorny brushwood, coarse herbage, and grasses are all it presents in the way of vegetation. The few rivers which traverse it form no alluvial valleys in their course; they flow with great rapidity over beds of pebbles; and no flocks of water-fowl relieve the general aspect of sterility. The soil is everywhere sand and gravel; in many districts a covering of small, rounded, water-worn pebbles, like the shingle of the sea shore, extends over the dreary level of the country for several days' march. The formation of the plains is most singular, and without example elsewhere in the world. The whole region forms a succession of plains, descending by steps, like terraces, from the foot of the Andes to the Atlantic; the direction of the steps, which resemble lines of cliffs along a sea shore, being generally parallel to the line of mountains. According to Mr. Darwin, who first elucidated the singular geological formation of the country, in his "Natural History of the Voyage of the *Beagle*," there are eight of these successive terraces, the lowest plain, near the Atlantic, being 90 feet and the highest 950 feet—the latter being much less level, and sloping up to the Andes. By the discovery of fossil shells in various places, Mr. Darwin was enabled to fix the period in which these plains were formed as that of the tertiary epoch of geology—a distance of time quite recent as compared with the mass of the South American continent. The descending plains were each in succession.

the bottom of a shallow sea, during periods of rest, and the vertical edges of the terraces formed the cliffs of the successive sea shores. The pebbles which cover the country for hundreds of miles, were once blocks of rock detached from the Andes, broken and rolled into their present form by the waves of the restless Southern Ocean, and left as a worthless legacy when its waters retired, at the next upheaval of the land by subterranean forces.

Such are the grim features of the country of the Patagonians. The plains have no charms of climate to relieve their chilling melancholy. Fitful winds and storms of sleet and snow blow over the unsheltered waste during the greater part of the year, and the summer sun only serves to wither up the scanty vegetation which the rainfall of the other seasons has stimulated. Towards the north, the gravelly soil and terrace-formation are prolonged close to the Andes, for 300 miles beyond the Patagonian frontier, as far as Mendoza, and form the western limit of the Pampas; but the rest of the great plain between the river Colorado and the Parana is of a very different nature. Over this portion—constituting the Pampas proper—old river-beds of the Plata and its estuary have left, by the retreating of the muddy waters, a thick coating of alluvium, which is capable of supporting a rich vegetation. The northern tribes of mounted Patagonians have, until recently, had possession of a great portion of this country, and still occasionally pay hurried visits to the frontier farms of the republic, destroying the fruits of months of industry, and carrying off the flocks and herds. The Pampas thistle and nutritious grasses, with richer vegetation round the numerous pools, are the chief growths on these plains, but towards the centre of the region, along the Leofu and Salado rivers, belts of woodland diversify their monotony. On both banks of the Rio Negro, and throughout the whole of the interior for more than 800 miles to the Straits, the Patagonian is lord of the soil.

Before the settlement of Buenos Ayres and Chili by the Spaniards, and the introduction of the horse, the Patagonians were restricted to their own powers of locomotion in their wanderings and in the chase of the guanaco (a ruminant quadruped allied to the llama), which abounds on the plains, and is their chief article of food. For many generations past they have possessed horses, and have become expert equestrians. Their herds of this animal chiefly consist of reclaimed individuals from the plains, where they have run wild since the early days of Spanish colonisation. Bourne describes them as small wiry animals, with shaggy hides; but almost every little chief has one or more of a superior breed, stolen during raids on the farms of settlers. They spend whole days in the saddle, and throw the *bolas* to capture cattle, guanaco, or ostrich, when riding at full speed, with almost as much dexterity as the Gauchos of the Pampas. In the north they possess also cattle, and a few sheep and goats, which they have stolen from the settlers. Their weapons—at least, among the northern tribes—are long spears, ornamented with ostrich-feathers; and every man possesses a cutlass or large knife, bought from traders in the outlying settlements. Fire-arms and the bow and arrow are unknown. They have dogs, and the country, barren as it is, supports a considerable number of quadrupeds besides the guanaco. The puma roams throughout the whole region as far as the Straits, and the number and variety of small rodents is very great, particularly different kinds of field-mice, with long soft fur, which abound in thorny thickets. Two species of American ostrich—the *Rhea Americana* and the *Rhea Darwinii*—course over the plains, the former in Northern and the latter in Southern Patagonia. Wild foxes are found, differing much in length of tail from the European fox, and, in fact, being to some extent intermediate between this and the jackal.

The wanderings of the people in groups of families and small tribes over their uninviting domain, are directed on no system. Unlike the periodic movements of the Bedouin Arabs, or the Kirghizes of the steppes of Tartary—who take their flocks and herds to the warm plains in spring, to pasture on the young grass, and resort to the cooler uplands in summer—they move from place to place in search of game, or as the whim seizes them. Their only habitation is a rudely-constructed tent, formed of a framework of stakes covered over with guanaco skins, sewn together with the sinews of the ostrich, and secured round the edges to the ground by strong pegs. Guanaco skins, again, constitute the chief material of their dress. Two or three skins sewn together form a mantle, which fits closely round the neck and extends below the knee. In the coldest weather, a kind of shoe made of the hind hoof, and a portion of the skin above it, of the same animal, is worn to protect their lower extremities. Their tents and persons are filthy in the extreme; it is difficult to see the natural colour of their skin except where the coating of dirt has cracked and peeled off. In fact, charcoal is used as a cosmetic with both sexes; and, in addition, they bedaub their faces and breasts with a kind of red earth. A broad line of red, alternating with a stripe of black in various fantastic figures, is a favourite style of decoration. Their habit of keeping their fires and cooking their meals inside the tent, adds to their sooty covering; and they live for hours in an atmosphere of thick, greasy smoke, that would produce suffocation in almost any other ordinary person. A troop of Patagonian horsemen galloping across the plains in chase of guanaco, with their long black hair streaming in the wind, colossal figures, and soot-begrimed faces and breasts, resembles a procession of furies rather than of human beings.

Each chief possesses three or four wives, but polygamy is a privilege belonging to them alone, the subject members of a tribe being restricted each to one wife, and no young man is allowed to marry without the consent of the chief. The women are in stature proportionally smaller than the men, and rather inclined to corpulence. They erect the tents, provide the fuel, and cook the meat, if this term can be applied to the process, which consists simply of broiling the slabs of flesh over the fire, the savages preferring their food half raw, and devouring it with the avidity of carnivorous animals. As in all savage tribes, they are treated as slaves; but are contented with their lot, even when their lords, excited by gambling, to which all Patagonians are addicted, or baulked in some nefarious scheme, wreak their fury on their defenceless heads. Many of them are of jealous temperaments, and fight with their rivals like tigers. They are passionately fond of rude trinkets, such as bits of brass and copper and beads. A few of them have their ears pierced, and wear brass or copper earrings. They love to deck out their children in similar finery. It is said that many of them would not be ill-looking if their charms were not so effectually disguised by accumulated filth and barbarous ornaments.



PATAGONIAN ENCAMPMENT.

The tribe among which Bourne spent his three months of captivity, and which numbered about a thousand souls, seemed to him to possess no religious ideas whatever. But religious ceremonies were witnessed by Guinnard, a Frenchman who lived for a long time as a captive among the Poyuches tribe, in Northern Patagonia, along the banks of the Rio Negro. He says they believe in two great spirits, one called Vita-uentra, the spirit of good, and the other Huacuvu, the spirit of evil. A festival in honour of each is held every year, that of Vita-uentra being held in the spring, and being more joyous than the other, which is held in the autumn, and has for object the propitiation of the spirit that he may abstain from visiting them with sickness or ill-luck. In the spring, the chiefs of the tribes having announced the joyful day, all busy themselves with preparations. Fresh paint is applied to their skins, and all the new patterns laid on with extra care; the horses' hides are well greased, and the various articles of wearing apparel, stolen in their recent raids on the civilised settlements, fetched from their hiding-places, and prepared for adding to the pomp of the ceremonial. On the morning, all who possess them dress themselves in these foreign garments: some have, maybe, only a chemise, which they are careful to wear outside their own mantles of guanaco skin; others put on a rich velvet mantle, or a flowered waistcoat or trousers, each being worn singly, as though it were a complete dress or suit, and the trousers are generally put on front side behind, the gravity of the wearers adding to the comicality of their appearance. A grand dance commences the festival, the men forming one long line and the women another, and the movement consisting in gliding alternately to the right and to the left. The women, meantime, chant a monotonous chorus, beating time on rude tambourines, which they make by stretching the skin of the wild cat across a circle of tough wood. The dance is carried on facing the east, and the lances of the warriors are all arranged symmetrically in front of the place. As the exercise proceeds the excitement becomes intensified, and the dancers break off into couples and smaller groups. Many of the men are provided with a rude fife made of a thick reed, and capable of producing three or four most unmusical notes. They blow this with might and main, skipping about and pirouetting all the time with unflagging vigour. At length, the chief who presides at the festival, gives a signal, and the scene changes. All the men leap on their horses, and a grand cavalcade is formed, which is the commencement of various feats and displays of horsemanship. The proceedings are interrupted now and then for refreshments; but the same ceremonies or amusements are continued all day for several days in succession.



VIEW OF GOREE.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—I.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER I.

OBJECT OF THE JOURNEY—DEPARTURE FROM FRANCE—FIRST PREPARATIONS—FORMATION OF MY ESCORT—DIFFICULTIES—GENERAL OPINION OF THE FATE WHICH AWAITED US—INSTRUCTIONS.

"To connect Senegal with Algeria, across at least twelve hundred miles of desert, whatever route may be followed, is a thing impossible, or, at all events, it cannot lead to very great results, so enormous would be the cost of transport on the backs of camels.

"To appropriate the important commerce of the Soudan, especially the cotton (the long-staple cotton of the Southern States), which, if we may believe the reports of travellers, is to be procured in great abundance and at a low price, it would be requisite to take possession of the Upper Niger, by establishing a line of posts to connect it with the Senegal, between Medina and Bamakoo."

Such were the conclusions of the important work, under the significant title of "The Future of Sahara," published by M. Faidherbe, the last governor but one of Senegal.

Such were also the first words in the project of exploration of the Niger, which I submitted to the Minister of the Navy and Colonies, in the month of February, 1863. I viewed this as a great and noble mission, a real service to be rendered to my country; and these considerations led me to brave the dangers which must always be connected with such enterprises, to impose on my family and myself the trials of a long absence, and to inflict on my young wife the distress of a first and possibly of a final separation.

In reply to my proposal, I received, after a time, the official

announcement that Colonel Faidherbe, who had been recalled to the government of Senegal with the rank of general, wished that the country between the French settlements on the upper part of the river and the Upper Niger should be explored by land, and that he had done me the honour of mentioning me as a suitable person for undertaking this mission.

I immediately accepted the offer, and on the 25th of June I left Bordeaux by steamer.

M. Quintin, a naval surgeon, who had already resided in Senegal for three years, and was returning thither at the same time as myself, begged permission to accompany me. At first, moved by his apparent feebleness of constitution, I tried to dissuade him from it, but on his insisting, I seconded his request to the governor, who gave a favourable reply. I was far from realising at the time that in this apparently feeble body I should find great energy and indomitable courage, added to a rectitude of purpose which proved invaluable during our long and painful wanderings.

On the 10th of July we were at Goree, on the 12th at St. Louis, and I there landed to prosecute the studies essential to our undertaking. I had already served five years at Senegal, and two years on the naval coasting station. There were few places on the coast that I did not know. A residence of nine months amongst the blacks of the upper river at Makhana,* and a difficult journey to the oasis of Tagant, amongst the Douaïchs, had been a valuable preparation. I knew the character both of the negroes and of the Moors, and the best manner of treating them. I was tolerably well acquainted with most books of travels in Africa, but still I deemed it wise to read once again Raffenel, Caillé, Mungo Park, and even Barth, though he does not speak of the same regions. It was especially important that I should study the maps of these parts, compare them with the accounts of travellers, and reconcile the most important differences; in a word, that I should make myself thoroughly master of the geographical question. I applied myself to this work with great interest, for though I felt deeply the trials I should have to undergo in this mission, I had gone too far to draw back, however great might be the difficulties which awaited me.

The farther I proceeded in my researches the more astonished I became at the ignorance which existed, even with reference to the places bordering on our own colony. Above Medina the only information to be obtained was from the travels of M. Pascal, who had advanced but a short distance beyond Gouïna.

When I left St. Louis, after receiving a letter from my family—the last that was likely to reach me for many a long day—the farewells of my many companions showed very plainly that they little expected ever to see me again. Some days previous to my departure, a man whom I had engaged to accompany me, a native of Bambara, became dangerously ill, and I requested M. Quintin to visit him. He found him dead, and on leaving the house he mentioned the fact to one of my colleagues. "What," he exclaimed, "one dead already!" Of course, it implied pretty plainly that, in his opinion, the same fate awaited us all; and, thanks to this pretty general impression, I found it a matter of the greatest difficulty to meet with men willing to accompany me on my expedition. Although amongst the crews of the flotilla there were many personally devoted to me, it frequently happened that, after having expressed a wish to accompany me, their families had entreated them to give up the idea, and they had yielded to these entreaties.

Many Europeans, subalterns in the marine corps, Senegal Sharpshooters,* and others, offered me their services; but, considering the slender resources at my disposal, I could not think of allowing these white men to accompany me, little sensible as they were of the sufferings and privations which awaited us; for, in all probability, they would soon have got disheartened, and been a burden instead of a help to me.

The greater number of them imagined that, having gone through some privations in the ordinary expeditions to Senegal, they were quite prepared to endure all that lay before us. I had no time to enlighten them on the real difficulties of the expedition; it would have been simply dishonest to take them without, so I preferred dispensing with their services altogether.

The Governor had given me *carte blanche* in the choice of men, authorising me to select the best of the whole corps. I decided on the following plan, after consulting with him. I intended to form my escort entirely of blacks who had been in the service for a considerable time, selecting, as far as possible, those who had taken rank either in the local marine corps or the sharpshooters, so that I might combine in them men of action, if we had to be on our defence, strong and skilled workmen, able to meet the various wants which would arise in our travels, and, besides that, capable of serving as interpreters for all the different dialects I should meet with.

Bakary Guëye, one of my old fellow-travellers in Tagant, was the first man whom I chose. Without even knowing where I was going, but finding that I had returned to Senegal for the purpose of making another expedition, he had left a vessel where he was engaged as engineer's mate, and come with me as a simple laptot,† at thirty francs a month. This man was faithful throughout the whole time. A Woloff,‡ of Guet, N'dar, he had the advantage over his fellow-citizens of having been ten years in the service, of having spent some months in France, of being only half a Mussulman, and of speaking French with tolerable accuracy; besides this, he spoke Yoloff very perfectly, and understood Toucouleur. His bravery was beyond question. He was, indeed, slightly fool-

* Makhana, a great village of Sarracolets Bakiri, half way between Bakel and Medina, had been destroyed by El Hadj Omar. The greater part of its inhabitants had been massacred; the rest had found an asylum in the fort of Bakel, where they had assisted in our struggle against the conquering Marabout. In 1859, after the expedition of Guémoo, the governor, to encourage them to rebuild their village, sent the gunship *Couleuvrine*, which I commanded, to be stationary at Makhana, and nine months afterwards a large village had sprung up.

* The Senegal Sharpshooters, a similar corps to the "Turcos," composed of negroes from the African coast and from the basin of the Senegal and the Niger.

† The blacks engaged as sailors in the service at the Senegal station go by the name of laptots. They are engaged by the year. They may attain the rank of native quarter-master, and, when they acquire sufficient experience in the pilotage of the river, that of second pilot-master of the second and first class, more frequently called "captains of rivers" of the second and first class.

‡ Yoloff, or Woloff, the name of a race and language, and of a negro empire formerly very powerful, but now dismembered; it was composed of Yoloff, of Oualo, and of Cayor. Yoloff is spoken by the negroes at St. Louis. Guet N'dar is a village, consisting of fishermen and pilots, on the tongue of land which extends for several leagues opposite St. Louis, between the river and the ocean.

hardy when with other blacks, but very prudent where I was concerned, and singularly gentle in his intercourse with me.

For some time I charged him to gain information about the men who offered to accompany me. If they were brave, I was sure he would eagerly recommend them; but, in common with other blacks, he had the inconvenient propensity of concealing any faults they might have.

He first brought me one of his great friends, Boubakary Gnian, a "Toucouleur"* of Fouta—a very intelligent-looking fellow. Boubakary Gnian fulfilled the office of native quarter-master on board one of the vessels of the flotilla, and he was coxswain of the captain's whale-boat. He gave up the two-fold advantage of his situation to accompany me as an attendant, at thirty francs a month. He understood French well, and, as a Toucouleur, he became eventually a most valuable interpreter of the Poul and Soninké dialects, which he had known from his infancy.

I afterwards engaged several men, whose worth I had long known, having had them under my command. They were Déthié N'diaye, quarter-master of the first rank, a Sérère by birth, speaking French, Woloff, and Poul very well; Latir Sène, a Woloff, of Dakar, quarter-master, and well known for his honesty; Samba Yoro, a river captain of the first class, a Poul of Bondoo, who in his youth had spent three years in France. He was very intelligent, an indefatigable worker, and fairly brave. He spoke French perfectly, and was my principal interpreter during our travels. When my discussions with the chiefs were not too violent, he acquitted himself very well: but when they became hot, either in spite of myself, or designedly, I was obliged to have recourse to Boubakary Gnian, who, with his Toucouleur tact, spoke loudly and forcibly, when Samba Yoro was frightened.

I then engaged Alioun Penda, an old slave of Fouta, who, having deserted his master, had come to St. Louis to obtain his freedom. He was one of the best men I have ever known. Although a devout Mussulman, he was sincerely attached to the whites. He was just married. He was destined never again to see St. Louis!

Two other men, Sidy Khassonké and Bara Samba, a laptot from Medina, having been recommended to me, joined our party. Shortly afterwards one of the men, who had formerly served under me on board the *Couleuvrine*, Issa by name, an indefatigable walker, begged to accompany me. He was a Sarracolet, a marabout of Dramané.†

Finally, to fill up my number of ten, I engaged a Senegal serjeant, a sharpshooter named Mamboye, and a Yoloff of Cayor, who had served ten years. When a prisoner among the Moors, who had carried him as a child to Cayor, he had learned Arabic. Recaptured afterwards by the French in 1854, he had signed an engagement of fourteen years to regain his freedom. He was a valiant soldier, and in the Cayor war, at the Diatti expedition, he had gained the military medal, and was looked upon as the best man in the battalion.

* Toucouleur, a name given to the inhabitants of Fouta—a mixture of Pouls, Yoloffs, and different races, amongst whom the Soninkés appear to predominate. This intelligent people—warriors and agriculturists, Mussulmans and fanatics—are always more or less at variance with the local government of Senegal, and have furnished to El Hadj the soldiers by whom he has made all his conquests.

† Dramané or Daramené, a small village, destroyed and rebuilt at the same time as Makhana, to which it is near.

Whilst I was thus engaged in selecting my men I did not neglect my other arrangements. Agreeably to the plan I had fixed on with the Governor, I had a very light four-oared canoe built to explore the Senegal above Medina, which, if I found this river navigable, might be transported to the basin of the Niger by means of a cart so constructed that it could be taken to pieces and put on board the canoe. I had tried this mode of transport at St. Louis, and found that when once the canoe was in the water it was perfectly easy to place the cart on it. It took eight men to put the canoe on the cart and to remove it.

Two mules were lent me to draw this apparatus, and I intended to buy a third. With regard to horses, I was not so fortunate. The generally received opinion at Senegal, that the Arab horses cannot live on the Upper Senegal, prevented the Governor placing at my disposal horses of the sipahi cavalry of the colony. As for buying horses of the Moors, the price demanded, from six to eight hundred francs apiece, made it impossible to think of it with my small resources. I was, therefore, forced to purchase at Cayor two wretched animals, lean and broken-kneed, for which I paid, for one thirty-six, and for the other sixty francs.

These purchases made, I had but little left of the £200 (5,000 francs) which had been granted for the journey. Some of the money I had expended in articles much in request in the interior, of more use than money, and these being higher in value in the country I was about to traverse, I had thus increased my slender means.

I had hoped for a much larger sum, and, notwithstanding my fixed purpose to die rather than abandon my project, I did shrink from the thought of the sufferings that such a scanty provision would be likely to entail, and I could but fear lest I should not have sufficient strength to endure them. I had written on this subject to a friend I must not mention, but who will perhaps be recognised, if I say that his unceasing kindness to the sailors equals his high administrative position. He communicated this letter to the colonial minister, who gave me additional credit for 4,000 francs (£160); but when this good news reached the colony I had already started, and did not hear of it until my arrival at Bafoolabé. Meanwhile, I had received from the Governor of the colony my detailed instructions; I make some extracts, as an indispensable complement to these preliminaries of my journey, which will show the great object I was to keep in view:—

"Your mission is to explore the line which connects our settlements on the Upper Senegal with the Upper Niger, especially with Bamakoo, which seems to be the nearest point at which the Niger is likely to present no serious obstacles to navigation, as far as the Falls of Boussa.

"The main object in view is, to be prepared, as soon as the French Government shall think fit to give the order, to form a line of posts, at intervals of about thirty leagues, between Medina and Bamakoo, or any other place on the Upper Niger, which seems more favourable as a commercial centre on this river.

"It would probably be necessary to establish three intermediate posts between Bafoolabé and Bamakoo.

"If by means of these posts, which would serve as warehouses for the merchandise and natural products, and would afford protection to the caravans, we could form a commercial highway between Senegal and the Upper Niger, may

we not hope by this means to supplant the commerce of Marocco with the Soudan?

"The merchandise going from Soueyra to supply the Soudan has to be conveyed four hundred leagues on the backs of beasts of burden, across a desert without provision and without water, before arriving at the Niger. For every eight or ten hundredweight there must be five camels, and at least one guide, travelling for at least three months.

"The commerce of Marocco with the Soudan is now chiefly profitable to England, and it encourages slavery in Marocco. We should then have a double advantage in suppressing it.

"To carry out this project, it will be necessary to secure the friendship of a great chief, such as El Hadj Omar is now, in the central Soudan. This Marabout, who formerly put so many obstacles in our way, might in the future bring about changes the most advantageous to the Soudan and to ourselves, if only he would enter into our views. And for himself, he might realise great profits from this trade on the Upper Niger.

"I send you, then, as ambassador, to El Hadj Omar. It seems certain that lately this chief was master of Kaarta, of Ségou, and its tributary provinces, including Timbuctoo—that is to say, master of the whole course of the Upper Niger between Fouta Diallon and Timbuctoo. It is now reported by some that he is dead; by others that he is all-powerful in Macina. If you find on your arrival that he is dead, you will address yourself in my name to his successor, or, if his empire is dismembered, to the chiefs of the countries through which you will pass. I will give you all the necessary letters.

"Your mission with regard to the posts to be established between Bafoolabé and Bamakoo, and the proposals to be made to El Hadj Omar or his successors, being accomplished, you may either descend the Niger to its mouth, or proceed to Algeria, Marocco, or Tripoli.

(Signed) "L. FAIDHERBE."

Finally, two months before my departure, two black couriers had been sent to Ségou with the following despatch:—

"*General Faidherbe to El Hadj Omar.*

"Glory to God alone. May all blessing rest on those who desire only what is right and good.

"The general Governor of St. Louis and its dependencies to El Hadj Omar, Prince of the faithful, Sultan of the Central Soudan.



ST. LOUIS, SENEGAL, VIEWED FROM THE NORTH.

"This letter is to announce to you that immediately after the rainy season, I shall send to you one of my chiefs, as you formerly desired.

"This officer, a very distinguished man, possesses my entire confidence. He will speak to you on matters of mutual interest, and will make some important proposals to you on the subject of a commerce, which would probably bring in to you considerable profits.

"He will present you a letter from me, in order that you may not doubt that he is my ambassador. It is for you to give orders that he and his men may pass freely through your territory, which they will cross by the route of Djawarras and Fouta Dougou, and that they may not be stopped, nor in any way annoyed. Farewell.

"The Governor,

(Signed) "L. FAIDHERBE.

"*St. Louis, the 30th of July,* 1863."



STREET IN SALT LAKE CITY.

From Ocean to Ocean—The Pacific Railroad.—III.

BY FREDERICK WHYMPER.

SALT LAKE CITY TO SAN FRANCISCO.

THE territory of Utah takes its name from that of an Indian tribe, signifying *Mountain-dwellers.* It is a country of mountains, and there is much alkaline and worthless land; yet some of its valleys are charmingly fresh, green, and fruitful. In certain parts of Utah the grape thrives, and the Mormons have commenced the manufacture of wine.

Salt Lake City is a perfect paradise; rather a city of villas and cottages with gardens and orchards—and, if the term were not somewhat a contradictory one, a city of suburbs—than one of much commerce or business. In these latter respects it much resembles provincial cities in Europe. It is simply a central market-town for the outlying settlements. Among the most pleasing features, too, of Salt Lake City are the little watercourses in every street, through which the clear waters of "City Creek Cañon" flow to the great lake. They have, however, been the cause of trouble on at least one occasion. A drunken Mormon lawyer, returning home from his orgies late at night, fell into one of these brooks, and was found dead, with his head "down stream." What a theme for a temperance lecturer! Happily, the Mormons are, as a whole, a sober race. There are less than half a dozen bar-rooms in Salt Lake City, nor will the authorities grant more licences. This, in the "West," where there is usually a "saloon" to every few dozen inhabitants, is really a noticeable fact. Salt Lake City has, too, 27,000 inhabitants; and, however much may be urged against the Mormon system, no one can fail to note their industry and sobriety. The city has eighteen Sunday-schools, attended by 2,500 scholars.* Sabbath in the city is one of the most tranquil of days, and every Mormon store is closed.

At the date of my visit to the "City of the Saints," President Brigham Young, with a large part of the prominent Mormons, was absent on a tour through the southern settlements of Utah. I had the pleasure of an interview with President George A. Smith, the "Historian" (Recorder) of the Mormons, and that gentleman complained much of the misrepresentation and injustice done to his sect by the members of the press, and, said he, "it seriously interfered with their willingness to show hospitality to strangers." In Smith's office are the materials for a complete history of this singular movement, but when I suggested that he was the proper

* There is a "Gentile" church and school also. Richardson, in his work, "Beyond the Mississippi," says: "Even Jews, who are quite numerous, contribute to this church; and in excited moments talk earnestly about 'us Shentiles.' All the brethren are Saints; all the outsiders are sinners, and all the Jews are Gentiles!"

person to give the world a history of the Saints from a Mormon point of view, he said that constant engagements and his failing eyesight would probably prevent any such undertaking.

Although there is much fanaticism and nonsense in the religion revealed to the world by Joe Smith, it has its good points. The practice of polygamy is its great curse; the rest might safely be left to the individual conscience of the man who professed to believe the doctrines. The Saint's Creed, said poor Artemus Ward, "is singular; his wives are plural;" and the changes, I believe, which will very rapidly come about in the system will all aim at this matter of the plurality of wives. Some have believed that Brigham Young would, sooner or later, receive a revelation abolishing polygamy. It is a pity that he has not done so ere this, for, by the latest telegraphic accounts, David Hyram and William Alexander, sons of the original Joseph Smith, are doing their best to disorganise the "church," by preaching, right under the nose of the present "Prophet," that he and the leaders of the sect were living in sin and transgression, and that polygamy is an abomination. They have formed a settlement at Plano, Illinois. Many of the Utah Mormons are siding with them, and the sect is fast becoming "a house divided against itself," and its end is probably near. It is a significant fact that the Prophet Joseph Smith prophesied, before going to Carthage, where he met his death, that a son would be born to him to be named David. He moreover said that son, then as yet unborn, would live to do a great work among the children of men. David Smith is now taking advantage of his father's predictions, and a large number of the Mormons support his pretensions. Brigham Young is much enraged, and has held meetings denouncing the Smiths.

The evils of polygamy are, of course, patent to every one. A system which permits the marriage of a widowed mother and her daughter to one man; which allows—nay, recommends—the marriage of several sisters to one individual, asserting that they are more apt to live in peace together; which has committed even worse enormities than these—is an insult to humanity, and especially to womanhood; and it is questionable whether in these days it would have been possible at all, had not the women generally been selected from a very inferior class. I say this in full knowledge of the fact that there are some highly-intelligent, refined, and accomplished ladies in Salt Lake City. *That* is the metropolis; we might reasonably expect to find such women in the central city of the territory. But the average standard is undoubtedly low. The women selected have rarely been above the condition of small farmers', mechanics', or tradesmen's daughters, and frequently were of an inferior grade in life. Few *native* American women are to be found among the number; they are almost entirely of English, Welsh, Scotch, and Scandinavian parentage. They are of a class to whom the social amenities of life are unknown. It is possible that they do not miss the respect of their husbands—a thing almost unknown in Utah—to the extent which women of a higher grade would do. Young Mormon ladies, who attend "Gentile" balls for the first time, are astonished when their partners bow to them, offer their arms to cross the room, or show that they esteem it a privilege to be permitted to bring an ice or a glass of lemonade. The Mormons constantly speak of their wives as their "women," and apply even worse phrases—because more brutal and animal—to those whom in other communities it is man's highest ambition to love and cherish. Woman's position in Utah is that of a "white slave." And let not the reader suppose that I am writing of imaginary evils. I had an opportunity of observing their social position, for not merely was I introduced into several families, but later, on my way to California, met an intelligent woman, who had deserted the Mormons on being promised honourable marriage by a Gentile mechanic. The promise was fulfilled, and I found her happy with husband and child, keeping a roadside restaurant, and looking forward to a speedy removal to California. Her history is like that of other Mormon women, and will be often repeated. By birth she was Welsh. Her parents, still in Wales, had been perverted to Mormonism, and had compelled her to join a band leaving England for the Salt Lake. She went, became one of the wives of a Mormon, and from her bitterness I should infer that either she had never been No. 1, or at least had not retained that position long. This woman told me that hundreds more of the girls in Salt Lake City, and in Utah generally, would do exactly the same, if they could only see the way clear before them; but that many of them were ignorant even of reading and writing—were kept by their husbands purposely in the dark regarding the outer world, and their escape became an impossibility. But the construction of the Utah Central Railroad (a branch of the Pacific Railway) will, perhaps, give many of them the opportunity which they seek.

That many of the women bitterly feel their bondage, may be inferred from the want of life and spirits which characterises them, as well as a certain inattention to the duties of the toilet, most unusual to females. Mr. Dilke has well described their appearance as full of an "unconscious melancholy," and I can confirm his statement from my own observations, made in the theatre, the great "Tabernacle," and other places, where they congregated in full force.

But what, meanwhile, is the position of the man? First, home is a meaningless word to him. A reliable writer tells us an amusing story of a man with two wives, who was repudiated by both, and obliged to do his own cooking, sewing, mending, and washing, while his spouses looked on, agreeing at least in one thing—their hatred for the man who had put them in a false position. That many a Mormon has cursed polygamy from his inmost soul, is more than probable; but it is not, nor in the nature of things can it be, so galling a bondage to the man as to the woman. Richardson, in the work before quoted, tells us of a lady who came to President Young for advice: "Let me see, sister—I forget your name," said Young. "My name!" was the indignant reply; "why, I am your wife!" "When did I marry you?" said the President. The lady informed him, and finding, on reference to his books, that it was perfectly true, he coolly remarked, "Well, I believe you are right! I *knew* your face was familiar!" But Brigham Young does not even pretend to know all his wives; many of them are "sealed" for the next world, rather than for this.*

In closing this part of my subject, I must assert that quite a large proportion of the men have very animal features—thick lips and sensual eyes. Such men may have chosen Mormonism

* Those who are familiar with the numerous works on Mormon life, will remember the name of Heber C. Kimball, a prominent Saint, deceased a year or two ago. His will has just been filed, and his bequests acknowledge forty-one children, the value of his estate being set down at only $59,000 (paper "greenbacks" equal to £8,850), or about £220 apiece, if distributed evenly.

for the licence it allows, or may have acquired their vicious looks from the practice of sensuality; but the fact remains, and will be observed by all who do not become blinded, by the better features which may characterise it, to the obvious evils of this strange community.

A movement has been started in Mormondom, which, if successful, will drive nearly every "Gentile" from the territory. An association has been formed, modelled after the Civil Service Co-operative Stores in London, and for the same purpose—that of supplying the Mormons, from one main establishment, and from a large number of branch stores, with the goods they may require, at a considerable reduction in price. It is known as "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Association," and every petty shopkeeper among the Saints must purchase his goods from the central warehouse in Salt Lake City, on pain of expulsion from the church. The Mormon consumer would, of course, get his supplies at a considerable reduction in price, and in a city where 25 cents (paper—say 9d.) is the smallest sum that any one will look at, whether for blacking your boots or selling you a villanous cigar, this is doubtless a boon to the community. Each shop and store under the new arrangement has a signboard, with the All-seeing Eye painted on it, and the title of the association below: above both are the words, "Holiness to the Lord!"

The great temple of which we have all heard is still unfinished—its foundations alone laid. From the appearance of things, it is questionable whether it will be completed for a long period. It was never intended as a place of meeting, but rather for the performance of Mormon rites. The marriages would probably keep it well employed! Hard by it is the Tabernacle, known by the irreverent as the great "Egg-shell," from the form of its shingle roof. Formerly the Saints worshipped during summer in the "Bowery," an erection of poles, green boughs, and vines, open to the sky; but now the Tabernacle is used exclusively for their Sunday and other gatherings. I attended one service, at which several missionaries, "called" to travel and preach in benighted Europe, bade farewell to the church. When Brigham Young chooses, he calls on some one of his followers—usually a wealthy man is selected—and he has at once to leave his business or whatever else he may be engaged in, and go to England, Sweden, or elsewhere, to preach the Mormon gospel. Although at home the general public is little acquainted with these efforts for its conversion, there is no mystery made of it at Salt Lake. In the columns of the *Deseret News* I saw several letters from the "brethren" labouring in Europe, detailing the number of proselytes made, the prospects of their particular fields, and so on. The Tabernacle is capable of holding nearly 10,000 persons when closely packed; I question whether more than 2,000, or 3,000 at the most, were present when my visit was made. The service was composed of prayers, several addresses by prominent Mormons, and, in this case, by the missionaries about to leave the city, and some rather indifferent singing. The great organ—the second largest in the United States—was under repair, and I therefore missed the opportunity of hearing it.

I also visited the great theatre, the tiers of boxes in which are reserved for "Gentiles." The pit was full of Mormons with their wives and children; a special balcony, slightly raised above it, was overflowing with Brigham Young's wives and families; for, as poor Artemus Ward said, he "is an indulgent father but a numerous husband." The stock company of the theatre is composed of Mormon amateurs, most of whom follow some other employment during the day. The epoch of "payment in kind" at the doors of this theatre—corn, peaches, or knitted stockings—is pretty well over. A recent American paper tells us that "the receipts at John McCullough's benefit consisted principally of sweet potatoes, corn in the ear, white mice, home-made pies, a litter of pigs, and 200 axe-handles," and that a prominent Mormon, seeing "no standing-room" advertised at the doors, offered "a three-year-old bull" for a stage box; but there is not a word of truth in it.

In the neighbourhood of Salt Lake City, there are several hot and sulphur springs, one of which has been utilised for bathing purposes. It is the one which was owned by Dr. Robinson, a Gentile—who was brutally murdered by some Mormons of earlier days—they asserting a prior claim to the land on which it is situated. Even now the property is in litigation. Some of the springs are too hot for bathing; one would stand a great chance of getting boiled in them. Indeed, a United States soldier,* somewhat inebriated, once lost his life this way; he swore boastfully that he could do anything which a —— Mormon could do. He had somehow obtained the idea that the boiling-hot spring in question was a favourite bathing-place of theirs. He stripped and plunged in, and that was the last of him. He was sucked under the rock from which the spring emerges, by a whirlpool current, and, shrieking and struggling, was hurried to his last account. His body was never more seen.

Rejoining the Pacific Railroad at Ogden, I passed through a vast quantity of the desolate lands lying round the head of Great Salt Lake. There are miles upon miles of alkaline tracts, looking like a badly-frosted cake; and the deserted camps of the railroad builders, with their *débris* of tin cans, bottles—always bottles—boxes and packing-cases, disabled stoves and pots, skeletons of slaughtered beasts and overworked mules—ay, and human skeletons too—do not add any attractions to the picture. And yet wherever Nature has given the Mormons a chance, there you may observe neat farms, with orchards, gardens, and fields. The Saints' strength lies in irrigation—with it they make the desert to "blossom as the rose;" one might fancy that they all hailed from Holland. A little further on, at Corinne, on Bear River, situated in a much better country than that just described, a "city" of some 3,000 people grew up last spring in a few weeks, built very much on the strength of its becoming the point of junction for the Union and Central Pacific lines (which together form the Pacific Railroad), but also from the fact that it is a depôt for distant mines in Idaho. As I saw it, it was a town of tents and board and canvas houses. I took my repasts and slept in such a house, the floor being that provided by Nature. A bank and a newspaper office, as well as dozens of stores and drinking-saloons, were being carried on in tents also. Since my visit, some board and shingle and also adobe houses have been constructed, and Corinne promises to become a permanent settlement.

About the next day's travel I shall say little. The line was not then quite finished; in less than a week it was open to traffic, and trains passing regularly on their way to California. I went over between the two companies' tracks (*i.e.* between the

* There is a large military station, Camp Douglas, in the immediate vicinity of Salt Lake City. Its guns command the latter place.

terminal points of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads) by stage, passing several canvas towns, some of them already deserted, and in one or two cases smoking and burning, they having been intentionally destroyed by their late inhabitants. I passed the spot sacred to the "great track-laying feat," as it was known at the time. When the "Central" Railroad people had laid six miles of rails in a day, the "Union" Company beat them by laying upwards of seven miles. But the Centralities eventually came out triumphantly by laying *ten miles and a half* in one day. The contest was looked upon as one between California and the Atlantic States, and the former was very proud of her achievement. I furthermore saw the spot where the "last rail" was laid, the "last spike" driven, on the 10th of May, when the railroad was virtually open from Atlantic to Pacific.

Having been previously pretty familiar with California and its love of honest "hard cash," from the modest ten-cent piece to the twenty-dollar piece—the handsomest coin in the world—and its strong determination to have nothing to do with paper money, at least till the days of its depreciation shall be over, I was neither surprised nor disappointed to find, on reaching the end of the "Central Pacific" track (a Californian enterprise), that gold prices commenced there.* I slept in a railroad "car," there being no accommodation outside; a motley crew of rowdies, blackguards, gamblers, and abandoned women, made night hideous with their drunken orgies. A few days afterwards this camp ceased to exist. We were almost in sight of Salt Lake. No fresh water was to be found on the spot; it was brought from a distance in metal tanks on wheels, for the use of locomotives. Morning came at length, and our train started on the way through Nevada to California. The first mile of our ride convinced me that we were on a well-



SAW MILL IN A FOREST OF PINES.

* It may be interesting to some future traveller to learn that "greenbacks" are taken there at 75 cents on the dollar.



SALT LAKE CITY.

built road, and subsequent experience compels me to add, that the Central Pacific Railroad is, besides being in its way, as I shall presently show, one of the wonders of the world, a safe and honestly constructed line throughout.

A few years ago California and Nevada were not well provided with railroads; but the discovery of the celebrated Washoe and other silver mines, with the rapid development of the country in other respects, rendered their construction imperative. The Central Pacific Company, in proposing to build towards Utah, had a hard task before them—that of penetrating the great Sierra Nevada range of mountains, and two years of preliminary explorations were found necessary. At length the Donner Lake Pass was selected as the most favourable and direct route through the mountains. The work of construction was commenced in 1863. It took four years to build to and over the Sierra summit—a distance of 106 miles from Sacramento, California.

On our way we passed numerous "construction trains," on which hundreds of Chinese labourers boarded and slept, being conveyed from place to place as their services were required. They were veritable camps on wheels; each house though roughly constructed of planks, and carried on flat freight "cars," had a reasonable appearance of comfort, and from each a stove-pipe protruded, showing that the celestial "inner man" was not disregarded by the company.

Soon we were in the Humboldt country—one pleasantly varied, and watered by the river of the same name. Here, quite recently, an old mining "excitement" has been revived; and the silver mines of the Cope district, not more than sixty or seventy miles distant from the Pacific Railroad, are proving extremely rich. But the discovery of greatest importance, made since the construction of this portion of the Pacific Railroad, is undoubtedly that of the White Pine silver mines. Nothing has caused so much attention to be directed to Nevada since the discovery of the Virginia mines. The district is 110 miles from the railroad, and the developments so far made, have caused the erection of quite large towns at Elko and Carlin, the stations for White Pine. Vast deposits of chlorides, bromides, and sulphides, "ruby" and "horn" silver have been found, and the ore yields from $100 to $25,000 (£20 to £5,000) per ton. Of a visit to the Eberhardt, the most celebrated of these mines, a reliable writer, says:—"Descending the shaft on a rope, we found ourselves among men engaged in breaking down silver by the ton. The light of our candles disclosed great black sparkling masses of silver on every side. The walls were silver, the roof over our heads silver, the very dust which filled our lungs and covered our boots and clothing with a grey coating, was fine silver. We are told that in this chamber a million dollars' worth of silver lies exposed to the eye, and our observation confirms the statement. How much may be back of it Heaven only knows. Astounded, bewildered, and confounded, we picked up a handful of the precious metal and returned to the light of day. But for the bars of solid silver since shown us, we should be inclined to doubt the evidence of our senses, and look upon the whole scene in the chambers of the Eberhardt mine as the work of a disordered fancy, the baseless fabric of a vision." The White Piners, however, have to endure a climate worse than Alaska. Snow-storms, fogs, rain, succeed each other rapidly; pulmonary complaints have carried off hundreds; the silver extracted is well and hardly earned. On the 20th of May, 1869, the thermometer stood at 32° Fah. at noon; and at a later date men lost fingers and toes by frost-bite. The altitude of Treasure Hill, where the principal deposits have been found, is close on 9,000 feet above the sea level.

Beyond Elko the road passes through a magnificent gorge, but is usually uninteresting. At Argenta and Winnemucca (the latter a station for Idaho), the altitude is about 4,500 feet, increasing gradually, with occasional descents, till at Truckee, a height of 5,866 feet is attained; and with increased elevation the scenery improves. Snow peaks, mountain torrents, and forests of gigantic pine herald the approach to the Sierras. Numerous saw-mills, usually worked by water power, are seen on every hand; and the "lumber" they produce is valuable in California, where timber is, in general terms, rather scarce. And here, too, commences that great line of "snow sheds"—veritable wooden tunnels—built to protect the railroad from the snow-drifts and avalanches which otherwise would stop all traffic in winter time. Fifteen feet and upwards of snow, in 1868, filled up the neighbouring gulches. The only objection to the "sheds" is that they hide some of the finest mountain scenery on the route.

"Summit" Station is the highest point on the Central Pacific Railroad. Its elevation is 7,042 feet, and the great difficulty in reaching that height—the very heart of the Sierra Nevada Range—was found in the fact that it was within 100 miles of the tidal waters of the Pacific. The grades had to be distributed over a comparatively short distance, and there was a considerable number of surveys made before the present route was chosen. The valleys formed by the streams on the west slope of the Sierras are too broken, tortuous, and, precipitous for railroad purposes, and it was necessary to have recourse rather to the outlying ridges. The grades on the mountain division range from 75 to 116 feet to the mile. There are altogether fifteen tunnels on this part of the line: the great "Summit Tunnel," driven through hard granite, is 1,700 yards in length.

As the locomotive, puffing and snorting, emerges from one of these mountain tunnels, it passes a spot made memorable in the early history of California. In 1846, Captain Donner, with a pioneer band of some eighty emigrants, entered the Pass, now named after their leader, and through which the railroad now cleaves its way. A terrible snow-storm completely hemmed them in, and thirty-seven persons of the little band perished miserably from starvation and cold. As the shipwrecked mariner has sometimes resorted to the last terrible alternative—that of sustaining existence by cannibalism—so did some members of this unfortunate party. At the recent "Pacific Railroad Celebration" at Sacramento, William Murphy, a member of this very band, himself a child at the time, and whose mother died at Donner Pass, alluded in broken accents to the sufferings they endured. Nor was there, at the conclusion of his address, a dry eye among all the hardy men who listened to him; men, be it observed, who knew from experience the difficulties encountered in the early days; men who would smile contemptuously at many of our travellers' yarns. The very spot which witnessed the occurrence of this tragedy is now a favourite summer resort for Californians, and at the neighbouring Donner Lake there is an excellent hotel. So moves the world.

The grandeur of this Sierra region cannot be overstated.

It is much more the "Switzerland of America" than some other localities to which the title has been applied. Grand snow-peaks and forest-covered hills; blue lakes and tarns; cataracts, torrents, and quieter streams succeed one another so rapidly, that the hasty railroad traveller much regrets his inability to stop among these—to him—fleeting scenes. There is, however, no difficulty in making a halt among the Sierras. Not merely are there many settlements, with decent hotel accommodations, but in summer one can lead the life of an independent tourist, and, taking tent and supplies, spend a delightful time in the open air. There is plenty of good shooting—from grisly bears to grouse—and fishing in the mountain tarns is profitable sport.

On the western slope of the Sierras one can see, from the railroad, some most glorious landscapes. "Emigrant Gap," "Bear Valley," "Yuba and Blue Cañons," are localities which would be attractive to the most ambitious artist. Steep walls and cliffs of rock, enclosing verdant gorges and smiling valleys; the Sierra peaks in the distance; far below the railroad embankment—down, maybe, many hundred feet—a river or torrent, so distant that it looks like a silver thread; foaming cataracts and mountain waterfalls; here and there a settler's house, rude but picturesque—all these features combine to present the traveller with an ever-changing panorama of attractive views. And amid these scenes the practical side is ever prominent in the evidences of present or past mining activity. "Flumes" and "ditches," for the purpose of conveying water from a distance to the mining camps, are constantly seen, and the road passes through some old mining towns, to which a certain interest attaches itself, although our space will not permit of any allusions thereto.

At length the charming and highly-cultivated valley of the Sacramento was reached, and in the legislative, swampy capital of California the journey may be considered ended. A steamboat ride down the Sacramento River and San Francisco Bay to San Francisco, or a railroad ride to Vallejo, thence taking boat to the "Bay City" completes the trip from Atlantic to Pacific.* It is now regularly made in seven days, and letters reach San Francisco from London in seventeen to eighteen days. Of California I shall not now speak. In an early number of the "ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS" I recorded the impression left on my mind in a previous visit, and now, writing directly from that country, I see no reason to change my views. I know no land so attractive at the present moment—attractive equally for the poor emigrant or for the wealthy capitalist. Time will prove my views correct. Yet this, one of the most splendid countries in the globe, is languishing for population. California could well support 20,000,000 souls; her present population does not exceed 650,000 to 700,000. In some future article I hope to resume this subject, and at the present moment can recommend California to all who are seeking a new country wherein to increase and multiply. The Pacific Railroad has rendered it an accessible territory, and the wise will go to it now, while land is yet to be obtained at the Government prices. For young farmers it is undoubtedly the paradise of the United States. In conclusion, and to make this article of practical use, I would briefly mention the *present* rate of fares between New York and San Francisco. A first-class through ticket on the railroad costs $150 (paper currency, £22 10s.) This does not include the cost of "sleeping-cars" and meals on the road, which will run up to about £8 more. Second-class tickets for the same journey are now sold for $70 (say £11). The steamers, *viâ* Panama, have also greatly reduced their rates owing to the opposition. First-class "through" is 20 guineas; steerage, about 10 guineas. To the above charges the reader has but to add the passage from England to New York to find the total cost of a trip to the Golden State.

* A new railroad will connect the legislative and commercial capitals of California at a period not far distant.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—II.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER II.

FROM ST. LOUIS TO BAKEL — LAST INSTRUCTIONS OF GENERAL FAIDHERBE—FROM BAKEL TO MEDINA—INCIDENT AT KOTÉRÉ—SENEGAL BETWEEN FÉLOU AND GOUÏNA—FINAL DEPARTURE FROM MEDINA, ON THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER, 1863—MANNER OF MARCHING—POLITICS OF KHASSO, OF LOGO, AND OF NATIAGA—VISIT TO ALTINEY-SEGA—CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN—ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY—ROUTE FROM MEDINA TO GOUÏNA—ATTACK OF FEVER—ENCAMPMENT AT GOUÏNA—TRIAL OF NAVIGATION ABOVE THIS POINT—ITS FAILURE—DEPARTURE OF THE OFFICERS OF MEDINA—THE GUIDE SENT BACK—WE ARE ALONE.

THE river being unusually low in 1863, I left a month earlier than I had intended. I set out on October the 12th, in the gun-boat *Couleuvrine*, taking with me whatever had not been sent on with my laptots, and the instruments I had ordered from France, which had just arrived by the steamer. There was a barometer, two thermometers, a small sextant, artificial horizon, three pocket-compasses, a watch marking the seconds, and a chronometer. I had also a theodolite, but its size and weight obliged me to leave it at Bakel, where I arrived after inspecting the different posts on the left branch of the Senegal, the Richard Toll, Dagana, Podor, &c. On the 19th I landed at Bakel, and spent some few days there making inquiries for the horses and donkeys which I needed. During this time the governor, General Faidherbe, came to inspect us, and I received his last verbal instructions, which were summed up thus: "Start as soon as possible; get on as quickly as you can before the hot weather begins, and try to reach the Niger." Then thinking, perhaps, that I was wanting in enthusiasm, he added a few words calculated at once to reach the heart of any man of feeling. The next day he left Bakel, with shouts of applause from the Foot Artillery and the ships, and a few days after, on the 26th, I also left for Medina, the last French

station on the river where I could finally make arrangements for a caravan.

I had bought a pretty good horse at Bakel, small but strong, the only one I could find, and for that I paid ten pounds, twice as much as it was worth. Notwithstanding my great desire to obtain a horse for the doctor, I was obliged to abandon the idea, and give him his choice of the two I had bought at St. Louis. Twelve donkeys, which I had been able to procure, seemed to me to be enough to carry our things, which comprised about 800 rations for my blacks, a hundredweight of powder, 600 cartridges, our clothes, the instruments for observation, the medicines, &c. In order not to over-fatigue the animals, I sent a large quantity of my goods in a canoe as far as Medina, while I travelled with the unladen animals, being thus able to accomplish about ten leagues a day, and arriving at Medina on the 30th of October.

If the water was too low to allow the steamboats to run to Medina, it was quite high enough to make it very difficult for us to pursue our journey by land. We could not cross at Falémé, where the current is very strong, without the help of the canoe we had brought with us; and it was the same at the ford of Dianou Khollé, and several others. The mud and the steepness of the banks delayed us, and caused many falls, which were sometimes dangerous.

At Kotéré, a hamlet of Kaméra, an incident occurred which nearly put an end to our expedition before it had well begun. When my men arrived they found the road obstructed by a fence, which they wished to remove.* An old woman who opposed this was knocked down, and before I could restore order, the whole village came out, attracted by the woman's cries, attacked my men with great sticks, and violently took away their weapons. In vain the chief man of the village and I tried to separate the combatants. Every one was enraged; I myself was threatened with a blow from a dagger, and being knocked over several times, I had need of all the coolness and presence of mind I possessed.

This could not go on; in vain did I recommend my men not to fire, the Sarracolets* loaded their guns, and I saw that the time was come when there was nothing left for us but to sell our lives as dearly as we could, when, fortunately, I was recognised by some of the villagers, who had been under me in 1859-60, when I was commanding the *Couleuvrine* at Makhana. They joined me and the chief, and repulsed the younger villagers, while I gathered my men together with the help of my faithful Bakary Gueye. We recaptured the animals who were devouring the grain, made them go out, and peace was restored. Then I entered the village with M. Quintin and a laptot interpreter. I easily got back our arms, and sharply reproved the villagers for their brutality, reminding them that it was a bad thing to use violence against us, and that if we did them any harm, the commander was at Bakel to do them justice and repair any loss. The village chief, who had behaved very well, made excuses for himself, and asked pardon for his people.

The only real damage we sustained was the breaking of the glass of the chronometer in my pocket—no doubt by some blow of which I was not conscious at the time. Henceforth



VIEW ON THE UPPER SENEGAL.

* At this time of the year the crop of millet has not all been gathered in, and to prevent animals from trespassing, they make hedges of thorns outside the villages.

* The Sarracolets, or inhabitants of Kaméra, are of the Soninké race.



NEGRO ESCORT OF M. MAGE.

we were obliged to carry this instrument in a box, and I could only use it to count the seconds.

At Medina I occupied myself in packing my luggage for the last time, bought provisions and some things we had forgotten at St. Louis, and saw to the lading of the animals. Leaving M. Quintin to finish the last few details, I went to explore the river above the Falls of Félou, in the canoe I had brought with me. When we reached the foot of the cataract, we carried it to land on its cart, and mules drew it till we reached the higher basin. That part of the river between the Falls of Félou and those of Gouïna had been visited by M. Pascal, sub-lieutenant of the Marine Infantry in 1859, at the time of his travels in Bambouk. Before him, M. Brossard de Corbigny had gone by land as far as Bagou Kho, in 1858. I went myself, in 1860, by land as far as Gouïna, in the dry season. They said, at Bakel, that M. Rey (the late commander of this fort) had gone there by water in a canoe. However, after the first day I was stopped by a barrier of rocks, five of which I crossed the next day, but the size of the sixth obliged me to give it up and return for provisions and a conveyance. In this first expedition, when M. Poutot, then lieutenant in the Engineers, commanding at Medina, accompanied me, I had tried the river in its navigable parts; in my second attempt, when I succeeded in reaching the village of Banganoura, I was accompanied by Dr. L'Helgoual'rh, surgeon of the post. We met with no less than eleven barriers, several of which obliged us to carry the canoe across the rocks; some we could not pass except by the towline;* others, again, only by every one getting into the water and carrying the canoe over the rapids, a work of much difficulty and danger.

At Banganoura, the succession of rapids and the violence of the current would not allow me to advance, so I disembarked, and went to look at the road, to see if we could carry the canoe until we had got beyond the falls, and then continue our exploration of the river. I was about half a league from Gouïna; the road, a mere path, lay across a rocky hill and two little ravines, but, with the devotion and skill of my laptots, I could overcome these difficulties. Reassured on this point, I admired and sketched the splendid falls, and returned to Medina.

These two excursions, which had taken me five days, left me in very good health, notwithstanding the dreadful fatigue I had undergone. I had traced the exact course of the river from Medina to Gouïna, and was sure of being able to continue my expedition above these falls. My enthusiasm increased, but I took care to redouble my precautions, to aid me in surmounting the difficulties I foresaw would arise, in trying to carry so great a weight, with so few men and such small means of conveyance.

When I returned to Medina, I sent the canoe back to Banganoura, loaded with provisions, its little cart, and all it could possibly carry under the circumstances. I entrusted this to Samba-Yoro, who had been my companion in my first voyages. He understood all the difficulties, but as he was an enterprising man, he did not hesitate to undertake the charge. When he reached Banganoura, he obtained from the village chief a cottage in which to store my provisions, gave them into Déthié Ndiaye's charge, who stayed with Sidy to take care of the canoe, and returned to me at Medina.

* An operation which consists in drawing the canoe along by means of a rope from the shore.

I left Medina finally on the morning of the 25th of November, 1863. The evening before I had loaded my donkeys, and sent on my caravan to encamp on the bank of the Falls of Félou, thus saving some time, as the first starting is very troublesome; and the blacks do not make it any better, as they are naturally most disorderly. The advice they are given is scarcely listened to, the orders they receive are badly executed, and hardly have they finished loading an animal, when it is necessary to do the whole work over again. This happened to us several times that day. When this accident does occur, the best plan is to stop the whole caravan at once, for generally it takes a long time, and when there are only a few men the difficulty is greater. At these delays, other animals, which are either too heavily or not sufficiently laden, take the opportunity of shaking off their burdens or lying down, so that sometimes the progress is checked for an hour. By degrees the men get more accustomed to it, they girth the saddle-bags and balance the packages more evenly, use the animals less roughly, which makes them consequently go far better, and thus at last it becomes possible to make long marches without any stoppages whatever.

In all these emergencies, I repeat, patience is required, and imperturbable coolness. If the blacks dispute, let them alone; they very seldom come to blows—the tongue is their favourite weapon; but it is impossible to conceive the use they make of it, unless one has heard them. Unfortunately, I did not possess much patience and coolness, and during the first few days I gave way to so much irritability, that it was not very long before I felt the effects of it. From the very first there were symptoms of jealousy and discord amongst my men, which afterwards gave me a good deal of trouble and embarrassment. Things got to such a pitch that I was often obliged to interfere to prevent blows, and several times I was too late. The fact was that I had with me picked men of different classes, all working alike; and those who were accustomed to govern tried to make the others serve them, who having quite as much to do themselves, felt this an imposition; so, what with jealousy and slander, our party did not long keep in perfect harmony.

I do not remember what politician it is who says, "To rule you must divide." This may be true, and with men who are capable of treason I should have congratulated myself on these quarrels; but as it was, they caused me continual difficulties. When I left Medina, Sambala, King of Khasso, had just sent an army into the country, as is the custom amongst the blacks. The object of this campaign was kept a mystery, but before starting, I used every effort to try and learn from Diogou Sambala, the king's cousin, to what place the expedition was destined. At first he pretended to be utterly ignorant, but on my persisting to question him, he told me, under the seal of secrecy, that it was going to Dentilia. Was this true, or was it only a piece of the duplicity so common among the blacks, and of which they are not the least ashamed when they are discovered? However that might be, I believed it, and set out without any distrust.

This expedition had brought the principal chiefs to Medina (the allies of Sambala), and, amongst others, Altiney-Sega, chief of Natiaga, and Nyamody, chief of Logo. Although Natiaga and Logo are really provinces of Khasso, and the inhabitants are Khassonkés, and Sambala receives the title

of King of Khasso, it is quite a mistake to think that he governs all these principalities. The Government of Senegal, recognising an ally in Sambala, did their best to increase his power, and to give him the preponderance over his neighbours; but he could not quite obliterate the traces of the past. Logo became his vassal, but not his tributary; and Nyamody, its chief, took care to fortify himself in the village of Sabouciré, so as to be safe from the caprice of this prince, now an ally of the French, by whom his life had been saved at the siege of Medina, though he now disowned these services, if not openly, at least in private. As to Altiney-Sega, when El Hadj arrived, leaving behind him traces of blood and fire, he thought it prudent to bend before the storm, and, taking his followers with him, he offered to help the prophet to accomplish his project, forsaking Sémounou, who was obliged to fly. He stayed at the head of his own people in a subordinate position, till El Hadj began his struggle with Ségou. Then he went back, saying that El Hadj had authorised them to return to their homes; but in reality he was a deserter from the prophet's army.

Understanding that El Hadj's defeat at Medina, in 1857, had left the supremacy of the country in the hands of the French, he applied to the Governor of Medina for permission to return to his village of Natiaga, which formerly belonged to Mansolah; then thinking that he might perhaps incur the vengeance of Sambala, he established himself in a gorge with natural fortifications, where he founded the village of Tinké at the foot of some rocks which form a sort of "Pass of Thermopylæ." When he came to Medina, in obedience to a call from Sambala, he made me promise to go and see him on my journey across Natiaga.

The governor, thinking that he was on good terms with El Hadj, gave orders that he should be well treated, so as to win him over to our interests, and so compensate for the evident ill-will with which Sambala regarded our journey. As for me, I imagined him to be a secret agent of El Hadj's, and as soon as I was encamped on the plain of Natiaga, I went to see him, wishing to give my men a day's rest, and to inform myself of his forces. His contingents had left the day before, and he assured me he did not know where they were gone. He seemed embarrassed, and even tried to avoid seeing me, by saying he was ill; but I forced my way into his house, so that he was obliged to give us an audience. I advised him to keep peace and a good understanding with his neighbours, and also to restore the numerous villages which had been destroyed in the war; and particularly that of Oua-Sálla, on the river-bank, which stood in a good position; and he promised me to set about it the next day. Seeing that he had lost the fear he had shown, I asked him for a guide as far as Bafoulabé. He told me that none of his men would be able to conduct me, as they had not been on the road for ten years; however, the next day he sent me one of his Khassonkés; this was in acknowledgment of a present I had previously made him. It was not much, only a velvet cap embroidered with gold, but the effect on the fellow was beyond expression.

The same evening I tried to climb a mountain in the neighbourhood, but could not reach the summit; for after having passed the inclined plains, I reached a perpendicular wall, more than sixty-five feet high, which defied all my attempts to scale it. From there I had a very fine view; the river in all its windings between us and Dinguira, with its rocky barriers, and falls sparkling in the sun; the magnificent plain of Natiaga, broken by its massive mountain chains, and numerous streams, spreading out far into the distance, and losing itself in narrow valleys, surmounted with numerous peaks—these formed very striking features in the landscape. At my feet was my camp; to the right rose the picturesque Mountains of Maka Gnian, and several chains of mountains formed quite a fairy-like background. I could never tire of admiring this country, where God has lavished his gifts with unwonted prodigality. The ground is fertile to an extent hardly credible; water abounds and furnishes good fish; gold is to be found near the end of the valley to the left; iron, everywhere beneath us in the valley, and on the slopes, and above us in the highest peaks. The river abounds in falls, of which the motive power would be incalculable; but no hand of man has laboured in this world of riches. The natives do not even know how to get clothes with which to dress themselves. Their women are half naked, their habitations miserable, their utensils clumsy, and their most advanced arts, metallurgy and weaving, are still in their infancy.

Such were my meditations. Reflecting that these people, like those in Senegambia, have been more or less in contact with Europeans for nearly two centuries, I asked myself, by what means could they be aroused from the state of apathy in which they were—only applying their strength and intelligence to evil—to war and pillage? However, I was obliged to tear myself away from these thoughts; the hill on which I was standing was exposed to the sun, and I began to feel some symptoms which alarmed me.

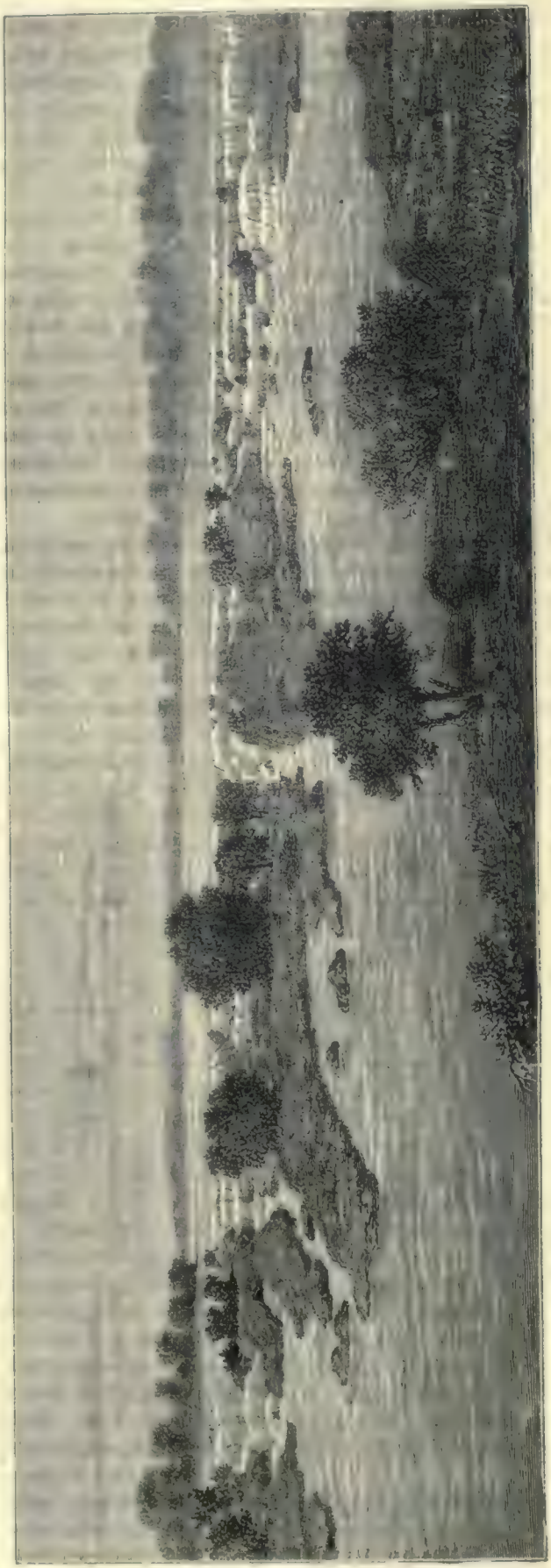
The next day, the 27th, I had the luggage packed, and we began our march to Gouïna early, where I had resolved we should encamp that night. Our short stay at Mansolah, whence I started, had shown me how profitable a traffic our traders might carry on in buying earth-nuts in this country. With a canoe they could reach thus far at high water; and judging from the price at which I bought them, I should think that they would be able to realise immense profits. I wrote to the governor some days afterwards, and told him that for a couple of yards of long cloth, equivalent to a little more than two francs, we had bought four bushels of earth-nuts—that is to say, about a hundredweight of this vegetable, worth fifteen to twenty francs in France, and ten or twelve francs in the market at St. Louis.

From Medina to Mansolah the road winds along by the river-side, as far as Dinguira; and the river is, in this part, pretty free from barriers. At Dinguira, it leaves the river, which is then a succession of rocks and rapids. When we left Mansolah our route became difficult. The road, passing between high rocks, was rendered intricate by tall grass, amidst which gazelles and antelopes bounded, flying swiftly as the wind at our approach, and frightening coveys of partridges and pintadoes, which often fell victims to our blows, from their slow and heavy flight. Every tree we passed was the resort of troops of parroquets, the plague of the fields, which they strip, and on every rock a grey monkey chattered and grimaced. But all these things, which at another time would have attracted my attention, now found me cold and impervious. My dull head balanced itself on my shoulders, and I shivered. I felt, to tell the truth, all the symptoms of an attack of fever, and one of the most violent I ever experienced in the whole course of my travels. Wherever there was a break in the thick

clouds which half veiled the heavens, the sun shone on us with an inconceivable heat, and the difficulties of the road, which obliged me constantly to lead my horse, added to my distress. I was tormented with thirst, and the vegetation becoming less and less bushy, left me without any shelter. Three times I was attacked with dizziness, and sliding from my horse, I lay extended under the shade of the brambles. A few drops of water from one of the officer's flasks revived me, but no one who has not suffered from the fevers of Senegal, can comprehend what I endured. After three hours' march in this condition, I reached the Bagoukho, which was fordable at this time. I crossed, and we encamped on its bank till half-past two. This delay gave me time to get a little rest, and the fever passed away. In the evening I encamped in a natural bower, formed by a tree on the edge of the river, 650 feet above the Falls of Gouïna.

The next day I sent all my men to Banganoura, to carry the canoe to the upper river above the falls. We had to drag it up an almost perpendicular bank, place it on rollers and clear our way through the bushes and across two ravines. In the afternoon we accomplished our task, and launched the boat on waters where European craft had never floated, and where I do not expect to see another float for many a long year.

So far all had gone well, except my health; but I had had too much experience of the fevers of Senegal to be afraid of a simple attack, however violent it might be. Besides, I was prepared for the second attack, and had already taken physic; the third was so slight that I saw the fever was conquered by sulphate of quinine. But still I felt very weak for two days—too weak to set out in the sun—and not willing to lose such precious time, I spent it in finishing my sketch-map of the river, writing my letters, fixing the exact latitude of Gouïna by many observations of the meridian height of the sun, which gave me 14° 00′ 45″ north, whilst by calculation, after all reductions were made, I found the longitude 13° 30′ 14″ west of Paris.



THE FALLS OF FÉLOU.

I had taken a tolerably correct view of the cataract at low tide on my first visit to Gouïna. I was now able to add to my first drawing a view of this magnificent landscape at high water. Gouïna is then a splendid sight. The river, 1,600 to 1,700 feet wide, falls in sheets, broken by immense masses of rock, so worn and riddled by the stream that it escapes in a thousand elegant threads of water, which add much to the grandeur of the scene. The height of this fall was only forty-seven feet at this time. It reaches to sixty feet when the river is low in the basin under the falls, from which it escapes by a succession of rapids, which in a distance of about eighty yards make a further difference of thirteen feet in the level.

During this time the doctor set out in a canoe with the officers from Medina, who, having accompanied me so far, hoped to see Bafoulabé; but their hopes were disappointed, for after having crossed three little rapids, they were stopped by a fall of water, and were obliged to turn back. They had reached the site of the ancient village of Foukhara, the extreme point of M. Pascal's visit in 1859. When he arrived there, he found the guides afraid of going farther, on account of El Hadj's scouts; so he was obliged to retrace his steps, and enter the territory of Bambouk. To pass this point, therefore, was a step gained in the geography of Senegal, and the governor con-

sidered it of such importance that one day, when I was expressing to him my regret at having so few resources for my journey, he replied, "Do what you can; impossibilities are not asked of you, and even if you do not get farther than Bafoulabé, that in itself would be an important result." Seeing the same obstacles which had stopped M. Pascal rise before me, my guide declaring he only knew the inland road, whilst I wished to follow the course of the river, to see if it were navigable by a canoe, I cut short the difficulty by sending the guide back with the officers, MM. Poutot and Bougel, who returned to Medina. I then took the road to Foukhara, resolved that nothing short of impossibilities should drive me back.

The same evening I encamped at the first bar examined by M. Quintin, and determined to proceed the next day to the second. Things went wrong, however: the men who were sent to reconnoitre the road and to burn the grass could not set it on fire. One mule had already fallen. Two men, having drunk the impure water of a pool, were taken violently sick. We no longer had any guide, and before us was a *terra incognita*. How near should we find inhabited villages? To what people would the inhabitants belong? How would they receive us? All these questions were awaiting their answers; but for myself, the more threatening the prospect seemed the higher my courage rose, and the more firmly I was resolved to go forward, whatever might happen.

A New Zealand Snow-storm.—In Two Parts.

BY FREDERICK NAPIER BROOME.

PART I.

On the 29th of July, 1867, I was living in the province of Canterbury, New Zealand, on a sheep-station in the Malvern Hills. So far the winter had been wonderfully fine, without even the occasional slight falls of snow we were accustomed to. The sheep were in good condition, and the number of lambs greater than I ever remember. My partner, H——, was about to leave for England. We had taken a farewell ride together through the run. There was already some spring in the grass, and on the bare patches of hill-side we noticed the lambs racing and playing by the hundred—a sight to gladden the heart of a sheep-farmer.

On the day I mention, H—— and I were to drive down together to Christchurch, where I was to be with him till the 6th of August, when he had to leave Lyttleton, the port town, by the branch steamer to Wellington. There he would take the mail-boat and proceed to England, *viâ* Panama, a voyage of about fifty days. After breakfast I said good-bye to my wife, promising to return by the 7th, and rode over to H——'s house, about two miles off; there I left my horse, and started with him in a double dog-cart and pair. As we were leaving we noticed a coming change in the weather. A dark bank of clouds advanced slowly from the south-west, the wind shifted to that quarter, and blew very cold. We were half inclined to put off the journey, but as the horses were in, we determined to start, trusting to leave the rain behind us. The station being fifty miles inland, and 1,100 feet above the sea, the whole distance we had to travel (forty-five miles) was a gradual descent, and weather towards the sea-coast often differs from that in the hills. Fortunate it was we did start that morning; had we not done so, on the next day, and for a fortnight afterwards, travelling would have been impossible, and H—— would have lost the mail, as well as the moiety of his passage-money already paid.

We reached town that evening. We had, as we anticipated, left most of the rain among the mountains. Across the plains (for thirty miles) the road was good, and the slight drizzle which fell served to keep the horses cool, so that they did their work well and quickly, landing us at the Christchurch Club in good time for dinner. On waking next morning, rain was beating furiously against the window. I looked towards the hills, but could see nothing; a perfect hurricane was blowing; there was no fog, but a haze of rain almost as dense. H——'s luggage ought to have left the station this morning, in the dray; the weather would prevent this, but we expected a change in a day or so, as such violent bursts are generally short-lived, and there was yet a week before the starting of the steamer.

We passed our time very pleasantly in-doors, played a great many games of billiards, smoked a great many cigars, and otherwise idled through that day, and the next, and the next, and yet no sign of the storm breaking up. At last, very miserably, we went about the town, compelled by business necessary on H——'s departure. The streets were empty of people, the side channels perfect rivers, and still no view whatever towards the hills. We now knew that all the creeks and rivers would be flooded, and H—— began to have doubts about his luggage arriving in time. However, with or without it, go he must, as his passage-money was paid. I also had a little anxiety of my own. The English mail arrived the day before we left the station. My letters had gone up country, but I had left instructions, in that case, to have them forwarded to town by the coach passing twelve miles from my house, as I wished particularly to answer them by the packet H—— went by. But no coach had come in, or was likely to come in for some time. North, south, and west, communication was interrupted; the telegraphs were broken; there was no news whatever from the country. At Christchurch itself nothing but rain had fallen, but it was known that within ten miles snow was lying on the plains, and that within twenty it was a foot thick. By Friday night I was seriously uneasy. I knew that at home we were out of stores of every sort; that my wife was trusting to the dray sent with H——'s luggage returning at once with a full freight. But where was the dray? If not capsized in a creek, or stuck fast in a snow-drift, probably standing ingloriously at the station, and likely so to stand for another week. I knew also that our heap of firewood was at the last log. I had left orders for more to be cut and carted, but the snow would perhaps render this impossible. Still, having no positive tidings of the weather in the hills, I trusted it might be less severe than that which howled and rained over Christ-

church. But in the night of Friday, the storm, which had now raged four days, passed off to the northward, and on Saturday the sun rose in a clear sky. I got up, and my first look was towards the hills. I could see them well, from the lesser ranges in front to the Southern Alps, the backbone of the island, in the far distance; and from north to south there was a clear view of them—a magnificent semicircle of a hundred miles or more. It was a splendid, but, to a flock-owner, an appalling landscape. From base to brow all was a shining white. I did not then know that that snow was the winding-sheet of half a million sheep, but I could tell that it was very deep. There was not so much as one black speck uncovered in all those mountains. The dark juttings of rock, usually blown so bare, were smoothed over. Still H—— and I knew nothing certain, and we hoped for the best. Our run was very sheltered, broken into long valleys running up between the ranges, and our sheep and lambs had in former years weathered snow-storms without any great loss. As yet no mail-coach, riding post, or other traveller, had come in from more than twenty miles beyond Christchurch. The coach offices knew nothing of their coaches; in fact, no news whatever had arrived of the nature and damage of the storm among the sheep-stations. We saw there had been a great snow-fall; beyond this we knew nothing. But on that evening a gentleman, who lived some twenty miles to the north of us, came into the billiard-room where I happened to be. He had just ridden in from his station, fifty-five miles, and was spattered and stained from head to foot. He gave fearful accounts. The snow, he said, had fallen about four feet deep on the level ground, and, as a gale of wind had been blowing all the week, the drifts were tremendous—gullies filled up, creeks bridged over, &c. His horse had been six hours plunging through eight miles of half-frozen snow. On the plains it was not so bad, but among the hills it was terrific. On Sunday a messenger rode in to say that the West Coast Mail lay embedded in the snow half-way up a mountain pass, with its pole broken. This was the coach by which my English letters were to have come! A warm north-west wind set in; all rivers were reported impassable, especially one which I would have to pass going home; so, much as I wished to return and see how things were—how my sheep and lambs (not to mention my wife) had weathered the storm, I determined to remain, see H—— off on Wednesday, and make a push home on Thursday morning.

Wednesday morning came, and no sign either of H——'s luggage or of several friends who had promised to ride down and see him off. We now felt certain that the loss of lambs at least would be heavy. Some news of the state of things had penetrated to Christchurch. There was a paragraph in the paper. It was evident that the whole country, except the immediate seaboard, lay under a depth of water unprecedented in former years. Despite the warm wind, even the lower front hills remained as white and smooth with snow as ever. Still, in the absence of definite intelligence, we trusted to the very sheltered nature of our run to secure us against any heavy loss. At eleven a.m. H—— and I and several friends rode together to the port town, where we lunched. Soon afterwards the steamer ran up her Blue Peter; we went on board, wished H—— a pleasant passage over several bottles of champagne, and left just as the anchor was weighed.

We rode back that afternoon to Christchurch. About nine in the evening, as I was in the middle of a game of billiards, I was told some one wanted to see me. It was the drayman with H——'s luggage and a letter from my wife. The man gave a bad account of the road. The dray had floated down the river, &c. The warm wind, he said, was taking the snow off the low ground, but the hills were still very deeply covered. My wife's letter contained worse news. They had been without fuel, and with scarcely any food. The house, which lay low, surrounded by hills, had been almost buried; and directly it was possible to stir out, "thousands of sheep and lambs" were found lying smothered in snow or drowned in the creeks. Here, indeed, was definite intelligence with a vengeance. I determined at once to start homewards, and, after winning my game of billiards, I went to a hotel where one of my neighbours, also in town, was staying, and told him the tidings. We agreed to ride together as far as his station that evening; from thence I could go on home early next morning. My horse had already carried me more than twenty miles, over hard roads, at anything but a moderate pace. However, off we started.

In six large streams, and running like a mill-race, we found the river, which ten days back I had crossed in one small channel fetlock deep. Very fortunately, we forded it without mishap. The night was pitch dark—so dark that we could not even see the water. We reached my friend's house, thirty-five miles from town, soon after one a.m.; and here we found the snow lying only where it had drifted against fences, &c., for we were still on the plains, and I had twelve miles further to ride in the morning. My horse, which happened to be a "station-screw" H—— had driven down, had carried me more than fifty-five miles. After making him comfortable, I went to bed.

Early next day I rode home. As I advanced among the hills the drifts were more frequent, until within a mile of my house nothing was thawed except sunny banks; though a hot wind had been at work for three days, there was the same uniformity of snow on the hills. Within half a mile of home, where the road crossed a creek, I came upon some two hundred sheep lying drowned; again, close to my garden I saw a quantity smothered in a drift. This was a good preparation for what was to follow. Not without difficulty I led my horse to the stable, as a great drift, five feet deep and partially frozen over, had to be waded through. Snow-banks, wave-shaped, showed where fences lay. From the level ground snow had almost disappeared, but in hollows and along ridges, where it had drifted, it still remained, and did remain for weeks. But all that I saw gave but a faint idea of what the actual violence of the storm itself had been. For several days there had blown a warm north-west wind; the low lands were sheets of water; all streams were flooded; the snow had melted from sunny slopes, and nothing but the flattened and dishevelled look of the long grass showed it ever had lain there. But on the higher hills there was no change; all was still, white, and shining.

I found my wife in the house alone; all hands were out on the run, skinning dead sheep and digging out survivors. The intrinsic value of live sheep being about fifteen shillings, it was possible, by securing the fleece and the internal fat, to realise about three shillings per head on those destroyed. I was glad to find that the letter sent to Christchurch had been somewhat hastily written. Not "thousands of sheep and lambs," but about five hundred sheep and several hundred

lambs were all that had been found at present. More there were, no doubt, but how many, it was impossible to say, till sun and wind should bid the snow give up its dead; and even then it would take some time to visit the drifts over many square miles of country. All we could do at present was to set to work on the sheep already found. This we did, and in three days the stock-yard and other railings were well tapestried with skins. It was along a creek the dead sheep lay strewn. It appeared that during the storm they had drifted under its first terraces, and there taken shelter; that the snow, swept by the wind, had showered over the edge and gradually heaped above them; and that at last the flooding of the creek had completed the destruction, by drowning such as were not already smothered. Skinning drowned and frozen sheep is not a pleasant task, especially when standing knee-deep in a slush of snow and water. By evening-time the feet were numb and the fingers stiff and dead. This, however, soon yielded to dry clothes and brandy and water; and sitting round a fire made of the chopped-up fragments of some very neat pigsties not long ago put up, we recounted our mutual experiences of the storm.

According to the narrative given by my wife, it began to rain soon after H—— and I left, and at bed-time (ten p.m.) on that day it was pouring. Rain strikes the low shingle roof of a New Zealand sheep-farmer's house like falling shot. The least drop is heard, and this keeps one informed as to the state of the weather: waking at night, one has only to listen if it is raining. On this first night the storm, having rattled away at the roof, seemed to subside after a few hours; but it was a treacherous quiet, and in the morning there was a white world. Sheep, on the approach of bad weather, invariably seek the low grounds; at other times they generally climb the ridges of the hills towards evening, and there camp for the night. On the flat ground near the house abutted two or three spurs leading from the ranges. All Monday, with much bleating, never-ending processions of sheep and lambs were defiling down these, and dispersing over the low country. No one who has never seen a large flock of ewes and lambs can imagine the noise of bleating which several thousands of these make when they are travelling, and ordinarily this chorus is music in the ears of a sheep-farmer. It speaks to him of his next year's sales, which are to pay off that millstone of a mortgage, whose annual interest of twelve and a half per cent. has so long bound him to the ground.

The cries of the descending sheep and lambs were loud all Monday, but by the middle of Tuesday a dead silence fell over all the hills. It was to be hoped the sheep were safely sheltered somewhere. The snow was now a foot deep, still falling so thickly that the dense mass of sailing flakes obscured all beyond a distance of fifty yards. On Tuesday afternoon the man struggled over on horseback to H——'s house, and brought back a little mutton, all that was there. It may be easy enough in England to keep the turnpike road, even through snow falling and lying a foot deep, but here it was another matter. The road, never anything but a faintly-marked track, was now absolutely no road at all, but a series of concealed creeks and pitfalls. There were no guiding fences, and all landmarks might as well have been a thousand miles off, so dense was the snow-fog; however, the man returned safely about dusk. Had the storm now ceased, all would have been well. Perhaps once in two years we have as much as this. But the worst of the weather was yet to come. On Wednesday morning falling of snow continued as heavily as ever, with the addition of a fierce and freezing south-west wind. Now began the drifting, and the sheep were swallowed up wholesale in gigantic drifts. In the course of the day every sheep on the run (13,000) must, I am certain, have been buried in snow. They were driven on by the wind till they could plunge through it no longer. It was too soft to bear them, and, standing still, they were heaped over in a few hours. This I state from after-knowledge; at the time, nothing was known. It was dangerous to stir fifty yards from the house, and all concerning the sheep was only too correct conjecture.

A Cruise to Soo-chow.

BY A. F. LINDLEY, AUTHOR OF "TI PING TIEN KWOH; THE HISTORY OF THE TAIPING REVOLUTION," ETC.

DURING a roving and adventurous life, I found myself, some years ago, a wanderer on Chinese soil. In the month of October, 1862, it was my lot to visit the famous city of Soo-chow, in the heart of the silk-producing districts, of which, indeed, it was the great metropolis and capital. I say *was*, for, alas! its glories have long since departed. The dogs of war—of civil war—have been let loose upon it. No more do votaries of pleasure flock from the uttermost bounds of the vast "celestial" empire to revel in its gaiety, festivity, and luxuriousness! No more do native bards sing its praises in ecstatic verse! The once ceaseless hum of amusement—the noise of countless theatres and *singsongs*, or tea-houses, where visitors were treated to music (that is to say, what the Chinese call such), have given place to the loud clang, hammer, and din of a huge arsenal.

Shanghai—the largest sea-port town in the province of Kiang-su, as also the most important of the "treaty-ports" at which foreigners are allowed to trade and to establish themselves—lies some fourteen miles from the mouth of the Wong-po, a good-sized stream which empties itself into the embouchure of the mighty Yang-tsze-Kiang, that greatest of all China's great rivers, in latitude 31° N., longitude 122° E.

Early one bright and mellow morn, while the crisp hoar-frost was still lingering on the ground, just as the bells of the numerous European ships which throng the Shanghai anchorage, as they struck the hour of six, were ringing their melodious music over the waters, I and my dear old chum, Jack Esmond—he of the laughing blue eyes, the tawny beard and locks, and the stalwart frame—might have been seen striding across the *bund*, followed by my trusty boy, A-ling, and a couple of coolies well loaded with our travelling paraphernalia.



THE REFUGEES AT KAH-DING.

Proceeding to the E-ho wharf, we hailed our boat to come alongside

"Ningpo Sam," a bronzed and brawny native of the town that gave the prefix to his Britannic cognomen started up with his crew of one from their terribly confined little sleeping-hole beneath the decked fore-part of his craft, and, sulkily rubbing his eyes, cried—

"Hi-ya! master. What for wantchee walkee too muchee early, ga-la!"

Like a flock of geese, the numerous other boatmen near at hand made such a confounded din by roaring, all together, as only your true Chinamen can, such exclamations as, "Hi-ya! Come mi boat, saar!" "Come 'long, master. Mi see you first!" "Mi *san-pan* more bettah, captin!"—that for some moments we could not hear ourselves speak. At length, however, when these vociferous wretches heard the peremptory tones of our orders, and saw that Ningpo Sam had been engaged by us, they disappeared beneath the mat covers of their boats as suddenly as they had arisen, and left us to embark in peace.

The Shanghai *san-pan* (literally, "three planks") is quite a local and peculiar institution. In shape and form it resembles nothing in the world but half a walnut shell; so, as a model of marine architecture, it is unique, to say the least. The pointed end forms the bow, whilst over the stern, working on a hard wood pin which fits into a hole in its centre, projects the broad-bladed *yulo*, or oar, with which the little craft is propelled. Working this on the

screw principle, from side to side, Ningpo Sam began sculling the shallow craft at a goodly speed out among the shipping in mid-stream, so as to take advantage of the strong flood tide. The strange motion—the swaying, rolling, heavy lurching, and rocking from side to side—however, caused by our boatman's exertions, and the round, keel-less bottom of the *san-pan*, would have been anything but agreeable to novices in that mode of travelling.

The boat was gorgeous in its colouring of scarlet, white, and blue, and was, besides, scrupulously clean. The fore-part was decked over for about five feet, the space beneath constituting the cabin of her crew; and no one can say that they required too much room, the exact dimensions of their crib being five feet by four, and two and a half high! Abaft this little deck the boat was all open, and snowy-white bottom-boards ran fore and aft. The centre



BRIDGE AT SOO-CHOW.

was covered in with a stout and weather-proof arched mat, some seven feet long, beneath which Jack and I were able to make ourselves very snug and comfortable. Our guns and rifles were slung up to the sides of the mat cover, and our stores of provisions, &c., stowed comfortably away all round our little cabin, upon the deck of which, the thwart being unshipped, we proceeded to spread out our rugs, and take it easy.

This little craft was destined to be our home for several weeks, during the whole of our proposed inland cruise; for water communication exists throughout this part of China.

It was about nine o'clock that morning when the tide began to fail us, and as the keen, invigorating air had wonderfully raised our appetites, we gave the word to pull inshore, and make fast to the bank for *chow-chow*.

The shipping and forest of junk masts lying above Shanghai had long faded out of sight astern, and we were now close to the city of Kah-ding, the massy walls of which, breached in several places, towered up above the paddy-fields ahead. This city had lately been most unjustifiably wrested from the Taipings by a combined British, French, and Imperialist force. After breakfast, I and my comrade walked up to the city, keeping even with the boat as it slowly crept up close inshore against the tide.

Upon reaching the open space stretching from the city walls to the river's bank, never shall I forget the heart-rending scene of horror that opened to our view. A moment before we had been springing along in all the joy of exuberant health and spirits, drinking in huge gulps of fresh country air, and, gun on arm, full of the sportsman's ardour; but now!—now the horrors of a ruthless, sanguinary war were spread suddenly before us.

A hideous, seething multitude of unfortunate wretches were spread grouped and huddled together in every position of death, starvation, and the most loathsome disease. There were some thousands of these poor mortals, and, worse than all, amongst them, scattered here and there, were lying the headless and mutilated bodies of those remaining victims not yet cleared away, who had been tortured and put to death by the cruel mandarins. These people were all living peaceably and happy under the settled government of the Taiping insurgents, when foreign intervention came to enable the beaten Imperialists to glut their savage propensities upon the helpless and defenceless Taiping peasantry, after the brave revolutionary soldiers had been driven back by European troops and appliances. I dare not write one tithe of the fearful tales I heard there and in other parts, the revolting barbarities attending the wholesale executions of both men and women, and the shocking treatment to which the latter were subjected. Even young children had not been spared. Having become tired of murdering the unfortunate people, the brutal *braves* now left the survivors to starve beneath their walls. Within the Taiping territories the walled cities contained the granaries for the whole country; thus, when these fell into the hands of the Imperialists, and the grain was either retained or destroyed by them, the country people had to starve. Fleeing from the ruthless marauders, who were harrying their peaceful villages with fire and sword, they reached the cities, but only to find there as wretched a fate. There was one poor dying woman,

with a dead child resting against her, just as her powerless arms had let it sink from her bosom, and with others round her yet alive, whose mute but terribly imploring gaze, whose hollow, glaring, spectral eyes, haunt me yet. We ran back to the bank, obtained what food there was cooked in the boat, and took it to her. It came too late: she could not touch it; but the children tore it up like young wolves.

All the way from Kah-ding to Soo-chow—a distance of some eighty or ninety miles—our way led through an endless and seemingly interminable labyrinth of creeks, canals, and lakes, in which the Wong-po river became completely lost. Intersecting and crossing each other in every direction, these water highways were more numerous than the roads in England; and every little bit of a hamlet had a means of communication by boat, in at least several directions. The country in this part is generally flat and low—the hills and rocky formations being few and far between—and the ground is a rich alluvial soil, at one time, no doubt, either covered by the sea, or forming part of the delta of the mighty Yang-tsze-Kiang; most likely the latter, as I never came across any traces of marine deposit either during this trip or any other. Many of the creeks are natural; but so very many are artificial that one pauses, literally overwhelmed with astonishment. The ages during which these canal works must have been in operation; the myriads of labourers whom they must have occupied! It certainly would be impossible to convey by pen any adequate idea of these Chinese canals; of their size, depth, length, and incalculable number. It is a sort of thing that one must personally see to comprehend. And this vast system of water communication extends throughout the whole southern and central provinces of China; being less developed towards the stony and sterile regions of the north. At this period it would be difficult to distinguish many of the natural creeks or canals from those constructed by art, and *vice versâ*, for time and neglect have ruined the banks, overgrown and altered them so that they have become nearly all alike; and even the best of the artificial works have fallen into decay. Embankments have given way, bridges have fallen in, and dense masses of dark rank jungle cover over with a shadowy—and, in many places, impenetrable—canopy the silently flowing, and sometimes motionless, waters beneath. Everything in the way of ancient buildings, works of art, or constructions of public utility, is fast falling into utter ruin in "the Flowery Middle Kingdom." Since the era of the present usurping Tartar dynasty, nothing has been restored, nothing has been preserved, and not one solitary public work has been inaugurated! During the period of their conquest of China the Tartars were simply destroyers; and since then, during the present and previous centuries, they have done nothing but prey upon the rich empire lying prostrate at their mercy. To this day they govern the country by armed force, and retain possession of the crown solely by the support of the Tartar troops of the Eight Banners. No attempt at national or popular government has ever been made by them; no trial to gain the sympathies and confidence of the native Chinese. On the contrary, these unfortunate people are ground down and oppressed by the most sanguinary, corrupt, and gigantic form of tyranny on earth. No wonder China is in a state of chronic rebellion!

The country through which we were passing had been clothed everywhere with rich crops of rice and other produce only a year or two before; but now the devastation of war had changed its aspect woefully. Fields of grain, rotting and ungathered, trampled into mud by passing armies, or fired by wantonly cruel Imperialist soldiery, extended all around. Scarcely a soul could be seen upon the shore, and numerous decaying bodies lying all about the broken-down and blackened villages told the reason why.

On the fourth morning of our journey from Shanghai we entered the silk districts, and then, far as the eye could reach, extended vast mulberry plantations, of the white species. Something like two hundred square miles of ground in this part of China contain nothing but these mulberry gardens. The trees are carefully pruned down to an average height of six to eight feet, and are heavily manured. This territory we found in a better condition than that adjoining, for it was still under Taiping rule, and had not yet been desolated.

Shortly after noon we came upon the Grand Canal, at the spot where it flows near to the eastern gate of Soo-chow, and is crossed by the handsome Woo-lung-jao, or "Five Dragon Bridge."

We have all heard of the Great Wall of China: many of the most persistent stay-at-homes can no doubt tell us all about it; but I should like to know why that eighth wonder of the world—the Grand Canal of China—is never heard of. No people but the industrious, orderly, and indomitably persevering "Celestials" could have designed and executed so truly wondrous and gigantic a work, as the Great Wall. How singularly grotesque is the idea of building a wall as a frontier line over 1,200 miles of country, to prevent invasion! Fancy, then, its execution in one reign, and its present existence—perfect, in most places—as a huge-built rampart fifty feet high and twenty-five feet broad on the summit, throughout that vast length! But let us consider for a moment that other mighty work, originating in a motive almost equally grotesque, I mean the Grand Canal of China.

More than six hundred years ago, during the reign of the mighty Kublai Khan, the first emperor of the Mongol dynasty, great fleets of pirates and rebels infested the coasts of China, and, by preying upon the convoys of grain-junks periodically carrying the produce of the south to the sterile northern provinces, not only often caused famine amongst the unfortunate inhabitants of those parts, but seriously affected the new capital, Pekin, itself. In addition to this, the stormy weather on the wild sea-coast annually caused great havoc among the unwieldly and heavily-laden grain-vessels, as well as a heavy loss of life amongst the mariners of the period. Now, then, see the working of the Chinese mind! Kublai Khan, or his ministers, thought how advantageous it would be to have an inland canal, or water communication, by which the numerous and important grain-fleets might be able to sail from the south to the north in perfect safety from the rebels, pirates, and tempests of the rugged coast! Well, the most astonishing thing is that this unequalled idea was not only conceived but executed. The Suez Canal seems now the wonder of the day; but what comparison does it bear to the Chinese Grand Canal? This astounding work of the great Mongol emperor, although aided by the great rivers, is artificial during a length of at least 650 miles! Originally, throughout nearly the whole of this great distance, its banks were built of marble, whilst the canal itself possessed an average width of more than 100 feet, with a depth of not less than 25 feet!

Since the conquest of China by the present Manchu-Tartar dynasty, this magnificent work has been sadly neglected, and at few places are its marble sides and handsome bridges left remaining. At Hang-chow, the capital city of the Che-kiang province, in latitude 30° 30′ N., and longitude 121° E., the canal starts from the waters of the Hang-chow bay. Bending and conforming to the features of the country, not the least of the vast difficulties it was made to surmount was the crossing of the mighty Yellow River and the Yang-tsze-kiang, two of the largest rivers in the world, and where a most elaborate system of locks and flood-gates had to be created. Away north to the city of Lin-tsing, in latitude 38° N., and longitude 117° E., trends this mighty work; and here it joins a branch of the Pei-ho river, which connects it directly with the capital, Pekin, by a section of some 150 miles. At frequent intervals throughout its length the canal is no longer navigable. At the four points where it intersects the two great rivers, it has become completely choked up and destroyed. At other places the sluices have long since been neglected; embankments have given way, and the country has been flooded—for many rivers, streams, lakes, and creeks supply its course with water. Besides this, during the late civil war, many of the then remaining bridges were broken down for strategical purposes, and the *débris* now blocks up the channel. Natural causes have been long at work elsewhere, and, wherever a flowing stream crosses the canal, there the silting-up process has assisted to destroy what I cannot but consider the greatest mechanical work of which we have any knowledge.

Turning out of the Grand Canal, we entered the city creek or moat, forty feet wide, flowing completely round the massive, time-worn walls, which, at a height of forty-five feet, with a breadth of twenty on the top, are at least fifteen miles in circumference. But a small portion of the ground within this enclosure now contained the buildings of the city. At its capture by the Taipings it had been set on fire when abandoned by the enemy, and the captors had subsequently utterly demolished all public places and *ya-muns* ever pertaining to the justly-abhorred Tartar government, as well as all the once gorgeous and multitudinous Buddhist and other heathen temples.

Leaving "Ningpo Sam" and his mate to take it easy—recruit their weary frames, or take observations of the, to them, formidable and avenging rebels—Jack, my boy, and I, landing at the East Gate, were permitted to pass through, on showing my passport, and proceeded to the palace of my old friend the Mo-wong—the prince or chief in command of the city—who gave us comfortable quarters, and permission to ramble about at pleasure, Jack having joined me in order to see something of the Taipings.

Strolling about one evening we fell in with a street exhibition of great popularity, a Chinese edition of Punch and Judy. To this we were attracted by the unrestrained merriment of the audience, whose screams of laughter, from both old and young, proved no less infectious than exaggerated. It does not take much to amuse a Chinaman. We found that the show consisted of a man whose upper works were somehow converted into the Punch and Judy institution *à la Chinois*. Instead of stuffed figures and an open stage, the performer used comical shadows upon a transparent screen. He made these dark little figures go through all sorts of singular and amusing antics, but *how* he did it, and what were the mechanical appliances he used, deponent sayeth not; for the fellow, when applied to for information, proved very reticent, and seemed rather disposed to favour a belief in the magical.

Piles of bricks and heaps of ruins were the prevailing features of the once magnificent Soo-chow, though in the part of the city left standing, very handsome and well-built palaces were being erected for the Taiping chiefs, as well as churches and barracks for the troops. The followers of this extraordinary movement seemed, to all intents and purposes, a new and very enlightened class. All of them appeared full of energy, ardour, and enthusiasm for their cause; and no resemblance whatever could be seen between them and their countrymen under the incubus of Tartar rule, whose character seems perverted, whose aspirations seem destroyed, and whose intellectual powers seem suppressed. But with these people one could not fail to be struck with the air of freedom, of high religious enthusiasm, and of martial independence they displayed. The idolatry, the ignorant and besotted exclusiveness in which their compatriots had always fortified themselves against modern civilisation, were equally done away with. Christianity was accepted; they threw open their whole territory to Europeans, and welcomed them as brothers. What a contrast to the wretched, stubborn, treacherous, determinedly unfriendly and exclusive Imperialists, who close their country to us except where we compel them by arms to make concessions; who hate us mortally, because they despise us as inferiors, and yet dread the effect of our intercourse with the oppressed people; and who, with unyielding bigotry, term us "outer barbarians" and "foreign devils," and try to treat us as such!

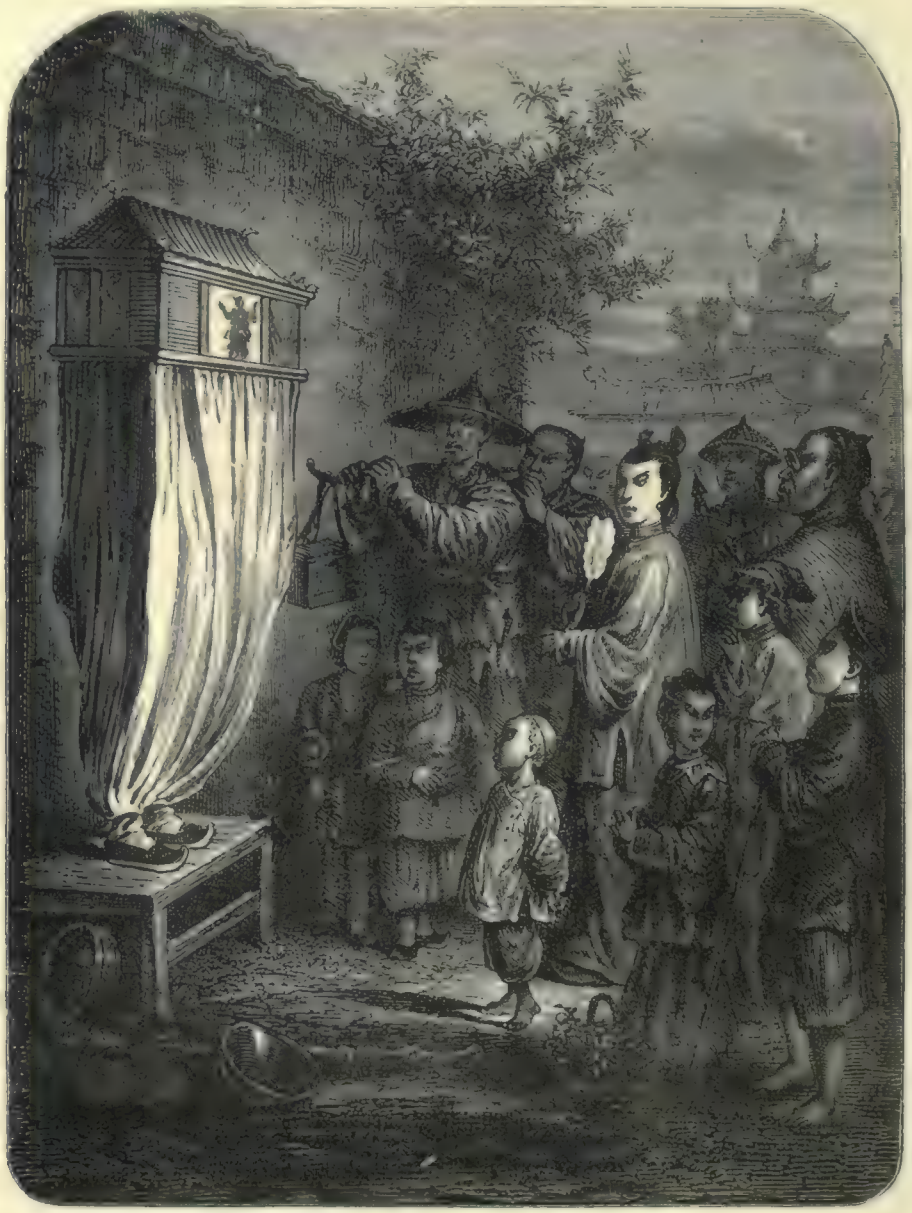
Instead of shaving the head and wearing a pigtail—the badge of slavery and subjection imposed by the Tartar usurpers—the Taipings wore the whole of their long black tresses uncut, plaited into a thick tail with cords of scarlet silk, and then wound round the head like a natural turban; and it would have been impossible to have imagined a more effective head-dress, shading their sparkling black eyes and swarthy, animated features. Immensely wide petticoat trousers, with a preponderance towards scarlet jackets and hoods, seemed the general style of the soldiers' dress; and this, also, made them look quite different from the Imperialists. Buttons, knobs, Tartar hats, mandarin boots, and every article of Tartar style in wearing apparel was most jealously excluded. The higher chieftains and princes alone wore yellow, the Imperial colour. Strict order and rigid discipline pervaded the Taiping population. In their habits and modes of life, they had effected the following alterations and ennobling improvements upon the old barbarous régime:—They married but one wife; the slavery, the buying and selling of women was abolished from among them, also the cruel and frightful custom of cramping the poor wretches' feet. Drunkenness and immorality were rigorously punished and prevented. Opium-smoking was strictly prohibited; and the absurd tail-wearing shaven-headed badge of slavery abandoned. Their religious reform has been referred to, and the improvement in their civil and political code was no less extensive and commendable.

After spending a very pleasant week at Soo-chow, we unfeelingly aroused "Ningpo Sam" from the *dolce far niente* and

opium pipes he had been enjoying, stowed ourselves away in his little craft, and set out on our return to Shanghai.

All went well with us, and no noteworthy incident occurred until we had proceeded about half way back; but then, one afternoon, we fell in with a *chop*, or house-boat, upon a lonely little creek by which our watermen had hoped to cut off a few miles. A mandarin gun-boat was lying alongside this craft, and, as we approached, it was evident that a furious dispute was taking place between the crews. Both vessels were fast to the bank, and, as we came fairly abreast of them, three young girls were opened out to our view, seated close by upon the shore. They were not only young, but very good-looking; and, moreover, particularly attracted our attention because they were dressed in the Tartar costume, and were evidently of that nation.

These young ladies seemed excited at our sudden appearance, although they did not appear to be afraid. Looking towards us, they began talking together, and, apparently, holding some sort of a consultation in which we were concerned. Scarcely had we passed by when they ran on board their boat, and the next moment it was cast off from the bank, following in our wake. An elderly, respectable-looking, petty mandarin official now made his appearance, and, bawling after us, began a conversation with my boy A-ling.



THE SHADOW SHOW.

Telling "Ningpo Sam" to cease sculling, the *chop* came alongside, and, whilst the three girls kept their bright black eyes fixed upon our Anglo-Saxon physiognomies with a half-fearful, half-trustful sort of expression, A-ling interpreted their spokesman's tale to this effect: they were the daughters of a Tartar officer who had lately fallen during a Taiping attack upon the small city of Cha-poo, of which he had been governor. Reinforcements had been sent from Kah-ding, under command of the officer in the gunboat, and this individual had followed them from Cha-poo, in order to prevent them fulfilling their intention of joining their relatives at Shanghai, by trying to compel them to accompany him to his chief at Kah-ding. The

old servitor said the mandarin's character was well known, and that if his young mistresses once entered the city they would be placed in his harem. He concluded by saying that the ladies begged we would afford them the protection of our company to Shanghai, as they had been told that foreigners behaved well to women.

At night the two boats were moored out towards the centre of a small lake, and close together. I and Jack were old campaigners, and knew Chinese character too well, not to make everything ready and keep a strict watch during the hours of darkness. It was well for us that we did so. Having taken the first watch, I turned in at midnight, being relieved by my friend. Rolled well up in my rug, I was just falling asleep, when I felt a vigorous tug, and heard Jack forcibly whisper—

"Jump up, old fellow; jump up! They're upon us!"

At the same time he dragged the clothing off A-ling, and that alert young Asiatic immediately took down the double-barrel (carefully loaded with heavy charges of buck-shot), which had been reserved for him.

"Here! Look here!" whispered Jack, who, rifle in hand, was peering from beneath a corner of our mat awning into the surrounding darkness.

Gazing in the direction indicated, I plainly saw the long black shadow of a boat, apparently motionless, at a distance of perhaps thirty yards, looming through the darkness of the still night. A few moments' close scrutiny convinced me that the strange craft was slowly moving towards us; and now and then we could see the phosphorescent sparkle breaking the smooth black surface of the silent lake, as the oars were noiselessly used to urge the intruders stealthily along. Quietly arousing the rest of our people, I gave "Ningpo Sam" my rifle, and armed his mate with my fowling-piece, then, revolver in hand, awaited the suspicious vessel's action.

Slowly and silently she stole upon us, until we plainly distinguished the gunboat of the afternoon. Still and treacherous, on they came; and we saw eight or ten men standing up, musket in hand.

"Let every one pick out his man," I whispered, "and fire directly I give the word."

The gunboat had now come within half-a-dozen yards, and whilst some of her crew silently urged her forward with their oars, the others, standing up, pointed their weapons upon our mat cabin. It was now plain that they intended to murder us in our sleep. Another moment and their balls would have riddled our frail protection and those beneath it through and through, when I roared the word to "fire!" just as Jack cried—

"Leave the man in the bow to me!"

There was a yell of wild alarm, a few moans of agony, and a few startled, ineffectual shots from the gunboat; whilst, by the flash of our volley, the gaunt, ill-favoured officer of the mandarin was recognised in the tall man in the bow, picked out by Jack, as he fell into the water with a bullet through his body.

At dusk the following day we safely reached Shanghai, and took the damsels to their friends in the Chinese city.



THE TARTAR GIRLS.

The Regions of the Cazembe, and Dr. Livingstone's Recent Explorations.—II.

BY CHARLES T. BEKE, PH. D., F.S.A., ETC.

THE country of the Cazembe—that hitherto unexplored portion of the continent of Africa, which has become the field of the achievements of the adventurous Scottish traveller who at the present moment so much occupies the public mind—is inhabited by a negro people generally known by the name of Ba-Londa or Ba-Lunda. Of this compound word the latter portion alone is the designation of the country; the prefix *Ba*—which corresponds to the Suaheli *Wa* and the Chuana *Bi*—being added to signify the people, as has already been explained;* so that Ba-Londa means the inhabitants of Londa. In fact, Dr. Livingstone expressly states, in page 306 of his "Missionary Travels," that "the people of Cazembe are Ba-Londa or Ba-Loi, and the country has been termed Londa, Lunda, or Loi by the Portuguese." Londa or Lunda is, however, no proper name, applicable, in an ethnological, political, or territorial sense, to the regions in question, but is simply an expression descriptive of the physical character of the same; the term being applied by the native traders who dwell on the frontiers of the Portuguese colonies of Loanda and Benguela on the west coast of Africa, and after their example by the Portuguese themselves, to the extensive regions, in great part desert and uninhabited, forming the kingdom of Molúva or Molua, of which the approximate limits may, in general terms, be placed between the 5th and 12th parallels of S. latitude, and the 20th and 30th meridians of E. longitude.

The peculiar characteristic of this country of Molúva, whence it has derived its appellation of "Lunda," must mainly be attributable to the inundations to which it is periodically subjected from the waters of the numerous head-streams of the Nile by which it is traversed; which inundations—though under proper management they might become the means of extreme productiveness—actually render large tracts of country not only unhealthy but absolutely uninhabitable. The native traders of the adjoining countries, who cross this "Lunda," describe it to the Portuguese as impassable for Europeans; and Dr. Livingstone, when mentioning, in his recent letter to Lord Clarendon, that after his forty days' stay at Cazembe he was going north for Ujiji, says that when he got within thirteen days of Tanganyika he was brought to a stand-still by the superabundance of water in the country in front; but that "a native party came through, and described the country as inundated so as often to be thigh and waist deep, with dry sleeping-places difficult to find."

The kingdom of Molúva, of which the territories of the Cazembe nominally form a part, is under the rule of a sovereign, of whom little more is known than his title of Matiamvo, Muatianfa, or Muata-Yanvo, of which term the form not less than the signification is uncertain. Dr. Livingstone states, in page 317 of his "Missionary Travels," that *Matiamvo* is the hereditary title, *Muata* signifying "Lord" or "Chief." Mr. Cooley says† that "the second word of the royal title, Muata-Yanvo or Yambo, is a substantive with the prefixed particle *ia* or *ya*, answering to our *of*"—therefore Muata-ya-Nvo. But he does not, nor does any one else, as far as I am aware, give the meaning of this latter portion of the title. I find, moreover, in the Rev. S. W. Koelle's "Polyglotta Africana," that in what he calls the Runda language, spoken by the "Ruunda or Runda, also called Múlōa or Luōnda"—that is to say, the people of the country of Molúva or Lunda now under consideration—the word *mōantiāf* (in the plural *ántiāf*), signifies "king;" and it is added that this nation is also called Mantiaf or Kings.

Major Gamitto, who wrote a narrative of the mission under Major Monteiro from the Portuguese Governor of the Rios de Sena to the Court of the Cazembe in 1831,* to which in the sequel I shall have to refer more in detail, says that this prince has the title of *Muata*, signifying "Lord," whence he is known as the Muata Cazembe; but that when his courtiers wish to flatter him they style him *Muatianfa*, a designation that he willingly receives, though the use of it is not at all general. From what is thus said it would seem that Matiamvo, Muatianfa, or Muata-Yanvo—whether the word be simple or compound, and whatever may be its true origin, correct spelling, and precise meaning—is the title of the supreme ruler of the empire or kingdom of Molúva, in like manner as *Negus* is that of the Emperor of Ethiopia or Abyssinia; and that the Muata Cazembe, who, like the King of Shoa, was, and nominally still is, a vassal of the empire, desires to be considered as an independent sovereign, and so arrogates to himself the appellation of his suzerain.

As the country of the Cazembe forms, at least nominally, a portion of the kingdom of Molúva under the dominion of the Muatianfa, it will be well, before proceeding to the consideration of the special subject of the former, to offer a few remarks respecting the latter potentate, who is far more unknown and more mysterious than the Muata Cazembe himself. And it is the more advisable to do so, because there exists some confusion between the two rulers, who have not only been taken for one another, but have even been supposed to be one and the same monarch.

The Muatianfa or Muata-Yanvo was first brought prominently to public notice in Europe about forty years ago by M. Douville, who gave out that he had penetrated into his dominions from the west coast of Africa. This notorious individual published in the year 1832 a work in three volumes, under the title of "Voyage au Congo et dans l'Intérieur de l'Afrique Equinoxiale, 1828-30," in which he gave a circumstantial description of his journey to Yanvo, as he called the capital of the Muata-Yanvo, of his country, its inhabitants, their manners and customs, languages, &c.; the whole being so cleverly done as completely to deceive the learned world. His production, which, though based on information collected on the coast, was for the greater part purely imaginary, was unhesitatingly accepted as genuine, and its author had at once accorded to him the large gold medal of the Société de Géographie of Paris, and was nominated an honorary member of the Royal Geographical Society of London. But, through the critical acuteness of Mr. W. D. Cooley in the first instance,

* See page 55, *ante*.

† "Inner Africa Laid Open," p. 47.

* "O Muata Cazembe." Lisbon, 1854.

and afterwards from the searching investigation of M. Eyriès, Secretary of the Société de Géographie, the entirely fictitious character of M. Douville's narrative was indisputably and completely established.

The first European who appears really to have set foot within the territories or dependencies of this great African potentate was a Hungarian of education and ability, in the service of the Portuguese Government of Benguela, named Ladislaus Magyar, who, in the years 1850 and 1851, penetrated from that colony far into the dominions of the Muatianfa, and in 1855 again visited the southern portion of the same. He wrote a narrative of his travels and many years' residence in Western Africa, in three volumes, the first of which, containing only a description of the colony of Benguela, was published at Pesth, in Hungarian and German, in the year 1859. Its author was on the very eve of returning to Europe with the manuscript of his other two volumes for publication, when he unfortunately died at Benguela on November the 19th, 1864. What has become of his valuable manuscript I am unable to say. But several years before his death he sent to Dr. Petermann some interesting particulars respecting the country of Molúva, its inhabitants and their sovereign, the redoubtable Muatiyanvo, which were published by that geographer in his "Mittheilungen" for 1860, pages 227—235. From that communication I will extract the following description of the sovereign of Molúva:—"The Government is monarchical and despotic, and is unquestionably the most inhuman and bloodthirsty that ever was exercised over mankind. The prince, whose title is Muatiyanvo, is the autocratic master of the lives and property of his subjects—a nation of bondsmen who sigh under his iron rod. The brutish obedience and readiness with which, however, they comply with the tyrant's inhuman commands is astonishing. With perfect resignation, and often without the least cause, they submit to have their noses, ears, or other parts of the body cut off, and then to be flayed alive or beheaded. The subjects have no right of appeal against the absolutely arbitrary violence of their bloodthirsty ruler: on the contrary, the monarch is looked upon as a divine being, in whose presence they creep on all-fours, having their hands full of earth, with which they keep rubbing their breasts and arms, crying out with a loud voice, 'Uvurie! Vurie Kalombo! Vurie! Muatiyanvo, vurie!'—'All hail! Hail, O God! Hail! Muatiyanvo, hail!'"*

Our countryman, Dr. Livingstone, in his successful journey across the continent of Africa in 1854-56, skirted, on the south-west, the territories or dependencies of this terrible potentate. The information he there obtained respecting the Matiamvo was, however, too imperfect to be of any real value. But he was told by the people there that the Cazembe was a vassal of their sovereign; and the opinion he was led to entertain respecting the former was that he resembled Schinte or Katema, two of the Matiamvo's chiefs whom he visited, only that he was much more powerful. That this is substantially the case is manifest from the history, based on native information, which Gamitto gives of the origin of the Cazembes—as he says these people style themselves—and of their prince, the Muata Cazembe, or Mambo Cazembe, that is to say, the Lord or Prince Cazembe; or simply the Cazembe, as he is often called.*

That history is to the following effect:—To the north-west of the country of the Cazembes there is a great potentate, who in the year 1808 sent an embassy to the Governor of the Portuguese colony of Angola, in which colony he was known by the various titles of Murópue and Muata-Hianvo, or Muata-Yambo, and as King of the Moluas. One of the ancestors of this prince, who was in commercial relations with these Mozungos—that is to say "wise men," as the natives style the Portuguese, and indeed all Europeans—learned from them that there were other Mozungos of the same nation in a country situated to the east of his territories, that is to say, in the Portuguese settlements on the east coast of Africa. The king, being desirous of ascertaining the correctness of this information and of entering into relations with these more distant Europeans, decided on fitting out an expedition for that purpose, the command of which he entrusted to one of his *Kilólos*, or nobles, named Kanyembo, who held the post of Fumo Manceva—by corruption or bad pronunciation usually called Fumo Anceva—whose office it is to take charge of all foreign traders, to communicate to them his master's commands, and to be responsible to him for their conduct.

To this chief, Kanyembo, who was possessed of great bravery and many excellent qualities, was at the same time committed the charge of a son of the sovereign, who was in disfavour with his father on account of his sanguinary disposition and disorderly conduct, and who was placed under the care of Kanyembo with a view to his reformation, the latter being given absolute and irresponsible power over the prince.

The expedition advanced without impediment as far as the district where the capital of the Cazembe now is, to which Gamitto gives the name of Lunda; but here they met with a vigorous resistance from the natives, and a cruel war ensued, which ended in the victory of the Kampokólos, as the conquering people were called—a name which they retain to this day. They did not, however, advance any further, for fear of meeting with fresh obstacles, or, indeed, of experiencing a defeat and consequent destruction. But they there met with certain Muizas—natives of the country beyond the river Chambeze, now occupied by the Muembas—of whom Kanyembo inquired concerning the main object of his expedition, and from them he learned that there really were white people in the east country, only that it was a very long way off.

Taking this information into consideration, as likewise the great enmity which the Messiras, the natives of the conquered country, manifested towards the invaders, and having discovered a conspiracy set on foot against him by the son of the Murópue, which failed solely on account of the love and respect for their leader felt by the Kampokólos, who declared themselves in his favour, Kanyembo deemed it advisable to return to his sovereign's Court, in order that he might make the Murópue acquainted with what had happened, and might explain to him the propriety of retaining possession of the conquered regions, which lay half-way on the road to the eastern Mozungos. Leaving his army during his absence under the command of another Kilólo, in whom he could place confidence, and taking with him the prince

* Dr. Livingstone, who heard of this form of salutation, which he writes "Ave-rie," supposes it to be of Christian origin, a contraction, in fact, of *Ave Maria*, the form of salutation among the Portuguese having, as he suggests, probably travelled further than their faith! Gamitto says that "Averie" means "muito obrigado."

* "O Muata Cazembe," p. 370, *seq.*

of whom he had the charge, Kanyembo reached in safety the presence of the Muatianfa, by whom he was well received, and with whom he had little difficulty in rendering nugatory the intrigues and machinations of the prince, his enemy; and as the result he was sent back with reinforcements, and full powers to govern the countries he had conquered, and to conquer others, taking care to avail himself of every opportunity of corresponding with the whites of the east coast.

On their return journey, on reaching the large river Lualáo—apparently the Lu-lua, the principal tributary of the Kassávi on its right or eastern bank—which river Gamitto was told is a month's journey to the west of the town of Lunda, and is only passable in boats, the wicked prince profited of the occasion to put into execution the plan he had projected of getting Kanyembo to embark with some of the conspirators, who, when they had reached a suitable place, should drown him, and then say the boat had upset. And this he successfully accomplished. The Kampokólos, who were much grieved at hearing of their chief's death, refused to give the traitor the power he coveted, not less on account of his cruel disposition than because they suspected him of having been the author of the calamity. Finding himself without the support he had looked for, the prince thought he might attain his end by being himself the bearer of the news to his father; but the latter, perceiving too late the error he had committed, and exasperated with his son, ordered him to be put to death.

Meanwhile the Kampokólos continued to extend their conquests, and had entirely subjugated the Messiras, when there arrived another Kilólo, a son of the former one, and, like him, named Kanyembo, who was sent by the Murópue to take the command. The Messiras, who had submitted and continued to be governed by their own chiefs, availed themselves of the arrival of this new commander to rebel. This rendered necessary another war for their subjugation, which was in the end effected; and since then, says Gamitto, no one has ever held any authority who was not a Kampokólo.

Kanyembo II. was on his death succeeded by his son, who bore the same name, which his successors have continued to bear in honour of the first, whose memory is held in great veneration. When the third Kanyembo died he was succeeded by his son, who till then had resided in Angola, as the country of the Murópue is called in those regions further east. This chief, in addition to the name of Kanyembo, which he assumed, retained likewise his previous name of Lekéza (Lequeza), by which he was best known. The Cazembes hold his memory in regretful affection, on account of his valour and humanity, and, above all, his great generosity; and when enumerating his good qualities, they relate how once, when he was intoxicated with *pombe*—a beer made from fermented millet, with or without the addition of certain herbs, being the ordinary beverage of the country—he ordered a man to be put to death unjustly, which order was, as customary, immediately executed; but afterwards, discovering the great injustice he had committed, he prohibited the execution of any order given by him when inebriated, or even when drinking, though he might still appear to be sober, and this on the responsibility of the person receiving such order. And it was in consequence of this that the custom was established of not drinking *pombe* except at night. For this purpose formal drinking-bouts were instituted, continuing from the period of full-moon till the end of the month. They commenced an hour after sunset, or even earlier, and lasted two hours or more. The guests were at liberty to drink as much as they pleased, but whatever they drank they were bound to retain, the unfortunate wretch who failed to do so being punished with death. In the sequel, however, these meetings were kept up by Lekéza only as a matter of etiquette, without his drinking at them; for he said that the Mambo (chief) ought always to be ready to hear and deliberate for himself.

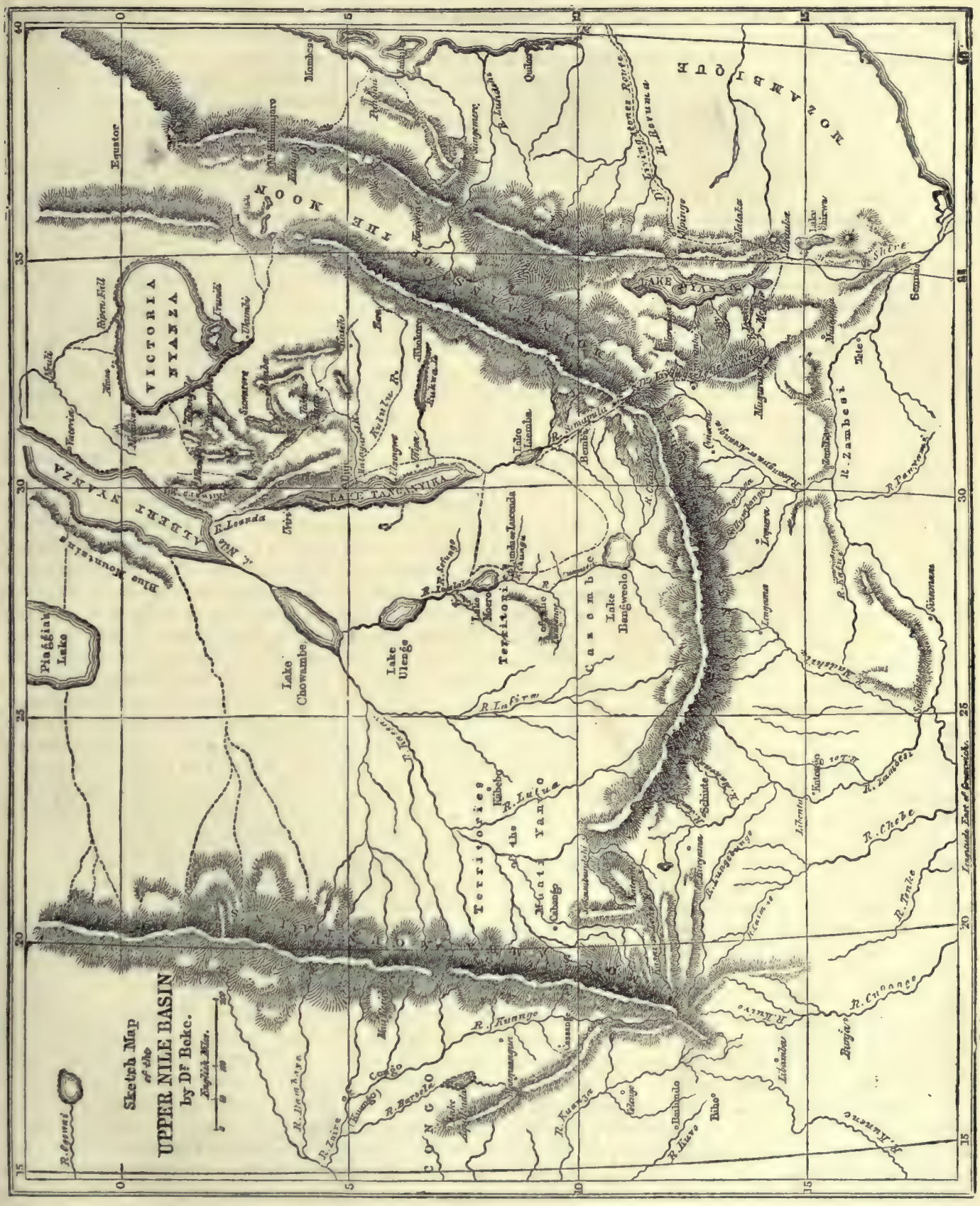
All the successors of the first Kanyembo neglected no opportunity of opening a communication with the Portuguese settlements on the east coast, as the Murópue had originally intended. But as soon as they had acquired peaceable possession of their conquests, they exerted themselves to give a regular form to their administration, and to assume to themselves the government. Indeed, Kanyembo III. began to make himself independent, though in such a manner as not to be wanting in the outward forms of vassalage, and sending to the Murópue tribute in the shape of a present, until he ended by establishing for himself a court, with all the offices, dignities, and formalities of that of his sovereign. Nevertheless, down to the time of Major Monteiro's mission, in 1831, the Muata Cazembe had not formally declared himself independent, but, on the contrary, still professed to be a vassal of the Murópue. The latter, on his side, on account of the remoteness of the conquered districts, as also of the little need he had of them, did not trouble himself about the virtual independence of his powerful vassal, or, if he did so, would not allow his dissatisfaction to become apparent.

The Muata Cazembe Lekéza was the first Mambo that ever saw a white man, in the person of Dr. Francisco José Maria de Lacerda e Almeida, Governor of the Portuguese colony of the Rios de Sena, on the east coast of Africa, who undertook a journey to the Court of that prince in the year 1798, by order of the Government of Portugal.

This accomplished and able man, by birth a Brazilian, received a scientific education in Portugal, and, having been appointed astronomer-royal, was sent out to Brazil in 1780, to lay down the boundary-line of that colony. After his return to Lisbon, he went out to the Portuguese possessions in Africa, where he became Governor of the Rios de Sena, the principal object of his appointment to that post being this projected expedition to the Cazembe.

Meanwhile Lekéza, acting up to the traditions of his house, had himself, in the course of the year 1797, dispatched a mission to Tete, under the command of a Kilólo or chief named Katára, a very intelligent man, who, arriving at that city in February of the following year, whilst the Governor was making preparations for his journey, had it in his power to supply him with much valuable information. But the person on whom Dr. Lacerda mainly depended for advice and assistance, especially with respect to the road he had to take, was a certain Manoel Caetano Pereira, the son of a Portuguese colonist from Goa, who had visited the country of the Cazembe in 1786, and professed to know very much more than he really did, as Lacerda discovered in the course of his expedition—in his diary repeatedly complaining of how grossly he had been deceived.

It was on the 3rd of July, 1798, that the Governor left Tete. His intention was not only to visit the Court of the Muata Cazembe, and enter into a treaty of amity and free trade between the two countries, but also, if practicable, to


Sketch Map
of the
UPPER NILE BASIN
by Dr Beke.
English Miles.
Equator
Mombas
Mt Kilimanjaro
Mt Kenia
Quilimane
R. Pangani
R. Juba
R. Sabaki
R. Lugenera
R. Lugenera Rovuma
R. Rovuma
R. Mbarango
R. Kingani
R. Mgeta
R. Mgeta
R. Mbaramo
R. Mgeta
R. Mgeta
R. Mgeta

escort of fifty soldiers, not to speak of a multitude of natives, female as well as male, who occasioned no end of trouble, anxiety, and detriment to the mission.

It is unnecessary to dwell here on the particulars of Dr. Lacerda's journey. It will be sufficient to explain that the road taken by him as far as Chama ("Mouro Achinto") in 10° 20′ 35″ N. latitude, and 30° 1′ 45″ E. longitude—which position was determined by him on September the 21st, 1798, by an observation of the immersion of Jupiter's first satellite—is tolerably well known. It is the same, substantially, as that followed in 1831 by the second Portuguese mission under Major Monteiro, and now recently taken by our countryman, Dr. Livingstone.

As regards the character of the country traversed, Dr. Lacerda records that as far as the river Aruangoa, he did not see a tree large enough to cut into planks; but on the banks of that river he met with plenty of trees fit for that purpose, and also for boat-building. After passing the Serra Muchinga, which he named Cordilheira Antonina, and reaching the table-land, he passed through what seems to be a very uninteresting country, in great part uninhabited; at times undulating and covered with brushwood so thick as to require a path to be cut through it; at other times consisting of plains, desert and swampy, with marshes and stagnant waters.

On September the 10th the mission reached the river Chambeze (by Lacerda called Zambeze, and marked on some of our maps as the New Zambesi), which river, where he crossed it, he found running to his left hand, or about south-west. Before starting on his journey, he had taken great pains to learn the course of this and the other rivers to be crossed on the road, and especially to ascertain whether they flowed to the right hand or to the left of a person journeying from Tete to the capital of the Cazembe; and the numerous persons of whom he inquired were unanimous in the assertion that the Chambeze ran to the right. Pereira, on whose experience he had so confidently depended, confirmed this; "from which," says Lacerda, "I infer that he does not know which is his right hand, as is, however, only natural, from his having passed almost all his life among these heathens,* and thus acquired their intelligence, as I am finding out by experience."

Dr. Lacerda's discovery that the Chambeze really flows southward, or to the left of the road to the Cazembe's capital, led to the not unreasonable conclusion on the part of most geographers that this river continued in the same direction, and so became the upper course of the southern Zambesi explored by Dr. Livingstone on his former journeys; and accordingly it has generally been so marked on the maps. On this subject our traveller says in his letter to Lord Clarendon already referred to, "Misled by a map calling this river in an off-hand way 'Zambesi, eastern branch,' I took it to be the southern river of that name; but the Chambeze, with all its branches, flows from the eastern side into the centre of the great upland valley mentioned, which is probably the valley of the Nile."

On this point Dr. Livingstone appears, however, to have since entertained doubts. For, in his later letter to Dr. Kirk, dated May 30th, 1869, referred to by me in a previous part of the present work,* he says, "The volume of water which flows north from latitude 12° S., is so large, that I suspect I have been working at the sources of the Cango (Kuango or Congo) as well as those of the Nile." But, as is shown in the *Athenæum* of February the 5th of the present year, this suspicion is mainly attributable to the fact that, on his journey of 1854-56, he was as completely misinformed respecting the course of the great river Kasái or Kassávi, as Dr. Lacerda was respecting that of the Chambeze; these two rivers forming, in truth, "the western and central lines of drainage," which, according to Dr. Livingstone, "converge into an unvisited lake west or south-west of Ujiji," and which, as he at first supposed and as I have distinctly shown in the accompanying map, unite to form the upper course of the Nile.

On September the 21st, 1798, Dr. Lacerda made his last astronomical observation, as already mentioned, at Chama, the village of the chief Mouro Achinto, though he had the greatest difficulty in doing so, on account of his extreme illness, having, as he says, never before felt himself so weak. Continuing his journey, he records in his diary that near the place where he halted on October the 1st, he passed between two high and rugged mountains, which extended as far as he could see. As we know that this was in the neighbourhood of the place where the Muata Cazembe Lekéza's father was buried, to which place Padre Francisco Pinto gives the name of Chungu, we can avail ourselves of a passage in Dr. Livingstone's letter to Lord Clarendon, to explain what is meant by these two high and rugged mountains, extending as far as he could see, between which Lacerda says he passed. When describing Lake Moero, our Scottish traveller says, "In going up the banks of the lake, we first of all forded four torrents, thigh deep; then a river eighty yards wide, with 300 yards of flood on its west bank, so deep that we had to keep to the canoes till within fifty yards of the higher ground; then four brooks, from five to fifteen yards broad. One of them, the Chungu, possesses a somewhat melancholy interest, as that on which poor Dr. Lacerda died." The "two high and rugged mountains" of the Portuguese traveller were, therefore, nothing more than the two sides of the valley of the river Chungu, he having fallen into the error, so common among travellers in Africa, of regarding as chains of mountains what are merely the precipitous sides of valleys viewed from below. My pointing out and explaining this common mistake was, I have reason to believe, of material utility to the British army on its march to Magdala.†

Further, this valley of the river Chungu is described by Dr. Lacerda as containing "forests much resembling those of Brazil, with large and lofty trees;" in which respect, as well as in its "high and rugged mountains on both sides," it corresponds precisely to the "hollow, with precipitous sides 2,000 feet down," in which Dr. Livingstone discovered Lake Liemba, and which, he says, is "extremely beautiful—sides, top and bottom, being covered with trees and other vegetation." In fact, as a rule, it is only on the sides of these valleys or hollows, below the general level of the table-land, that large trees and beautiful scenery are met with in these regions of Southern Africa, as well as in Abyssinia.

* The word in the original is "Cafres," which though it has now acquired a specific ethnological meaning, was adopted by the Portuguese from the Mahometans of the east coast of Africa, by whom it is used to signify infidels or heathens generally. In India the Portuguese called the natives *Gentios*, or Gentiles, whence the now obsolete term "Gentoos."

* See page 56, *ante*.

† *See* "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society," vol. xii., pp. 16, 17.

Dr. Livingstone goes on to make the following remark respecting his predecessor:—"He was the only Portuguese visitor who had any scientific education, and his latitude of Cazembe's town on the Chungu being fifty miles wrong, probably reveals that his mind was clouded with fever when he last observed; and any one who knows what that implies will look on his error with compassion." But Lacerda's last astronomical observation was made at Chama, and not on the Chungu; so that, unless it can be clearly shown that his latitude of the former place is incorrect—in which case his longitude of the same must of necessity be worthless—the alleged error in the position of the latter spot is attributable to our cartographists, and not to the observer.

The concluding entries in Dr. Lacerda's diary, made in the valley of the Chungu, shall be reproduced here, not merely on account of the melancholy interest attaching to them, but also because they are so characteristic of the writer, and show what the world—Portugal especially—lost by his untimely death.

"*October 2nd.*—As soon as we had begun our march, we met two brothers of the Cazembe and a son of the Fumo Anceva, with a good provision of manioc, beef dried in the sun, and two goats for the heathens of the expedition: the soldiers also received their separate provision of the same. I had intended to arrive to-day as near as possible to the zimboe (residence), but these envoys told me that, as I was a great man, a Mambo (chief) like the Cazembe, I could not proceed until their father had returned thanks to his mozimos (the *manes* of his ancestors) for my arrival in his country; but that I should go a few steps further in order to come nearer to the spot where the Cazembe's father lay buried, as they were to give him thanks for this favour. The said place or house is called massanza. It would not, however, be proper for me to enter into the said village to-day, and therefore they begged me to encamp outside, when they would deliver to me the message from their father and King. I was obliged to conform to their customs. They then told me that their King was so pleased at my arrival, that he had smeared himself over with mud, as a sign of thankfulness to his mozimos; and he sent to ask me to leave at this sepulchre of his ancestors three pieces of blue cotton cloth of different qualities, and a small quantity of beads of various kinds. As he had done the same with Manoel Caetano Pereira, it appears to me that visitors have to pay for him the thanks which he gives to his ancestors for the favours he receives from them. They then immediately dispatched a messenger to the King. I must observe that whilst my tent was being pitched and my bed got ready—for, as I have already said, I leave my palanquin for my bed, and my bed for my palanquin—I sent for them, but they made no reply to anything I said; and this profound silence appearing to me extraordinary, I was told by the interpreter that they could not speak to me till they had delivered the present called "mouth"* which the King had sent me, but that they would hearken to whatever I might be pleased to say to them. When at length they came to me with their message, I ordered a mat to be spread for them to sit down on, as a mark of distinction; but they seated themselves on the ground, saying that as I was another Cazembe, it was not fit for them, in my presence, to sit anywhere but on the bare ground.

"*October 3rd.*—At half-past six o'clock the messenger returned whom the brothers of the Cazembe had sent to him yesterday; and they informed me that their King had ordered them to request me not to move from where I am to-day; that it was not necessary for me to go to the massanza (or mashamo) to return thanks to his father for my arrival in his country, as it would be sufficient if I gave the articles he had sent to ask me for; and that to-morrow, after the ceremonies had been performed, I might continue my journey; and lastly, he sent me two elephants' teeth, for me to allow them to keep me here to-day. It is clear that, independently of this imprisonment, I am bound to consent to what the Cazembe requires of me, notwithstanding that all this delay is very prejudicial to me, on account of the great need I have to be careful of my health. Seeing, however, the excess of superstition of these heathens with respect to their deceased relatives, whom it is manifest they look upon as divinities, and reflecting that the faith which the devil has thus implanted in their hearts must be very deeply rooted, and that if I were to show, in honour of the Cazembe's father, some ostentatious mark of respect such as they had never seen before, I might be regarded by them more favourably, and might in return have it in my power to obtain more readily from the Cazembe the ends for which Her Majesty sent me to this country; and lastly, desiring to obtain, so as to give, some idea of their ceremonies, I ordered Lieut.-Colonel Pedro Nolasco and Lieut. José Vicente Pereira Salema to go with some soldiers to the said spot, and at a suitable moment to fire three volleys of musketry, with instructions that they should perform this ceremony in the most respectful manner possible, as the strongest token of friendship I could give to the King; at the same time they were to observe carefully everything that occurred, and to make a note of it. This civility on my part produced the best effect on the mind of the priest there (who, in external appearance, did not differ from the other heathens) and all those present; for the said priest, after having consulted the oracle—that is to say, the spirit of the Cazembe's father—exclaimed, as did the people after him, that I was a god who had come into their country, and that I might go into any part of it as best pleased me, for that all the country was mine, &c., because I had bewailed with them the death of the King. I established myself still more in his good graces by means of a present, which I sent to him with the request that he would keep very neat and clean the revered dwelling in which reposed my friend the Cazembe's father, whose ashes I held in great respect."

These are the last words of that amiable, accomplished,

* The word *murómo* (Gam tto), or *mulómmo* (Koelle) in the language of the Moravis, *mulām* (Koelle) in that of the Molúvas, signifies "mouth"—in Portuguese, *bocca* or *boca*; which word is used by those people to signify the customary present sent with a message, as it were for permission to speak—to open the mouth. The misunderstanding of this has led to a curious mistake on the part of Mr. Cooley. Father Francisco Pinto relates ("Annaes Maritimos," 1845, p. 153) how, in consequence of his having delayed the delivery of the *mirámbo*, or present from the Portuguese Government, the Cazembe "commissioned his secretary to bring me two (elephants') teeth as a mouth (present)—*de me trazer dous dentes de bocca*—and to say that he begged me to do all in my power to hasten the *mirámbo*, which I could well do, because I was the chief of the Mozungos. But the said secretary did not bring the teeth, neither did he deliver the message." In "Inner Africa Laid Open," pp. 34, 35, this passage is done into English in the following amusing fashion: "The Cazembe, being vexed at the delay of his present, *sent to draw two of Father Francisco's teeth;* but this was intended only as a hint, and the message was not even formally delivered."

and intelligent Portuguese. On the 18th of October, 1798—a fortnight after this entry was made in his diary—Dr. Lacerda breathed his last at the spot where this was written, and he was there buried. His remains were, however, not allowed to rest in peace. On July the 26th, 1799, his successor in the mission, Padre Francisco Pinto, on his way back from the Court of the Cazembe, disinterred the Governor's body, for the purpose of conveying it to Tete; but, in consequence of the total disorganisation of the mission and the disorder in which it returned, the coffin was left on the road, with most of the effects belonging to the mission, the whole party having taken flight on October the 4th, shortly after the passage of the river Chambeze, on being attacked by the Muizas; though the valiant chaplain returned to the spot "accompanied only by his musket and by his pistol," to carry away "a large book"—apparently the diary of the deceased Governor.

In the valley of the river Chungu, on the spot where Dr. Lacerda was temporarily buried, the officers of the second Portuguese mission, in 1831, found a hut in charge of a Muine-Mashàma (grave-keeper), the site having thus for more than thirty years been held sacred as the sepulchre of the lamented Geral (General) of the Mozungos—such being the title by which the Governor of the province of the Rios de Sena is known in the country of the Cazembe. It will be interesting to learn from Dr. Livingstone whether that memorial is still in existence.



THE TELEGA.

The Caucasus.—I.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, M.A., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS AND BASHAN."

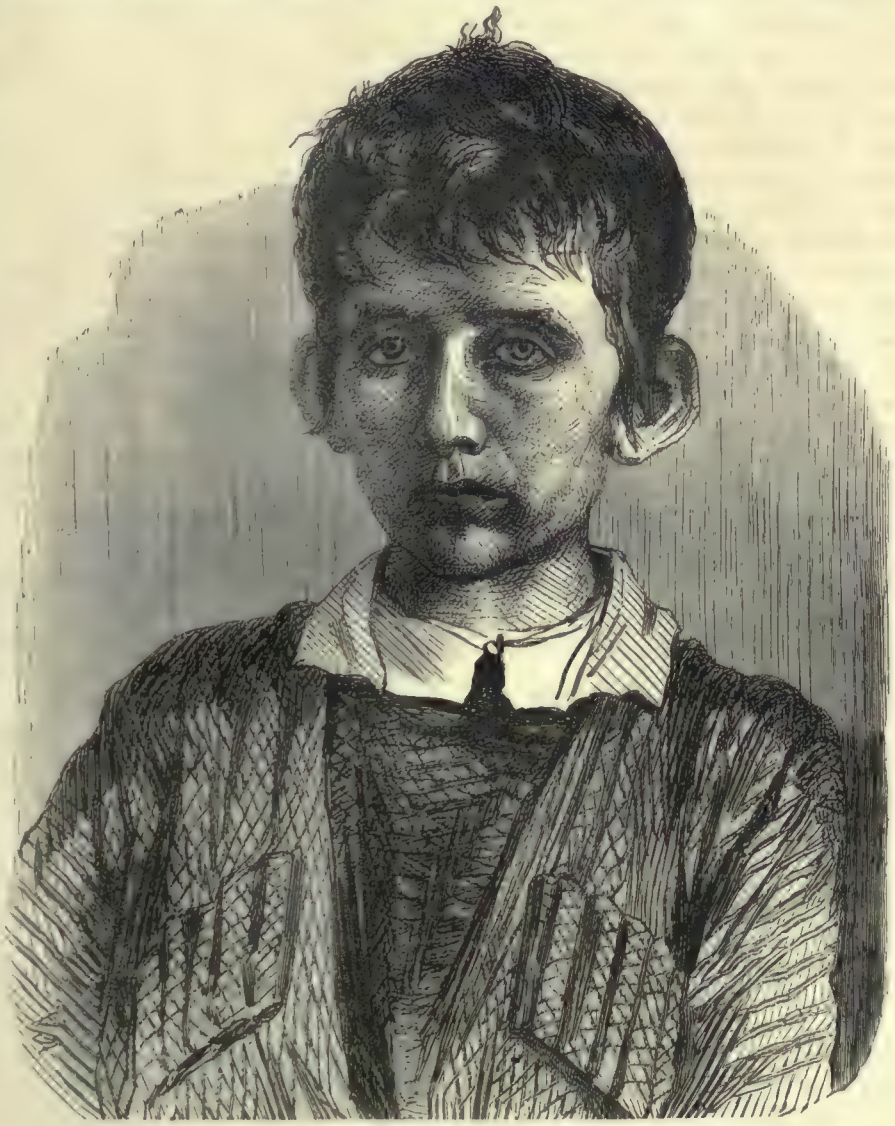
THE attention of the English public had been but little turned towards the Caucasus until the summer of 1868, when, in consequence of their summits being for the first time ascended by English travellers, a controversy arose as to which continent could, with the greatest justice, lay claim to the two most famous peaks of that mountain range—Kasbek and Elbruz.

Few people if asked what associations the word Caucasus called up in their minds, would have been able to say more than that it was the name of a mountain chain extending between the Black and Caspian Seas, and inhabited by a brave Mahometan race called Circassians, who had for many years struggled for their liberty against the might of Russia. Although the shores at the foot of the range are only five days' voyage from Constantinople, and are attainable from London as easily as those of Syria, which yearly attract so many hundreds of our countrymen, the number of Englishmen who had visited the Caucasus for pleasure might be counted almost on one's fingers. Indeed, the familiarity of the name to our ears was much more owing to poets than to travellers; the ideas associated with it were consequently full of a mysterious vagueness. From Homer to Morris poets have conducted their heroes to the Colchian land; have pictured Circe and Medea as living on the banks of the Phasis; have made Jason and Ulysses sail up its stream, and have chained Prometheus to the rocks amid the snows which feed its waters. The Caucasus, highest of mountains in the Greek world, was the mysterious rampart which, with its thousand towers upreared above the deepest eastern bay of the Euxine, placed a limit to the voyages of the Greek mariner, who naturally associated all that was terrible with its ice-clad heights, all that was soft and beautiful with the rich plains below, into the very heart of which the kindly Phasis received his wave-tossed ship. In short, it was natural to the poets and fabulists of those days, who wished to represent supernatural beings, with earthly surroundings, to place them in a region of which so little was known, and which enabled them conveniently to adapt the scenery to poetic requirements. This constant practice of the classics was followed by the Orientals. When Mussulman



KALMUCK DWELLING.

legend sought a fitting place of banishment for the evil spirits overcome by Solomon, it at once chose Mount Kaf as their most appropriate prison. It has been reserved for comparatively modern writers to break through this mystery by giving a careful account of the inhabitants and some details as to the scenery of the Caucasian regions. Such writers have not merely contented themselves with throwing light on the present, but have endeavoured also to give a rationalistic account of the past, and have not hesitated boldly to explain away the ancient legends which had too long been connected with the country. Circe, we are told by these pitiless expositors, was Medea's aunt, a worthy princess, who locked up the crew of Ulysses because, sailor-like, they were tipsy and riotous on shore, but easily released them at the request of their polished captain. Jason was a gold-digger who, unlike most of that class of adventurers, secured an enormous nugget, and, when safely returned to his Grecian home, told traveller's tales about his prize and other matters. One is almost surprised not to hear that Prometheus was a gentleman who spent the summer at some genteel *pension* on the Caucasian slopes in pursuit of health, and was fleeced by the landlord, to whose exactions the vulture with his formidable bill seemed to supply the most satisfactory parallel; or that the sealing up in flasks of the genii, by Solomon, proves that the practice of Alpine clubmen of leaving their cards in bottles on the summits they ascend found its prototype in the Caucasus 3,000 years ago.



BOY OF THE NOGAI TRIBE.

Our present object, however, is not to meddle with old romance, whether to support it or to explain it away, but to aid in extending knowledge regarding the region of the Caucasus, and describing, as we are able to do from personal experience, the attractions it offers to the English traveller at the present day. In order that we may avoid all risk of subsequent confusion, let us first clearly understand what the word Caucasus now signifies. It may be said to have two meanings, one more extensive than the other. As a geographical expression it is usually confined to the great mountain chain; in political writing it embraces the whole isthmus from the Manytch (a river flowing into the Don near Tcherkask) on the north, to the frontiers of Turkey and Persia on the south. Henceforth, however, we will, for convenience sake, use the word in its more limited meaning, preferring the phrase "Caucasian Provinces" when wishing to refer to the political aspect of the country.

Up to the present day this region has never become familiar to the European tourist; even the scientific explorer or hardy traveller has been a rare apparition, and has generally confined himself to an extremely rapid passage over the single highway which

connects Transcaucasia, as the Russian provinces south of the chain are called, with Russia proper.

The only route recognised by Murray's "Handbook," consists of a trunk road from Stavropol, north, to Tiflis, south of the chain, and thence on into Persia, with two branches running respectively east and west to Baku and Poti, the Caspian and Black Sea ports of Transcaucasia. Any one who, from having reached Tiflis either by the main route or by one of its embranchments, though he have, besides, driven as far as Erivan and gazed on Ararat, has returned home with a comfortable conviction that he has seen the Caucasus, and is entitled to write authoritatively on the subject, is in fact about as much in a position to describe the Caucasus as a man who has merely driven across the Simplon is capable of generalising on the Alps. We are very far, however, from under-rating the interest of such a journey, the only one, probably, which will be for some years possible for ladies and men unprepared to encounter some hardships; there will be found quite enough of charms in the natural scenery, and still more in the strange varieties of the human race which will be encountered in the trip, to more than repay its fatigues. All we wish to make clear is that no travellers who have confined themselves to the Dariel highroad, the main north and south route already spoken of, are in a position to speak of Caucasian scenery as a whole. If they were, we should feel open to the charge of bookmakers' enthusiasm in the comparison we have elsewhere made between the Alps and Caucasus, holding as we do the scenery of any of the great Alpine carriage-passes superior as a whole to that of the famous old Caucasian gates. But although thus unwilling to accept the journey just pointed out as a worthy end of a Caucasian tour, it may well, and in fact almost must, be made the means of further exploration, and we shall therefore place ourselves in the position of the traveller, who, having reached the shores of the Sea of Azof, has effected a start, either from Taman or Taganrog, and is hurrying as fast as his post-horses will carry him over the vast carpet of steppe, which Nature has spread before the northern feet of the mountain monarchs, to whom he is anxious to pay homage.

We have selected this entrance to the Caucasian provinces, although not the one most usually taken by any but Russians, because as the railroads which are now rapidly spreading across Southern Russia extend in this direction, it will become the easiest mode of reaching the mountains, and also because it leads through districts having an ascending scale of interest, from the comparatively sterile plains of the north to the stern grandeur of the central Caucasus, and the sylvan loveliness of its southern slopes. The traveller who lands from the Black Sea steamer at Poti is plunged at once into the heart of the country, and the sudden emotions of surprise and delight to which he is subjected, produce a confusion of mind which it is our object to avoid in the present description.

Our traveller will, if he listens to wise counsel, have procured at starting a *tarantasse*, or hooded carriage, often described elsewhere, which he will keep for his whole journey to Tiflis. Otherwise he will condemn himself to a torture surpassing those invented by any mediæval monk dreaming of his enemy in purgatory. The Russian telega, the ordinary carriage in which the imperial couriers, and all travellers who have not made other provision are transported, is rapidly becoming proverbial for its discomfort. It is unquestionably the lowest type of wheeled vehicle in existence, and combines every disqualification for the safe conveyance of human beings. One naturally wonders how any nation can have invented or, having invented, can endure such a vehicle; and we are glad to believe signs exist that even Russians feel some shame of it and suffer from its effects, for no charge is made for the use of a telega by the postmasters, and we never had any but young drivers—the occupation being evidently fatal to long life.

The carriage in the accompanying picture, with its "troïka," or leash of horses, has the advantage of being furnished with a fragile hood, which is sometimes added by peasants, but is not usual on the post telegas.

By better or worse means of transport, according to our purse or foresight, we are now making our way across the dreary steppe, with no natural object to break the monotony of the horizon, or to suggest our approach to one of the mightiest lines of upheaval on the old world's surface. For the absence of hill, river, tree, or even bush, we must find what consolation we can in observing the specimens of the inhabitants of these plains who may chance to come across our path. We shall be unlucky if we do not fall in with some of the *kibitkas* or tents of the nomade Kalmucks. These tents, in shape not unlike a circular haycock, are formed of the rudest framework, covered with cloths and skins; no order is recognisable in the interior, a mere pile of bones and rags, amongst which, or round the ashes of the neighbouring fire, the women and children squat or loll. The owners of these primitive dwellings carry our thoughts further eastwards: the flat nose, narrow eyes, and high cheekbones, surmounted by a low fur cap, are of the type we are accustomed to call Mongol and Chinese. Barely maintained by the produce of their flocks, the men owe all the luxuries and excitement of their life to robbery, an art in which long practice has given them very considerable skill. The only animals which they possess of any value are their camels, troops of which may often be met on the road to Tiflis, where they find for them a good market. Another tribe, once found in great number on the steppes, but now rapidly becoming rarer, are the Nogai Tartars, a Mahometan race, who, disgusted with Russian rule, and attracted by religious sentiment, and the vague hope of bettering themselves, have emigrated in vast masses into Turkish territory. They are said to be a more peaceable people, and one more capable of being permanently attached to the soil than their neighbours the Kalmucks. These distractions, however, will be but few and far between, and long before his arrival at Stavropol the traveller will be wearied with his journey, and doubtful whether he is most annoyed by the vexatious and constantly recurring delays and insolences to which he must submit at the post-stations, or by the joltings and occasional breakdowns inevitable in the drive over the muddiest portion of a vast and roadless plain. One of the earliest and most discomposing discoveries made by the traveller on his first visit to Russia, is the very different conception that prevails in Eastern and Western Europe as to what constitutes a sufficient and creditable road. Macadamised highways are rare even in the most central portion of the empire; elsewhere they scarcely exist. In the whole Caucasian provinces there are at present two, namely, one from Vladikafkaz, and one from the Black Sea to Tiflis; elsewhere the long line of verst-posts stretching across the steppe, and the scar of black mud or dust which marks the otherwise monotonous surface, is the road.

Each rain-storm creates a swamp in the hollows, through which the jaded horses drag with difficulty the half-buried wheels. Lucky the man whose vehicle does not give way in the struggle, and oblige him to remain for hours while his driver seeks for tardy succour from the nearest station. The track is never repaired, except on the occasion of the passage of some member of the Imperial family or exceptionally exalted official; then peasants are collected, such bridges as exist are made passable (even then it is often preferable and sometimes far safer to take to the water at once), branches of trees are thrown into the deepest holes, and the putrefying carcases are removed, which offended equally the sight and smell of plebeian passers-by. A whole book might be filled with stories of the difficulties and dangers of posting in Russia, but we have fortunately something better before us than a tarantasse journey. At last Stavropol is reached, the capital of Ciscaucasia, a town, according to most accounts, with broad streets and whitewashed houses, which Russians delight to say would do honour to any of the provincial capitals of Western Europe, and therefore the more devoid of attraction to one who comes from those regions.



KALMUCK CAMEL.

We shall next reach Georgievsk, once a place of some importance, but now rapidly decaying in consequence of its unhealthy situation and the removal of the Government bureau to Patigorsk. We here turn for the first time from the direct road to Vladikafkaz, in order to visit the spas of the Caucasus, already famous in Russia, though probably few of our readers have ever heard of their existence. During the last few stages the landscape has become more varied, bold isolated hills, partially wooded, rise like volcanic islands from the steppe, and our eyes will have been constantly fixed upon the southern horizon. If by good fortune either at sunrise or sunset no mists obscure the view, our long journey and jolts will be forgotten in the excitement of catching our first glimpse of the fabled heights of Mount Kaf. Three great peaks will at once arrest the eye; foremost, both in apparent and real bulk, is a huge double-headed mass of snow; further to the left are two summits, one a keen icy spire, the other a long comb of mingled rock and snow. The traveller may ask in vain of his driver the names of these mighty mountains. It is not till he has studied his map that he will know that he has at last entered the presence of the three kings, who have come out of the East to force Mont Blanc to submit to the fate of one who takes, without due ground, the highest seat. Far away, a long-sighted eye will detect another lofty mountain—a pale shadow in the golden eastern sky—and the traveller will long to improve his acquaintance with Kazbek, the rock of Prometheus, and the centre of so many later legends. We are struck, first, with the abrupt transition from the horizontal to the perpendicular, in which Nature has here indulged a contrast of flat plain and precipitous mountain-side, rendered yet more clear by the absence on either of forest and its softer shading; secondly, with the remarkable isolation of Elbruz, and the apparent want of connection in the portions of the snowy range, a want not real, but caused by nearer ranges hiding what is beyond.

Mr. Hayward's Journey in Central Asia.

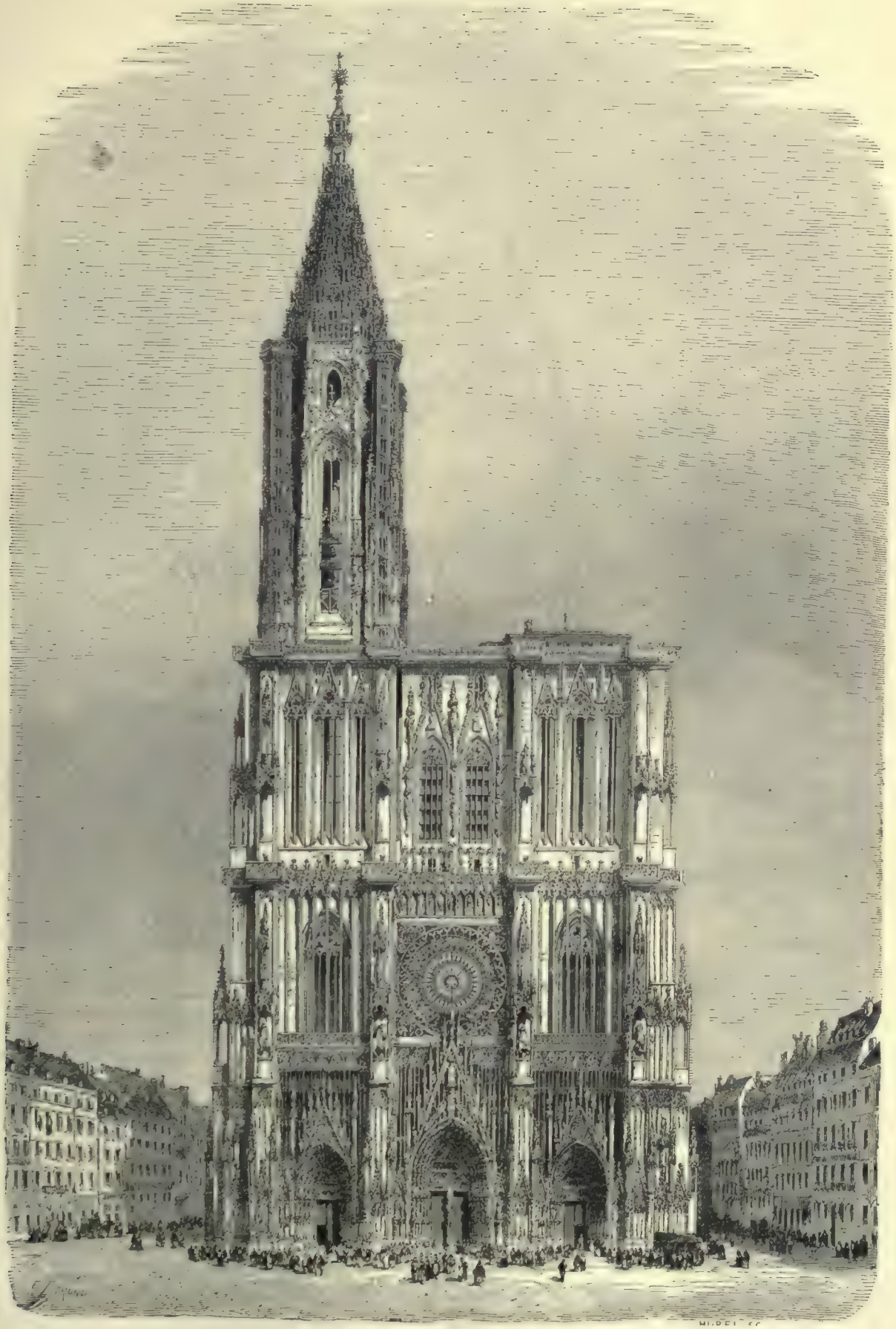
One of the most daring and complete journeys of exploration in modern times is that of Mr. G. W. Hayward, across the great mountain ranges lying between North-western India and the fertile plains of Turkistan, or, as it was formerly called, Chinese Tartary; a journey accomplished in the winter of 1868-9, and an account of which was read before the Royal Geographical Society, at the meeting on the 13th of December last. Mr. Hayward is a young man who was formerly an officer in the Indian army; a man of light build and modest but self-possessed demeanour—one of those quiet, determined fellows who have little to say for themselves, but who perform great deeds, through which their names live in history. The mission he undertook was to explore all that unknown region lying between the northern frontier of Cashmere and the Russian advanced posts in Western Turkistan, on the Jaxartes; to ascertain the position and elevation of the various lofty ranges and table-lands, and map them out with some approach to accuracy. At present this portion of Asia is filled in, even on our best maps, by fictitious mountains and rivers, or, at least, by guess-work, for no modern European traveller has done more than approach its borders. All reports have represented it as a region of great elevation, containing in its centre a tract of level land, so high that it received from the Turki inhabitants of the surrounding countries the name of "the Roof of the World." On some maps this plateau is represented as the "Pamir Steppe." The direction of the mountain chain is

apparently north and south, and it was supposed to connect at right angles the lofty Thian Shan range, in the north of Central Asia, with the chain of the Hindoo-Koosh and Himalaya in the south, thus encircling the lower region of Chinese Tartary on three sides with a fence of snow-clad mountains. Mr. Hayward's main object was, and still is, to explore the Pamir; but so far he has to record only the first of the journeys undertaken in the attempt to carry out his plans. In this he reached the rich and populous cities of Yarkand and Kashgar, which no European has visited without forfeit of his life since the days of Marco Polo and the mediæval travellers; the last who made the perilous journey, the unfortunate Adolphe Schlagintweit, was murdered in Kashgar, in 1858. This journey is perhaps fuller of elements of interest than the one to the Pamir will be, on which Mr. Hayward is now engaged.

His starting-point, after crossing the southern ranges of the Himalaya, was the town of Leh, in Ladak, a province belonging to our tributary the Maharajah of Cashmere. Hence to Yarkand, across the Karakorum and Kuen Luen Ranges, is a journey of five hundred miles, over the most elevated tract of land as yet known on the earth's surface, where the passes themselves are from 16,000 to 18,900 feet high. Only one of the routes had as yet been examined by a European, and Mr. Hayward undertook the first part of his task—to examine others, with a view to finding a more practicable route than now exists between Turkistan and India for the great trade which is springing up between the two countries. Attended by four natives of Ladak, with their yaks laden with provisions, he commenced his toilsome journey on the 29th of September. The lofty range beyond the Indus was crossed by a pass (the Chang La) 18,367 feet high, and the Karakorum Range, sixty miles further on, by the Chang Lang Pass, 18,839 feet. A nearly level plain, averaging about 16,000 feet in elevation and eighty miles in width, was then traversed. The pools of water were here solid blocks of ice, and the thermometer descended to 11° below zero. All liquids froze and burst their bottles. Three times the traveller attempted to find a passage to the west down into a valley supposed to be that of the Yarkand river; the third time he succeeded, and thus discovered a new pass (17,859 feet) and an easy route through the heart of the mountains. The river, however, proved to be the Karakash, flowing to Khotan, and not the Yarkand river, as erroneously marked on some maps. A few days' march down the valley, with the snowy peaks of the Kuen Luen chain in front or on the right of the line of march, brought the traveller to Shadula, the frontier post of the Yarkandi dominions. A strong guard of soldiers and spies was here stationed to prevent all strangers from entering the country of the suspicious Turkis, and he had to wait a reply to his request for permission to enter, from the Ataligh Ghazee—the king of the country recently wrested from the grasp of the Chinese—who was then at Kashgar, watching the advance of small Russian parties beyond his northern frontier.

The prospect of some weeks' detention and inactivity was not an agreeable one to our courageous traveller. There was the mystery of the source and course of the Yarkand river to be cleared up, and the true direction of the two great parallel mountain chains, the Kuen Luen and the Karakorum, to be defined. So one day (November the 26th), having secretly arranged his plans, he escaped from the vigilance of his spies, and, with three of his faithful Ladak servants and a week's supply of provisions, started with the first streak of daylight, on a journey in a new direction. Marching westward, he crossed a spur of the Kuen Luen, by a pass 17,092 feet high, and, descending on the other side, discovered, after a few hours' march, the long-sought Yarkand river. This great stream, of which we have now for the first time definite intelligence, rises on the northern side of the famed Karakorum Pass, and, after flowing for 130 miles in a narrow valley, or trough, east and west, between the Kuen Luen and Karakorum (or Mustagh) ranges, and fertilising—after breaking through the northern chain—the plains of Turkistan, loses itself in the sandy deserts of Tartary, having run a course of 1,300 miles. At the point where Mr. Hayward struck it, its bed was 13,685 feet above the sea-level. A few bushes and a little coarse grass grew in the warmer and more sheltered places. With these exceptions sterility and desolation reigned around. The rugged mountain slopes showed nothing but bare rock or heaps of rocky *débris*, and both to the north and the south the view was terminated by bristling rows of snowy peaks, some of those to the south being among the loftiest in the world—upwards of 28,000 feet high. During the two days he was in this valley he marched fifty-five miles, and climbed besides a peak overlooking the Yangi Pass, to the height of 19,000 feet, the ascent occupying five and a half hours—a marvellous two days' work, as most Alpine club-men will admit. But, in addition, he took observations to fix positions and altitudes, so as to enable him to draw an elaborate detailed map of all his routes, which accompanied the report read to the meeting. The absence of snow, except on the peaks, the extreme dryness and purity of the atmosphere in this trans-Himalayan region, must be the explanation of the apparent facility with which these mountains can thus be traversed, even at mid-winter. The latitude is between 35° 30′ and 36° 30′, about that of the Sierra Nevada in the south of Spain.

Mr. Hayward retraced his steps, and persevered until he reached the very source of the principal stream of the Yarkand. He then returned to Shadula, after twenty days' absence, and found the Turki guards in great consternation. A favourable reply had arrived from the king, and the spies, trembling lest their heads should pay the penalty of their neglect in losing the Englishman, had searched over hill and dale for many days without finding him. The march down into the warm plains then commenced. But first the main chain of the Kuen Luen had to be crossed. This was done by the Sanju Pass (16,612 feet)—a most difficult route, impracticable to laden animals. On the other side the descent was rapid, and the traveller's astonishment and admiration were soon excited by the novelty and beauty of the scenes that presented themselves. A thickly-peopled and well-ordered country, studded with well-built villages, towns, and cities, irrigated by rivers and canals, and abounding in corn, fruit (peaches, pomegranates, grapes, melons, &c.), pastures, fat cattle, and even cotton plantations, was traversed day after day during his ride of 180 miles to Kashgar, where resided the Ataligh Ghazee, the king of this promising country and the founder of its independence. Although closely watched, Mr. Hayward was treated throughout with marked courtesy and the most profuse hospitality; but we must reserve for a future occasion an account of his reception, and of the appearance and manners of the people of this remote region, thus unexpectedly laid open to the notice of Europeans.



STRASBURG CATHEDRAL—WESTERN FACADE, TOWERS, AND SPIRE.

From Alsace to the Hartz.—I.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

THE VOSGES—STRASBURG—CARLSRUHE—STUTTGARD.

THERE is no district in Europe that so entirely combines accessibility, beauty, novelty, and economic interest, as Alsace. Although a great highway, it is little visited, for travellers pass through it generally in the dark, and always at full speed, on their way from Paris to Strasburg or Mulhausen. The traveller by the night train to Strasburg reaches the Alsacian frontier about five o'clock in the morning half asleep and thinking more of coffee and rest than of the scenery that he is rapidly leaving behind him. At Saverne, with its great red castle—now a barrack—and its reminiscence of old Roman occupation, the plain of Alsace is reached; and the broad richly-cultivated tract that intervenes between the Vosges mountains and the Rhine—forming the eastern side of the great valley of that river—is crossed in about an hour, the railway entering the outer fortifications and gates of Strasburg, one of the most interesting and remarkable cities in Europe.

But the tourist who has a few hours to spare will not thus quit the region of the Vosges and the plains of Alsace. Before arriving at the station of Saverne the German country has been reached, for Saarbourg—the previous station, a walled town on the upper part of the river Saar, seventeen miles from Saverne—is the real boundary-line, and this line is so sharply drawn, that while French is the language of the upper town and upper classes, and the official language, German is spoken by the lower classes and in the lower town. From this point the interesting country begins, and from Saarbourg to Saverne the railway winds its way through hills, through valleys, and burrows, in its course, through the northern extremity of the Vosges mountains, which extend southwards from this point, and are crossed again at their southern extremity by the important branch of the Great Eastern Railway of France from Nancy to Mulhausen. The chain is reached by no less than three branches, one on the French, the other two on the German side, between the two lines which cross it.

The Vosges, as a mountain chain, is not lofty, but presents a great variety of picturesque and delightful scenery. Its principal elevations (called *Ballons*, from their rounded form) are about 4,000 feet above the sea, and consist chiefly of granitic rock, up-heaved through a red building-stone (*grès de Vosges* of geologists) and many overlying rocks of the secondary period. The hills are covered in places by magnificent forests, and are rich in minerals, especially in iron-stone. Coal is also worked, and the district is celebrated for its mineral springs, of which that of Plombiéres is well known. From Strasburg the principal points of interest are easily reached by railroad, and will justify a delay of several days for those who have time at their disposal.

The traveller in Alsace must make up his mind to put up with many minor inconveniences, and to see a little of wild life, but he need not fear starvation. The forests still contain wolves and wild boar, and these occasionally in winter make their appearance in the villages. I remember being told by the guard of one of the trains, while crossing the country a few years ago, that the wild boars would sometimes run across the line, and that he had seen them endeavouring to outrun the train. Their chance in a stern chase of this kind is very small, even when allowance is made for the absence of very high speed and the proverbial tedium of such chases.

The human inhabitants of the valleys and smaller towns partake of the picturesque, and their customs have been comparatively little altered since the middle ages. They are honest and good-natured, but wedded to their old ways. Now and then a group of them may be seen in the market-place at Strasburg; but the costumes are dying out here as everywhere else; and such a group as that represented in our illustration, though possible enough, will not be found every day. They are not a very communicative, and by no means an industrious and active race. On the contrary, their lands are often cultivated and their crops cut and carried by their neighbours from Switzerland. The language of most parts of Alsace is more German than French; but French is generally taught, and is much more spoken than formerly.

Strasburg is so easily reached, and so situated, that it may well serve as head-quarters for the tourist, whether he is merely on his way to Germany, or is prepared to visit the most interesting points of the district he has crossed before reaching that noble and ancient city. To those who have not travelled in Germany it presents a great contrast to the towns of France hitherto visited, not only in language, but in general aspect. Being a frontier town close to the Rhine, it has been converted into a fortress of the first class; and by a system of sluices, the surrounding country could at any time be laid under water, except on one side, where there is, however, the protection of mines to be exploded in case of need. There are, of course, many extensive outworks, and on entering the city by the railroad the peaceful visitor can hardly fail to be affected by the exceedingly warlike character of everything around. Once within the fortifications, however, all this is forgotten in the multiplied objects of interest that crowd upon him, and the busy and flourishing appearance of the town.

The streets of Strasburg are narrow and dark, and the houses lofty, but there are several open spaces. The town is built on an island in the river Ill, which communicates with the Rhine at a short distance. There are several canals. The citadel is on the eastern extremity, and the railway station from Paris on the north-western. The cathedral—the most remarkable and interesting of the public buildings—is not far from the centre of the town, and is surrounded by old streets.

The view of the cathedral which is given in the engraving conveys an admirable idea of the extraordinary richness, beauty, and magnitude of the western end, and of the towers, and also of the noble spire, which rises in fretted stone-work of the most elaborate tracery to the height of 468 feet above the pavement. It is the loftiest Gothic spire ever constructed, and, unlike some examples of very lofty constructions, it looks its height. Seen from the small open space around it, no one can help being struck with this characteristic. It has not a bright appearance, being built of the dark red sandstone of the neighbourhood; but the material has been made the most of, and, owing to the singular openness of the sculpture, aided, no doubt, by admirable proportions, there is no appearance of heaviness. The

real and exquisite beauty of the details can only be appreciated by close examination. The stone is cut so as rather to resemble iron castings or carved oak than chiseled stone, and is carefully tied together throughout with iron, so as to give additional strength to resist the action of wind. It is to be hoped that its stability will not be tried by an earthquake; and, as more than four centuries have elapsed since the tower was completed, the whole structure must be considered to have resisted all other, and more ordinary, causes of destruction sufficiently well.

The visitor to Strasburg cathedral will not fail to be struck with the want of symmetry in the upper part of the western façade of this grand building. It was not so intended by the original artist, who died more than a century before the cathedral was completed in its present state, but whose plans still exist. Economy and poverty have prevented the carrying out of this as of so many grand ideas. As it is, however, the building is quite unrivalled, and is worth a much longer and more troublesome pilgrimage than that from London across France to this part of French Germany.

For a few sous the visitor may go through a doorway in the south side of the unfinished tower, up some three hundred steps, in more or less good preservation, to the wide platform at the top of the towers, where there is a station for a watchman, who overlooks the city, and whose duty it is to give notice of fires. Another similar fee will secure admission to the base of the spire. Beyond this, however, it is difficult to obtain permission to go, as there have been several accidents to visitors who have ascended the steps up the inside of the spire, but have lost nerve, owing to the dangerous openings between the stone tracery. It is said that the staircase is still good, and till lately the ascent was frequently made, but there is some danger and little to reward the climber.

The interior of this cathedral is only less interesting than the exterior. The painted glass is of extraordinary beauty; it is partly of the fourteenth, and partly of the fifteenth century, and, like most of the work of the interior, including all the details of the nave, belongs to the early history of the building, and helps to give that air of completeness for which the whole is remarkable. Only the clock—an imitation of the original very remarkable construction, no longer in its original site, and rather a gigantic toy than of any special mechanical interest or value—seems out of place, and disturbs the harmony of the interior by its gorgeous gilding, pictured diagrams, and numerous puppets. The old puppets of the clock of 1354, subdued by the dust and rust of centuries, told a story of the people of the middle ages that would always have remained instructive, although the movements had ceased. The new and ridiculous imitations are by no means pleasing. Nor are the monuments altogether improvements. The five hundred years that have elapsed since the building was erected have not been without many changes for the worse as well as for the better in the history of human progress; and in the matter of taste in ornamentation there was no such dark period during the dark ages as that from which we are now emerging or endeavouring to emerge.

Strasburg need not detain the traveller long when he has mastered the details of the cathedral and walked along some of the streets in the centre of the town; but he will hardly escape without some inquiry about the celebrated fat liver pies (*pâtés de foie gras*), to obtain which most unwholesome and objectionable food many unfortunate geese are crammed every winter with maize, stimulated with sulphur, and cooped up in dark cellars, to insure the proper amount of disease required for the growth of those monstrous livers that are thus submitted for human food. Let those eat these so-called luxuries who can digest and enjoy them after knowing their history!

There is a railway across the low flat country between Strasburg and the Rhine, and a railway bridge across the same river, and thus the communication is perfectly easy and rapid from the town to Kehl in Germany. In half an hour the French frontier is passed, and we reach the German custom-house. The railway bridge is a noble construction, resting on granite piers, sunk sixty-five feet below the surface of the river, and rising twenty-three feet above. The German custom house is on the right bank of the Rhine, and the examination is often rather severe. From Kehl the line continues to Appenweier, it enters the main line on the right or German bank of where the Rhine, running from Frankfort to Basle through the Grand Duchy of Baden, one of the most fertile parts of Germany. The railway passes through the plains of the Rhine valley, which here yield large crops of tobacco, maize, and other grain, hops, hemp, and flax. Vineyards are also seen clothing the sides of the low hills, and numerous walnut trees supply fruit, from which large quantities of oil are obtained. This walnut-oil is used in place of olive-oil for most purposes in Germany and France. There still remains a certain amount of ancient costume among the peasants and labourers in Baden. Most of the men wear cocked hats, and the women are not without well-marked peculiarities of dress.

From the railroad between Appenweier and Carlsruhe (the next large town on our road) there is a branch at the little station of Oos to the celebrated watering place of Baden-Baden. But we are not now following the great stream of travellers whose interest and amusement converge in the *salons* and ball-rooms of this well-known resort. We are looking for other objects of interest; and though there are pretty excursions to be made from Baden, and a day or two of easy travelling would easily carry us from thence into wild and lovely country, where green fields replace green cloth, and the cry of the croupier is never heard, we will rather avoid for the present all temptation, and hurry past the station at Oos, to be brought in two or three hours to Carlsruhe, the capital of the state of Baden.

There is, however, but little to detain us here. Carlsruhe—as those best know who have been obliged to do more than pass through it—is a melancholy collection of lines of houses, all radiating from the palace. They are not all alike, because built at three periods; but all are without the smallest touch of the picturesque, and, except from the surrounding scenery, which is pretty, they form but an ugly, disagreeable, and dull abode.

Fourteen miles north of Carlsruhe is the junction station of Bruchsal, where we enter the system of the Wurtemburg railroads, and after another fifty miles may reach Stuttgard. There is, however, another line branching at Durlach, and coming into the Wurtemberg line at Mühlacker. This is shorter and more direct, and some trains are continuous. It takes at least five hours to reach Stuttgard from Carlsruhe under any circumstances. The line from Durlach to Mühlacker lies through Pforzheim, a large and interesting manufacturing town, with iron-works, cloth-factories, and other industries, among which must be ranked certain gold and silver works



ALSATIAN COSTUMES SEEN IN THE MARKET PLACE OF STRASBURG.

which have some general reputation. The country travelled through from this town to the Neckar valley is not particularly interesting.

The valley of the Neckar, near which Stuttgard is situated, is remarkable for its picturesque beauty. The railway, however, leaves the river at Heilbronn about thirty miles north of Stuttgard, where a charming view is obtained from the Wartburg, or watch tower, overlooking the town. Heilbronn is a place of great interest, and well worthy an excursion. It is very picturesque, with many towers, gable ends, and old walls, and besides these, a very fine church of the thirteenth century, the choir of which is pure in style and well preserved.

From Heilbronn the railway passes over the plain and through some hills, past Mühlacker (the junction from Durlach) to Ludwigsburg with its deserted palace, and then by other tunnels opens at last on Stuttgard, the capital of Wurtemberg

This small town is prettily situated, being almost surrounded by low hills covered with vineyards which yield a fair wine in large quantity. It is not, however, very remarkable for picturesque beauty. One of the prettiest parts is the great square or Schloss Platz (represented in the engraving), in which are situated the old and new palace and the theatre. This square is planted with trees, and one side of it is a wing of the palace. There are two principal and very broad streets, besides many squares or open spaces, and the population being small the largeness of the space gives an air of desolation. Perhaps the most interesting objects of the town are the Neckerstrasse, which contains the finest buildings, none of them, however, very remarkable, and the palace gardens, open to the public, and extending for two miles, with carriage drives and winding footpaths, and well shaded by avenues of trees. The Museum of the Fine Arts is rich in sculpture and drawings. Among the former are works by Dannecker, Rauch, Schwanthaler, and other well-known German artists, and casts of Thorwaldsen's best works, presented by himself. There is also a rich cabinet of medals, and a public library, containing, it is said, more editions of the Bible than are to be found elsewhere in any collection.



PLACE OF THE OLD CHATEAU IN STUTTGARD.

No one should leave Stuttgard without a visit to the pretty little town of Cannstadt, with its mineral springs, of which as many as forty rise in various places in and about the town, discharging as much as five millions of gallons of water per day. The sources are partly saline and partly chalybeate, and are regarded as very efficacious in cases of disordered digestion—a complaint not unlikely to exist in Germany, where the food (especially in some parts) is anything but simple or light. All these waters are cold, and they appear to rise in connection with extinct volcanic rocks immediately around. There is a *Kursaal*, or bath-room, where the water is delivered, and where baths may be had on very moderate terms. Behind it are pleasant gardens, and connected with it is a restaurant greatly frequented, especially on Sundays and festivals, when the mid-day table d'hôte is always fully and pleasantly attended. A railway connects Stuttgard with this suburb, which is, indeed, more busy and flourishing than the capital itself. Cannstadt was founded by the Romans, and was made use of extensively in the time of the later Roman empire as a resort both for health and pleasure. Remains of their thermæ, or baths, and other public buildings, and many fragments of Roman sculpture found in the neighbourhood, attest the importance of this place in ancient times.

A curious palace, built at Cannstadt about twenty years ago in the Moorish style by the late King of Würtemberg, affords an instructive example of royal extravagance. It is said to have cost a quarter of a million sterling. It is built something in the style of the celebrated Alhambra palace, or rather of one of the courts of that famous Moorish palace at Grenada, and was intended to be filled with a collection of pictures and statuary. Many of the specimens that were placed there by the founder of this building have been removed by the present king, Charles I., who does not quite appreciate the style and execution of this whim, and the palace is not now generally occupied. It is, however, well worth a visit, and is perhaps less absurd, or at least less objectionable in point of taste, than George the Fourth's caricature of a Chinese joss-house at Brighton. It is true that it came into the world a quarter of a century later.

A Ride Across the Frontier of Victoria.

BY PHILIP A. EAGLE, AUTHOR OF "GOLD MINING IN VICTORIA," "AUSTRALIAN FAUNA," ETC.

THE south-westernmost portion of the colony of Victoria comprises one of the most attractive and fertile regions of Australia. The Wimmera district was first discovered by Sir Thomas Mitchell, during a journey of exploration, in 1836. After traversing the rough scrub country lying between South Australia and Victoria, the magnificent domain of pasture burst upon his view, to which the great explorer gave the proud title of Australia Felix.

The fattening capacity of the rich natural grasses which abound there is sufficiently attested by the great value of the present holdings under the Crown. Yet it is hardly too much to affirm that the greater part of this immense area is almost a *terra incognita* to the bulk of the colonists, so limited and scattered has been the intercourse resulting from commercial enterprise, while the extreme confines of the gold discoveries but trench, as it were, upon its borders. With a surface of upwards of nine millions of acres, extending from below Mount Ararat, embracing a large portion of the "Mallee" scrub, and terminating only on the South Australian frontier, the Wimmera district, in addition to its great physical diversity, possesses features of considerable interest.

The scenery of Australia, though wanting somewhat in grandeur and in that wild sublimity which ordinarily belongs to a granitic formation, is not without attractions that are singularly its own. The great abundance of forest, the peculiar aspect of the vegetation, and the blending of what may be termed the pastoral and the romantic, unite to produce landscapes of considerable beauty and freshness.

Stretching away from the foot of Mount William—the highest range in the western district—are broad rolling prairies, over which numerous herds of fine cattle are distributed, and fringed on their western side by belts of magnificent vegetation, which rise range upon range until their varied foliage mingles with the high blue caps of the Grampians; beyond these, again, towering in the distance, are the broken mountains which overlook the seaboard, their summits standing out in bold relief against the background of blue sky.

The river Wimmera is, perhaps, the most varied of Australian rivers in its wanderings. After flowing for miles through these fertile savannahs, its course may be traced through some deep wooded glen, where, contracting its volume, the stream dashes along a narrow, precipitous gorge for a short distance, until, as in the Maranoa Falls, it tumbles over huge projecting rocks, and, bounding in its abrupt descent along a succession of granite beds, finally plunges in wild and fanciful cascades below. Thence it is distributed in numerous creeks and branches through a luxuriant delta of vegetation, whose flats and swamps, covered with a semi-tropical verdure, are the resort of large quantities of wild fowl, proving as attractive to the sportsman as the tourist. Here the Wimmera subsides into a shallow rivulet, winding through water-worn gulches, overgrown with grass and reeds, and so slender that all traces of its course are frequently lost, to be recovered along the sheds and basins of its mountain source.

A few years back the writer, in company with Dr. Ludwig Becker, a well-known botanist, Mr. H——, an overseer, and two Sydney stockmen, started from the Messrs. Wilsons' home station on the Upper Wimmera,* for an outlying run on the Murray River.

The course of our journey lay along the western extremity of the colony, and included the passage of the "Mallee" scrub—a dense and almost impenetrable eucalyptus vegetation, growing on the South Australian frontier. We left the homestead in the cool freshness of an early September morning, while the sun was fast dispelling the night dews, which hung in large crystal drops on the leaves and branches of the numerous eucalypti, or sparkled on the long blades of grass at our feet. The magnificent blue overhead was unbroken throughout—and the beauty of a cloudless Australian sky is proverbial.

Nothing of interest occurred on our journey for several days; but a week's travelling brought us into a strange and comparatively new region. Pastoral life ended, and beyond old sheep-tracks near the watersheds, or an unoccupied hut or two, there was no evidence of this country being stocked. Travelling along the depressions which here fall from the open country we reached a series of small fresh-water lakes, connected by swampy ground, fringed in parts by tall flowering shrubs and broad-leaved plants. Here we shot a quantity of moor-fowl, wild ducks, and smaller birds. Proceeding thence in a northerly direction, we came upon low sandy flats, with occasional patches of stunted vegetation, the country generally presenting a most uninviting aspect. Crossing afterwards a high range, covered with arborescent shrubs, the ground improved into a succession of small open flats, with some good grass, displaying here and there several casuarinas or acacias, with a few shrub pines (*Callitris verrucosa*). Beyond this, again, came a succession of barren grounds. A hurricane had swept through the scrub, leaving enormous fissures in the earth, embedded in the sides of which remained the roots of massive melaleucas, the only survivors being a few scattered trunks of giant trees, poised at a considerable inclination. The following day we reached a lightly-wooded, undulating country; and while traversing the border of an open flat, one of our party espied a couple of brush turkeys feeding, and by good luck sent a shot which disabled the larger one, and we secured a very fine bird.

Taking a more westerly direction, in order to avail ourselves of the water-holes, we descended into a wide and well-grassed valley of some length, the verdant surface presenting a striking contrast to the appearance of the open forests, while securely sheltered from the devastating scirocco which had spread such desolation in our rear. After journeying through an intricate bush for some distance, we entered upon a succession of spacious glades, covered with dwarfed peppermint shrubs and polygonum, when the appearance of the country underwent a considerable change, and we traversed some open rises, which for a long distance were denuded of vegetation,

* The Upper Wimmera, on account of the great natural adaptability of the country, has been selected by the Acclimatisation Society of Victoria as a depôt for the preservation of their valuable camels, a number of which are now permanently located on the grounds belonging to the Messrs. Wilson.

their course overlooking the continuous depressions which here trend westwardly until they are lost among the scrub ranges. Dissatisfied with the scanty herbage around, we pushed forward, and, following a long low range, entered upon a more level country, tolerably well timbered. We now took the course of a dry creek until dusk, crossed some mallee (scrub) ranges, and passed into the bed of a deep gorge, apparently running out into open country. We here found a good supply of water and grass, and camped alongside some pines.

The moon was now at the full; and whilst enjoying our rest we could admire the extensive panorama of bush scenery within our view. The track of the ravine, occasionally intercepted by some jutting rock, was brilliantly lighted up, the moon silvering the higher foliage of its timbered ranges—whose extent could be traced far away into the interior—or glancing along the projecting points and upturned blocks of granite scattered over the landscape, leaving the surrounding brushwood and wild growth of mallee in deep obscurity. The quiet grandeur of the scene was perhaps heightened by its utter isolation, the only sound which broke the solitude being the merry squeak of an opossum or the sharp howl of the Australian dingo.

The following morning we had a chase after several of these creatures, which fled in various directions. One large savage-looking specimen, after a short run, assumed the defensive, and after working in and out the bushes, made a bolt into cover; but as the dingo, when attacked in the scrub, frequently injures a good dog, we abandoned the pursuit. These animals have a bold wolf-like appearance, with pointed ears and a brush tail. They are fleet, and sometimes victorious in their encounter with other dogs, biting without bark; but more frequently they turn tail, and with short snappish howls make their escape. Although they are indigenous to Australia, they appear rarely to leave their own district, and, unlike the ordinary dog, are said to be able to exist during long intervals without water.

After leaving the open country we followed the course of some mallee ranges for several days, when we afterwards descended into large open plains, but had not entirely cleared the timber belt when we espied a flock of emus feeding around some nitraria* bushes. Although screened from observation at the time, there seemed no possibility of approaching them unperceived in the open plain, but relying on the well-known curiosity of the bird, I resolved to stalk them along a dry watercourse, which ran down near their feeding-place. Leaving our party well in the shade, I started, armed with a double barrel, and having over my head and shoulders a red blanket. My progress was slow and difficult, it being sometimes necessary to contract myself into the smallest dimensions possible, the gulch, which was a mere depression of the ground, in parts barely affording concealment. Pushing forward in this way for about twenty minutes, I reached an exposed point distant about eighty or ninety yards from the flock. On raising my head, I observed one emu in advance of the rest, and all of them earnestly regarding me. It was not long before their curiosity developed itself. They cautiously approached until they had advanced within about twenty yards, when they stopped short. The wary old emu in front had evidently observed our party. I fired both barrels just as they wheeled round; a few hairy feathers flew about, and I sharply scanned the retreating body. At first they were scudding across the plain as fast as their long legs would enable them, while the released dogs were in eager but useless pursuit. At length I observed one limping fellow separate himself from the others, and after running round, suddenly drop. I now closely watched the track of the remainder, and had the mortification of seeing them all disappear in a short time. Our prize turned out to be a fine male emu, and, although shot in the breast and neck, was not dead, for while examining it one of the kangaroo dogs received a kick from it which sent him away howling. We at once despatched the bird, and the flesh being unfit for eating, we cut off the legs, which we brought away with us.

*A salsolaceous bramble, yielding a berry the size of a sloe, conical in shape, the fruit juicy and agreeable.

After traversing the plains several miles, we entered on some scrubby land, sparsely clothed with a wild growth of pines and scented shrubs, but of a barren, sandy character, and which continued for a couple of days, water in the meantime becoming scarce. We were now compelled to travel slowly, for we had gradually got into a mallee jungle, made up of the *Eucalyptus oleosa*, a dwarf gum, of close thicket-like growth, tea-tree, and pine scrub, with a lot of tough creeping plants interlaced overhead, the whole reaching to a height of a dozen feet or more, and which we found in some places almost impenetrable. After some difficulty, we at length emerged from this dangerous scrub, with features and clothing presenting disagreeable evidences of the roughness of the passage. It is hardly necessary to remark that the difficulties of bush travelling are intensified in the neighbourhood of mallee, since the perplexities of a thick scrub render unavailable any solar observations. The mallee, along a course of several hundred miles, frequently presents a growth so dense that no ray of sun can penetrate the overhanging screen of this tenacious vegetation. There is another scrub known to overlanders to the west of the mallee, called the Whipstick Scrub, as difficult to penetrate, if not so rugged, as the mallee, and which has proved, on more than one occasion, fatal to the adventurous traveller. This scrub (so called) presents an exact uniformity of growth, a dozen or more straight whip-like stems frequently springing from a single root, and meeting overhead at a height of ten or twelve feet.

We now entered upon a low, dry, sandy plain, extending for a considerable distance, where, from the nature of the ground, we could make but little progress, the country being for many miles of the most desolate character, both vegetation and water-holes becoming each day more unfrequent, and placing man and horse on the shortest allowance. Towards the termination of this plain we observed several raised sand-hills (one of them being over twenty feet in circumference). These proved to be nests of the *Leipoa*, or native pheasant. The discovery caused the liveliest interest among our party; and the doctor, who had long been curious about this remarkable specimen of the Australian fauna, had an opportunity of observing closely the construction of their nests. A hole had been scraped out on one side of the mound, in which the eggs were found deposited endwise and closely packed around with sand; the mouth of the nest—which was merely an accumulation of sand that had become sun-baked—being afterwards blocked up with a mass of leaves. Incubation follows upon the high rate of temperature maintained within, due partly to the decomposition of vegetable matter, a layer

of leaves being first placed beneath the eggs; and at the end of the period of hatching, generally about four months, the young hen emerges. The flesh of the mallee pheasant is stated to be fine eating, but we had no opportunity of testing this, as the only specimen we observed escaped into the scrub. We, however, extracted several eggs, which were in size a little fuller than a goose egg, of a pinkish colour, and which we found of excellent flavour

The following day we passed beyond this barren country. We now found ourselves among a short scattered bush, which led into a light grassy district, partially covered with mallee and a thick undergrowth of myrtaceous plants. Kangaroos and pademelons were here to be seen, some within a short distance; but both horses and riders were fatigued with a dry day's march (no rain having yet fallen), and we did not leave our track, but continued heading for a plain of open grassy land, which we observed springing from the foot of a pine scrub range. Here were wild cattle spread over a large extent of broken ground. We found a supply of water, and, after reaching the northern range, made preparations for camping. These were hardly completed when a deep pall rapidly overspread the sky, and a drenching storm of rain suddenly descended, the water coming down in heavy masses. We were fortunately on a rise of tea-tree and pine scrub, and tolerably well sheltered, but the animals, and, unluckily, the saddles, with some of our blankets, were still exposed. The storm soon abated, permitting us to erect a temporary shelter, and dry our bedding.

The howling of wild dogs awoke us during the night, and two of our party having fancied that they detected the galloping of horses, hurried down to the place where they were last seen, and where they were found quietly grazing. The moon now shone brightly, and the valley which we had previously crossed, as far as the eye could trace its extent, was entirely covered with water, presenting the appearance of a vast lake.

We continued along the tea-tree range for a considerable distance, until the boundary of the plain was reached, which now contracted to a rising sandy ground covered with a scattered growth of myrtle and salt-bush. Here lay distributed about the ground the carcases of several sheep, torn and destroyed by the wild dogs; but no indications of a flock were to be observed. We now took a westerly line, entering into a country chiefly of low shelving ranges extending down into hollows, in one of which we observed several kangaroos.

The great body of rain that had fallen had cooled the atmosphere, rendering travelling more agreeable during the last twenty-four hours; but one of the most important results was the now well-filled water-holes. A great improvement took place in the appearance of the country, which gradually expanded into open undulating ground, well grassed and partially stocked. The second day after finding the worried sheep we entered on occupied country, and, following the course of a creek, reached a shepherd's hut belonging to the Messrs. Campbell, of Adelaide, where we remained for the night.

Here, to our surprise, we found quite an aviary of birds; among which were crimson and orange-coloured parrots, rose-bill paroquets, lories, and other beautiful species. The hut-keeper cleaned a number of the plumpest we had shot, and we made a capital supper off stewed parrots. This retreat presented quite an oasis in the scrub; a narrow creek flowed through the ground within a short distance of the building, and at the back, running nearly north and south, lay a succession of green sloping ranges. Spreading from the foot of these, and extending along the front, was a spacious and well-grassed flat, affording depasturing ground for several thousand sheep, the general aspect of which was enlivened by small groups of fine young melaleucas and sandarac pine-shrubs.

Mr. H——, the new overseer, had a narrow escape of being left out in the cold. Having tracked a kangaroo-rat which he had condemned for supper into a clump of brushwood, he there started a fine wallaby, and, abandoning the rat, commenced a chase after his new quarry, which led him away over ranges and through the scrub to a considerable distance before he succeeded in running him to ground. He then, for the first time, began to realise his situation, and having but a dim perception of the route he came, commenced his return to camp. It was now quite dark, and after traversing several rises, he discovered that he was on a wrong track, and thus he continued running down gullies and over ranges until near midnight, when he caught sight of the large fire we had kindled outside, and reached the hut nearly exhausted, bringing with him his hardly-earned trophy.

Our journey for the next few days lay along low-lying flats of pasture, which were afterwards broken by a course of heavy ranges with sharp rugged gullies running at right angles, and which proved most fatiguing to the cattle. On the second day, after leaving the shepherd's hut, in crossing a blind creek, we came suddenly upon a gunyah with two black fellows and a "lubra" squatted around a fire. The men immediately sprang up, not a little surprised at our presence. After quieting the dogs, we discovered that the party were occupied in roasting rats, which they devoured with great gusto. The tails were pulled off and disposed of in a bunch, the bodies were eaten seriatim, very much like biting a sausage. The men had no blankets, a piece of animal hide being loosely thrown around them; the "lubra," with the extra adornment of a few feathers, carrying a kind of skin wallet, into which all waifs and strays were crammed, besides a piccaninny slung on her back.

But little could be gathered from the natives beyond the information, elicited by one of the stockmen, who had a "yabber" with them, that they were on their way to attend one of their native dances, the black fellow adding the vague intimation of its being "big one walk," at the same time pointing in the direction of Coolaminga station. They gathered up their weapons and accompanied us some distance. The men were both fine athletic natives. To the foremost (a broad-shouldered fellow with a large beard and mischievously rapid eyes) we presented a piece of tobacco and a pipe, at which they all showed unbounded delight. In crossing a deep gorge one of the natives killed a black snake, which he carefully stowed away along with the piccaninny, intending it, no doubt, as a *bonne bouche*. The other black fellow, upon rising a limestone range, suddenly shot ahead, and commenced cutting away at the fork of a large gum-tree; presently he came down with a fine ring-tailed opossum. This process was repeated twice during the day, and before we camped at eventide, they had bagged quite a stock of native game. There is a fat grub about three or four inches long, much relished by the natives, who find it both in the limbs and near the roots of a tree. Fixing their toes in the thick projecting groove-like rind of the *Eucalyptus resinifera*,* they will ascend

* One of the largest and hardest of Australian forest trees.



AUSTRALIAN COROBBOREE AT COOLAMINGA.

its iron trunk with amazing rapidity; or, carrying with them a tomahawk made of a sharp-edged stone or flint, fixed in a cleft-stick, with which they cut notches for the feet, they will run up a tall, smooth gum with the greatest ease in pursuit of their game. Amongst their spoil was a plump kangaroo-rat, which the glossy individual, whose good-will I had enlisted by a present of "fig," held up to us, with an exclamation of "Kunge patter-coolinga!" The flesh of this marsupial is esteemed good eating by the natives, and is not to be despised by the bushman on occasions. The blacks of Australia possess a variety of excellent food in the mammals and reptiles of the continent. The *summum* of native epicurean indulgence is undoubtedly the *pseudechys*, or black snake. This specimen of the vertebrate takes precedence even of the iguana, which is affirmed to be only excelled in delicacy of flavour by the most tender representative of the fowl species.

The scenery of the district we now passed through improved in character, and from the summit of one of the cross ranges we had a view of considerable extent; but beyond the mountain on our left, seemingly connected with a series of plateaux extending into the interior, the range of perspective presented but little relief to the usual dense and unvarying bush. Towards evening we entered upon some grassy plains, but these, further on, were again disturbed by ironstone and porphyritic ranges. Having reached a water-hole, with a good feed near it, we camped. The aboriginals rapidly constructed a mia-mia, where they were soon engaged in toasting and devouring their appetising dishes. The Australians never take the trouble to cook their food, but merely tear off the outer skin of the animal, and after holding the body over the fire for a few minutes, eagerly devour it in its uncleaned state, frequently eating so voraciously as to be in a state of inactivity and torpor for several hours afterwards. On one occasion, after killing an emeu, the black fellow earnestly begged the stomach, upon which, barely warmed, he supped, and although evidently uneasy during the night—rolling frequently and rubbing his belly—he got up and made several fresh attacks on the emeu, until at daybreak I found that scarcely any portion of the bird remained. While there are many articles of food in common use by the Europeans which are distasteful to the Australians, sweet articles—such as honey (of which they obtain large quantities), sugary exudations from certain trees (the *myoporum* yields considerably) and the saccharine "manna" of the *Eucalyptus* vegetation—are their greatest delights. They obtain a sweet drink by distillation of the blossom of honeysuckles and other shrubs.

While resting one day at noon, I detected an enormous snake gliding from under the end of a dead log on which we had previously been sitting. I had scarcely pointed it out, when the black, who was some few yards off, transfixed it to the ground with his spear, striking it in the fore-part of the body; the shaft quivered as the reptile rose and twisted itself round the weapon in its convulsive efforts to get free, but the latter stoutly withstood the snake's attempts to remove it. The reptile, which was of a light-brown colour, and about ten feet in length, was at once dispatched, but the natives did not attempt to touch any portion of it.* We now directed our horses' heads towards the outlying run, halting only to let the cattle drink, and camped early. The following morning we crossed a narrow open plain, with a strong sandy bottom, yielding a few banksias, drooping exocarpus shrubs and peppermint bushes, and afterwards passed through one or two well-grassed gullies, the country now presenting an open and better vegetation, with fewer indications of a scrub character. Towards evening of the following day, when crossing the lower spur of a range, we observed a conflict of a rather unusual character. A large iguana was darting round and making occasional snaps at a porcupine ant-eater (*Echidna hystrix*). It was evident that "Quills" had made a seizure that was resented by the lizard, but the latter could only get at his foe at intervals, when the other exposed his snout, the remainder of the animal presenting an impenetrable exterior to his antagonist. I succeeded in dislodging the porcupine, which had burrowed itself through the sand and gravel into a hole five or six inches deep, and found in the latter several small lizards and a quantity of eggs. The iguana having in the meantime made tracks, we left his bristling opponent in peaceable possession. The ant-eater accomplishes the operation of lowering itself into the ground, by throwing up, by a lateral movement of the feet, the gravel and earth until it is completely buried.

During the remainder of the journey we found the country diversified by narrow plains and thinly-timbered rises—the vegetation occasionally interspersed with large and splendid specimens of casuarinas, and which, as we neared Coolaminga, improved into undulating flats of good open country, well watered and stocked with cattle. As we advanced towards the Murray we detected on several occasions a variety of odoriferous trees and shrubs, some of which were beautifully grained. The pines and acacias were all strongly scented, the most fragrant perfume being emitted from the young myalls (*Acacia homalophylla*), a dark slender tree, several fine specimens of which we observed on the scrub rises. We now crossed Piccaninny Creek, on the other side of which were upwards of a dozen black fellows, several of whom were hunting along the bank or occupied in catching crayfish and mussels, the former being of enormous size. We reached Coolaminga early the next morning, in the neighbourhood of which were collected a great number of natives.

Here we learnt that the tribes were assembling to hold a Corobboree in a day or two at a neighbouring mount, distant four or five miles, and the day after our arrival the natives left the grounds.

Some of the station hands having expressed an intention to visit the "black fellows," the doctor and myself determined to join them, and having made our preparations, we started the following evening for the upper range. It was quite dark some time before we reached the place of their encampment, but by ten o'clock the moon shed a flood of light over the surrounding landscape. We could perceive the forms of the natives moving around their fires on the summit of the hill, which now glowed with a strange and unreal effect. Shaded by some large vegetation, we approached within an easy distance of the fires, collected around which were about 200 dusky aboriginals (men and women). They had selected an open space reaching nearly across the range, flanked on either side by a thick growth of timber. Some were anointing themselves with gourra, or rubbing in pigments of red and yellow ochre, the latter being displayed in fantastical and skeleton-like devices over the person.

* These natives, we learnt, belonged to the border tribe of *Milleua* blacks. During the short time they hung upon our rear, the men showed a willingness to render us any service, and were generally first in the discovery of the nearest water-hole, a handful of sugar or a fig of tobacco at all times proving an irresistible "sesame."

Others applied a cosmetique to the hair, which bore a strong resemblance to train oil. Most of the men were deeply scarred, and a few showed old cicatrised spear-wounds, one old warrior we observed being disfigured in a peculiar manner. The hair was fastened down generally by a kind of fillet, decorated with a few feather ornaments; the latter, of a brighter hue and larger size, formed the more imposing head-dress of a portion only, and which, with the "tattooing" above described, constituted the sole adornment of the person.

To convey anything like a clear description of the extraordinary spectacle which we now witnessed would be impossible. The movements of the men varied with the greatest rapidity: at one time, standing in close phalanx, they would sway the body to and fro in uncouth postures; and then, suddenly wheeling round, perform sundry evolutions of a most eccentric character, the women simultaneously indulging in a kind of chant. It was not until near midnight that the spirit of motion seemed to have thoroughly animated them, when a large number commenced marching round at a quick pace, although with measured step, and something like order—now assuming a bent attitude, now rapidly retracing or recrossing their route by a sudden revulsion of their movements, forming a sort of intricate trail, and which, I concluded, was illustrative of their sagacity when on the "wallaby track." The lubras who were squatted around, while occupied in unceasingly drumming on small skin-covered instruments, sang continuously a kind of chorus that was not dissonant, but marked by a tedious cadence, alternately enlivening the scene by an inciting display of native practices.

The men, who were armed with "wirris," which they beat together in unison with the music, now threw their whole energy into the ceremony, swelling their monotonous intonation until it became loud, rapid, and defiant. Sometimes they would advance in lines opposed to each other, with shields fixed and arms elevated, and here they would present a more warrior-like appearance—the spear, gracefully poised, would be suddenly launched and received on the shield; this would be repeated in different postures, and the *nulla* substituted for the spear. The performance (which was never suspended) became interesting—the men frequently springing in the air in a body, when with legs outstretched they would strike the ground in most eccentric attitudes; this was succeeded by a remarkable movement, in which the activity displayed was incessant, and which increased in intensity until its influence seemed to extend to all around. And now the scene had something Satanic in its aspect: their expressive eyes seemed to enlarge, and gleamed beneath their bushy heads; their swarthy and naked bodies quivered and glistened in the firelight; their excitement, exhibited in their frenzied gestures and utter *abandon* to the spirit of the orgie, was wrought to the highest pitch, while gigantic and weird figures appeared to have animated the background of stumps and foliage, all combining to produce a scene where one might fancy Mephistopheles was the presiding genius, or that we were witnessing an Australian native's invocation to Hades.

When we left the scene the performance was at its height, and we could perceive no symptoms of exhaustion among the men. They continued their festival for several days, occasionally coming down to the station.

Since the opening of the gold-fields, visitations of "blacks" upon the townships are of common occurrence; for when the opossums, squirrels, or rats begin to grow scarce, or the "chief" has become too lazy to hunt, they will make a raid on the nearest place, fully alive to the indulgences that follow in the wake of civilisation. It is not at all surprising to see five or six unkempt and barefooted natives, decked out in all the importance of cast-off suits, traversing the streets of an inland town, the men strutting along under the bursting seams of an old dress-coat, with a damaged pair of pants perhaps six inches too short in the leg, and a broken "belltopper," jabbering away, and occasionally chastising their ladies, who, with nothing but a dilapidated and dirty blanket thrown around them, and with half-a-dozen swarthy piccaninnies, and as many curs, follow at their heels. They enter into the stores and public-houses, levying contributions with the greatest impartiality, until, after a successful foraging expedition, they may be seen making tracks for their mia-mia in the bush, the men armed with a bottle of grog, and the wallets of the "gins" distended with pieces of bread, dirty shirts, sheep's heads, old pipes, bullocks' livers, figs of tobacco, and small-tooth combs, all thrown together in admired disorder, the plunder being surmounted by one or two ebony cherubs, who stare at you with complacency from their greasy elevation.

Perhaps the next day one of the "gins" will appear with a broken head, the effects of a "waddy" administration; another may be seen lying drunk across a water-hole, whilst the black fellow will be endeavouring to extort a nobbler or a piece of white money from some new chum, on the strength of showing him how far he can throw the boomerang or launch an improvised spear.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—III.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE FROM GOUÏNA—NAVIGATION BETWEEN GOUÏNA AND BAFOULABÉ—MANNER OF TRAVELLING BY LAND—HIPPOPOTAMUS-HUNT—MARSH, LOUNDARY OF THE KHASSO—A CROCODILE NEAR GOUÏNA—ARRIVAL AT BAFOULABÉ—TRYING DAY—SIDY AND YSSA GO ON A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

On the 1st of December I left the falls of Gouïna, after exchanging a hearty farewell with the last Europeans we were likely to see for a very long time. From this place we should have to face the unknown and the desolate wilderness; for, from Banganoura to some distance beyond Bafoulabé, I knew we were not likely to meet with any inhabitants. Henceforth we should be alone, for however devoted to us the ten blacks might be, no interchange of thought or real intimacy could exist between them and ourselves. We should have to depend on each other alone for protection, for support in our weak-

ness, for encouragement in moments of anxiety, and for care in sickness.

On the 2nd of December I put part of my provisions on board the canoe, and particularly some magnificent pumpkins, which the blacks of Tamba-Coumba-Fara had brought for sale in exchange for a little gunpowder; and whilst M. Quintin, assisted by Samba Yoro and five men with the animals, opened a way through the interior, I endeavoured, with the other four, to proceed by water to a great bar which we had discovered two days previously. At this time our caravan consisted of two officers, ten working-men, two mules, three horses, fourteen donkeys, and five oxen, one of which lighted large fires to keep off the wild beasts of the interior and the hippopotami, whose sullen growlings we had heard all the night. These amphibious monsters seemed to follow on our track. They were disturbed for the first time for many years in the waters where they reigned supreme, and were now irritated by our cries, our oars, and the discharge of our fire-arms, with which also they were occasionally wounded. We generally encamped on the smooth sandy beach, which served them also as a landing-place when going to pasture for the night. Naturally, the same cause which attracted them to these pasture-grounds, led us to select them for the sake of the numerous animals in our caravan; so that when, both from habit and instinct, they



FALLS OF GOUÏNA, IN THE RAINY SEASON.

was used as a beast of burden. When four men were in the canoe there remained six to take charge of all these animals. We fastened the mules and horses single file, one man was put in charge of the oxen, and the rest drove the fourteen donkeys. It will easily be seen that they had no time to stop to pick up the packages which fell from time to time, especially in passing through the scarcely dry marshes. Nor was this all: there being no path through this region of bushes growing to the height of ten or twelve feet, we had to clear a way with our cutlasses. Sometimes we fell into thickets of the prickly mimosa, from which we only extricated ourselves at the cost of torn garments and skin. It was clear that we could not make rapid progress, so much time was taken up by the circuitous route we were obliged to pursue. Often a deep ravine would force us to retrace our steps, and go farther into the interior; at another time we came upon the river, and after following its course for a short time again had to turn back. We had encamped on the 1st of December on the slope of the left bank, having came to land, they found themselves face to face with our fires, and their dismal growlings, bursting from the depths of the river, made known the displeasure of these ejected tenants. Then their heads appeared, and snorted noisily as they blew out the water. These sounds, in the stillness of the night, mingled with the distant cries of the hyena, the imposing roar of the lion, and the thousand other minor noises of a nature which has a grandeur of its own, did not prevent our taking some rest. And yet, I must confess, I had great anxieties. Although, in point of fact, the blacks had not as yet undergone any privations, still the change of life and the enormous labour which I imposed upon them seemed to embitter them more and more, and many circumstances in their intercourse with each other awakened my fears. The weight of my responsibility caused me many a sleepless night. By degrees my sleep became extremely light, and though my companion and I spoke little to each other on the subject, I had the pleasure of seeing that, in spite of his calmness, he did not neglect any

of the precautions which were so indispensable in the life we were leading. Like myself, he slept with his hand on his revolver, so that any danger, whether it came from men or from animals, or from any cause whatever, would find him prepared.

On the 2nd of December, leaving our encampment at nine minutes to seven o'clock, our canoe passed between the bank and a long island, covered with baobabs and palms, the river flowing from the south, and I calculated that we were proceeding at the rate of three miles and a half an hour. At four minutes past seven I was entangled in a group of islands, where I found a barrier across the whole width of the river, which was breaking over rocks, visible above the surface of the water, and causing a current of more than seven knots an hour. I made the men get into the water, and then, with difficulty dragging the canoe over the slippery rocks, not without frequent falls, we repeated what we had already done so many times on these occasions. I had the satisfaction of observing that, as long as the danger lasted, every one showed true courage and perfect obedience; every one of my orders was obeyed to the letter, sometimes at great personal risk. For instance, the man on whom the whole weight of the canoe rested was often in danger of his life, from being dragged down by the force of the stream, or through the fall of some of the men; and a false movement on his part might have caused the canoe to capsize, so that we should have lost the provisions—a very serious loss in a country where they could not be replaced. After this bar we crossed one smaller; then another, rather more difficult, but across which the canoe could be drawn with a rope. The difference of the level there was about two feet, and the force of the current over the rapids was at least ten knots an hour. At length, after some difficult navigation, during which I constantly took observations of the direction of the river, the speed, the surrounding mountains, and the marshes, we arrived at the great bar which was the object of our journey. This bar, of which I took the soundings, produces a fall of water eight or nine feet high.

A reef juts out from the right shore, and almost entirely closes the stream, leaving only a channel of about twenty to thirty yards wide, through which the dashing waters pour themselves, breaking over the rocks and producing waves more than three feet high; we saw only the heads of the rocks amidst the sheets of foam. This channel is nearly 280 yards long. On the left side, in ascending, there is another fall, much more rapid, but forming a series of terraced basins, and with a much smaller body of water. It was through this passage that I had the canoe dragged, step by step, to the upper basin, after having previously conveyed its cargo by hand to the place that I had chosen for our encampment on the left bank, opposite the most rapid part of the stream. In this place the river varies in its whole width from 170 to 220 yards.



RESORT OF APES ON THE BANKS OF THE SENEGAL.

This account of our first two days' experience applies, with little exception, to all those which followed in the course of the river; nothing but a succession of bars and falls is presented until its junction with the Bakhoy.

We had noticed on the 3rd of December that the mountains on the left shore were so close to the river that in one place they absolutely dipped down into it. One hill, which

was composed of a series of terraces, alternately red and black, interspersed with thickets of trees growing out of the crevices, was literally covered with apes on every terrace. On every horizontal cleft they were seated opposite each other, the trees bent under their weight, and as we passed they greeted us with inconceivable gambols, and with furious barkings. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that there were not fewer than 6,000 apes in this place, which seemed the head-quarters of the tribe.

Behind this mountain was a deep hole, which seemed to offer a difficult passage; I therefore resolved to accompany the land party at this spot, instead of following the course of the river. In the evening, to facilitate our journey, I sent the canoe on loaded. During this time, with the help of some of the men, I lighted fires in the dry grass to clear a way. When the time to collect the animals arrived they looked after the cattle—which had been turned out to pasture—but it was not until very late, and after very serious anxieties, that they were found. They had comfortably lain down in the thick grass, which was about four or five yards high. Then the canoe got delayed. At length, about seven o'clock in the evening, we heard the distant song of the sailors, then fire-arms, and by eight o'clock we were once more gathered together.

We learnt that the canoe, on its return at night, had been literally surrounded by hippopotami. The men had struck them with their oars, and at last had only got rid of them by firing. But these animals are more alarming than dangerous; for, although I have often been pursued by them, they have never attacked me.

On the 14th of December, after a very wet night, we awoke covered with dew. Notwithstanding our fires—it was half-past five o'clock—the men were benumbed, and did not like going into the water. However, I made them load the canoe and the animals, and at two minutes past seven o'clock the canoe glided over the water. We followed, keeping as close to the shore as we could.

The road was horrible. From time to time we observed the end of a pathway, now no longer passable, which had once been the approach to some village, since laid in ruins by the wars of El Hadj, and of which the only traces remaining were the foundations of a few cottages. The rest of the time, notwithstanding the fires we had been kindling for the last two days to burn the bushes, we could scarcely get on because of the dense thickets. At length, at half-past nine o'clock, we reached the mountain where the apes congregated, having found it impossible to mark the road. A short time before reaching this place we had to pass a pool not yet quite dry, and perceived in the mud recent traces of a lion, showing that he must be very near. All the apes had taken refuge on the terraces of a rounded hill in the centre of the pool; every terrace was filled with them. I was the first to descend into the half-dried pool, and walked carefully, that I might not be surprised by the lion, which was possibly lying in wait for me. When I arrived in sight of the mountain I was greeted with a concert like an immense pack of hounds in full chase. I was already in a bad humour, from the ever-increasing difficulties of our journey, for Bafoulabé seemed purposely to get further off from us the nearer we approached, so that these animals, with their barks and their gambols, irritated me beyond endurance. I seized a musket and fired into a group of them. I saw one fall, and in an instant the others carried it off, and the mountain was deserted. We were then obliged to climb the opposite bank. It was so steep that a great part of the baggage fell. We next had to clear a way in the rugged sides of the mountain. On the river we watched the canoe making head against the current. But it was not till after many turnings and windings, holding the horses by the bridle, and more than once seeing them fall, that we reached the foot of the mountain. I immediately went to encamp on the banks of the river, guided by the sound of a waterfall.

When we had dragged the canoe into the upper basin, which was very shallow just here, we were surprised by the curious spectacle of a herd of hippopotami half immersed in the water, which was not deep enough for them. The old ones moved until they soon got into deep water, but a young one, which was trying to follow its mother, was within range of my gun, and I lodged three balls in its head. Although its blood flowed it contrived to reach its mother; but being no doubt exhausted, it left her, and was carried down into the rapids. I shall never forget what followed. The mother, rising with an immense effort, got half her body out of the water, and, seeing her young one carried away by the current, she hastened after it with incredible speed. She reached it at the crest of the torrent, and they both together rolled over into the fall, never to be seen again.

There was something very affecting in this devotion of the mother to her young one. Even the blacks were touched by it, though it did not prevent their seeking the bodies, in the vain hope of making a feast on them. Although I have seen more hippopotami in this journey than in all my former peregrinations in Africa put together, I never had the good luck to taste one. I am, however, able to speak of the quality of hippopotamus meat, as I did once taste it in Cazamance. It is like beef—rather coarser, but very nourishing. As for the fat, notwithstanding the high praise accorded to it by other travellers, my own impression is that it is rather rancid.

Beyond this fall we were able to go about six leagues in the canoe without any hindrance to the navigation. The river was confined—shut in, as it were—between two walls of black freestone. The different layers of these stones were horizontal; the water filtered through them, and oozed out through every crack. There were places where it formed little cascades. In the horizontal clefts an immense number of wild pigeons, grey, with red eyes, had taken up their abode. We also saw several moor-hens, and some grey water-rats.

Still, this sort of channel had rather a melancholy aspect. We were shut in on both sides by the black banks, perfectly smooth and perpendicular, on which no vegetation was to be seen. The current was strong, and an optical illusion, which I cannot understand, made it appear as if the surface of the river were on a decided incline, so that I was often obliged to appeal to my reason, and remind myself that even a slight incline made a river unnavigable, or I should have had a wrong impression of this particular part of the course of the Senegal.

After having fixed on a place of encampment for the next day, we went back, for night was drawing on; in fact, it overtook us, and we had hard work to drive back the hippopotami. Then, fearing lest we might be carried away by the force of the

current near our encampment, I landed about five hundred yards higher up. At this spot the shore was composed of enormous flints, overgrown with a very slippery greenish slime, as smooth as glass. It was like polished ice. The night was very dark. It took us nearly an hour to pass over a little more than half a mile, which separated us from the camp, and we got some very severe falls. We returned bruised and out of spirits, for this was the fifth day since our departure from Gouïna, and we felt convinced that we should not see Bafoulabé on that day, and that there were still more bars before us.

On the 5th of December I sent the canoe to take a load to a point about four leagues off. On its return we started for this new encampment. The way by land was less difficult than we had lately been accustomed to. We encamped about half-past four o'clock, and set to work to burn the grass. At this spot the river washed the base of the hills, and we heard in front of us the dull roar of another bar. During the night our fire went out, and the hippopotami came partly out of the water; but, seeing so large a party, they plunged into it again, wakening some of the men.

We spent the 6th and 7th in passing, with great exertion at the towing-ropes, a series of rapids, to which I have given the name of the falls of Malambéle, a ruined village, of which we found traces on the banks of the river. The current was strong, and the work difficult, the banks by no means resembling a regular towing-path. Indeed, at a moment when three of the men were turning round a rock, the fourth, who was balancing himself to keep the canoe steady, was carried away and fell into the water. The canoe immediately veered round, and shot forward like an arrow. M. Quintin and I were in it alone. I took the helm, and we tried to right it with the oar; but the force of the current prevented this. We went down the rapid, and, seeing that we were going straight ahead against the rocks, I had but one resource, which was to jump into the water. The momentum of the boat being thus lessened, the shock was not so violent as to produce any great damage, and we were able to resume our operations.

On the 7th, after a day of hard work, I wrote these words in my note-book:—"In the midst of these fatigues, a crocodile has been trying to seize the cattle whilst they were drinking. This is the first we have seen since we left Gouïna. Can it be a sign that the bars are at an end, and that we are approaching Bafoulabé?" Notwithstanding this hope, we had still three bars to cross, one of which presented a vertical fall of about five feet.

At length, on the 9th of December, I started in the canoe, to observe the river ahead of us. I found there was one more bar, which would offer but few difficulties, and perceived that beyond this the river divided into two branches. It was the confluence with the Bakhoy—the long sought-for Bafoulabé! I immediately landed, and ascended on the tracks of the hippopotami until I could get a good view of this desired spot.

It was about time that this good news came to reanimate the men, for things were going badly with them. Under the effects of fatigue their tempers were becoming increasingly embittered. There was a growing antipathy between Samba Yoro, captain of the river, and Bakary Guëye, my confidential man, whom I knew to be devoted to me. Things had come to such a pass that I had been obliged to interfere to prevent their fighting. In addition to this, Bara, one of my bravest and most able men, had hurt himself terribly. On one of the bars, at the moment when he was supporting the whole weight of the canoe, he had fallen into one of those holes called in Senegal "bathing tubs," the sides of which are often as sharp as a knife, worked out by rolled pebbles and by the water, and had received a severe cut in his leg. Mamboye, whom I especially employed on land, was subject to frequent attacks of fever; and most of the men had got their legs very much hurt, owing to their working alternately in the water and in the prickly brushwood.

On the 10th of December, about half-past nine, I found myself on the banks of the river, near the mouth of the Bafing. Seeing the canoe in front of us, I tried to reach it, and fell into a thicket of brambles—a perfect labyrinth, from which I could only extricate myself by leaving fragments of my clothes on the branches, and with plenty of thorns in my bleeding hands and face. I next found myself in the midst of grass nine or ten feet high. Seeing two magnificent antelopes bounding in front of me, I prepared to fire on them; but my sportsman's ardour quickly cooled at the roar of a lion, which, at a distance of ten paces from me, was rising in the grass where he had crouched, and might possibly be preparing to spring. My mule carried me quickly away, and then I left more fragments of clothes in the bushes, as well as half my hat, being only too thankful to escape being pursued by this proud king of the forest. Between eleven and twelve o'clock I hailed for the fourth time, and received an answer. I was close to the canoe. Half an hour later, Bara arrived with Dr. Quintin.

I had already begun to cut down the bushes with my hunting-knife, to prepare a place for our encampment. At half-past one the men arrived, but one donkey was missing, and so was the goat-skin containing Mamboye's effects. Samba Yoro and Alioun were hunting for the donkey. At two o'clock Alioun arrived, without having found him. At three o'clock Samba Yoro appeared, overcome with fatigue. I then made all the men start, and during this time one of our mules broke its cord and escaped, followed by two horses.

At length, at seven o'clock in the evening, they all arrived. The donkey's load had been found, as well as the mule and the two horses, but the donkey was still missing. The mule had gone back towards Medina, and more than once during our journey it played us the same trick.

After such a day as that we needed rest; and yet, on the morning of the 11th, the search was resumed for the missing donkey and Mamboye's goat-skin. By eleven o'clock both had been found. The rest of the day was spent in arranging the branches so as to dry the meat, cleaning the camp, and putting the baggage in order.

Having observed footmarks of people, I sent Sidy and Yssa the next morning in search of a village. Sidy was a Khassonké, and was probably in the neighbourhood of friends and relations. I desired him to mention everywhere my pacific intentions; to say that I came to see the country, and, perhaps, to trade with them; but that I had sufficient force to make myself respected if needs be.

While these messengers were accomplishing their mission I rested at Bafoulabé, where I was only too thankful to find myself established. I had already reached the unknown country, and had not yet opened my merchandise. I had ascended or marched along the banks of an unexplored river for 120 miles, and had passed thirty bars or waterfalls.

CHAPTER IV.

ATTEMPT TO EXPLORE THE BAKHOY—MAKA-DOUGOU AND ITS AVARICIOUS CHIEF—REMEMBRANCE OF MUNGO PARK—VIEW OF THE COURSE OF THE BAKHOY—AN AWKWARD DESCENT—STAY AT BAFOULABÉ—AMBASSADORS FROM DIANGO, CHIEF OF KOUNDIAN—THE CHIEF ENVOY—JOURNEY TO KOUNDIAN—RECEPTION—THE TABALA—SUSPICIONS.

In accordance with the information I had received, I expected to have found the road from Bafoulabé to the Niger following the course of the Bakhoy, a branch of the Senegal which joins it here, adding its white waters (*ba*, water; *khoy*, white) to the limpid stream of the Blue River (*ba*, water; *fing*, blue or black), whence the name of Bafoulabé, which means literally two rivers.

I went in a canoe as far as Maka-Dougou, a little Malinké hamlet on an island in the river, surrounded by fertile patches. The real village is Kalé, on the left bank. This was in Bamboûk, and the race here is pure Malinkese, not a mixture of Pouls and Malinkese, which forms the population of Khasso, Logo, and Natiaga. M. Pascal, in 1859, found little to admire in these people, and thirty years before their cupidity had made Major Gray's expedition a failure. I was not without some fear of meeting with a similar reception. Besides, I had left my baggage behind in the bushes, under the care of some of my men; but it was well I did so.



RACINE TALL, EL HADJ'S CHIEF AT KOUNDIAN.

We were very well received by Diadié, the village chief, who, according to the custom of his country, gave us lodgings at his smith's. After a night spent under this hospitable roof, where we were almost eaten up by mosquitoes, we wished to go, but were obliged to submit to a quarter of an hour of palaver, which I shall not forget for a long time. I would not yield to intimidation, and told the chief that I had nothing with me which I could give him, but that if he would send one of his confidential men with me I would send him a present. When he saw that I was not to be moved from my purpose he yielded, and we parted on good terms.

The father of this chief is the one who received Mungo Park when he came from Oualiha. He distinctly remembered the circumstance, and showed me a hill on the other side of the river which that celebrated traveller had climbed. I thought I should like to do the same, so I ascended it, by a very steep slope like that of all the hills in this country. There is an extensive plain at the summit of the mountain, which is clothed with a similar vegetation to that on the plain below. I could see the Bakhoy flowing from the east or rather south-east, where it is lost to sight between two hills, which did not seem much higher than the one on which I stood (about 300 feet high); towards the west I saw a defile leading to Oualiha. In descending we took a wrong road, and were obliged to slide down a perpendicular wall, helping ourselves by roots in the interstices of the rocks. I nearly broke my neck, for one of the stones gave way, and I was left hanging by the tips of my left-hand fingers; and nearly at the same moment the doctor was in danger of falling from the top, through a sad and sudden accident. He stumbled, and a straw pierced his eye. That evening, when I returned to my encampment, I made up my mind not to set out on this dangerous road without protection. I knew that I must be near a village belonging to El Hadj, and I preferred trusting myself to his talibés to facing the cupidity of the chiefs of the Malinké villages through which I should have to pass. I stayed at Bafoulabé twenty days, deliberating what to do, at the same time seeking for building materials, which were to be found in abundance, with the exception of lime. While I was thus engaged, an ambassador from Diango, El Hadj's chief at Koundian, came to me and commanded me to leave his master's country unless I was coming to pay him a visit. This was just what I expected. At length I had to do with the Toucouleurs, and the future of my journey was about to be decided. I asked a great many questions, and learnt that Koundian was a strong fortress, garrisoned by an army which commanded all the Malinké countries under El Hadj's govern-

ment, and pillaged others at their pleasure. Diango, the chief of this military station, was a slave of El Hadj's, and was only anxious to receive me well. His envoy had a fine appearance. He belonged to the "Tall," a Toucouleur family of Torodos, village, near which I established my encampment in the bushes, and set off with the doctor and two men.

The road from Oualiha to Koundian runs at a little distance from the river, and occasionally close to it. There is



CROCODILE ATTEMPTING TO SEIZE AN OX.

to which El Hadj Omar himself belonged. He was not more than five feet high, thin, and with a face which showed both energy and cruelty. Employed for a long while by a farmer of public revenues, he had become general-in-chief of the army at only one serious difficulty in it, and that is the crossing of two fords—the one near Koria, the other a rapid torrent, the Galamagui,* a short distance on this side Koundian.

After having crossed this torrent, we were close to the



HIPPOPOTAMI AT THE FALLS OF THE SENEGAL, IN BAMBOUK.

Koundian. His escort consisted of six cavaliers, mounted on good though small horses, and thirty foot-soldiers. Faithful to my habits of prudence, I offered to go with him to Koundian, but to leave my baggage, saying it was necessary that I should come to an understanding with Diango as to the route I should take. So, in spite of numerous obstacles, I went up the Bafing in a canoe as far as Oualiha, a Malinké village of Kabada. There our guide, Racine Tall, told us he should leave us and go and prepare Diango for our arrival, and conducted us to another village a little further east, called Bougara. It was there that, after long hours of waiting, we saw

* This torrent, enormous at high tide, is a defence to Koundian. In 1857 El Hadj's army had to swim across in escaping from Medina, and several hundred men perished.

Diango approach at the head of three companies of foot-soldiers, before which a hundred cavaliers played a most brilliant fantasia, while the tabala slowly beat the march. This march is beaten by striking a single blow, followed, after a long interval, by two blows together. The tabala, as is well known, is a hemispherical drum of wood covered by a bullock-hide, on which is struck an india-rubber ball fixed to a flexible handle. Diango, dressed in a red burnous, with a black turban, was mounted on a horse led by four slaves at the head, and followed by four more. A considerable number of Marabouts* and talibés followed him. His welcome was cordial, but tinctured with defiance, which I attributed to the circumstance that Sambala, King of Medina, had just sent his army to pillage one of the villages. Sambala knew that I was travelling; he had even predicted to my men that before reaching Bafoulabé we should all be dead; and perhaps it was with the intention of raising obstacles in our way that he had made this expedition; for Sambala, having had part of his family massacred by El Hadj, having been besieged by him, and having seen us at war with him on behalf of the Khassonké, could not view with much pleasure any attempts at friendliness with the prophet on our part, especially as the first result would be to forbid all raids among the chiefs, thus taking from them a great source of revenue. But the testimony of General Racine, to whom I had shown my baggage, and the openness of our march, which left us entirely at his mercy, overcame his scruples, and Diango took us to sleep at Koundian.

* Marabouts are people who are reputed to know Arabic and to be able to read the Koran. The talibés are their pupils, of whom El Hadj made soldiers.

The Regions of the Cazembe, and Dr. Livingstone's Recent Explorations.—III.

BY CHARLES T. BEKE, PH.D., F.S.A., ETC.

THE second mission from the Portuguese Governor of the Rios de Sena to the Court of the Muata Cazembe, in 1831, was very different in character from that undertaken by the governor of the colony in person in 1798. It consisted of Major José Manoel Corrêa Monteiro, in charge of the mission, Captain (afterwards Major) Antonio Candido Pedroso Gamitto, second in command, an escort of twenty soldiers and a drummer, of whom four only were whites, from the garrison of Tete, and a creole interpreter, with 120 negro slaves as porters. In company with the mission, and as auxiliaries, went two creole traders with fifty slaves. Of this party the only persons who could read and write were the two Portuguese officers. With the exception of one magnetic compass, they took with them no instruments, not even a telescope, neither were they provided with medicines of any sort or kind. Captain Gamitto, who wrote the narrative of the mission* of which I am now about to make use, appears to have been an intelligent and observant man, perfectly honest and unassuming, making no pretensions to any scientific knowledge, and seeming to have deemed it an advantage to the mission that no man of science was attached to it.

The expedition left Tete, and crossed the river Zambesi on June 1st, 1831, and after a most disastrous journey, reached the frontiers of the Cazembe's dominions on October 27th following. The barrenness of the country traversed is almost inconceivable. Dr. Lacerda had mentioned in his diary the absence of animal life, observing in his sarcastic, but good-humoured manner, that he supposed the inhabitants, having exhausted their food, had declared war against the butterflies, and consoling himself for the absence of mosquitoes by the reflection that they were spared the torture of their sting and the annoyance of their "infernal music." On this second expedition numerous deaths are recorded as having been caused by sickness brought on by want of proper nourishment, if not from absolute starvation. When once within the territories of the Cazembe they met, however, with larger supplies, the country being partially cultivated and having a larger population.

On November 9th the mission halted at the residence of a petty officer, on a little hill named Chempire, to await the Mambo's permission to approach his capital. The treatment they experienced there, and subsequently during their stay in the country, was widely different from the welcome received by the former mission, under Dr. Lacerda, from the Muata Cazembe Lekéza, whose memory, Gamitto says, continued to be respected both at home and abroad, on account of his many estimable qualities; whereas his son, the reigning Cazembe, was, on the contrary, deficient in everything that was good, and was, therefore, detested even by his own relations.

As manifesting the different treatment the two missions received, I may notice the royal message sent to the Portuguese at the same time that permission was granted for them to proceed to Lunda, the capital. It was to the effect that things were then very different from what they had been in the time of the king's father, when the former Mozungos visited the country; that every negro who should be caught stealing should instantly lose his head; and that every soldier or negro who should be found intriguing with any of the wives either of the Muata himself or of his kilólos (nobles) should have his ears and genitals cut off, but not his hands, because without them he could not be of service to the Mozungos.

It is indeed true that things were not the same as in the time of the Muata Cazembe Lekéza; for Father Francisco Pinto relates that before the arrival of the mission, that sovereign called his nobles together, and ordered them to look after their wives; for that if they neglected to do so, and anything improper occurred, they would have themselves alone to blame. And when, afterwards, one of the courtiers complained to him of the conduct of a Portuguese officer with respect to his wife, and demanded satisfaction, the Muata ordered him to chastise his wife for having gone and inveigled the Mozungo!

But so far was the politic and conciliatory conduct of the

* "O Muata Cazembe." Lisbon, 1854.

father from serving as an example to the son, that the latter ordered the Muaniancita, or interpreter, not to make the "Geral"—as the Portuguese envoy was called, as being the representative of the Governor of Rios de Sena—acquainted with the ancient customs, because, as the Mozungos were all new men, they should be made to give larger presents than formerly. And, accordingly, they were subjected to all sorts of extortions and ill-treatment.

However, it is not my intention to relate the history of the Portuguese mission, but to describe the manners and customs of the strange people whom they went to visit, and with whom, it is to be hoped, we shall shortly be made much better acquainted by our countryman, Dr. Livingstone.

On the road to Lunda the mission had to pass by the Mashámos (by Dr. Lacerda called Massangas) or sepulchres of the deceased Muatas. As they approached the spot, the soldiers of the escort donned their uniforms, and put themselves in marching order; and on reaching the Mashámos they were received with *lunguros*, or cries of joy, from crowds of persons of both sexes and of all ages, smeared over with mud from the waist to the crown of the head, some using instead, as a mark of distinction, a white powder like chalk, called *impemba*. On their encamping there, the soldiers forming the escort were sent to the Mashámos, at the request of the chief commissioned to accompany the mission to Lunda; and as a mark of greater respect, and for the sake of order, Captain Gamitto himself took the command.

They were first conducted to the Mashámo of the Muata Canyembo III., the third sovereign of that name and of this state. It consisted of a large quadrangular enclosure, about a hundred paces on each side, constructed of branches of trees and stakes, forming an impenetrable barrier. Near the entrance stood a heap of human skulls, and outside the door, seated cross-legged on a lion-skin, was the Muine-Mashámo (grave-keeper or minister), smeared over with *impemba* from the head to the waist.

The soldiers here fired three volleys of musketry, and the captain and the interpreter made their offerings to the Muzimo (spirit) of the Muata by placing them in front of the minister, who said they were insufficient, and that unless an addition was made, he would not be able to offer them. His demand having been complied with, he took the presents with him into the Mashámo, and shortly afterwards sent to desire the strangers to enter.

They found the whole space inside in a state of the utmost cleanliness, and in the centre they saw a large circular house, thatched with straw, in front of the door of which stood another heap of skulls. In the centre of this large house was a smaller one, of a cylindrical form, made of plaited cane-work, perfectly empty, and without any decoration, except two painted pillars at the entrance. This was the tomb of the Muata, and here they found the minister seated cross-legged, with the presents before him. After he had so remained some time in silence, and apparently in deep meditation, he was heard from time to time to mutter a few words, and at length he exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Averie!" (Hail!). Gamitto says that this exclamation meant "much obliged;" but, even if the true meaning of the expression were not known,* the context shows that the Muine-Mashámo was addressing himself to the spirit of the Muata, and not to the offerers; for he then turned round to them, and said, "The Muzimo is much obliged to the Mozungos, and to the Cazembe Ampata for having brought them!" On this there was a loud clapping of hands, and cries of "Averie!" on the part of the Cazembes who accompanied the detachment; and the ceremony being then over, they all retired, the Cazembes resuming their arms, which they had left outside the enclosure, for no armed person is allowed to enter.

* See page 87, *ante*.

On the following morning the sepulchre of the Muata Lekéza—the fourth sovereign, and father of the reigning one—was visited in like manner. Here everything was found to be similar to the other, with the addition only that there were seen two skulls attached to a tree, which, they were told, were those of two powerful Mambos whom Lekéza had vanquished and slain, and that near the monarch's grave stood thirty gun-barrels, some of which were in very good order; but, as they could not be repaired, they were deposited here as trophies, dedicated to the deceased conqueror.

The ceremonies performed here were a repetition of those of the day before at the grave of Canyembo III., except only that the offerings on this occasion had to be increased, for the alleged reason that Lekéza was the first Cazembe who had ever seen and conversed with the Mozungos, and it was his spirit that still watched over and protected them; an argument which there was no withstanding. All the offerings made at the sepulchres of the deceased Muatas were, however, for the benefit of the living one, by whom they were taken possession of.

On the following day, November 19th, the mission made its formal entry into Lunda, the capital, by a road some fifteen yards in width. On this occasion an incident occurred which is deserving of notice.

Captain Gamitto relates that on the journey from Tete one of the creole traders had brought with him a donkey; but, the owner having died on the road, he had appropriated the animal to himself, and had ridden on it, instead of using a litter like the other Europeans. As it happened, he was a great gainer by this; for, in consequence of the sickness and incapacity of the bearers, his companions, and even Major Monteiro himself, had often to go on foot. As there was no saddle nor bridle, Gamitto had to put up with the best substitutes he could, covering the little animal with a tiger-skin as a saddle-cloth. It was mounted on this charger that the gallant captain took his place in the procession on its entry into the capital. His uniform consisted of a jacket of blue nankeen and white trowsers, with a scarlet cord and tassels for a sash. He, as well as the other Europeans, had allowed the beard and hair to grow so long that the former reached to his chest, and the latter as low down over his shoulders. On his head he wore an otter-skin cap, and at his side hung his trusty sword, the scabbard of which had become the colour of the natives themselves, from exposure to the air. Thus magnificently equipped, and mounted on his little donkey, caparisoned as already described, he made his solemn entry into what he says is perhaps the largest city of Southern Africa.

The post occupied by the cavalier, who in his own person formed the cavalry of the escort, was immediately after the vanguard; and, as may well be imagined, the singularity of his appearance attracted universal attention, and gave rise

to innumerable remarks among the spectatators. The ass, like the horse, is an animal totally unknown in that part of the world; so that some of the natives said, "It is a man with six legs;" others, "It is an animal that feeds on iron;" others, again, "He is a great warrior;" &c. The immense multitude assembled together, the clamour that was raised by them, and the difficulty of penetrating through the crowd, excited the captain's charger to such a pitch that it galloped on with its mouth open, as if it wanted to bite the people, every now and then giving utterance to a prolonged bray, to the intense amazement of the people. "Were any one to appear in this trim in any town in Europe," profoundly remarks Gamitto, "he would assuredly be an object of ridicule;" but here the donkey and himself shared between them the admiration and applause of the public—so much so, indeed, that the rest of the mission was without importance, and attracted no attention.

This mention of the first appearance of the ass in the country of the Cazembe induces me to refer to a subject that has of late much occupied the attention of naturalists and archæologists, both in England and in France, since the time of the visit to Egypt of the Prince and Princess of Wales. At the anniversary dinner of the Royal Geographical Society, on May 24th, 1869, Professor Owen, who had accompanied their Royal Highnesses on their interesting tour, drew attention to the fact that "to the Arabian shepherds, Hyksos or Sheiksos, Egypt was indebted for the horse as a beast of draught. Previously to this Philistine or Arabian invasion, the manifold frescoes on the tombs of Egyptian worthies show no other soliped but the ass."* And at the meeting of the Académie des Sciences of Paris, on December 13th last, M. Milne-Edwards, whilst admitting that the horse appeared to be originally a native of Central Asia and of a part of Europe, considered it as being, at the present day, perfectly demonstrated that the ass is a species essentially African, which did not extend itself into Asia, except in the domestic state.† However this may be, it seems quite certain, from the anecdote I have just related, that the ass is not a native of *Southern* Africa.

On the morning of November 29th they were summoned into the presence of the Muata Cazembe, who was waiting to receive the principal members of the mission. In pursuance of the arrangements previously made, they proceeded to the court with the greatest ceremony, the detachment being under arms, with their officer at their head; and as they had received an intimation that they were all to take something as a present to the Muata, so that he might know how many persons there were, and who they were with whom he had to communicate, each one carried a piece of cotton cloth.

On arriving at the Mossumba, or residence of the Mambo, they entered a spacious court, which was already filled with an immense crowd, so placed as to leave a small quadrangular space vacant in front of the east door of the chipango, as the inner enclosure containing the residence is called, whether it be of the prince or of a subject. The soldiers stationed in the court were the garrison of Lunda, consisting of about four or five thousand men, all armed with bows and arrows and spears; the nobles and officers wearing in a leather scabbard suspended under the left arm a large, straight, two-edged knife or sword, called poucué, about eighteen inches long and four inches broad. They were all standing apparently without any military discipline.

The Muata was seated on the left side of the east door of the Mossumba. Several panther-skins, with the tails turned outwards, so as to form a sort of star, served him as a carpet, on the centre of which was laid an enormous lion-skin, and upon this was placed a square stool or ottoman covered with a large green cloth. On this species of throne was seated the Muata, clothed with an elegance and sumptuousness such as the Portuguese officers had never witnessed in any other native potentate.

On his head he wore a sort of conical mitre, upwards of a foot in height, formed of feathers of a bright red colour. Encircling this was a diadem of stones, which, from the variety of colour and their quality, presented a most brilliant sight. At the back of his head, and rising from the nape of the neck, was a fan-shaped ruff of green cloth, fastened by two small ivory pins. The neck and shoulders were covered with a sort of cape, the upper edge of which was composed of the bottoms of cowrie-shells; this was followed by rows of pretty artificial stones of glass; below which was a row of small circular and square mirrors, placed alternately in regular order, on which, when the sun happened to shine, it was impossible to keep the eyes fixed. These formed the lower edge of the cape, falling equally over the shoulders, the chest, and the back.

On each arm, above the elbow, was a band of blue cloth four inches broad, trimmed with very narrow strips of fur, of which the hair, black and white, was four inches in length, having the appearance of a fringe. This, being a badge of royalty, could only be worn by the Muata Cazembe and his near relatives. The forearm, from the elbow to the wrist, was covered with rows of light blue beads.

The monarch's body, from the waist to the knees, was covered with a yellow cloth, having two borders on each side a couple of inches in width, the upper one being blue and the lower one scarlet. This cloth was several yards in length, and the way in which it was worn was by placing one end of it on the body and then bringing the cloth round over it, and fastening it in front with a small ivory pin. The rest of the cloth was then gathered up in small and very even plaits, which were secured by means of a strip of raw leather, so that the plaits were formed into a sort of rosette or frill. They call this cloth *muconzo*, and the girdle *insipo*. This strip of leather is cut out of a cow-hide, the whole length from the neck to the tip of the tail, and is five or six inches broad. When the insipo is fastened round the muconzo, the end of the tail hangs down from the rosette or frill in front.

The Muata had hanging on his right side, fastened to the insipo, a string of beads, and at the end of this was a small bell which, when he walked, knocked against his legs, keeping time with his pace. On his legs, from his knees downwards, were rows of beads like those on his arms. Dressed and ornamented in this fashion, his face, hands, and feet alone were naked, all the rest of his body being covered, and, as it appeared to Captain Gamitto, with great elegance and good taste.

To protect the Muata from the sun there were seven large umbrellas, made of different coloured cloths of native manu-

* In the *Athenæum* of June 12th, 1869 (No. 2,172), under the head, "The Prince of Wales's Visit to Egypt," are some remarks of mine on this most interesting subject.

† See "Comptes Rendus," tom. lxix., p. 1259.

facture, raised on large bamboos fixed in the ground. Round the umbrellas stood twelve negroes, plainly and cleanly clad, each holding in his hand a whisk made from a cow's tail, the handle being covered with beads of various colours. These whisks were all shaken at the same time, as if to drive away the flies, on a signal given by the Cazembe with a smaller one which he held in his hand.

At a short distance from him twelve other negroes with brooms moved about slowly, their eyes fixed on the ground, sweeping and picking up all the weeds or other objects, however minute, that they might find; and these were followed by two others walking at the same slow pace, each one having a basket at his back to hold whatever the others might sweep up. But so clean was the place, that none of them had anything to do, only the court etiquette would not dispense with these ceremonies.



THE CAZEMBE IN STATE DRESS.

From the back of the Muata's seat were drawn on the ground two curved lines, which met together in front of him at a distance of four or five yards. The line on the left was simply cut in the ground; that on the right was made with impemba, the white powder already mentioned. In front of the Cazembe, outside and along these curved lines, were placed in two parallel rows about two feet apart several images of coarse workmanship, representing half-length figures of human beings with negro features, having on their heads the horns of animals, and fastened upon sticks driven into the ground. Between these two rows of figures, at the end nearest the Cazembe, was a wicker basket in the form of a barrel containing a smaller figure. Close to those at the further end were two negroes seated on the ground, having before them a small earthen vessel filled with live coals, on which they kept throwing leaves that produced a dense aromatic smoke. These two men, as well as all the images, had their faces turned towards the Cazembe. From below the last image on the right, nearest to the foot of the fumigator, ran a cord reaching to the feet of the Muata, though for what purpose was not apparent.

The door of the chipango was open, and within the doorway sat the two principal wives of the Muata. On the left was the chief wife, who is styled Muaringombe, seated on an ottoman and wrapped in a large green cloth, having her arms, neck, and head adorned with stones of various colours, and on her head an ornament of scarlet feathers similar to that of the Cazembe, only smaller. The second wife, who bore the title of Inteména, was seated on a lion-skin spread on the ground, being dressed in a plain cloth without any ornaments. Behind these were more than four hundred females of various ages, all standing, and dressed in uhandas, or waist-cloths reaching down to the knees. These formed the establishment of the chipango, or the seraglio as it may be called, being divided among the four principal wives, whose servants they were.

Seated on a lion-skin laid on the ground to the left of the Cazembe, protected from the sun by two umbrellas, and dressed like the Muaringombe, or chief wife, sat a young negress styled Nineamuana, mother of the Muane, or Muata, which title devolved on her on the death of the Cazembe's real mother, as being her next of kin. Behind her stood about two hundred negresses dressed in uhandas, forming her state establishment.

Within the square left vacant by the guards, ranged in a semicircle round the Cazembe, according to their respective ranks, were the kilólos or vambires (nobles), seated on the skins of lions or panthers, each with his umbrella, and all dressed like the Mambo, with the exception of the cape and the scarlet feathers. In the centre of the semicircle, and forming part of it, were two persons who attracted particular attention on account of their scarlet feathers and fur armlets, like those of the Muata, only smaller. These were his relatives, the one named Kalulua being his uncle, and the other his nephew, named Suana-Murópue.

Between the Cazembe and the kilólos were the musicians, playing on instruments of divers shapes and sounds, quite different from anything the strangers had seen among the other people they had visited. They were divided into bands; and, as each band played its own tune, the effect was anything but harmonious; but when one band was heard alone the music was not without sweetness and harmony.

Among the musicians, and near the Muata, were several buffoons, ridiculously dressed in panther-skins, hanging down from their shoulders, with the heads of the animals covering

their own heads, the rest of their bodies being naked. Others had their heads decorated with the horns of animals, and wore a girdle of straw, professedly for the sake of decency, but so arranged as to be, in fact, indecent. Others had strips of leather hanging from the waist, but in other respects were quite naked, their bodies being painted all over red and white. And lastly, some went altogether naked, their heads and faces alone being covered with grass. Dressed up in this fashion, these buffoons made all sorts of grimaces, and put themselves into the most ridiculous postures, without, however, attracting much, if any, attention from those present.

The multitude of persons thus assembled, and the great variety of their costumes, presented a confused but most brilliant spectacle. The Muata Cazembe appeared to be about fifty years of age, but was said to be much older. He had a thick beard, which had already turned grey. He was stout and tall, and in possession of health and agility which gave promise of a long life. His manners were majestic and agreeable, and his state and style of living were, in their way, showy. Most certainly it was not to be imagined that so much etiquette, ceremony, and ostentation would be met with in the sovereign of a region so remote from the sea-shore, and among a people apparently so savage and barbarous.

When the Portuguese envoy and his escort had come into the presence of the Cazembe, and advanced between him and the kilólos, they halted and presented arms, intimating to the Mambo that this was intended for him, it being the way in which they saluted kings and great personages, to which he responded with a deep bow and the expression of his thanks. As they were all standing, the Muata ordered a large tusk of ivory, covered with a tiger-skin, to be placed at the feet of the envoy, whom he desired to seat himself on it. But as he had not done the same to the rest of the party, so that they must either have remained standing or else have sat down on the ground, the envoy explained that he could not be seated whilst the other Mozungos remained standing, such being contrary to their custom, at which the Muata smiled, and sent a panther-skin for each of the party.

When they had all taken their seats in front of the Cazembe, close to the images, he made a slight motion of the head, and immediately there began a drumming and dancing quite different from anything the visitors had ever seen anywhere else, which entertainment lasted a considerable time. When the Cazembe Ampata—that is to say, the envoy from the Muata to the Portuguese Government—who had accompanied the mission from Tete, came forward and danced before the Cazembe, the latter stretched out both his hands towards him and said, "Uávinga," which means "Well done!" this being the greatest honour he ever showed to any one. On this, that officer and all his suite prostrated themselves before their sovereign, rubbing their bodies with earth from the waist to the head, and crying out repeatedly, "Averie! averie!" (Hail! hail!) The Mambo then, turning round towards his courtiers, made a sign to them, and immediately they all rose and went to salute the Cazembe Ampata, who, as they approached him, fell down on his knees. All those of superior or equal rank went up to him, each separately, and took hold of both his arms, clasping the inner part of the elbow-joint with the hand, he doing the same to them. The kilólos of inferior rank, however, did not touch him, but merely approached him in front, raising both arms in the air with the hands open, to which he responded in like manner. During the whole time he remained on his knees, not rising till they had all gone through the ceremony of thus saluting him.

The Portuguese envoy then intimated to the Muata that he also would like to fire a salute, which he approved; and when this had taken place he desired that it might be repeated, which was done accordingly. The solemnity being thus brought to a close, the Muata dismissed the mission, sending a female slave as a present to its chief.

The Caucasus.—II.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, M.A., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS AND BASHAN."

THOUGH we have turned aside to visit the Caucasian watering-places, it is not my intention to linger long over them, or to inflict on the reader's attention any detailed account of the medicinal properties of their springs. All we have space for is the mention of a few of their leading features. The arrival at Pätigorsk will prove to most people a pleasant surprise. Having begun to fear that they have bidden a final farewell to civilisation and its comforts, they will suddenly find themselves installed in a spacious hotel, with a restaurant and a *salle de danse*. When they go out of the courtyard, they will find a boulevard prettily planted with trees, which will lead them to shady gardens, enlivened by a military band, a lending library (consisting, however, chiefly of Russian books), and numerous baths, built over the various sulphur springs, and fitted up with every reasonable comfort. When disposed for a wider range, they may climb, in half an hour, an isolated hill, Machoucha by name, commanding a noble prospect, or they may drive by a good carriage-road round its base. Here they will find during the season—the months of June and July—the cream of Russian society in the Caucasus, slightly too military for English taste, but still amusing for a time. Pätigorsk, though the principal, is only one amongst four places in the neighbourhood at which baths have been built over mineral sources. Its chief rival—to use an inappropriate term, as both are managed by the same company as lessees of the Imperial Government—is Kisslovodsk, distant some twenty miles. The two towns are in many respects the opposite of one another. Pätigorsk is on a bare hill-side, facing the south, and consequently hot; its springs are sulphurous: Kisslovodsk lies deep in a well-wooded glen, and its pride is a spring of enormous volume, impregnated with carbonic acid. This source was made use of by the

natives long before the Russians gained possession of the country, and was known to them as the Narzan, or Giant's Source.

While at the Caucasian spa the traveller will have a good opportunity of making acquaintance with the Cossacks, those military inhabitants of the March which Russia maintained to resist the constant incursions of the mountain tribes. Only separated from Pätigorsk by the stream of the Podkumok is Goriatchevodsk, one of their villages which are scattered thickly along the northern flanks of the Caucasus. One of these military colonies may be taken as a type of all. The houses stand at short intervals, and are planted in regular rows, an open space being left in the middle, near which the church is generally found. The whole is surrounded by a low moat and mound. The gates bear signs of having been defensible in former days, and are still sometimes guarded by a sentry. Along the line of all the great roads isolated Cossack posts are constantly seen, generally perched on some mound to obtain a better view of the approach of the foe. Any natural advantage thus obtained is increased by the erection of a look-out post. These sentry-boxes on stilts are constructed by fixing in the ground four posts, which at a certain height support a small platform sheltered by a quadrangular roof. Others less primitive, and more like a pigeon-house, have their platform constructed on the top of one stout trunk, round which circles a spiral staircase. The outposts are in many cases falling into ruin, their use having ceased with the complete subjugation of the neighbouring tribes. In olden days the dwellers in these stations, which are quite incapable of defence, had often to trust to the speed of their horses to escape the savage onslaught of their foes. A life half spent in the saddle, and often depending on the skill and promptness of the rider, has given the Cossacks extraordinary skill in horsemanship, and they are always ready to execute their feats in honour of any traveller whom they may have been charged to escort. Bounding away with a wild yell from the side of the carriage, they rush along the plain erect in their short stirrups, or even standing on their padded saddle. They will wheel their horses suddenly with a jerk, and return towards you, throwing their heavy flint-and-steel guns over their heads and catching them; or again, dropping them on the ground, they will pick them up while still at full speed, with a swoop from the saddle little short of miraculous to an English eye. In personal appearance these champions of Holy Russia are scarcely distinguishable from their hereditary foes of Circassia and Georgia, whose costume they have closely imitated. Both, as will be seen in the illustrations, carry the high sheepskin hat, and wear the silk shirt, the long frock coat decorated with cartridge-pouches on the breast and fastened in at the waist, and the comparatively close-fitting trousers which distinguish the Caucasian from other Eastern races. Their religion is a primitive offshoot of Russian orthodoxy. Their women resemble in costume those of Little Russia. They bear a high character for personal bravery, and those specimens we met with impressed us most favourably by their superiority in intelligence, manners, and pluck, to the ordinary peasant. Their employment in Ciscaucasia being partially gone, many have been transplanted to the Persian frontier; and the traveller between Erivan and Tabreez, delayed by swollen streams, will often have to thank Cossack activity and promptitude for his escape from difficulties.

The Cossack and the Russian are not, however, the only types of humanity whom we can study during our stay at Pätigorsk. We are here (and it is the only place in our journey where we shall be) within the borders of the Tcherkess country—the true Circassia, so famous in romance and history. It is well at once to contradict the prevalent belief that Schamyl was the leader of a Circassian revolt, and that the scene of his struggle was in that district. His native highlands of Daghestan lie far away east of Vladikafkaz, where the mountain chain, spreading out widely its roots towards the shores of the Caspian, offers capabilities for guerilla warfare which the famous hero of the Caucasus well proved his power to use. Only once—in the year 1848, when at the height of his power—Schamyl burst boldly, at the head of 12,000 men, across the Dariel road, and traversing the Kabarda to the foot of Elbruz, endeavoured to induce the western tribes to join the standard of national revolt. His success was not such as to induce him to repeat the experiment, and since then the intermittent revolts of the Western Caucasus have been unconnected with the chronic war in Daghestan, which was only put an end to by the capture of its great leader in 1856.

Of the Tcherkess women we shall see nothing as yet, for being Mahomedans, they abide at home in the seclusion of their mountain "aouls;" but whenever we stroll down to the bazaar where the Armenians—the Jews of the Caucasus—keep their stores, we shall meet with specimens of their men—ideal mountaineers, conspicuous among the Russian soldiery as eagles among bustards, by their long aquiline noses, fiery eyes, and lofty stature. Their homes lie in the valleys west of Elbruz, and along the flat country at its base. The upper waters of the valleys east of Elbruz are inhabited by a less numerous but still more remarkable race, of whom frequent examples may be seen at the Russian watering-places. These are the Kabardans, the most noble of all the Caucasian clans, and the one which, exhibiting in the most marked manner the characteristics common to all, may well be selected for a somewhat detailed description. The following tradition as to their origin—given here for what it is worth—is current in the country. The tribe are said to have been originally dwellers in Egypt, which they quitted to establish themselves in the Crimea, on the banks of the streamlet Kabarda, from which they derive their present name. Driven from their second home, they crossed the narrow mouth of the Sea of Azov, and followed the banks of the Kuban to its sources, where a large part of the tribe established themselves. The rest, striking farther east round the flanks of Elbruz, pitched their tents on the Baksan and the Tcherek, in the districts now known as Great and Little Kabarda. The new-comers, either by force of numbers or intelligence, very soon succeeded in taking a leading position among their neighbours, and the manners of the noble families of Kabarda seem to have been accepted as the standard of Caucasian chivalry. Such a people were little likely to submit easily to Russian rule. The venal justice of a military tribunal scarcely served to reconcile them to the abolition of their own ruder but far readier courts; and forbiddal of the pilgrimage to Mecca was the match which roused into a blaze the long smouldering heap of discontent. At the commencement of the present century, a pestilence, which raged during fourteen successive years, destroyed half of the nation, and lightened the task of General Yermoloff when, in 1822, he set himself to ravage the Kabardas with fire and

sword, and scatter and slay those whom the pestilence had spared. A small relic, scarcely numbering 10,000 souls, is all that now remains of this once powerful tribe, which, having lost its old leadership, has been of late years one of the most constant in its obedience to its northern masters.

So much for the history of the Kabardans. Though the old gradations of rank which are asserted to have existed among them—and which in their number and complications remind us of our own feudal system—no longer exist, or are hard to recognise, the most careless observer can distinguish two classes, the nobles and the common people, distinct from one another both in air and dress. But at Pätigorsk or Kisslovodsk we shall only see isolated specimens of the mountain races—a noble come down at the command of the Russian officials to report on his district, or a peasant in search of some article purchasable in the Armenian bazaar. If we would study these tribes in their homes, we must make up our minds to abandon, for a time, our tarantasse or telega, and to hire horses capable of carrying us over the mountain by-paths. The villages, moreover, on our road will be few and far between, and, unless provided with a portable tent, we shall do well to purchase one of the huge sheep-skin cloaks known as "bourcas," and worn alike by the Cossacks and natives of the country. These are impervious to the heaviest rain-storm, and large enough to protect the whole figure, and are probably the origin of the fable that the Caucasians are in the habit of carrying about with them tents, in which they take instant shelter at the approach of bad weather. The excursion we propose to our readers will be based on actual experience, and where we go beyond it due warning shall be given; for we have no desire to imitate those travellers who reserve their greatest eloquence for the description of what they have never seen. We will, therefore, first ride across the steppe till we strike the Baksan, and then follow its banks to the foot of



A KABARDAN OF THE CAUCASUS.

Elbruz; returning thence to Atashkutan, we will penetrate the defiles of the Tcherek, and spend a few days amongst the hospitable Tartars of Balkar, a mountain citadel almost overshadowed by the granitic heights of Dych Tau and Koschtantau. Were it not for the difficulty of concluding arrangements for horses with the impracticable peasants of a Tcherkess village, we might profit by our carriage for the first day's journey. Our road will lead us a little to the east of south, across the great plain; passing, first, a Cossack village (Zonitzki) with its green cupolaed church—more like a tea-garden summer-house than an ecclesiastical edifice—in its midst; then reaching the ford of the Malka, the meltings of the northern glacier of Elbruz, the snows of which will loom larger and larger on our right as we advance towards the mountains. On the river-bank is situated a large Tcherkess village, a long straggling collection of homesteads, each surrounded by a low fence. The steppe here becomes slightly undulating—a sort of rolling prairie—and is carefully cultivated, its whole surface seeming to wave with corn, except where it is dotted by the small ricks into which the cut sheaves are first collected. We now climb the side of a low rounded hill, the first footstool of the mountains, and wind in and out of its heights and hollows, admiring the prodigious development of weeds and grasses which the summer sun has called forth and ripened. Wild sunflowers



COSSACK WATCH-TOWER.



COSSACKS AT SHOOTING PRACTICE.

and thistles overtop the dense mass, affording a home to myriads of insects, which issue forth in swarms to attack the passer-by and his unhappy animal. Horse-flies almost darken the air, and smaller foes, members of the mosquito tribe, whirl in ceaseless circles round our heads. At last the moon, rising in the east, brings into relief the pure snows of a distant summit seen over the nearer ridges, and shows at the same time a long white line flowing beneath us, and at right angles to our course. At our feet, on the banks of the Baksan, we distinguish the Tcherkess village of Atashkutan. Here food and shelter for the night will be easily obtained at the house of the chieftain, which, with its white-washed walls, is even now conspicuous amongst the dark-coloured cottages surrounding it. Lying on the edge of the plain, and within ten miles of a Cossack station, we must expect to find traces of Russian influence in the character of our quarters, and of the welcome offered us. Though old custom prevents the stranger from being repelled from the door, he can scarcely avoid seeing that he is looked on as a nuisance, and that the servant who brings him his food, regards with anything but a hospitable satisfaction the strength of his appetite. Still, he will have bread, eggs, and a copious supply of tea from the omnipresent samovar, and sufficient cushions to lie upon. But his slumbers must not be very prolonged if he wish to reach Uruspieh, the Kabardan village on the upper Baksan, the next day, for a distance of fully fifty up-hill miles still separates him from his goal.

At daybreak, then, his hosts being all asleep, he will rouse his horse-man, and having awoke the old steward, who attended to his wants the previous evening, sufficiently to offer him the fitting recompense in Russian rouble notes, he will pass out of the gates of the enclosure of the chieftain's abode, and getting clear as soon as possible of the houses and their fenced-in gardens, enjoy the freshness of a morning canter between the corn-fields. After an hour's ride these will gradually cease, and fording a tributary of the Baksan, the traveller will pause a moment to notice a weird-looking group of tombs, now falling into decay, and concerning which his horse-man can give no further information than that they mark the resting-places of men who were once princes in the land. Following the river through a basin of the richest verdure surrounded by low hills, we may well lament the way in which nature's gifts are permitted to run to waste, owing to the sparseness of the population —a fact sufficiently proved to us by our encountering only two hamlets in our long day's ride. The scenery of the Baksan valley is divisible into three portions. The lowest stage lies amongst the rounded downs, which reach to Atashkutan; a defile narrow and well wooded, but on so small a scale as to seem out of place to one already acquainted with Caucasian scenery, leads to the middle portion, where the grassy meadows on the river-bank are overhung by scarped crags, the ruddy hues and broken outlines of which are almost Sinaitic. Till a second defile, wider, larger, and more rugged than the first, is passed, the country is absolutely treeless; above this a sparse forest of firs clothes the mountain-sides; the stream descends, and the path mounts rapidly, and a broad snowy mass, curiously like the Zermatt Breithorn, closes the view. A few scattered farms occupy portions of the still wide meadow-land; and at last the village of Uruspieh comes into sight, situated on the left bank of the river, where it is joined by two tributary streams.

And now the traveller, who has come expecting to find the Caucasian Chamouni, will suffer a grievous disappointment. It is unfortunately true that as the valley of the Baksan is the dullest in the country, so is Uruspieh the most uninviting in situation of all Caucasian villages. We state this so strongly because, owing to its facility of access, the excursion to it is the only one ever made by Russians, and the one they recommend to strangers, who may thus form a most unfairly unfavourable view of the whole chain. The surrounding slopes are barren, uniform, and arid, and the houses themselves—low, flat-roofed edifices, built without any pretence of ornamentation—do not lend any picturesque elements to a position naturally destitute of them. The beauty, however, denied by nature to this nook of earth, she has amply bestowed on the male portion of its inhabitants. We feel, indeed, that we have left Russia and its type of humanity far behind, as we meet some of the villagers bending their steps homewards. Guided by one of them, we shall alight at almost the first house in the village, before an open portico supported by massive fir trunks, beneath which we sit down while news is carried to "the princes" of our arrival. Meantime we shall be fully employed in scanning the crowd which gathers rapidly round us. The men are all habited in the sheepskin bonnet and dress already described, but we cannot fail to observe the handsomeness of their appointments. Their cartridge boxes, belts, and daggers are adorned with silver, their clothes are in good condition, and their whole bearing is unmistakably that of gentlemen of the mountains. The effect of their tall stature is increased by their dress, while the open and friendly look of their countenances entirely takes away any feeling of distrust which might be caused by the sight of the numerous arms they carry. A few children—boys and girls, bright and intelligent-looking little creatures—hang on the skirts of the crowd, which will include no women, the female sex being kept more or less in seclusion. We shall be already beginning to regret that our ignorance of the language prevents our entering into conversation, when a stir becomes visible among the people, and two tall men, distinguishable from the others only by their more costly accoutrements, come forward, and addressing ourselves or our interpreter in Russian, welcome us to the village. These are Ismail and Hamzet, the two princes, or present heads of the family which by hereditary right lords it over the community. We shall learn more of them during our stay; at present they lead us into the house, a one-storied building constructed inside and out of unsmoothed fir-logs. It contains two rooms, one opening from the other. Both have earthen floors; the inner, also the larger, is provided with a fire-place and a wooden divan. On this a domestic piles cushions, while another brings low stools and a round three-legged table, on which is placed the samovar and a lordly pile of cakes. Over the tea we shall improve our acquaintance with our hosts, while a circle of villagers, gathered round the door at a respectful distance, indulge their curiosity by picking up what scraps they can of our conversation. Our past travels will first be demanded of us; having answered as to these, we may proceed to unfold our future plans, in confidence that we shall meet with all the assistance possible. On hearing the word "Anglicany," (English), Hamzet's—the younger brother's—face will light up; for the years he has had to spend in the Russian army do not seem to have prejudiced him against our nation. He will

proceed to tell the story of the first ascent of Elbruz; of how, in the last week of July, in 1868, three weather-beaten Englishmen suddenly dropped from the mountains which separate Kabarda and Suanetia, accompanied by an interpreter and an enormous Frank. Then he will recount their demanding men of him to accompany them to the top of Minghi Tau (for Elbruz, the Russian name, is almost unknown at the foot of the mountain), and the amusement which they created thereby in the village; how they started on the expedition, and how, on the fourth day, they returned, swearing by Allah they had been on the very highest summit; how the village at first thought they were like Russians, who called the sides of the mountain its summit, until they had talked over the matter with Djapojef Djaktchi and Sotaef Achya, who had been of the company. These men, who were almost blinded by the hours they had spent on the snow-fields, declared that the foreigners had many strange devices to escape death, fear of which had made the mountain unscalable heretofore; that they cared nothing for the hidden pitfalls, from the danger of which they secured themselves by cords; and that when ice covered the mountain side so that even the chamois would slip, the gigantic Frank stepped forward and cut steps, by which, as by a ladder, they might scale safely to the highest top. The prince may add that Achya and Djaktchi are at hand, and will themselves tell the guests how they found of a sudden all the world at their feet, and beheld on one side the Karatchai, the Malka, and their own Baksan; on the other, saw, over the intervening ranges, the blue mountains which lie in the land of the true believers.

Turning to other topics, we shall discover Hamzet to be a man of no small intelligence and of some practical skill. He will show us carts of an improved model, which he has had constructed to imitate some he saw while in Russia; he may present us with a very fair imitation of a Gruyère cheese he has himself succeeded in making, and he will ask us a hundred questions about England, London, Turkey, and European politics. After a lengthened interview, we shall be left alone to decide on our plans, with the assurance that we have only to mention our wants and they will be attended to.

Having come thus far, no traveller will think of going away without gaining a nearer sight of the great Elbruz, which, though close at hand, is still quite invisible. To do this it will be necessary to be away at least two days from the village; but this will not involve any real hardship, as water-tight huts, used by the guardians of the flocks and herds, are found close to the glaciers. The sources of the Baksan are distant some seven hours from Uruspieh. The first feature observed after leaving the village is a gigantic moraine, which bars the valley like the Kirchet above Meyringen. Higher up, the mountain sides are densely forested with firs; snowy peaks of fantastic forms peer down through gaps in the southern range, and an occasional farm-house, with its surrounding enclosures, diversifies the foreground. Further still, a large glacier comes in sight, closing the head of the valley. We turn off before reaching it up a side glen, which leads to the foot of another and smaller glacier, descending straight from Elbruz. We must climb the steep hill-side beside its ice-fall until, when our aneroid barometer shows us to have attained a height of over 12,000 feet, we find ourselves on the rim of the snow-field lying at the base of the final cone of the great mountain, which, in shape like an inverted tea-cup, rises before us with very little beauty of form, but much grandeur of size, to recommend it. Beyond the fact of having seen close at hand the Caucasian giant, we gain from this point a superb view, across the head of the Baksan valley, of that portion of the main chain which separates us from Suanetia. Above all other rivals tower two glorious peaks; the nearer one is the same we have seen from Uruspieh, a close counterpart of the Orteler from the Stelvio road; the other is the terrible Uschba—a peak destined to future celebrity—shooting up from the forests of Suanetia, whence, before leaving the country, we must hope to obtain a closer view of it.

What course our traveller now takes will depend on his climbing capabilities. If sound of lungs and legs, and provided with a rope and ice-axe, the knowledge that the summit of Elbruz is only eight hours distant, and that it may be gained without risk, will prove a sore temptation to him to seek higher ground. A less vaulting ambition may lead him to cross a glacier-pass over the ridge connecting Elbruz with the main chain, and descend thence to Uschkulan, the highest village in the Karatchai, inhabited by a tribe generally described as "brave fellows and no thieves." An introduction from Uruspieh will insure kindly greeting, and aid in returning along the northern flanks of Elbruz, the complete tour of which may thus be made in about six days. Whichever of these alternatives he may accept, we must carry back our traveller to Uruspieh, whence, in place of returning at once to Pätigorsk, we shall propose to him to retrace his steps to Atashkutan, and if not already wearied with the mountain recesses, to turn southwards to Naltschik, and thence make a fresh plunge into the heart of the Caucasus.

Naltschik is a small town or large military post at the foot of the hills, within a few miles from the point at which the Tcherek, one of the largest affluents of the Terek, flows out into the plain. We do not purpose to give any detailed description of the Tcherek valley, but only shortly to recommend it and its inhabitants to public notice. Unlike the course of the Baksan, densely wooded in its lower portion, it soon forks into two branches which run up to the watershed of the Caucasus, and are separated near their heads by the great ridge, two of the summits of which, Dychtau and Koschtantau, are the second and third highest mountains in the Caucasian chain. The cluster of villages in the western of the two branches is called Bezeenghe; at the head of the valley is a glacier marked in the Russian map as the largest in the whole range; and, owing to the fact that the upper basin is wider and more open than that of the eastern branch, the great snow peaks are said to be best studied from this side. Of the eastern valley leading to the community of Balkar we can speak from personal experience. Above the junction of the two torrents the path wanders through dense beech-woods sheltering an undergrowth of azaleas and rhododendrons. In one day's ride from Naltschik a party, even though delayed by the presence of baggage horses, may reach the foot of an overhanging crag commonly used by the natives for their night's bivouac. Above this, a gorge is entered which may, without fear, be ranked far above any to be found in the Alps. The imagination even of a Doré could scarcely find anything to add to the savage sublimity of the scene. Towering walls of crag, 5,000 feet high, every ledge and cranny of which affords a resting place for noble forest trees, first meet the traveller's eye. As he penetrates further into the gorge, the torrent is so closely

hemmed in that a few fallen boulders form a natural bridge 300 feet above its waters; by this the path crosses the stream and descends to the bottom of the defile, through which, by persistent and sometimes almost desperate endeavours, it at last reaches the upper end of the gorge, and emerges into the Balkar basin. Here, in villages resembling Uruspieh in general character, we find a Kabardan tribe, whose industry makes the slopes of their mountain retreat yellow with corn. As the entrance to Balkar is more difficult than that to Uruspieh, so are the people of the former more primitive and less Russianised than those of the latter. During a two days' stay at the chief hamlet, Muchol, we were entertained by a worthy chief who loaded us with all the good things at his disposal; so far, indeed, were we from meeting with any religious bigotry amongst these strict Mahomedans, that we found our best friend in a Mollah who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and wore the Syrian in preference to the ordinary Caucasian costume. From the head of the valley—seven hours' ride from Muchol—two passes lead, one to the sources of the Rion on the south side of the chain, the other to the valley of the Uruch, the next eastern tributary of the Terek. The scenery is some of the wildest and grandest in the country; its chief elements consist of granite peaks varying from 14,000 to 17,000 feet in height, vast glaciers, and mountain pasturages feeding the numerous flocks and herds which form the staple of the wealth of these patriarchal mountaineers. We can do no more than point out the glorious scenery and good work which await an explorer in this part of the chain; it is time that we return to our head-quarters at Pätigorsk, and again follow the high road of the Caucasus, from which we have made a long, but we trust not altogether unprofitable, digression.



COSSACK.

A New Zealand Snow-storm.—In Two Parts.

BY FREDERICK NAPIER BROOME.

PART II.

Domestic affairs were now in extremity. Supplies of coal, wood, and house stores were to have arrived this week; they could not come for a fortnight, and on Wednesday there was absolutely nothing in the larder, except some flour and sugar, and a little mutton: there was no tea, rice, coffee, &c.; there was no fuel; the dogs were buried in their kennels, and the fowls in their fowl-house. The first remained warm, but unfed, and a huge drift preserved the poultry. Could they have been got at, the greatest age would not have saved either cock or hen from the pot. There were no tools wherewith to dig away the snow which encumbered door and window; all axes, spades, saws, &c., were buried "full fathom five." By great labour of hands only, the pigsties were torn down and broken up. These had to be economised for cooking purposes; also for one good fire to sit by in the evening, and, with curtains close and lamp lit, endeavour to forget the weather. In the paddock were six horses and two cows. These had all gathered in a corner by the gate, and stood miserably, kept alive by hay. The house lying in an undulating hollow, there were deep drifts in every direction; and it took the best part of the day to struggle down to the stack, and back to the animals with fodder. It took one hour to battle 200 yards through the drifts with a truss of hay. In places they were over head and ears in depth, and quite soft all through; and in addition to this, there was the never-ceasing force of driving flakes and deafening wind. In the stable were stalls for two horses, and there was the empty coal-shed. With great difficulty the doors were got open, and three of the best horses housed.

On Wednesday there was a calamity; the cows were not to be seen. The supply of milk was now cut off, if not the cows themselves. On Thursday morning they were found, their horns just visible above a snow-drift. Half starved and smothered, they were got out; but this was a whole day's hard work. The snow and wind continued. Not a sheep was to be seen or heard; indeed, beyond 100 yards round the house all was unknown. There was a drift in the verandah six feet deep, darkening the drawing-room windows. It was with difficulty the doors could be opened in the morning. The wind seemed to whirl and heap up the snow on all sides of the house at once. By this time there was not a fence to be seen; no gates could be opened; all garden shrubs were covered or broken down. Had the snow been frozen, it would have been easy to move about; but as it still continued soft all through, progression was painfully slow, consisting, as it did, of an alternate plunge and crawl. Their dinner to-day had been a scrap of rice and some suet dumplings; for tea there was the last box of sardines and some apricot jam, but *no tea.*

On Thursday evening there was a lull; the wind changed, and it poured heavily with rain all that night and all Friday. On Friday afternoon yellow floods were seen rushing over the snow down the hill-sides. A trickling stream close at hand swelled into a tremendous torrent. The house would have been flooded, when, luckily, a dam burst through, and the water ran off. The smallest creek was now an impassable river. Judging from the watermarks left, there could not have been such floods for twenty years; indeed, the oldest natives remember none like them.

Nothing can describe the joy of all, when on Saturday the sun shone for the first time that week, and the day settled fine, with a warm wind blowing. After breakfast, which had by this time come down to a crust and a glass of water, all sallied forth, dug out the dogs, and started over the run to discover the state of the sheep; even my wife, in a short petticoat and a great pair of my boots drawn over her own, joined the party. The snow, soaked by the rain, was now a little harder; but locomotion was still slow and very difficult. The man on horseback again returned from an attempt to reach H——'s house and procure some mutton; he had been unable to cross a deep gulley which was quite filled up with snow. And now the first discovery of sheep was made; at the edge of a creek, under a high bank, a great drift had formed, covering a small "mob" of about 250. They had remained beneath it warm and snug till the stream flooded, and, washing into their shelter, drowned them. At several other spots above and below this sheep were found, in various quantities, which had perished in the same way. Sometimes there were survivors—ten or twenty standing clear of the water on a trampled heap of the drowned. In one place was found a solitary ram, the Crusoe of an island of dead ewes. An attempt was made to rescue him; but, impelled by grief for his kindred, or by innate stupidity, he plunged into the water and disappeared, being too weak to swim.

Digging in the drifts at the side of this creek, sheep were also found, some alive, but more dead. There were strange anomalies; from one snow cavern several little lambs leaped out alive and well, while all the grown sheep had perished. Often old and weak sheep, technically termed "crawlers," had outlasted the young and strong. It took them days to explore this creek, in which about 400 sheep, and as many lambs, were found dead.

On Monday evening was written the letter I had received in Christchurch. By this time communication had been effected with H——'s house, and on Tuesday morning, at great peril, the dray started with his luggage, which, as we have seen, arrived in town on Wednesday, but after the steamer had left. It was all floated down the river, but luckily secured again. On Wednesday the shepherds attempted the hills. They returned, having penetrated but a little way, and reported that there were very few sheep to be seen, and these dispersed in small flocks of fifty or a hundred, whereas sheep generally range the hills for feed in large numbers together.

Affairs now looked serious, and very like ruin. Not to speak of lambs, all of which would certainly be lost, 400 grown sheep had been found dead along one stream, and there were fifty such streams on the run. What if a dozen other spots, each strewn with as many or more than those lying in this one, should come to light? Drowning would be as easy for a

thousand sheep as a hundred; indeed, easier, for a large, helpless, crowding flock facilitates disaster.

On the Thursday morning I returned, and we all set to work, like camp-followers after a battle, making the most of the dead, stripping them of whatever about them was valuable. The warm wind shortened this disagreeable job. That friendly nor'-wester saved me from ruin. In a week it had taken the snow clear away from wherever it had fairly fallen; it then ceased blowing, and there were fine clear days, followed by frosty nights. The drifts became crusted over, and walking was easy; but I trod them tenderly, with a sort of churchyard awe, not knowing how many of our sheep might be lying dead or alive beneath them. On the leeward side of every spur the snow had blown over and lodged, and along these ridges there were drifts half a mile long and twenty feet deep. Of course, digging in these was useless; twenty men, working in the dark, might toil for days, and find not a sheep, though hundreds lay buried. Before it ceased, however, the warm wind liberated numbers, and by the end of the week flocks again gathered in the hills. But, alas! the lambs were conspicuous only by their absence; they were to be found, but only lying dead along the hill-side.

On the Saturday subsequent to my return, the dray arrived from town with stores, and we enjoyed the luxury of a cup of tea once more; a supply of fuel was carted, but with extreme difficulty, and our privations came to an end.

I now sat down and wrote a letter to follow my partner to England. We had found by this time about 600 dead sheep, and we knew that hardly any lambs remained, but of our exact loss I was far from certain. I may here state that when, after shearing, I counted up the cost of that snow-storm, I found it to be 800 grown sheep, and at least 2,500 lambs, and this out of a small flock of only 13,000 of all ages. But on comparing notes with our neighbours, it seemed that we had come off very well. One station was *reported* to have lost 20,000 lambs and 10,000 grown sheep; but this was, of course, out of a very large flock. Had the storm occurred in June, our month of shortest days, when the sun has little power, when warm winds rarely blow, and the nights are generally frosty, the snow would not have thawed six inches a week. Every night the melted surface would have frozen hard, the sheep would have been imprisoned for weeks, and few indeed could possibly have survived. As it was, it seemed amazing that so frail a sheep as the merino could endure through a fortnight of such desolation. Before the storm there were numbers of wild pigs on our run; these we afterwards found dead in all directions. Great boars, cased in hides an inch thick, had perished through sheer stress of weather, while thin-skinned sheep, with only six months' growth of fine wool upon their backs, had endured it all; and I think that the actual destruction of sheep was mainly owing to the two days of heavy rain which succeeded the snow. Sheep covered in drifts are warm and snug; the snow is lightly heaped over them, the heat of their bodies thaws away a cave; air can reach them, and, if liberated within ten days, they are not much the worse. Huddled up as they are, the stronger will trample the weaker, and even so there will be some loss; but the snow itself will have caused very little. They are better off in their prison than driving over the hills before the bitter gale. But the rain soaked the snow till it was sodden and heavy; it crushed down upon the sheep, and did not so readily admit air. To the rain and to the creeks we laid almost all our losses; high up in the hills, where little rain fell, and where the streams were insignificant, few sheep died, except in some monster drifts, which did not melt for six weeks. I found several alive, but in a dying state, that must have been under snow a full month. They were so worn and light from starvation, that I lifted from the ground quite easily with one hand a wether which, before the storm, must have weighed at least seventy-five pounds. He had diminished at least thirty pounds.

It might be expected there would be many anecdotes and accidents reported after such an extraordinary visitation; but on all stations the people were hemmed indoors for a certain time, after which they busied themselves with their sheep in safety. I think one or two were drowned attempting to cross the flooded rivers; but in the snow itself I heard of no loss of human life. The *Lyttleton Times* at first placed the total loss at a quarter of a million, but afterwards at half a million. I am inclined to think that, *including lambs*, the latter number is correct. The growth of wool was greatly affected; it is this season generally poor and stunted all over the province; and altogether the community must be a loser of £200,000

In conclusion, as I have told all our miseries, let me also record some capital fun I got out of the snow. Close to my house a hill slopes smoothly for about 200 yards at an angle of 40°; along this was a perfectly level and deep drift, which did not thaw for a month. I constructed a sledge, or rather a succession of sledges, for the first were not perfect, and in the end contrived one with a patent brake, in which I could descend the drift with moderate safety at about fifteen miles an hour, carrying one passenger besides myself. But my first attempts resulted in tremendous catastrophes. I had read that in Canada a similar slide is made on small sledges, using the heels to moderate the speed. Instructed by this, I climbed my drift, which was frozen on the surface, and on a board about four feet long, covered beneath with sheet iron curved upwards at the end, I launched down the hill. In a second I was off at a thousand miles an hour, beyond all control of my heels or of any other mortal influence. Down the hill I dashed, turning round and round, heels and head alternately uppermost, and breathless with the immense speed; I stuck fast to my board, possessed by an intense thought of the rocks and stones at the foot of the drift, and fearfully ignorant of any navigation which would save my being brained amongst them. Arrived at the edge of the snow, my board and I shot with a horrible jolting over the stones and grass of the level ground for some sixty yards, when we came to a stop, and I found I had escaped with no severer injury than several cuts on my hands. The next time I made a sort of brake, but that broke, and the result was the same, or even worse; for my board and I parted company. I slid swiftly and head first on to the stones, where I turned a somersault and alit on my feet; but my neck is still stiff from that bump. I was now convinced that the Canadian angle must have been very slight, or the snow quite unfrozen and altogether different from my snow, so I set to work and made a sledge which proved quite equal to the dangers and exigencies of the situation. I covered a board about six feet long by one foot broad with sheet iron nailed beneath it, and curved upwards in front. Across the upper surface of the sledge I

fixed two battens, one quite at the foremost end, and one fastened about midway. My passenger and I sat resting our feet firmly against these, my passenger sitting in front. For breaks I fixed two iron bars about four feet long, working through strong staples, one on each side about a foot from the rear of the plank. By raising or depressing the upper ends of these, of which I kept a firm grasp, I took a greater or less hold of the snow, and so pulled up or shot ahead. Still there was a speed at which even this invention became unmanageable and of no avail, and that speed I was incautious enough to attain once or twice, when the result was swift and signal misfortune.

The most sudden disaster was on our last day's sledging. The drift had thawed till it was soft at the surface, and worn away almost to the rocks. During a rapid descent the nose of the sledge dipped through the snow and stopped dead against a rock; my passenger was instantly buried, but I shot over his head some ten yards. I alighted in the soft snow, and was not hurt. This was a perfectly harmless capsize, but *so* sudden; one second gliding smoothly at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, the next a dead stop, a flight through the air over my passenger's head, finishing, feet first, plump down in the soft snow.

I have told my story of the great New Zealand snow-storm of 1867. As a child, they used to teach me that nothing was ordered but with a beneficent purpose. This is a beautiful precept, but sadly difficult of demonstration. I do not think that we in Canterbury were too rich; very few of us were paying our way, and now there are fewer than ever. However, let us hope that that overwhelming fortnight has emptied the next ten winters of their snow and rain, for another such season would put the few solvent sheep-farmers into the *Gazette*.

Writing this at mid-summer, and looking out over our green and cloud-shadowed hills, planted with their semi-tropical palms and grasses, the more distant veiled in a sultry haze, it is difficult to believe that what I write is true; but the evidence still remains. Palms eight feet high show where their topmost branches were gnawed by sheep, that must have stood on five feet of snow to reach them; and the banks of the creek where so many were found the day after the storm are still strewn white with bones.

The Palms of Tropical America.

When travellers speak of palm trees as contributing so much to the beauty of a tropical landscape, it is generally the coco-nut palm that is present to their minds; for of all the numerous species composing the palm family this is the most conspicuous and widely-spread. Its native home is the East, especially Ceylon, the shores of the Bay of Bengal, the Malay Archipelago, and the countless islands of Polynesia. It thrives best and is most abundant on or near the sea-shore, and being of so much utility for its fruit, leaves, and fibre, groves of it are planted around settlements, thus bringing it more immediately under the notice of the passing voyager. Beautiful as is this common and well-known palm tree, in its smooth and lofty stem, well proportioned in height and thickness to the wide-spreading crown of dark green, elegantly pinnate leaves, it is perhaps exceeded in beauty, and certainly in singularity, by many of its allied kinds in tropical America. The luxuriant wooded region along the Atlantic coast in Brazil, and extending through all the river-valleys up to the slopes of the Andes in Peru and New Granada is, in fact, the head-quarters of this noble tribe of trees. The coco-nut palm is found there also, but it is only an importation brought from India by the early Portuguese settlers, and it rarely attains the height and beauty that distinguish it in its native domain, especially in Ceylon. In compensation, the rich and varied forests of the Amazons and Equador abound in other magnificent species. More than 100 distinct kinds are known and described from the banks of the Amazons alone, and this number is probably far below the reality, for they have never yet been thoroughly investigated by a botanical traveller. As in other tropical countries, they form that feature of the vegetation which first strikes the eye of the wanderer newly arrived from a colder climate. As the vessel nears the port, the plume-like clusters of leaves, borne airily on the top of lofty, bare stems, amidst the rounded masses of the more ordinary forest vegetation of the shores of sea or river, rivet the attention, and impart an indescribable air of rich luxuriance to the scene. In some places tall slender stems shoot up in clusters, gently curving, their feathery crowns waving in the wind; in others, a colossal species, from 100 to 150 feet in height, stands erect, the cylindrical stems, as broad and symmetrical as the columns of a temple, bearing at their summit an immense cluster of fan-shaped leaves, whose leaf-stalks alone are ten feet in length. This grandest of the palm-trees—the *Mauritia flexuosa* of botanists—is extremely abundant on the low lands in the neighbourhood of the Port of Pará. In some places it grows in vast groves, many miles in extent, on islands, to the exclusion of every other tree; from the base of its crown are often seen hanging the ponderous clusters of its fruit—a round, bright red, pulp-covered nut, with the outer skin crossed with lines, which give it the appearance of a leather cricket-ball. As the fruit is eatable and the tree valuable, like almost every other palm, for the many uses to which its leaves and other parts are applied, the growth of this palm is encouraged in the neighbourhood of houses, farms, and villages. In some places along the narrow channels which the river-steamers navigate in going from Pará into the interior all the timber around a farm has been cleared except the fan-leaved palms. There is then left a grassy meadow, diversified by scores of these noble trees, few lower than 100 feet high, with cattle grazing beneath, and the white-washed balconied farm-house in the distance.

Other species of palms project long roots from their stem towards the damp earth, radiating like the spokes of a wheel

bent downwards, so that as the tree grows and the bottom part of the true stem decays, it appears as though mounted on stilts. One of these species bears a very elegant head of straight leaves, each with only a few broad leaflets. Another exceedingly curious kind has no stem, or only a very low one, but exceedingly long leaves, which often project from the river-bank and arch over towards the water. Leaves of this species (the Jupati palm) have been measured fifty feet in length and six feet in width. It is common along some of the river channels near Pará, and passing steamers often sweep under or past its gigantic leaves.

A companion species offers a totally different picture, having rigid, nearly erect leaves, not divided into leaflets; it has but a short stem; but the head of light-green leaves, precisely like a colossal shuttlecock, is frequently seen amidst the masses of vegetation on the river's bank. The graceful Assai, or Euterpe palm—the sylph of the vegetable creation—is another very common species. Its stem is not much thicker than a man's wrist, and rises, when full-grown, to the height of twenty or thirty feet, bearing at its summit a most elegantly-proportioned crown of finely pinnated leaves. The round, bluish-black fruit, growing in lax bunches at the base of the long smooth sheath of the united leaf-stalks, is universally used to make a nourishing beverage, and the tree, in consequence, is grown almost everywhere in gardens. There is scarcely any house, even in the suburban streets of the towns, that has not a group of this elegant tree growing near the door.

A much larger palm is the Inaja; this is often seen in great abundance around farms and country-houses, in places where the soil is light. The trees of this species, represented in the engraving, are but young; when full-grown, the stem is about twenty or thirty feet high. The fruit is an oblong nut, having a quantity of pleasantly-tasting yellowish pulp on the outer side, which forms part of the ordinary food of the poorer classes; hence the cultivation of the tree in the neighbourhood of houses.

The flower-spathe is of a tough woody texture, shaped like a boat-shaped bowl, capable of holding about two gallons of liquid; it is often used as a kettle to boil porridge, withstanding fire for a considerable time.



THE INAJA PALM.

The uses to which palm-trees are applied in this luxuriant region are endless. To the poorer classes they afford all the material necessary for building houses; the entire stems serve for posts; the split stems for floors; the pith-like leaf-stalks sawn into laths for partition-walls; and the leaves (especially those of a flinty, durable texture, produced by a dwarf species called *ubim*) for thatch. The cane-like rind of the leaf-stalks, divisible into fine threads, is excellent for baskets; the fibres of the stem and spathes serve for tow and brooms. Many other of the palm-fruits are used for food, besides those already mentioned, and, in addition, the young tender leaves of several kinds, before they are fully opened, make an excellent vegetable, superior, in fact, to cabbage.

Thus when palm-trees figure so largely in the descriptions of tropical America given by travellers it is not without good reason. They impart an indefinable grace and charm to every landscape, and enter, in a thousand ways, into the daily occupations, thoughts, and feelings of the inhabitants. They are present everywhere; the outlines of their elegant stems and crowns, set off to magical effect by the background of cloudless sky, greet the early riser wherever he may be. One set of species grows in the dry grounds, and another set in the marshy places, whilst in the woods every day's walk reveals some curious dwarf kind never noticed before.



VIEW OF KOUNDIAN.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—IV.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER V.

THE POSITION OF KOUNDIAN: ITS FORTRESS—DEPARTURE—WE CROSS THE BAFING—MARCH TOWARDS THE EAST—ARRIVAL AT THE BAKHOY—THE MOUNTAIN MAKANDIAMBOUGOU—PRODUCTS—CULTIVATION—MUSIC—A WEEK'S DELAY—REVOLT OF THE BÉLÉDOUGOU AND THE MANDING—IMPOSSIBILITY OF PROCEEDING TOWARDS THE EAST—JOURNEY TO THE NORTH ACROSS THE FOULA-DOUGOU—THE LESSER BAKHOY—THE BAOULÉ—MANACLED SLAVES ON THE MARCH—ARRIVAL AT KAARTA—ENTRY INTO KAARTA—ITS LIMITS—SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE COUNTRY—MARENA—KOUROUNDINGKOTO.

I SPENT three days at Koundian. Returning then to my men, we started again on the only practicable road to Ségou. I had agreed with Diango that he should give me a guide to take me there, passing by a direct and easy road which would bring us to Ségou in less than a fortnight. It is this route that I am going briefly to describe.

Koundian is the fourth station of which I have determined the position by astronomical observation; the latitudes by meridian altitude of the sun. The result is as follows:—

	Latitude.	Longitude.
Gouïna	14° 00' 45" N.	... 13° 30' 14" W.
Bafoulabé	13° 48' 27"	... 13° 09' 46"
Oualiha camp ...	13° 39' 53"	... idem.
Koundian	13° 08' 57"	... 12° 58' 22"

The town is composed of the fortress, and a village, in which some of the huts are partly constructed of masonry, but nearly all covered with straw. The fortress is a complete square, measuring on each side 530 feet, and flanked with six towers, in two of which there are doors. The one on the east is open; the other, in one of the western towers, is always shut. This wall is 25 to 28 feet high, and 4½ feet thick at the base. It is built of stones and mortar, and every year they rough-cast it with earth. We were not permitted to enter. In addition to El Hadj's house—in which he has a wife—governed by Diango, it contains the dwelling of most of the *sofas* (warrior-slaves) and some of the talibés. A plain stretches all around, which is only entered by four narrow passes, bordered by high mountains. This situation would present great difficulties, even to an attack of regular troops. The country is rich in gold and millet, but there were no cattle, for in a famine after the war all provisions had been consumed. On this account the gift of a bullock from Diango was munificent.

Diango was a Malinké, and the rapacious instincts of his race continually betrayed themselves. I made him a present which did not satisfy him; but when he found that I cared nothing for his discontent, but threatened to tell his master, saying he might take but I would not give, he became humble, and drew from me by degrees a great quantity of salt and other trifles. On all sides they beset me with petitions. The musicians came to sing, the chiefs came to beg, one a pair of pantaloons, the other a *boubou;* the sick people came to the doctor, who saw his medicines disappearing, and was made ill by his exertions. I had the fever myself after a cold bath, so altogether it seemed necessary to get away. I made Diango give me the promised guide, and fixed the time of departure.

On the 9th of January Diango came on horseback to accompany me a short distance, and on leaving gave me as a sign of friendship a little gold ring—about twelve grains in weight. I gave him then willingly a velvet cap, embroidered

in silk, and departed, glad to be free from these importunate beggars, and to be again on my way. Diango assured me that he had heard from El Hadj a few days before, and that I should find him at Ségou. I saw that my mission was nearly accomplished, and believed I had surmounted the greatest difficulties.

On leaving Koundian we marched towards the north, to rejoin the Senegal or Bafing, which we should have to cross at this place, the road directly eastward being impracticable for laden animals, and even for horsemen, because of the mountains. In the evening we reached the river, opposite Medina Gongou, or the isle of Medina, so called after the village upon it. Farther down the river there was a considerable fall of water, and farther up a ridge of rocks. This only confirmed what I had been told of the impossibility of a complete navigation of the Senegal in its upper course—a fact which had caused me to abandon my canoe at Oualiha. My guide, with whom we are soon to become better acquainted, wished me to sleep in the village, and to begin transporting the luggage and the animals the next morning. It was a difficult task to ferry our caravan across. We were obliged to work with two very large canoes, which we had no means of propelling but with native paddles, made with a bamboo handle, on which five or six pieces of bamboo are fastened crosswise by means of a cord, forming a blade. These two canoes were placed on the two sides of the island. I made known at once that I intended sleeping on the other side of the river that very night, and we began to work. My men divided into two companies. While some crossed from the river bank to the island, others carried the baggage across to the other canoe, and then embarked for the opposite bank.

At seven o'clock that evening I had passed the Senegal, and so great was the fatigue I had experienced at Koundian, from being continually pestered by the people, that from this moment I resolved never again to encamp in a village. Any one who knows what negro villages are, will understand that by this I saved some considerable time. Whether the villages are of mud or straw huts, fortified or surrounded by a simple palisade, or only a hedge of thorns, the disposition of the people is the same. The entrance is by a narrow door, through which it is not possible to pass the luggage without unloading the animals. It must then be carried to the lodgings, which are often distant and very bad. The party must then separate, some going to the right, others to the left, and thus a great deal of time is lost both in the arrival and departure.

The houses, too, are often very dirty: in the cottages the heat is unwholesome; in the open air the smoke from the kitchens is stifling. Instead of submitting to all these inconveniences, I preferred encamping in the open air. I looked out for a tree, under which we left our baggage. Those who know the *benténier* tree will understand why I chose that in preference to all others. Its gigantic roots, projecting above ground all round the stem, form so many partitions, enclosing spaces like stalls, where the small luggage can be stowed away. We set a man to sleep beside it for security's sake, and rested tranquilly by the light of a blazing fire. The life of violent excitement which we had previously led seemed all passed away after leaving Koundian. We were now in a country under regular government, where there was no cause for fear. It was no longer as when, between Gouïna and Bafoulabé, we were disturbed by fierce animals nearly every day, and where we went on without knowing what was before us.

On the 10th of January I began my march towards the east, across a desolate tract of country. Every step I took showed me a ruin: broken remains of household utensils, and a few skulls bleached in the sun; this was all that remained. I was told that the inhabitants had rebuilt their village on the other side of the river, and I saw smoke rising; on the sides of the mountain I could see the roofs of some cottages. Perhaps one-hundredth part of the population had survived the conquest, the massacre, and the terrible famine of 1858, and the countless other woes which certainly fall far more heavily on negroes than on other people, on account of their improvidence.

Thus we traversed the country of Bafing, situated on both banks of the river. We followed the course of the river for some time, and then left it to turn eastwards.

We found ourselves then in a plain covered with tall green herbage, smooth as a field of grass. To the south the high chain of mountains disappeared after some windings; these had doubtless run along the left bank of the river from Koundian to Fouta-Djallon.* A little farther to the left, a parallel chain, but not so high, stretched along the right bank and made a vast circle round us.

Troops of antelopes bounded over the plain, seeking refuge in the crevices of the rocks; but our presence was scarcely betrayed by the slight motion of the stalks of the tall herbage. We walked in file: one of our men led; I followed; then the baggage—the mules first, and after them the donkeys; a man (generally it was Samba Yoro) keeping watch behind; at each side the bullocks, and the doctor going backwards and forwards. This was the order of our march, closed by Fahmahra, our official guide. We lost no time in leaving the valley of the Bafing, which was now only a narrow strip of land by the side of the river; and we entered the Gangaran, a country a little more thickly populated. It is still the Malinkese race who inhabit this district, and we met again with their national costume—yellow mantles and trousers, and yellow cap, or sometimes white. This colour is procured from a tree named *rat* or *rhat*, the wood of which is yellow. The root and leaves are used for dyeing; the wood is burned for domestic purposes, and its ashes, slightly alkaline, are used to obtain, by washing, an acid for the blue tint of the indigo. The Malinkese villages are entirely surrounded by cotton-fields. Cotton is extensively cultivated, for having no communication, or very little, with the European settlements, the Malinkese cannot procure cotton cloths, and are obliged to confine themselves to the resources of their own country.

On the evening of the 11th of January, we arrived by a gentle slope at a nearly perpendicular ascent, which surrounded us on the east, the north, and the south. At our feet was a muddy pool, in which there was no water. Two women who had come to fetch water fled to the mountains on seeing us, and it was with very great difficulty that Fahmahra induced them to come and speak to him. Every time a troop of horsemen appear on the horizon these poor people—on whom the sword of the conqueror has weighed heavily for a long time, and still weighs very oppressively—fear there will be war; and as they daily revolt in their hearts against the cruel yoke which oppresses them, they think, no doubt, that they will be punished for these rebellious thoughts.

* It is known that the Senegal takes its rise in the mountains of Fouta-Djallon, south of Timbo.

The guide announced that we were at Firia, and the ruins of a large village supported his assertion. But what had become of this village? The ridge was 330 feet high, at least; we could not think of climbing it that same day, and the prospect of passing the night in the bushes did not give me much pleasure. Ever since leaving Koundian, I had looked forward to Firia as a new port, and here we were without water! We were obliged to do as best we could. The animals did without drinking; some calabashes of dirty and bitter water were drawn from the pool for us, and we stretched ourselves on our beds.

The night came on quickly, and about eleven we were wakened by a fairy-like scene. The mountain before us was illuminated. The night was dark, but a hundred torches lighted up the sharp edges of the rocks, and some shadows of men, shown in relief against the light, animated a picture which I could never have been weary of admiring. It was a troop of villagers of Firia, which was built on the summit of the ascent, bringing us supper: thirty gourds full of the common food of the country for the men, and for us two fowls and some eggs, and a basket of millet for the horses. Besides this, it was agreed that the inhabitants should come the next day to assist in carrying the baggage over the mountain; for I was wondering how the animals could climb these rocks, where men could only pass with the help of a bamboo. This passage was difficult. Except one mule and a donkey, all the animals had to be unloaded, and we carried the burden in our arms to the top. Happily we had not to descend, for we were on a plain which was intersected by different mountains, themselves pretty high. Now I understood the face of the country: we had left the valley of the Senegal.

The same day we encamped at Niantanso, a fortified village situated in a valley amid the mountains, which we reached by a narrow gorge. Some magnificent baobabs near the village formed a natural camp. This tree is one of the most useful that are found in this part of Africa. It grows throughout the Soudan in remarkable abundance, and furnishes a fruit called monkey-bread, which is very astringent. The sweet and yet acid flour mixed with milk is, as I know well by experience, a valuable remedy for dysentery, and also makes a refreshing drink. In times of famine I have seen the blacks make porridge of it. The leaf dried and bruised forms an impalpable green powder, which is the indispensable accompaniment of certain dishes of the Yoloffs and Bambaras; and its bark, when beaten out, furnishes thread of considerable tenacity and a beautiful colour, with which they make very regular but not very durable cord.

Thanks to our guide, we were well received at Niantanso; the people came and built us a hut with a sort of coarse matting made of plaited straw. They cleaned the place for our encampment, and brought us a large earthenware vessel full of clear fresh water; we were then able to take a little rest.

Afterwards the chiefs of the surrounding villages came, most of them bringing some provisions of one sort or other; amongst others were the chiefs of Diakifé and Bambandinian. The chief of Firia sent me three fowls; the chief of the village gave me two, and a calabash of fine rice. I bought some provisions for my escort, at the rate of a fowl for two handfuls of salt, and three measures of rice for five charges of powder.

I made the ascent of a mountain to the west of the village. To the east the horizon was very limited, shut in by a chain of mountains we should have to cross the next day. These mountains produce iron, and the inhabitants smelt the ore by a process which resembles the Catalonian method, described by all travellers. This metal is not of much value here: I bought a large knife for Bara, who had lost his, in exchange for some tobacco (value about sixpence).

In the evening the village musician came to honour me with a serenade, carrying with him his large Mandingo guitar—an instrument with twelve or fifteen strings. I made a crayon portrait of him, at which he was much astonished. Every one recognised him on the paper—he himself among the rest. No doubt he had never seen his face in a glass, but only reflected in the water; so it was no wonder if he did not understand how it was possible that this piece of paper could resemble him. This, at least, his stupid looks seemed to say; and it was neither the first nor the last time that I have had occasion to make a similar observation.

The next day we were off again. We crossed a pool, then a hill of small elevation, a second pool, and arrived at a steep hill about 500 feet high, which, however, we were able to climb without dismounting, but not without difficulty, because of the bamboos which cover it, and which are sometimes so interwoven as to prevent all passage. When I reached the summit I saw we were passing a sort of defile, and that this ascent—the most considerable I had crossed during my journey—formed part of the line of heights which separates the valley of Bafing from those of its tributaries. The descent was rapid; the plain which we reached on the other side was at a higher elevation than the one we had left.

We at last reached some cultivated plains, and the desolate country we had been travelling in was succeeded, for a few days, by an appearance of prosperity. That night we slept at the village of Makhana, where we received the first news of the troubles which were agitating El Hadj's empire—events which would have great and disastrous influence over the final success of our journey. At this time, however, we did not think them of much importance: it appeared only to be a rebellion in Bélédougou, where some villages had been pillaged by Ahmadou's soldiers. But at our encampments, in crossing Gangaran, we could not deceive ourselves as to the meaning of the tribute of provisions that the natives brought us; it was not a voluntary present, but one of those arbitrary taxes which El Hadj's men levy, wherever they pass, on the vanquished. I noticed the dejected looks of these oppressed people; and felt that on me, a poor inoffensive traveller, rested a part of the hatred they must cherish towards their conquerors.

On the 15th of January I arrived at the Bakhoy, at a place where its waters broke violently over a bank of rocks which formed a natural ford. The crossing was difficult, and, owing to the rocks being slippery, several men fell with their loads. We lost a bag of salt which was very valuable to us. The animals, especially the donkeys, kicked, reminding me of the scenes described by Mungo Park; and with the difficulties I was experiencing before me, I recalled the time when that traveller crossed this very same river a few miles lower down, at the village of Medina or Gamfaragué, and I saw that there was nothing exaggerated in his account. At a distance, these things sound a mere nothing. To cross a river over a ford sounds a mere joke; but in reality, it is a very different matter, as everything interferes with the conveyance of baggage, and when

one has only taken what was absolutely necessary, or even less, every loss amounts to a disaster. A man falls, gets hurt, and for a week is unable to walk; he must therefore be put on a donkey, which being thus overloaded fails in its turn. One man gets into a perspiration and falls into the water, and of course there follows an attack of pleurisy, inflammation on the lungs, or some other ailment equally troublesome.

As our provision of dried beef was exhausted, I resolved to kill an ox; but that I might not be persecuted by applications for portions of it, I decided on doing this in the bushes. The fact is, there are no cattle in this country, and the meat eaten is the produce of the chase, which supplies a large number of cobas and gazelles. If I had killed an ox in the village, I must have given part of it to the chief, to the griots, to the blacksmiths, and half the animal would have been wasted. So I made my escort halt on the left bank of the Bakhoy, which forms an island in this place. My guide did not seem pleased, as he would have liked to go to Kita, which was only some hours farther on; but I kept to my original intention. Some men came to the camp from different parts, and confirmed the reports of war in the Bélédougou, which was on our route; but there was nothing which led us to suppose that we could not pass through it.

I took the opportunity, during my stay at Bakhoy, of fixing the latitude by means of the sun's meridian altitude, and made it 13° 7′ north. I made a fair copy of my charts, keeping to the rule I had laid down for myself, of never passing three days without making a fair copy of the rough sketch which I had made from day to day. I consider this precaution indispensable, in order to make the work satisfactory. On the road, one notes down such items as mountain elevations, a marsh, a stream, a hillside, in the most hasty manner; and a few days after, one no longer knows what these memoranda mean.

It was during our stay here that the symptoms of discord among my escort came to a crisis. There had been several outbreaks already, and I had been obliged to interfere; but this time Samba Yoro came to tell me that he would no longer have anything in common with the others, who had insulted him, forgetting that he was their superior. I softened him down, and persuaded him to be temperate in his conduct. I reproved the others, reminding them that they owed respect to their superiors, even if they were all employed in the same service; but there was an end to the harmony which I should have wished to have seen amongst them. I was troubled by it; and afterwards these outbreaks—and even more violent ones—constantly occurred.

On the 18th of January—when I started again—my guide fell sick. We encamped at Kouroukoto, the first village of Kita. I had thought that Kita was the name of a village; but it proved to be the name of a mountain, at the foot of which we now were, and which gives its name to a small province enclosed within the Foula-Dougou, which we had entered a little before crossing the Bakhoy. The Kita is inhabited by Malinkés, its capital being Makandiambougou, and sixteen villages surround the mountain. Most of them look towards the east. This mountain is an isolated mass of granite. The upper plateau, which is very accessible, is intersected by gorges, and surmounted by three peaks, the highest of which I judged to be 770 feet above the level of the plain. I ascended it, and from the summit I discovered, towards the east and south-east, a somewhat distant horizon, and several mountain ranges, which seemed to rise perpendicularly in the direction towards which I was now looking. On my way down I found several natural cisterns of rock full of water. I then came to a ridge of the mountain in a state of cultivation. I heard afterwards that during the war this mountain had served as a place of



VILLAGE OF NIANTANSO.



DANCES OF THE MALINKÉ TRIBE

refuge for the inhabitants, who found it not only a natural means of defence, but also a certain means of living. While considering this fact I was led to ask myself the question, how it was that, in a country so subject to revolutions, the inhabitants had not fixed their dwellings permanently on the mountain, as is the case with some villages of Bambouk, which are established on the tops of the mountains, and to which precaution they are indebted for their being saved from destruction by the armies of El Hadj, which had already suffered considerable losses from them.

At this part of our route we were obliged to stop for nine days, the longest delay we had hitherto had to undergo, and I was much annoyed by it. But our guide was attacked by inflammation of the lungs, which made our doctor uneasy. All that could be done was to creep along slowly to Makandiambougou, where we should find some help. So I passed four days at Sémé, and five at Makandiambougou. We were everywhere well received; but it was evident that we should not have been but for the influence of our guide. At Sémé I met a Moorish priest—almost black—belonging to Oualet, who quite overwhelmed me with kindness. His daughter, a tall and lovely girl, of about sixteen or seventeen years of age, was quite naked, with the exception of a linen band which, fastened to a narrow string passing round her loins, hung down behind her. A girdle of beads completed this primitive costume, which, though common among the little negresses, is seldom seen in young girls. I pointed this out to her father, who told me it was the custom of his country. I remembered, indeed, to have seen a daughter of Bakar, King of the Douaïchs, who appeared before me even less clad without feeling the least disconcerted; and another, who occupied the same tent with me, with her family, in a camp at Kountah, and whom they had literally put up to fatten. Great collops of fat hung down to her feet, and she was consequently considered of great value.

The villages of Kita are surrounded by fields of cotton, pumpkins, and water-melons. Other products, such as millet, earth-nuts, and rice, are found more to the north. We met, also, with the tomato, a bitter vegetable, known by the name of *Diakhatou*, and the *Shea Toulou* of Mungo Park, the *Cé* of Caillé. We saw the manufacture of the black soap made from ash dust, and the oil of the earth-nuts. One evening, I was attracted to the village by the sounds of music and dancing. The orchestra consisted of two trumpets, iron cymbals, a flute made of bamboo, and two tom-toms, the drums of the country. Though this combination of instruments caused great discord, still there was sufficient measure to which one could hop and dance as well as to the best orchestra in Europe.

In the meantime Boubakary Gnian, our guide, fell sick of pleurisy. As he had already a chronic complaint, I was afraid for a short time that I should have to leave him behind me. But an improvement took place, and he found himself strong enough to follow us on the back of an ass, at the very time that Fahmahra was ready to start.

The population of Kita is made up of Malinkés; but owing to the proximity of Foula-Dougou, a number of Peuhls—not those speaking the Malinké language, but the Diawandou Peuhls—are found among them. All the Malinkés I have seen in this country seem to be devoted to the business of weaving, and the Diawandous apparently live at their expense, as, in fact, they do almost everywhere.

The wells at Kita are about twelve feet deep, and are surrounded by tobacco plantations. Around one of them we saw with great satisfaction some banana-trees, a few feet high, which, we were informed, had been brought thither from a great distance. Though they bore no fruit, I recommended the natives to take special care of them, and at the same time showed them how to plant and prune them.

When I saw we were ready to start I took stock of my provisions, and found that I had abundance to last me until I reached the Niger, from which I could not be at the very outside—as the crow flies—more than eight days distant.

I had been advised to pass by Bangassi—it being, in fact, the only resting-place that could be recommended. Our knowledge of this place is due to Mungo Park, who spent three days here, when he was entertained by Sérénummo, King of Foula-Dougou. This state was at that time a dependency of the crown of Ségou, as well as Bélédougou. At the present time it is not in existence. Bangassi is nothing but a ruin; and, as Foula-Dougou is only inhabited by robbers, we did not, of course, even think of passing through it. Besides which, at the point where I now was, this route would have taken me away from the Niger, for it was quite evident that my best course was to go down to Mourgoula, a fortified place of El Hadj's, in the Birgo country, and so from thence make my way to Koulikoro, or Nyamina. I was intending then—as we had agreed—to follow that route, when on the 27th we were informed that Bélédougou and Manding were in a state of insurrection, and that consequently there was no longer any road for us in that direction; so that we were obliged to try to find one at Diangounté. Before, however, leaving this country I will recapitulate my observations upon it.

Makandiambougou is situated in 13° 2′ 56″ north latitude, and 11° 44′ 34″ west of Paris. It is an important place, not only on account of its position, but in reference to its future condition, should civilisation ever reach that corner of the globe. It stands on a high and healthy plateau, which is rich in vegetable soil and timber. Behind it is a range of mountains, which form a natural defence to it. The facility with which cultivation can be carried on in the plains towards the north, the grain of the bamboo, which is gathered in large quantities, the *Shea* or *Cé* of Mungo Park and Caillé (the *Bassia Parkii* of botanists), and the forests of timber, are natural products which cannot fail to be developed by the double passage of caravans, which trade in salt and oxen from Nioro to Bouré, and which of necessity are obliged to pass through Kita, as forming a junction with all the routes from Senegal to the Niger; this point will, therefore, become of very considerable importance as a place of commerce.

If France, realising the idea of General Faidherbe, should ever advance towards the Niger, with a view of taking up a position there, Kita would be one of the best halting-places that could be recommended. When I left Kita I was informed that for three long days' journeys I should have to cross vast deserts, inhabited only by a few brigands. In fact, we found ourselves in a country uninhabited, mountainous, often barren, but occasionally offering to our view valleys, in the bottom of which we saw trees of various kinds, marshes, and rivulets, bordered by bamboos of very large size, the finest I had yet seen in Senegambia. Continuing our route, sometimes amid ruins which indicated that there had formerly been very large villages, such as Mambiri, we at length arrived at the camp of Seppo, so called from a spring, which, in the midst of a stony

plain, has produced grass and calabash-trees. On our right was the granitic mountain Dioumi, which, according to the doctor, who explored it, was in colour of a violet tint. On our left, towards the north, stood the mountain from which the spring flowed. It is formed entirely of schistose rocks, a specimen of which I took, which seemed to be bituminous. The water was bad, and so dirty that we were obliged to filter it through linen to get rid of the black sediment in it. On the following day we reached the Lesser Bakhoy, which runs into the river of the same name, being itself a tributary of the Senegal. The junction of the two Bakhoys is a little above Fangalla, in the Malinké district of Féléba. On this journey we only met two small caravans, one of which carried salt, and was going to Bouré for gold. The other caravan which we crossed on our road was driving cattle, which were to be bartered in exchange for slaves. They all seemed delighted to see me. One of the Diulas, in his desire to testify his joy, wished to embrace me. He had, no doubt, seen white men do so, as it is not the custom of the blacks themselves. I had some difficulty in resisting his embraces.

At the point where I crossed the Bakhoy it receives a tributary from the east. I thought that in this circumstance I saw the solution of a geographical problem, and that I had discovered a third tributary to the Senegal. But when I questioned the persons who accompanied us, they told me that this river flowed out of the Niger, which was evidently a mistake. On inquiring the name of this watercourse, they told me it was the Ba-Oulé. This was, in fact, the name I found given to it in answer to all my inquiries. But whence did it take its rise? After a careful investigation, I heard in the evening, at Marena, that it was only a branch of the Bakhoy, which encompassed with unequal arms a small island; and, in fact, as the current there is rapid, and there are banks of sand and rocks raised upon it, it is, no doubt, a watercourse. If it came more from the east than Bakhoy, and parallel to it, then it must be crossed on the route from Bangassi to the Niger. On the other hand, all evidence agrees that there is only a marsh in that part which falls into the Niger. It is this which, no doubt, gives rise to the supposition that these two streams are in reality only one.

I believe, therefore, that I can state with positive certainty that the Ba-Oulé is only a branch of the lesser Bakhoy. We found the depth of this river about two feet, and the stream rapid. As there was no difficulty in crossing it, we encamped on the other side. The first thing we thought of was to take a bath, of which we all stood in great need, more especially as it was a long time since we had met with any running water, and, as we had been making very long journeys through great heat and under clouds of thick dust.

At noon I observed the altitude of the sun, and made out the latitude of the passage and the junction of the Ba-Oulé to be 13° 40′ 55″ north. Having ascertained this, nothing prevented us from entering Kaarta, which is separated from Foula-Dougou by the Bakhoy.

On our road I had become acquainted with a band of Diulas, who acted as guides for us. It will be, perhaps, desirable to say something about them here. They are Sarracolets, or Soninkés, of Kaarta. One of them had left Guémoukoura, his native country, about five years ago. He had quitted it poor, but was now returning to it with a moderate fortune. His attire, however, was very simple—I might almost say wretched. He was taking home five slaves and a wife and child. He had gone first to Bouré with salt, which he had exchanged for gold. Thence, passing by Timbo, he went to Sierra Leone, where he spent some time in the cultivation of earth-nuts. Having made himself master of a small fortune, he set out for his home, having first purchased a female slave—whom he had married—who, after having given birth to a child, was then raised to the rank of a free woman. A strong slave carried the child. After them came three other young girls, who went limping along in consequence of the long journey they had recently made; being further afflicted with the Guinea-worm, and being obliged to support themselves by sticks, owing to the swollen condition of their legs. Besides these was a poor little child of three or four years old, and of attenuated limbs, who kept running between the horses' legs, walking with the others five or six leagues a day. Our doctor took special interest in this child, and often put him before him on his horse. As to the poor women, of whom I have already spoken, the burdens of our asses being lessened by the large consumption of our provisions, which supplied the wants of almost all the party, I placed upon the animals first of all the weights which the women carried, and then the poor women themselves. Though used to scenes of suffering, I could not bear to see these poor unfortunates, when we started on our journey, with their limbs stiffened by fatigue, and too weak to stand up. Often when their master arrived he struck them, and then I sometimes saw tears silently coursing down their cheeks. Often, without doubt, they were thinking of the land of their birth, and their mothers' huts. Slowly, and with pain, they continued their journey. If, in addition to these trials, one considers the bad food, their compulsory abstinence, and the scarcity of water during our three days' journey between Kita and the Bakhoy, one will be able to form an idea of the sufferings of these herds of human beings, who are driven from one market to another throughout the whole of Africa, according to the barbarous custom of the country; and besides this band we had the horrid spectacle of captives chained two by two together. The master of these poor wretches was a Toucouleur from the banks of the Senegal, from a village on the marsh of Douai—as great a boaster as ever lived. He wore a very large turban, and a long sabre in a sheath made of copper. He had been commissioned by Abibou, Chief of Dinginray (Fouta-Djallon) to carry to his brother Ahmadou two boxes, containing burnous, silk, and other presents.

These people were Malinkés, or rather Diallonkés. I was not at that time even aware of the existence of a Diallonké race; and it was only after a time that the idea suggested itself to me, as I remembered, among other things that struck me, their difficulty in speaking the Malinké dialect. They are evidently negroes of the same type. A stick of small dimensions, with a hole at each end, fastened these people together. To each of these holes was attached a collar of ox-hide, which was fastened round the neck of the prisoners. As they had no knives, it was impossible for them to rid themselves of this fettering together, which caused them very great suffering. When, for example, they had to cross any dangerous place, or to pass over a stream, or a trunk of a tree, or a ford of rocks, their sufferings were excessive, without speaking of the many things in every-day life which would make it insufferable to be fastened to another person. The other band was fastened together nearly in the same manner, but not so cruelly. Instead

of a stick, it was a flexible chain of copper which bound them. At least, these were not compelled to keep very close together, as were the others, for fear of being strangled.

In addition to their burdens they carried two or three guns each, when it pleased their lord and master to entrust them to their care. As long as we travelled together, they carried in addition, and in turn, a canvas pail which I lent them, and which they filled with water.

Their costume beggared all description. When we started they wore a sort of blouse and trousers; but the wear and tear caused by use, and the thorns on our route, soon quite transformed them. The stuff had never been remarkable for its firmness; it ought to have been white, but wear and the want of washing had changed it into a dark brown. One might truly say that it was all in rags, while their tattered trousers were only kept on their bodies by the cord which went round their loins. If a rag-gatherer were to take it into his head to fasten the rags he collects to a cord, and then tie it like a belt round his waist, the effect would be precisely the same.

Our arrival at Kaarta was a great boon to these poor people. To some of them as putting an end to their misery, as they would now enter upon the sedentary life of slaves, that being probably their past condition of life. To others, it was an alleviation of suffering, as they would henceforth travel from village to village like ourselves, and would at least be certain of getting enough to eat and to drink.

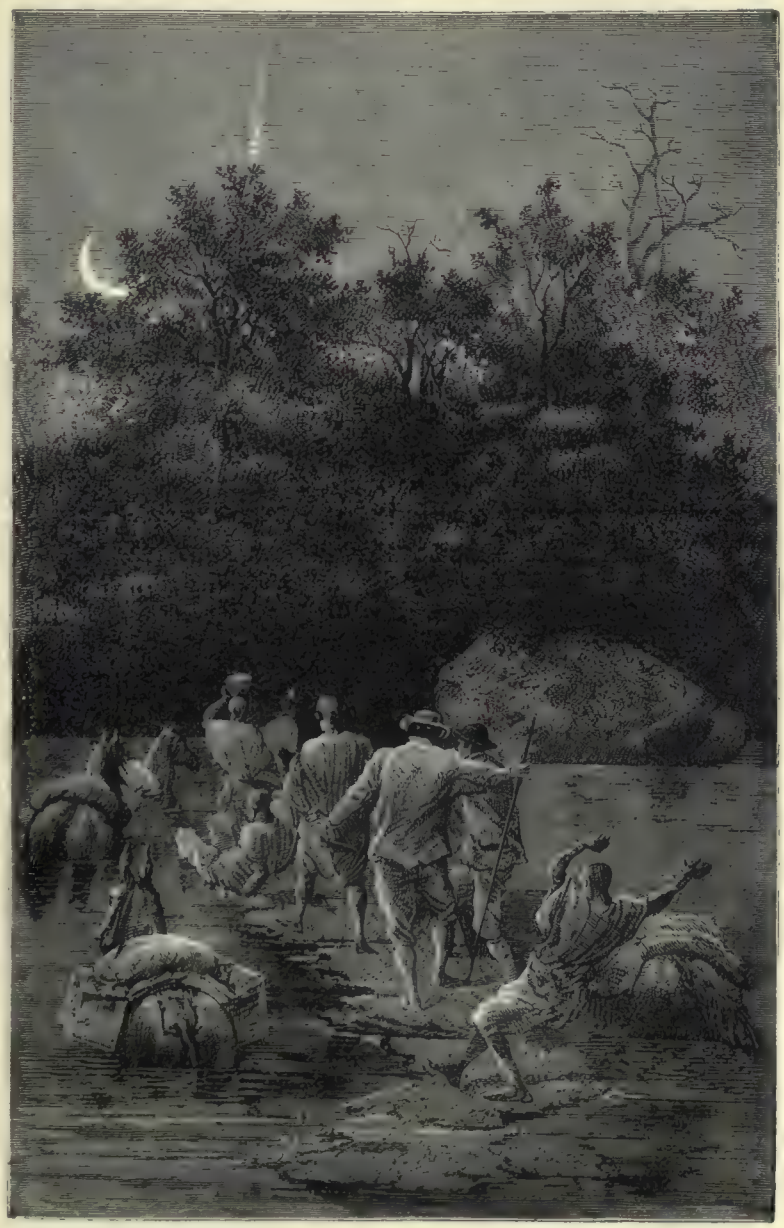
Kaarta, which I was entering, is a vast country bounded on the north by the desert, on the east by the Bakhounou, on the west by the Diafounou and the Diombokho, and on the south and south-east by the Bakhoy, Foula-Dougou, and the Diangounté river. Before my arrival, only two Europeans had visited the country—Mungo Park in 1796, in the reign of Daisé Coro Massassi, and Raffenel in 1845, during the reign of Candia. One has but to read the accounts of these two travellers, in order to be convinced of the weakness of Kaarta as a kingdom. Though a formidable enemy to its black neighbours, it is evident that this country, from its being a constant prey to internal disorders, and being further continually at war with Ségou, never could oppose any serious resistance to a well-organised army. After I had crossed the Lesser Bakhoy at 13° 40′ 55″ north latitude, I entered the province of Bagué, passing by two Kaartan villages, Marena and Kouroundingkoto. The first of these two, which I reached after a walk of three hours and a half, through a barren and irregular country, and by a very tortuous route, is small and dirty. The huts are joined together in miserable clusters. We found nothing there but a few fowls and some goats. The marsh which we crossed before reaching it, by its yielding a natural irrigation, secures to this village certain advantages in the way of cultivation. The plain in which it stands is two or three yards above the level ground on the other side of the marsh, by which it must be inundated during the winter season. At the time I passed it the plain was covered with rich grass; but, alas! for us, no oxen were seen in the midst of this grassy carpet.



VIEW OF MOUNT KITA.

We were very well received by the inhabitants; but it was evident that Fahmahra, our guide, had lost his authority, and that we could depend upon nothing but our title as ambassador to El Hadj. This district was not, besides, under the sovereignty of Koundian, but rather under that of Farabougou, another fortress of El Hadj's. They made us huts of coarse straw, and the chief brought us a fowl and a little rice for our supper. As I could not provide anything for my

companions, as soon as I had made up my journal to February the 1st, 1864, I left at mid-day, to encamp at Kouroundingkoto. Our route was bounded on the right by mountains of moderate elevation. We then crossed a flat country intersected by marshes; here the land seemed to be covered with plantations of cotton. We had now left the mountainous district, and had entered upon the plains of Kaarta. Kouroundingkoto is a small village of straw huts, situated at the foot of a hill about one hundred and eighty feet high. It is tolerably clean. At the time of our arrival it presented a very animated appearance, as on all sides the sounds of weaving "hurtled" in the air. A bright sun enlivened the scene and made the village quite gay. A large number of women and children soon gathered round us. We went to the end of the village, and there encamped on a spot where the inhabitants hold their "palavers" or assemblies. The chief was absent, but his brother Sema came to pay his respects to me, and presented me with a kid, apologising at the same time for making so poor an offering to one who was going to visit El Hadj. During the evening he supplied all our wants and gave abundance of food to our beasts, which stood in great need of nourishment.



FORDING THE BAKHOY.

A Marabout of the village came to see me, and told me that as he was placed in the village by El Hadj, he ought to have entertained me—that is, lodged and fed me; but that, as he was poor, he could only give me a kid. As the kid was very young we took it with us, and for some time it was our companion. We named it after the village where it was born. In all the places where we halted, it used to annoy the women by its impertinence in stealing their food from under their very noses; when caught in the act, it often got a beating, but it then lost its good temper and butted its adversaries, to the great delight of my servants, who had become very fond of it. The day of its death was a day of mourning for them, as they had formed superstitious notions in connection with it, and affirmed that so long as it should remain with us we should never suffer from hunger. At Kouroundingkoto they gave me also a cock, some rice, and in the evening a little poor hay, with some milk, and a fowl. My companions received from them four calabashes of the food of the country, so that at length we were abundantly supplied with food, and were enabled to recruit ourselves after the fatigue of the preceding days. Our fatigue had been so great that one of our horses—that belonging to the doctor—could not follow us, therefore I killed it the evening previous to our arrival at the Bakhoy, and from that time the doctor rode upon an ass. My horse being very much injured, I mounted the last of our convoy, one for which I had paid thirty-six francs. It was a strong little beast, but very lean. My servants christened it Farabanco, as a memento of one of their companions who was proverbial for his leanness. Our oxen could not walk without difficulty, and this occasioned us great delay. It was evident that it was high time to take a little rest, and therefore I resolved to make short journeys. The mountain which hangs over the village of Kouroundingkoto shelters it towards the east. Its summit, from the side that we saw it, has this remarkable feature, that it is crowned by five baobab-trees at almost equal distances from one another. The one in the centre, at the top of the mountain, is of very great size. Among the rocks a large number of trees find sufficient nourishment to sustain them, and two of them were very large. From the spot on which we were encamped, there was a distance of about five hundred yards to the central baobab-tree. I said in joke to Fahmahra, that if he liked, we could make a target of it. For some days past he had asserted that the blacks are better shots than the whites, and, in fact, with their wretched guns, loaded with ill-forged iron bullets and coarse powder, I had seen some of them hit an object at a short distance with remarkable skill. He accepted my

challenge, and I proposed that we should fire at the baobab, which, with its dark outline lightened by the first rays of the rising moon, had a very fantastic appearance. He immediately began to laugh, and said, "Fire first, then." So I took the carbine from Mamboye, and after satisfying myself that it only contained one charge, I raised it to my shoulder and fired. They not only heard the ball strike the tree, but, as luck would have it, it cut one of its fruit in two, and rolled it down upon the rocks. I believed at the time they were ready to cry out that it was a miracle. Fahmahra not only would not return, but would not attempt to fire. The fame of this little incident followed me as far as Ségou, and raised me very high in the estimation of the blacks when they were informed of my skill. As I was desirous of showing my thanks to the people of Kouroundingkoto for their cordial reception of us, I presented them with some charges of powder and some ells of white cotton. In this village we saw a white negro, or Albino. It was a child of seven or eight years old, well formed, with hair almost white, but its eyes were not red. Its body was of a dull yellow colour.

The Lakes of Western Hungary, and the Dwellers on their Banks.

BY R. H. BUSK.

NATURE, which has been so singularly bountiful to Hungary in most respects, has been niggardly in endowing her with lakes. She has the Felkaer-See in the Tatragebirge, and some smaller lakes at a height of something like 6,000 feet in the Karpathians; but in all her western provinces she has only been gifted with two—the Neusiedler and the Balaton—and one of these has been already withdrawn. Although still lingering in maps, and still discoursed of in guide-books, it is now just three years since the last trace of the Neusiedler-See disappeared from the face of the earth, and the spot once famous for the legends of its water-maiden, the excellence and abundance of its fish, and the dank luxuriance of its rushy banks, has become the richest pasture-ground in Hungary.

It was a sore disappointment—compensated, however, by the singularity of the adventure—when, during a late journey through Hungary, I had planned a pedestrian excursion to make out the much-vaunted Neusiedler-See, I found I had been walking for half an hour over its former bed. It is curious now to stand on the high ground behind the primitive village of Roisdorf, a pleasant four-mile walk from Œdenburg, and trace its outline, clearly marked by the villages dotted along its quondam banks. The same fate awaits the Balaton. It may have twenty, fifty, or a hundred years before it, but surely and continuously it is passing away, and leaving only a sandy waste behind. Meantime, however, it has intrinsic claims to be visited in its pure air and rare beauty, as well as in the melancholy interest which attaches to its fate. The best point for making acquaintance with it is Füred.

Though the name of Füred has probably not often been pronounced in England, it is that of one of the most charming watering-places in Europe; though its soil has, perhaps, never been trodden by more than a dozen Englishmen, it is the favourite recruiting-place of the beauty and fashion of Hungary, and, in some measure, of Austria also.

Its situation is the most romantic on the wildly-coasted lake, with the broad, flat *pusztas* spread out before it, and behind, the great Bakonyer forest, with its mountains and ruined castles, its giant trees, its herds of wild boar, and its very recent, not to say contemporary, traditions of chivalrous banditti, forming the most primitive sixty square miles yet left in this part of the world. All around it are the vine-clad slopes which pour out their produce in the richest of Hungarian wines, and at easy distance the interesting historic towns of Wesprim, Papa, and Stuhlweissenburg. Wesprim (about ten or twelve miles in extent) is remarkable for containing one of the few remnants of the dominion of the Turks over the country. Nothing can be more striking than the different results of Mahommedan occupation of Spain and of Hungary. The period at which they subjugated the former country was that of their greatest political energy and artistic development; consequently, when the Spaniards regained the upper hand, they preserved the splendid monuments with which they had covered the land, as a trophy of the prowess of the enemy they had conquered. Their rule in Hungary, on the other hand, was coeval with the period of their decadence, and when the Magyar resumed his sway, he found little worthy to stay his desire to obliterate every token of the invader's presence; hence, with very few exceptions, not a stone upon a stone was left standing of anything they had erected. Wesprim possesses one of these exceptions in a tasteful minaret, which is now made use of to serve the German custom of watching against fire. Another architectural curiosity is a round church, a legacy of the Templars. The situation of the bishop's residence, and the ruins of the former castle are admirable. For some it may also not be without interest to meet on this remote spot with a scattered group of trim English model cottages, so different from the rough native huts. Nevertheless, the institutions of one country seldom fit the requirements of another; the model has not been followed, and the country people find that their rich festoons of grape-clusters, Indian corn, and sunflowers* can be best suspended† under their own deeply-shading corridors, while the lowly rooms behind these are sufficient for their simple needs, and are best thus protected against both heat and cold.

Stuhlweissenburg, though less picturesquely placed than Wesprim, is richer in historical associations, and has its place

* Every peasant grows a patch of sunflowers, to provide his family with oil for burning.

† The store of this rich-coloured produce hangs under a projecting roof, supported by a dwarf wall and columns, outside every cottage, seemingly without fear of pilfering, and relieves characteristically the glaring and monotonous whitewash of the tenements. Grapes will keep in this way till April.

in the proudest episodes of Magyar antecedents. It has a busy market in the fruit and wine season, and the cathedral retains more of its original mediæval features than almost any other. Papa also is a thriving place, full of the strange and peculiar incidents of Hungarian life. The Greek Cathedral is imposing, if only for the size of the blocks of stone of which it is constructed.

But how to get to Füred? It is easily reached now, during the season, either from Vienna or Pesth, by stopping at Sio-fok —which, being interpreted, is, *the port of the river Sio*, neither port nor river being worthy of the name now—a station on the Vienna, Pragerhof, and Ofen line, and thence crossing the lake by the steamer, which is available every day in the season—*i.e.*, from June to October. This is the time for the tourist. Then he will find the Magyar *beau monde* in the full enjoyment of its holiday existence, and a thorough enjoyment it is, even though the routine of the day copies to a certain extent that of the generality of such places everywhere. The "Bath" establishment, covering, at the time of my visit, four hundred bedrooms, and this year considerably extended, is replete with modern comforts. The cooking everywhere throughout Hungary, even in the remotest villages, is always excellent, and at moderate cost; both developments of the art are cultivated lovingly, as part of the law of hospitality imposed by St. Stephen, and to which every Hungarian conforms religiously. And nowhere is there better provision for its development than here. The Bakonyerwald supplies endless varieties of game and "swine's flesh," the lake affords the luscious and delicate *fogash;* the *puszta* provides the finest beef, and the slopes are covered with every sort of grape and other fruit in abundance. The mineral waters, which form the ostensible attraction, have a delicious sparkle, with a slightly acidulated, spoilt by no unpleasant, flavour. Then there are well-planted walks for promenading by the water-side, and boats for pleasure parties on the lake. There is no gambling, but balls and concerts are frequent and admirably conducted; while for lovers of the picturesque, and of the dangerous, there are also the excursions I have named. And besides these, the shore and the rocks that overhang it afford endless clambering walks through narrow treacherous paths, leading to caves, concerning which there are many traditions of the early Christians who found refuge there from persecution, and of the nuns who, from the convent of Wesprim, sought out a life of greater retirement on the solitary coast.

But to me there appeared a charm above all these in the comparative absence of the *artificial*, which so spoils our modern life in similar resorts in more sophisticated regions. The Hungarian women especially strike me as caring less for display than their sisters anywhere else where I have been. The men, too, have more of chivalry than can be shown in our conventional *salons*, and their national dress, the use of which does not appear to be as yet much on the wane, is far more becoming than any uniforms of the Paris fashion-books, without being sufficiently divergent from them to seem barbaric or antiquated.

There is a great deal of building going on all around, and the courteous and intelligent steward of the Benedictine monks, who discovered the spring, and whose dependency it is, seems to combine all the qualities necessary for laying out the place with taste with those for making an efficient master of the ceremonies. The development of individual enterprise seems also to be fostered kindly, and there are villas springing up around decorated in faultless taste, with a singular adaptation of modern appliances to semi-eastern uses. It is expected that the Emperor and Empress (King and Queen I ought to say, for your true Hungarian never sullies his lips by the use of the Austrian title, nor is it considered polite to mention it in conversation with him) will, in their newly-found zeal to make themselves at home in Hungary, visit Füred next season, and a new Kur-saal is being built in their honour. A pleasant spot it is to wile away an autumn, and strongly I felt its attractions grow upon me as I lingered there.

Nevertheless, for the lover of nature it is even a *more* attractive spot out of the season. You are freer then to enjoy its amenities, and more undisturbed in your appreciation of the forms and colouring around you in earth, and lake, and sky.

One of its greatest attractions, too, is the vintage, and the season most unaccountably breaks up just before this begins. For the Hungarians, indeed—and the season is mainly arranged for national enjoyment, not primarily for that of foreigners—the scenes of the vintage can be entered into more thoroughly, near round the homes of each. It is a lively, inspiriting scene everywhere, but nowhere more enjoyable than here on the banks of the beautiful Balaton lake. It is impossible to conceive any scene more charming than the evenings and nights while it lasts: the evenings, while the people yet linger over the pleasant toil free and joyous, or walk homeward laden with their primitive baskets of the luscious spoil, the parting sun shedding a glad paternal smile over the merry lands; and the nights, when the air is too exhilarating for sleep, and the jocund pipes measure the rapid footfall of the passionate Csárdás,* and the fitful flare of the torch and the lantern is hardly needed, so clear is the sky with its shining stars.

To the eastern side of the lake, but still on the north bank, is the famous conical vine-hill of Badacsony,† covered to the very summit with its much-esteemed vintage, which generally is somewhat later in the year than that round Füred, or about the 13th of October.

Between those two luxuriant slopes a rocky promontory stretches out more than two-thirds the way across the lake; its rugged height crowned appropriately by the unadorned Benedictine Abbey of Tihany,‡ with its two pointed turrets. This promontory affords the ordinary—before Füred came to be so frequented, the only—mode of crossing; the *trajet* is performed in a common, flat-bottomed ferry-boat in about twenty minutes from Szölös or Szántód, the next stations to Sio-fok; and singular are the specimens of peasant, gipsy, and animal life that may be made your companions on that same trajet.

The receding margin of the lake has left a vast stretch of waste, no man's land forming convenient camping-ground for the gipsies, and they are to be met here in their most characteristic condition. On the occasion of my first visit to the Balaton-See I had found myself deposited in the midst of the barren and desolate tract where Szölös stands. The ungainly form of the train I had just quitted, speeding like a thought of modern progress across the sandy steppe, was the only object on the boundless expanse which told that I was not transported

* Pronounced *Shardash*: the favourite popular dance.
† Pronounced *Bodishon*.
‡ Pronounced *T'hann*.

to some vision of the primeval world. There lay the lake, lashing its bosom with its solemn little grey-green waves, each bearing a self-important crest of foam, and finally dashing them against its mimic crags, as if fretting itself in vain vexation because its days are numbered. It seemed at no great distance, and the promontory of Tihany stood out so bold in the glow of the western sun, that I deemed I should have small difficulty in steering by it. I had been wading over the sand a weary time, however, the water seeming always to remain at an equal distance, however much I advanced. Suddenly, a half-clothed figure started from the recesses of a tent, which I had taken for some sort of boat-house, and accosted me in broken German: he could carry my bag, he could hail the ferryman, he could do a dozen things I did not want; but I let him have his way in favour of the ethnological study he afforded. The smooth brown skin of his long, well-formed, uncovered limbs, his narrow sloping eyes, and crisp dark hair revealed to me a gipsy of a more purely oriental type than any I had met with before. At the same time his grotesque word-clipping enabled me to appreciate why types of his race form the staple of droll characters on the Hungarian stage.

Now and then he interrupted our conversation to raise a shrill cry as we passed along, which seemed to serve as an announcement to others of his tribe that some one was coming to freight the ferry, and by the time we reached the water's edge a goodly company had assembled of passengers after the same model, lithe of limb and shrewd of eye, yet withal betraying the cowering mien of the outcast, and, though wearing scarcely any clothing to speak of, accompanied by small droves of such very respectable ponies as might have been expected to produce them the means of affording greater comfort. The eccentric being who had constituted himself my particular body-guard was communicative enough. His people, he informed me, are the chief horse-dealers of Hungary. They have the monopoly of the tinkering and other minor trades which do not interfere with their wandering habits. He assented sheepishly when I taxed them with dabbling also in quackery and superstitious prescriptions and fortune-telling, but descanted with some pride on their singular talent in rendering the music of the country. The Magyar people have no talent that way, but they delight in listening to it. It is a very passion with them, and as long as he plays to them the alien musician holds them in his thrall. They pay well for the enjoyment, he acknowledged, and think no festival, public or social, no holiday-making, scarcely even the daily enjoyment of their meal or pipe, complete without the accompaniment of the *tsim baloum** and the *shetra* (violin). Many of them amass considerable sums, and it is on record that one gipsy gave his daughter 30,000 florins for her marriage portion. He spoke gratefully of this success, and seemed imbued with all the patriotic affections with which such a fine country must impress even a wandering race. But he seemed likewise to take pride in their own particular institutions, and narrated, not without some humorous malice, the futile efforts of Maria Theresa and Francis II. to reclaim them. It seems they built houses for them and apportioned them lands, even forbade their living in tents, and provided rich bribes to induce them to let their children be brought up by the peasants and townspeople. It was all vain; they clung to their nomadic habits, and never modified them an iota. Yet it does happen, now and then, that a wandering musician, who has been long used to live in a town plying his art, will buy a house and a little bit of land on which to end his days, and the most vagabond have their settled spots in forest or moor, to which they always return from generation to generation. The majority of the poorer sort live in the wretchedest huts. They do not hold to a particular costume, but dress like the people wherever they are—that is, those who can afford it. Great numbers, like my fellow-travellers of the moment, do with no more clothing than decency requires.

The opposite bank of the lake was as trackless as that first traversed. Night was falling fast, and rendered all the more gloomy for the dazzling glare of several scattered huts, in which a fire upon the hearthstone seemed to serve for lighting and warming at once. I was glad to accept the gipsy's mediation in finding me a guide—a rough young countryman, with a thick braided jacket on his shoulders, but no better protection to his legs, where his tall boots ended, than a pair of loose white linen drawers; he spoke no language in which I could communicate with him, and his shaggy, unkempt hair and undressed sheepskin cap gave him a somewhat ruffianly aspect. There was no choice, however, and all went well, except just one moment, when, in the midst of the solitary road, we were suddenly challenged by a figure still rougher than my guide's. I own I thought of brigands, but he turned out only to be a hospitable friend offering the round flask of wine he carried in his belt as a refresher to the wayfarers.

With no further adventure we reached Tihany, but only to find I was still many miles from Füred, and that the best inn's best room was a bare place some fifteen feet square, and four-fifths of its accommodation already bespoken, no one in the place speaking German. Necessity made me bold, so once more sallying forth in the dark, I made my way to the Abbey, where I met with a delightful mixture of modern refinement and mediæval hospitality. I had no need to beg to be received. Half an hour's pleasant conversation, and the mention of a respected name in Füred on the address of a letter of introduction I carried, procured me the insistance of the community that I should take up my quarters with them for the night, and I little thought ever to have felt so much at home within a monastic enclosure. There was, indeed, one moment, when I rose next morning with the memory of the brotherly kindness of those under whose roof I was sojourning fresh upon me, and I looked out from my cosy cell window, so very high above the tossing waters of the lake that I mistook its boats for wild-fowl, and around all seemed so full of rest and peace—there was really one moment when the tranquil air seemed to say, "It is good to be here," and perhaps——. My reverie was interrupted by the entrance of Brother Giles, the model of all lay brothers, with my bowl of coffee and *gipfel*—the matter and manner of breakfast all over Hungary—and dispelled the effects of the lotus. Some time after came the prior to show the

* An instrument which may be roughly described as a horizontal harp, played by striking it with a pair of buffers, held on an elastic stem, which can be applied with immense rapidity. The character of the melodies is usually composed of a long wailing passage of intense pathos, yielding to one of triumphant *furore*, which in turn gives way again to the most plaintive sounds. It exercises nearly always the most thrilling effect. The leading air—if I may use the word for want of a better—is played solemnly by two or three instruments only; the *tsim baloum* and the rest of the band, which I have known to comprise two flutes, two violoncellos, as many as seven violins, &c., accompanying it with an endless variety of extravagant arpeggio. They have no notes, and play entirely by ear. Some bands will extemporise concerted pieces.

antiquities of the chapel, which was built by Andor I.,* the clear-resounding echo, and other natural curiosities of the rock on which it stands. By the time we returned, a carriage was in thoughtful readiness at the door to take me further on my journey.

This was not the least characteristic part of the affair. The driver and his four horses were all as wild as all the other accessories of the place. The former was dressed exactly like my guide of the preceding night—in other words, like all Hungarians of the lower class—only the materials of his suit were superior. He carried a whip with a long lash, the only uses of which seemed to be to make a very loud crack and to vie with the waving streamers of his hat in looking jaunty and flapping in the faces of those who sit behind him; for his team wanted no urging; they seemed bent on showing that they were true children of the fabled Tátos;* and if the road was seamed with ruts or broken up into holes, or if their driver took them short cuts across heaths and hillocks, it was all the same to them. Away they sped at a confusing rate, which brought back childhood's dreams of John Gilpin and the Wild Huntsman so intimately mingled, as to make me turn comparative mythologist for the moment, and establish an identity in the traditions; and all along the way was the beautiful lake—not this time grey-green and angry, but blue and calm, and even smiling, as if for the nonce resigned to its sad fate.

* Andrew.

* The enchanted horse, which holds a high place in Hungarian legends.



BAVARIANS AND BAVARIAN COSTUMES.

From Alsace to the Hartz.—II.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

ULM—AUGSBURG—MUNICH—RATISBON AND THE WALHALLA—NUREMBURG.

A SHORT stay at Stuttgard is enough to enable the tourist to see all that is interesting, and our way next lies through the fine old towns of Ulm and Augsburg to Munich. The railway passes the town of Cannstadt, already described, and proceeds up the valley of the Neckar through fields and vineyards to Esslingen, an important manufacturing town, formerly a city of the empire, and having not only a very fine Gothic church of the fifteenth century but another—a Romanesque church—two centuries earlier. Esslingen is well worth an hour's halt, if only to glance at these churches, and enjoy the view of the valley from the Castle of Berfried.

Past Plochingen, where the rail quits the Neckar valley for that of its tributary the Fils, and leaving Göppingen behind, the road winds below the lofty summits of Hohenstaufen and the Rechberg, celebrated in German history, to the foot of the Rauhe Alp at Geisslingen. This town is exquisitely situated at the opening of the deep and narrow gorge of the upper Fils, clothed with forest vegetation on one side, and with overhanging cliffs of granite on the other. The railway continues on the left side of the valley, gradually rising to the terrace of the Schwäbische Alp which separates the watershed of the Neckar and its tributaries from the upper waters of the Danube. It then descends to Ulm, situated on the left bank of the Danube.

Ulm is a dull town with little to detain us. The tower of its Protestant church is indeed a very remarkable, though

unfinished work of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and if completed would have been the most remarkable in Europe. Its progress was stopped by a subsidence observed in the building. It is now 317 feet in height, and was intended to be raised more than half as much again. The view from the top is very fine and extensive, exhibiting the windings of the Danube in this part of its course. The interior of the cathedral is grand and massive, and contains much painted glass of considerable merit. It is 400 feet long. The streets are picturesque, the houses being of considerable antiquity and rich in gable-ends.

Out of Ulm, we enter Bavaria, and, running along in the valley of the Danube through a country not remarkable for interest, we reach Augsburg in about three hours, the distance being rather more than fifty miles. The city is of great antiquity, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries ranked among the first in Europe. Its fine street rising with a gentle ascent—with massive lofty houses, having carved, painted, and scrolled fronts—presents, perhaps, the highest ideal in existence of the abodes of merchants, bankers, and other wealthy inhabitants of the middle class of society. In this fine street are three handsome ancient bronze fountains. One of the houses is the hotel of the Three Moors (Drey Mohren), which has existed as an hotel at least five centuries, and has entertained emperors and kings. The churches are less interesting than the houses, and being Protestant have lost much of their decorations; but the cathedral is massive and irregular, and contains some curious antiquities. The Town Hall is very interesting as a specimen of Italian architecture of the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The old walls of Augsburg and the ditches still remain, but the fortifications are pulled down, the glacis levelled, and the ditches converted into public gardens and walks. The town is large and well situated.

Munich is about forty miles from Augsburg, and is reached in about an hour and a half, or two hours, through an uninteresting country, gradually rising and forming part of the great plateau which extends to the south of the Tyrolese Alps, and corresponds on a small scale to the table-land of Tartary in Central Asia. The city of Munich itself is about 1,600 feet above the sea, and owing to this great elevation is subject to a very extreme climate. The plain on which it is built is neither fertile nor picturesque, and the city possesses no history of the smallest interest. The old town, however, of which fragments still remain, was built after the fashion of Augsburg with many projections, numerous windows, and high gable roofs; very quaint, very irregular, and very pleasing to the artistic eye, but neither convenient for habitation, nor in conformity with the very modern and classical taste of the late King of Bavaria, who undertook to regenerate this poor ancient town and bring it into rivalry with the great cities of Central and Northern Europe. Its population has doubled; and the number of fine, modern buildings is out of all proportion to the importance of the town. It is now only in the great market-place that the character of old Munich can be studied.

Almost all the modern part of Munich has, however, been in the way of addition rather than reconstruction, and has converted the former suburbs into the modern city. The old town was on the Isar, and the new portion on the ground towards the north—till lately a swampy waste. There was a vast old palace very ugly and irregular, but with some fine apartments; there were a number of churches; and there were also some hospitals and schools. Such was Munich at the beginning of this century. Noble streets have now been constructed, connecting the old with an entirely new town. These lead to, and are crossed by, other streets of like noble proportions, and all are crowded with public buildings, galleries, churches, and residences, on a scale of singular magnificence.

Munich may be visited with many views and studied from many aspects; but, whatever be the object of the visitor, he can hardly fail to derive gratification in some way from the singular variety manifest in the constructions, although all were built almost at the same time and under the eye of one man. In wandering over the city, you are led from one surprise to another, and each step affords something new. The architecture, including all classical styles, is certainly not prominently conventional. Byzantine, Gothic, and Italian jostle each other, and are blended without absolute confusion in the same building. Painting and statuary abound, and they are seen out-of-doors as well as in the galleries. All has sprung up suddenly at the call of one mind, and the results are brilliant and striking, crowded with human interest and intensely alive. Even oriental and Egyptian forms are not neglected; everything that art has done elsewhere is here reproduced, but not without having undergone a certain process of digestion and assimilation. It is true that all is not real, and that much of what is very beautiful will not last; much, indeed, of very recent production is already decaying, but certainly no town has risen so rapidly into full growth with so little that is monotonous. No two streets are alike, and in this respect, if in no other, Munich offers a complete and favourable contrast to Paris, where it is difficult to find one's way, owing to the interminable repetition of the same idea and the uniformity of houses and even of public buildings.

Two of the principal streets of modern Munich are the Ludwig's-strasse and the Maximilian's-strasse. They represent father and son—the beginner and the continuer of Munich's glory. The former is crowded with public buildings imitated and adapted from all styles, but it has few houses, little life, and leads nowhere. The latter is pretty, lively, chiefly consists of houses and shops, is arranged in the style of the Boulevards of modern Paris, and is full of loungers. The difference of character of the two kings may easily be traced in this account of what each has done.

Much of the prettiness and effect of Munich is derived from the wide spaces left and the vegetation that is now beginning to fill them with tone and colour. These mix well with the modern and fresh architecture, and the result is sometimes very striking. But this is rather in spite of, than belonging to the original design. It is one of the advantageous results of a change of rule. To the old king, Ludwig, we are indebted for the design and first starting of the town, while the new king, Maximilian, has rendered it lively and habitable.

The public buildings of Munich very well deserve careful attention, and many of them repay minute study; but a rapid glance at the most important is all that the mere tourist can afford. He will see the Glyptothek, or Sculpture Gallery, built

in the Greek style, and certainly one of the most successful adaptations of that style to a northern climate that has been produced. Except at the back, where there are windows which destroy the effect, there are few faults of construction and many great beauties. The contents are of extreme interest, and include the celebrated Ægina Marbles, and the Barberini Faun, alone sufficient to render the collection worthy of a visit. The Pinacothek, the Picture Gallery of Munich, has much merit, but not the capital merit of being well-adapted for its purpose. The view of the front is grand and harmonious, and the design is to a great extent original. As a picture gallery, however, the Pinacothek is much too lofty, and the hanging of the pictures rather exaggerates this defect than corrects it. The collection also, though not without many fine pictures, is as a whole poor, and it is both badly and incorrectly catalogued. The Palace, though richly decorated, is fatiguing to visit and hardly worth the effort. The churches are many and offer various points of interest. The gate called the Propylæan was intended to be a masterpiece, and its object was to celebrate the dynasty of Bavaria in the classic land of Greece. Unfortunately, the dynasty terminated before the gate was completed. Though very faulty in design, and heavy and clumsy in effect, it will be studied with advantage for the variety of imitation of Greek forms it affords.

The Ludwig's-strasse abounds with public buildings of more or less pretence. The Royal Library is grand, and the Hall of Marshals lofty. The Ludwig's-kirche is unattractive, but in this and some other churches and public buildings the frescoes by Cornelius and other artists are very remarkable. Cornelius is sometimes regarded as the father of modern German art, and is heartily appreciated by the numerous members of his family. Nearly a thousand artists, of various styles and many degrees of merit, honour Munich by residing there, and to all of these Cornelius, if not a god, is at least the high priest of the divinity.

Munich is not only celebrated for its art. Its inhabitants, beyond the select thousand, know little of it, and care less. They may, indeed, see it at every turn; but we all know that those who do not look see very little. The true Bavarian, and especially the native of Munich, thinks of and lives for beer. This is the subject of his conversation as it is his chief enjoyment, and Ludwig would have done well to have availed himself of the national taste, and to induce a love of art worth more than the name, by decorating a gigantic beer-hall and thus ensuring a perpetual contemplation of some worthy objects.

The beer-houses of Munich, such as they are, must be regarded as truly national institutions, and they are places where the people can be best studied. Indeed, no true son of the soil will fail to show himself from time to time at some one of the gardens and cellars where the national beverage is to be had. Beer is not provided with a palace; but, however lowly it is lodged, we have preferred to give, in illustration of real Munich, a correct idea of a well-known beer cellar, rather than picture one of the churches or public buildings. Imitative Greek and Roman buildings are to be seen anywhere, and modern art, like ancient art, is not confined to one or even to several centres; but there is no such beer as that of Bavaria, and the worship of beer is nowhere so completely carried out.

To arrive at the Court brew-house, the chief resort of the beer-drinkers of Munich and the producer of the best beer, you must find your way through narrow streets to a bare open space, with low doorways and a mean aspect. The small square thus situated is called the Platz. Passing under one of the low archways, you come into a yard full of people, some standing, some sitting on casks. The yard is long and narrow. On one side are tables standing out from the wall, looking like stalls in a stable, separated by high wooden partitions and sheltered from rain by a narrow roof. On the other side of the yard is a small doorway leading to the kitchen and bar. At the bar is a tap with running water to clean the stone mugs standing ranged on each side. The customer takes down a mug, washes it himself, and sees it filled from a cask. He then endeavours to find a place at some table. Each mug holds a quart, and when emptied is quickly refilled by an old man who hovers about for this purpose.

A strange sight is this *Hof-brauhaus*—the royal beer-house of Munich. There are tales of one or other of its frequenters absorbing sometimes thirty quarts in a day. The place is crowded with men of all classes. Professors and men of learning, politicians and men of business, noble and even royal people, mix here freely with beer-lovers of the lowest class. The taste for beer is a true leveller in Bavaria. Nowhere is the beer so good, nowhere is it so thoroughly appreciated. This same beer-house has continued to supply the pleasant drink for centuries, and will no doubt continue to do so as long as Munich remains a town.

The Court brew-house is of course only one of many; nor are all in the same style. There are also varieties of beer, according to the season, and various places where the different kinds are supposed to be procurable in perfection. Thus a particular kind, stronger than the rest, called "Salvator," is brewed only about Easter. At this season all the beer-drinking world—in other words, all the population of Munich—stroll out to the suburb of Au to the "Salvator" cellar, where a large shed has been erected, in addition to the tables without number placed under the trees, in anticipation of the annual visit. The "Salvator" drinking, fortunately, does not last long, for it steals the wit from the brains very rapidly and effectually; but the beer-gardens are never left empty.

On the whole, Munich is a pleasant city, both to visit in a transient manner and also to stay in for a time. It has its faults. Owing to its great elevation and position between the high Alps and the great European plain, its climate is very trying and extreme. But it has many advantages, and among them is the great one that it is not dull.

From Munich there is excellent railway accommodation, conveying the traveller in whatever direction he wishes. One of the most convenient ways of quitting the city is that which leads north-eastwards towards the Danube. This great river is reached at Ratisbon, a distance of nearly a hundred miles, occupying from three to five hours by train. There is not much to detain us *en route*, and the scenery is not remarkable. The picturesque town of Landshut on the Isar is the only thing that is worth noticing; and the interval between two trains is sufficient to do it justice.

Ratisbon, like Augsburg, was one of the free cities of the Middle Ages, and was wealthy and flourishing accordingly. It is now rather dull and gloomy; for its streets are narrow, and there are several tall towers with battlements, that remind one of the time when life and property were not quite so secure as

they are now in Central Europe. The public buildings are not very numerous, but the cathedral is interesting, as having been in course of construction for about six hundred years, and being now on the point of completion. The old town-hall



COURT OF A HOUSE IN THERESE STREET, NUREMBERG.

still contains its torture-chamber, exhibiting some of the most horrible combinations to produce unendurable suffering that human ingenuity, exercised to the utmost by the stimulus of a so-called religion and fanaticism, could suggest. This torture-chamber was, however, used for political purposes, and was immediately below the great hall where the Diets of the German empire were held.

From Ratisbon all worshippers of heroes are bound to make a pilgrimage to the Walhalla, situated, overlooking the Danube valley, about six miles from the town, adjoining a ruined castle. The Walhalla is a Greek temple, of the same size and proportions as the Parthenon of Athens, and is devoted to the glorification of German heroes of all ages and of all kinds of celebrity. It is highly decorated by the principal sculptors of modern Germany, and is one of the great works originated by King Ludwig. Perhaps when in ruins it may possess greater interest both for the artist and the lover of the picturesque than now belongs to it.



THE PEGNITZ RIVER, INTERSECTING THE CITY OF NUREMBERG.

Nuremberg is about eighty-five miles from Ratisbon, and is one of the most interesting of the old cities of Europe. It is reached in less than four hours by fast trains, but stopping trains take five. As the stoppages by the fast trains are



THE COURT BREWERY IN MUNICH.

numerous, the gain is not at all worth the difference in price, which is increased twenty per cent. for the so-called "Express." There is not much of interest on the road, and the country is flat.

Nuremberg is perhaps the very best example of a large mediæval city that still remains in Europe. Of smaller places there are instances elsewhere, as in the south of France, where towns exist that have been altogether abandoned, and that retain every peculiarity of human existence stereotyped without any human life remaining to interfere with the effect. But in Nuremberg we see man of the nineteenth century by the side of railways, and manufactures, and modern customs, living in the houses and walking along the streets that still retain the dust of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The very manufactures of the place smell of antiquity. The little quaint dolls, so largely exported, are no more like living children than the Nuremberg toys are like modern manufactures, or the Nuremberg streets like those of Paris or London. The streets are all spread out like spiders' legs; the houses are all individuals, each with its own history; there is no uniformity and no correspondence, so to speak, between any one thing in the whole place and any other.

Nuremberg is, as everybody knows, or ought to know, a fortified town. Not like Portsmouth or Luxembourg, or any other fortified place in Europe that could resist for a few days the attack of a modern army with rifled artillery and soldiers with the needle-gun; but made to look formidable by means of certain crumbling walls and round towers that would fall down and leave convenient openings for the enemy, if rudely shaken by an old Roman battering-ram. It is astonishing that these walls can resist the wind, and one can fancy them falling flat if any army of Jews should march round them to the sound of the trumpet. All this, however, adds greatly to the effect. The town is built on a slight rise in an open plain, but is intersected by the rapid little river Pegnitz, which, after a time, falls into the Main, and ultimately swells the volume of old Father Rhine. The fortifications cross the river. The walls are now converted into pleasant shady walks, and the moat into public gardens, and thus the peacefulness of old Nuremberg peeps out even from among its frowning round towers and forbidding gates.

The Pegnitz divides Nuremberg into two nearly equal parts, and is crossed by a number of picturesque bridges. The houses are built close to the water's edge in some parts, and even on the bridges themselves, crowding up the little stream, which is at no time more than a thread of water.

The streets of Nuremberg are not very narrow, but the houses are lofty and large, generally provided with open courts, round which a picturesque gallery runs. Richly-carved balustrades adorn the gallery, which is approached by an outside stair. The illustration will give an excellent idea of this peculiarity, and is highly characteristic. The houses are often very beautifully ornamented towards the street by fine oriel windows, large and lofty gable-fronts and a large number of windows, in ranges of gradually decreasing width, one above another. The oriel windows often have little ornamental turrets rising over the eaves of the roof, producing a degree of quaint prettiness nowhere rivalled. Besides the general distribution of this kind of ornamentation, which forms the charm of Nuremberg streets, there are some houses of especial beauty in various parts of the town. The Nassauer Haus, in the König's-strasse, and one near the Rath-haus or Town Hall, are among those best worth examining, and if possible sketching. Some of the larger houses extend back from one street to another, with a double front and two or three courtyards, resembling some of our smaller collegiate buildings in Oxford and Cambridge, but always much more enriched. Many of these houses are still inhabited by the families whose ancestors built them. They are constructed of stone and were intended to last.

The Carnival at Pau.

Ash Wednesday!—*Jour des Cendres—Day of Follies* rather let us call it. For can anything surpass in absurdity the farcical sport which a whole people will give way to on this particular day in Roman Catholic countries?

Better samples of this kind of masquerade might perhaps be found, but, with the exception of Rome, there are few places, I believe, where both Roman Catholic and Protestant communities join so heartily in this peculiar observance of the Roman Church as at Pau.

Towards two o'clock in the afternoon crowds of people were to be seen hastening from all parts—*à pied, en voiture, et à cheval*—in the direction of the pretty little village of Bisanos, close to the town and also to the river, in whose long straggling street the follies of the day were to be enacted. We had hired for the occasion a large open carriage and pair. Our party consisted of the Rev. and Mrs. H——, Miss M——, F——, and self—self on the box. We were provided with an ample stock of haricot-beans, maize, oranges, and bouquets—for such, we were given to understand, would be the recognised ammunition in the coming battle—a battle in which the opposing forces were the populace on one side, carriage-folk and cavaliers on the other. We were so early on the ground that we found we had to sustain the brunt of the engagement almost single-handed—to such an unpleasant degree, in fact, that we deemed it advisable to retire for a short period. About three o'clock we returned to the attack, fortified with umbrellas, which we thought would be a famous protection against the shot of the enemy. By this time the ranks on both sides were considerably reinforced, and the sport began in earnest.

Amongst the mob several masks had appeared, and by their freaks and antics were creating much diversion. Others, mounted on donkeys and pre-historic hacks, had fallen into the ranks, and were filing with us in slow procession through the village. In a short time there was a sufficient number of

vehicles to form one continuous stream of *aller et retour*—the gaps caused by the departure of those who were tired of the fun being speedily filled up by the arrival of others. Towards four o'clock the scene began to grow extremely animated. The firing on both sides was sharp and incessant. Umbrellas were soon found to be a hindrance rather than a protection, for the moment you fancied yourself sheltered from attack on one side, a volley immediately assailed you on the other. The mob were so ubiquitous that it was necessary to have your eyes in all directions at once, and both hands free to defend; umbrellas, therefore, were quickly discarded. Most of the ladies wore wire masks which nothing could penetrate—a few mock-valiant young Britishers, too, I grieve to record, had donned this unmanly fence. Others, ghost-fashion, were dressed in white calico from head to foot—four black holes grimly indicating the position of eyes, nose, and mouth. Of this class of costume a French count and his friend were the best specimens. They figured in a large open barouche, with four horses and postillions, the carriage itself being lined throughout with white. One of these phantoms had perched himself on the box—the other occupied the back seat: each one had beside him a huge chest of maize, which, by means of a long wooden spoon, he dealt out right and left with little either of mercy or discrimination. Few parties, if any, were less protected than ourselves. The ladies had nothing but their parasols. The canon, poor man, had only his own venerable physiognomy; and, although amongst the ancient Athenians, doubtless, this would have inspired no other sentiment but that of respect and inviolability, I reluctantly avow that, on the present occasion, among several groups of naughty little boys, those calm, imperturbable features seemed only additional incentives to attack—a target, in fact, of the most attractive kind. As to myself I had no better shield than a broad-brimmed wide-awake, but I had both hands free, and a good position for making use of them. It had been my duty, first of all, to defend the ladies, and to retaliate lustily upon any who rendered themselves particularly obnoxious to them. This I did with such good will that in course of time I found I had made myself no small number of personal enemies. As we were continually passing and repassing the same groups in the long promenade, certain faces grew familiar to me. Thus, for example, when I found my cheek smarting under a volley of maize that seemed to come with the force of grape-shot, I had but to turn my head to recognise the receding form of a little urchin to whom I had paid a similar compliment on a previous occasion—or, when the orifice of my ear became suddenly bejuiced, bespattered, and betingled to a most excruciating degree of pain by a half-sucked orange that had been well rolled in the dust, I had but to cast my eyes in the proper direction, and sure enough they would alight on the vindictive face of some low rascal with whom, not long before, I had left a stinging memento of *galanterie*.

Nor did this exchange of very rough civilities take place between the patricians and plebeians only. The carriage-folk themselves, after a milder and more amicable fashion, joined in the mutual interchange; and, as the road was not broad, and the interval between the two rows quite insignificant, bouquets and bon-bons were thrown from one to the other with the greatest facility. In this way many a pair of bright eyes were brought into collision with another pair of bold eyes that they had met on the previous evening at the *préfet's* ball.

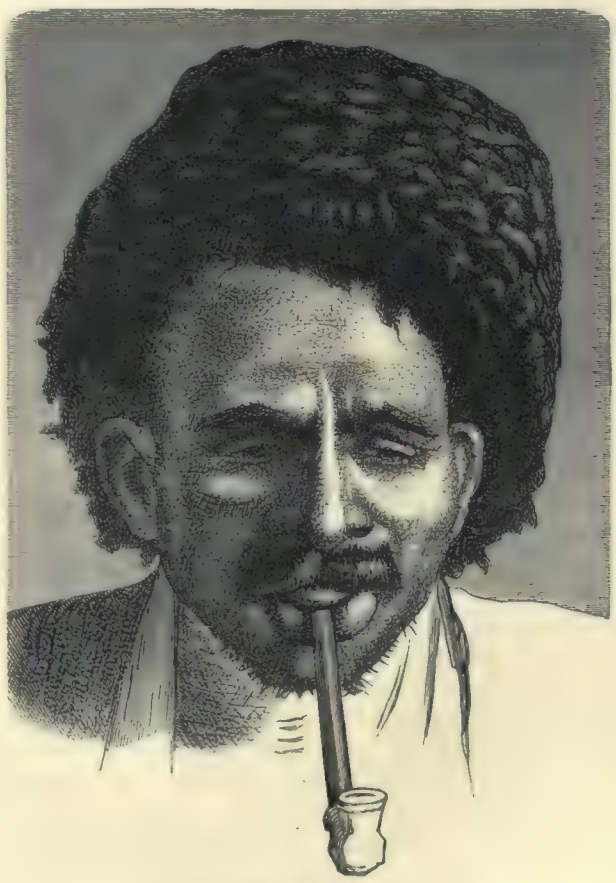
By five o'clock most of the company had vanished, and, as we were the first to appear, so were we almost the last to retire. In effecting our escape through the crowd we contrived, somehow or other, to get separated from the few carriages that yet lingered, and this brought down on our precious cargo such a furious shower of every lawful kind of ammunition—no less from the windows of the cottages that flanked the road than from the little army of dusty mortals that filled it—that we were compelled hastily to put up the hood of the carriage. The coachman and I were now the only two assailable objects—an unenviable distinction. Arrived in the streets of Pau matters did not improve, but rather grew worse; for here were houses instead of cottages, and windows, balconies, and pavement were all thronged with an enemy determined to keep up the spirit of the war to the end, and to expend recklessly the ammunition that remained to them on what they must have considered almost their last chance. Thus, smarting under our wounds, hot, dusty, and fatigued, at half-past five we regained the H—— domicile, happily situated in a peaceful and retired quarter of the town.

The Caucasus.—III.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, M.A., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS AND BASHAN."

From Pätigorsk it is necessary to drive back two stages to Georgievsk before we again find ourselves on the high road from St. Petersburg to Tiflis. If lucky in obtaining horses at the post stations, the traveller may accomplish the distance of 150 versts (100 miles), which separates him from Vladikafkaz, in one long day. The road, through gradually drawing nearer the base of the mountains, keeps quite clear of them, and runs for the most part over level country, thus resembling in its relation to the neighbouring range, though in no other respect, one of the great highways of the Lombard plain. The interest of the drive depends chiefly on the state of the atmosphere; if the mountains are clear, the eye will have a continual feast in observing the gradual changes and development of the snowy rampart which fills the whole southern horizon; if, on the other hand, the weather be dull or rainy, nothing more dismal and depressing can be imagined than the soddened plains over which the way lies. The post-stations along the road are mostly situated in villages which, both by their names and character, reveal their Russian origin, and show that we are journeying on the line of the once carefully-guarded military march. Running along the flanks of the mountains, this portion of the road was necessarily exposed to the sudden onslaughts of the mountaineers, and a

few years ago no traveller would have thought of traversing it without an escort. At the present time the danger is past, and the slovenly and miserable appearance of the military villages seems to show that the inhabitants, their occupation gone, are either migrating elsewhere or have been reduced to the straits of poverty. These cantonments are commonly arranged in the following manner: one-storied cottages, built of wicker-work, plastered over with clay, are dropped in parallel rows into the middle of a sea of mud, so as to leave between them three streets, or rather canals of filth, over which tribes of hungry pigs roam at their leisure in search of the offal which they have seldom very far to seek. A few trees interspersed among the cottages relieve the otherwise monotonous bareness of the plain. Near the gates may sometimes be found an encampment of gipsies, such as that from which our artist has drawn his illustrations. These picturesque wanderers seem to bear much the same character, and to pursue, as nearly as possible, the same forms of industry in the Caucasian provinces as in Western Europe. The men are blacksmiths or carpenters; the women are tellers of fortunes, and professors of the lighter branches of necromancy and the black arts; to both sexes, however, mendicity and pilfering supply the chief means of sustenance. Their stay, consequently, in any one spot is seldom of long duration, as the frequent disappearance of property soon leads the regular inhabitants to dismiss, in a somewhat unceremonious manner, their doubtful visitors. There is nothing in their tents or their costume sufficiently characteristic to merit description; sojourners in all lands, they belong to none; everywhere retaining their national sobriquets of thief and vagabond. Their superstition, though it often interfered with the execution of the artist's sketches, did not seem to be proof against a sufficient consideration; and he found a source of constant amusement in the shrewd bargains driven by their more accomplished practitioners, in which the time expended in sitting for a portrait, and consequently subtracted from their professional labours, was certainly not valued below its intrinsic worth.



GIPSY OF THE CAUCASUS.

During the first half of the day's drive we shall constantly have the noble peak of Dychtau, the northernmost summit of the central group of the Caucasus, before our eyes; and even from Vladikafkaz its soaring ridges and sharp spear-like head will claim our recognition as one of the noblest and most formidable of Caucasian mountains. After passing through a gap in a low chain of hills, and reaching Ardonsk, a somewhat larger and less miserable place than most of those we have passed, Kazbek and his satellites become conspicuous. The famous mountain, as seen both from the north or south, has two summits, the eastern of which is over 16,500 feet in height. A few miles further west rises Gumaran Khokh, 15,672 feet, a peak equal in height, therefore, to Mont Blanc.

In our memories, Ardonsk is fixed as the spot where, after two months' wandering in the wildest recesses of the mountains, we finally emerged into comparative civilisation; and we must not pass it without bearing witness to the glories of the scenery on the threshold of which it stands. A short but somewhat tedious day's ride across a featureless plain leads to a village called Tuganova. From this spot the path to the valley of the Uruch lies through a succession of scenery of the most surpassing beauty; following the ridges of a chain of hills, which here branch out from the main mountain-mass, it loses itself for hours in dense beech-woods, bright with a thick underwood of rhododendron and azalea, then emerges again on grass-crowned brows, where parties of peasants are gathering in the fragrant crop. Striking again deeper than before into the primeval forest, it leads the traveller to a sudden corner, whence a view bursts upon him which will long hold him in admiration. He stands on the edge of the deep fissure, through which the Uruch forces its way to the plain; on the opposite bank rise sheer limestone cliffs, 3,000 feet in height, and it seems as though he could throw a stone into the river roaring at an equal depth below him. To the north stretch low hills covered with dense forests, in the clearings of which rise long wreaths of smoke, the only traces of human habitation; to the south the snowy summits of the Adai Khokh group, seen through the defile, seem to beckon onwards to the heart of the mountains. It is a scene of which it is easier to analyse the constituents, than to render the impression it leaves, and one which only the brush of a Turner or the pen of a Shelley could properly reproduce.

For about two hours the defile remains at its grandest; the path, lately improved, is as good as most Alpine mule-passes, although frequent stone obelisks—monuments to those who have perished—bear witness to its dangers in the old days when robbers, springing from their ambush, would hurl horse and rider into the abyss. From the village of Zenega, built on a shelf where the gorge widens, it is a long day's ride to the sources of the Uruch. The first part of the journey is through



GIPSY ENCAMPMENT IN THE CAUCASUS.

a deep and narrow glen; higher up, the valley expands into a wide, smiling basin, dotted with houses and overlooked by the peaks and glaciers of the main chain, to which the Uruch, for the first fifteen miles of its course, runs parallel. Styr Digor, the largest village, gives its name to an Ossete clan, the "Digors," who are more hospitable and friendly than most of their race. Altogether, we know of no portion of the chain where some time is likely to be better or more pleasantly spent than in this valley. The means of exit are varied—a horse-path leads to the sources of the Tcherek and Balkar, and it is possible to reach the upper basin of the Rion by either of the two snowy but well-known cols by which the inhabitants of this part of the chain cross and re-cross its formidable barrier.

To those who are lucky in a fine day and a comfortable carriage, the drive from Ardonsk to Vladikafkaz may be most enjoyable; to us it is associated with nothing but miseries. To begin with, the rain was falling in torrents, and we had only reached Ardonsk from the mountains with much difficulty, by fording on horseback two streams, which were likely in a few hours more to become impassable. No *tarantasse* was to be procured at the next post station, and the officer in command refused to lend us his, so that we were forced to set out in rickety and shelterless *telegas*. At the commencement we were stuck fast in a water-channel; released from this dilemma, and after much monotonous wading through swamp and mire, only relieved by the passage of the mountain torrents over long wooden bridges, which threatened at every instant to give way and be carried off by the swollen waters, we gained the half-way station. Evening was coming on, and there still were eighteen versts before us; but they were the last, and we felt almost cheerful. When the new carts came out of the court-yard, vain remonstrances were made against such indescribably crazy conveyances. "Those or nothing," was the reply of the stolid official. Five versts had been traversed in safety when, with a shock, off flew one of our hind wheels, and we subsided into the mud. At the same moment, a return *telega* passed on its way to Vladikafkaz, but the rules of the post rendered its driver deaf even to a bribe. So François Devouassoud, the big Chamouni guide, was left alone in the steppe, with a revolver and a flask of *vodka*, to guard the baggage, whilst the driver rode back on one of his horses to fetch a fresh vehicle. The rest of the party crowded into the still unbroken cart, and travelling at a foot's pace, with abundant leisure to count the line of verst posts and tipsy Russian soldiers, which alone marked the direction of the road, entered, long after dark, the straggling suburbs of Vladikafkaz. Vereschaguine, the Russian artist, encountered, on the same ground, a different and more serious sort of peril. Three horses, which had never before drawn a carriage, were harnessed to his telega; scarcely started from the station, the animals ran away, and pursued their wild career across the steppe, threatening their slight burden with instant destruction. At last, seeing they were approaching some deep gulleys which it was impossible could be crossed in safety, the travellers leapt out and saved themselves from death, though at the expense of many wounds and contusions.

Such unpleasant incidents of posting, however, though not altogether exceptional, do not happen every day, even in the Caucausus; and we will trust our travellers have met with none of them, and are arrived little the worse at their journey's end.

Vladikafkaz, from its commanding the entrance to the one carriage-pass across the Caucasian chain, must always be an important military position and depôt for the power which aspires to hold in subjection the neighbouring mountains. It is not, however, in the ordinary sense of the term, a fortress; and though in too open a position to be endangered by the attack of foes accustomed only to the stratagems and sudden onslaughts of guerilla warfare, it is sufficiently commanded by the neighbouring heights to be incapable of standing a regular siege. Twenty years ago it was a city of refuge for the Russian, where alone he could feel secure from being carried off into captivity by the savage Tschetschensians or Ingusches. So narrowly did these tribes encompass the neighbourhood of Vladikafkaz, that no party of wood-cutters could in safety enter the forest close at hand without the protection of an escort. This uncomfortable state of things has been brought entirely to an end by the complete subjugation of the eastern tribes, and we need have no fear of being carried off to pay an involuntary visit to the rugged homes of the turbaned mountaineers of Daghestan. The best proof, perhaps, of their submission is to be found in the numbers who throng the streets of their hereditary foes.

The town itself is like most of those laid out by Russian hands, and demands no special description. The buildings of the post establishment include a spacious hotel, where the traveller willing to pay for them can be accommodated in large and fairly comfortable rooms. The conception of pleasure-travellers, so familiar to the Swiss landlord, has, however, scarcely entered into the head of his Caucasian brother. To our great amusement we were besought, on leaving, to present our host with some small English coin, which he might keep as a remembrance of the Englishmen who had come all the way to the Caucasus on no business but simply to see mountains. His aspirations were rewarded with a stray sixpence, which was received with great gratitude. Vladikafkaz is, perhaps, the place north of the chain where the most varied specimens of the Caucasian races may be studied, as from its position in the centre of the isthmus, the tribes of Daghestan and Circassia are represented in its streets. It requires some experience to distinguish them without the aid of a Russian officer; but we may make the general remarks that the turban is only worn by the Daghestan tribes, and that the Circassians are, as a rule, handsomer and more stalwart men than their eastern neighbours. The people, however, of whom we shall hear and see most in the bazaar of Vladikafkaz are the Ossetians, a numerous tribe, differing in some important respects from other Caucasians, and the subject of many ethnological speculations. They dwell at the present day round the sources of the Terek, Ardon, and Uruch, on the northern slopes of the main chain, and are said to retain no traditions of their migration from any more distant land. They are believed by the learned to belong to the great Indo-Germanic race, and their language is said strongly to resemble Sanscrit. Haxthausen endeavours, by pointing out numerous details in which this tribe differs from all around it, and resembles rather the modern Germans, to prove that they come from the same stock. The following are some of the principal facts which he adduces for the support of his theory:—The threshing-floor is found in an open hall inside the house, which usually contains a regular constructed fire-place, chairs, stools, tables, kneading-troughs, churns, cradles, and bedsteads—

domestic articles unknown, as our author asserts, elsewhere in the Caucasus. He also dwells on the Ossetes' knowledge of the art of beer-brewing, and asserts that their festive customs have quite a German character. Herr Wagner, the lively author of "Travels in Persia, Georgia, and Kurdistan," ridicules this certainly somewhat fanciful theory of his countryman, and pertinently quotes the remarks of a Russian in whose hearing it was broached. "How can it be possible," said he, "that there can be such fools among you as to believe that people of such different types could proceed from the same stock? No; the ancestors of these two men" (pointing to a German colonist and an Ossetian passing by) "have no more come from the same nest than hawks and turkey-cocks." Certainly the contrast between the plump figure, broad countenance, and slouching gait of a German peasant, and the elegant form and aquiline profile of an ordinary Ossetian, is sufficiently marked.

The Ossetes are at present nominally Christians, having been finally converted to the Russian Church after more than one relapse into paganism. Their religious knowledge, however, is of the most superficial character, and does not in the least influence their daily life. Many amusing stories are told of the stratagems and tricks by which the new converts disconcerted the young priests sent to reclaim them. Their pious zeal was so much encouraged by the presentation of a clean shirt and a silver cross to every neophyte who submitted to baptism, that numbers of them received the sacrament five or six times following, in order to become the owners of a corresponding amount of linen. At mass they would show the greatest irreverence, and even catch hold of the priest's censer, to light their pipes from the cinders. They are still in the habit of offering sacrifices in sacred groves, and of paying reverence, under various forms, to the powers of Nature. Their villages are peculiar in character. The houses, sometimes closely grouped together, at others detached homesteads, are two storeys in height, and are often surmounted by circular towers—places of refuge and defence in the frequent feuds which have broken out amongst this sanguinary people. Shameless greed is generally admitted to be the chief feature of their character. Indomitable beggars, they will harass the traveller at every step with fresh demands, which, if they believe force to lie on their side, they will not scruple to maintain by threats of open violence. Of this trait we had more than sufficient evidence during our journey across their territory from the Dariel road to the Rion valley. To carry out our scheme we had to cross a high pass leading from the source of the Terek to a secluded basin, part of the upper valley of the Ardon. It was necessary to procure porters to carry our light baggage over the mountain. With the greatest difficulty ten men were persuaded to submit themselves to a load scarcely sufficient for five. Arrived at the first village on the Ardon, we proceeded through our interpreter to pay off the unruly train which had already caused us sufficient trouble on the road. They resented the offer of the stipulated sum—one rouble a man—for their morning's work, and demanded a present besides, which we, already sufficiently irritated against them, utterly refused. The men took themselves off in high dudgeon, with many threats, which we should have reckoned very lightly had they not also snatched and carried off our interpreter's sheepskin "bourca." Annoyed at the coolness of the thieves, and somewhat rashly supposing they would also prove cowards, our party of four charged the retiring ten as they retreated down the steep path which led out of the village. The onslaught was resisted by the natives with roundabout blows of their arms, which fell harmlessly on our hard wide-awakes; and the smallest of our party was embraced by a sturdy Ossete and rolled down a bank—not, however, before he had planted his fist in the eyes of two other assailants with a directness of aim and purpose gained only at an English public school. The whole fray lasted but a minute before the thieves fled, carrying with them the fleece, thus leaving us the honour of a barren victory. Mutual fear of consequences had prevented the Ossete dagger or English revolver being brought to bear.



DISTANT VIEW OF THE CAUCASUS.

After our return to the village the enemy still remained visible, seated on a bank on the further side of the stream, rubbing their eyes, and apparently meditating further mischief. Meantime we were surrounded by a crowd of villagers, from under whose tall caps shot out thievish glances of undisguised ill will and covetousness. We felt not a little uneasy, and, determined to yield to any terms, asked for two horses to carry our luggage further down the valley. We succeeded in our object, and got clear of the place before the plots and schemes evidently hatching around us had come to any head. The mountain-basin in which this adventure occurred is one of the most secluded in the range, being only accessible from the outside world by passes, all over 8,000 feet in height.

It might naturally have been supposed that in such a spot the inhabitants would have made use of no means of defence but those provided so amply by Nature. We found the contrary to be the case. Every village is not only perched on some narrow hog's-back or isolated knoll, but is further protected by tall stone towers, giving each separate homestead the character of an independent fortress. The real reason why in Ossetia every man's house is, in the most literal sense of the phrase, his castle, is to be found in the constant and bloody

feuds which have ere now existed among the various clans. Herr Wagner tells the following story of the end of one of these wars, which took place within the last forty years:—"Two tribes had been excited to the most furious rage and a deadly feud by a murder, and many of the members lost their lives, partly in a fair fight, partly by foul means. As both clans were numerous and powerful, no end could be seen to this feud until both were utterly exterminated. A compromise was effected, and their dead were counted up by both sides. One of the tribes, which had suffered greater losses than the other, received as a compensation from their rivals a number of children, who were barbarously butchered; whereupon, accounts having been thus squared, peace was concluded between them." Despite, however, their unprepossessing moral qualities, it will be found that Russian officers usually speak well of the Ossetes, and, on the ground of the beauty of their dress and accoutrements, will even give them the title of "the gentlemen of the mountains." This is, no doubt, partly owing to their having long since made their submission to the authorities, and having taken no part in the recent risings. It must be admitted, however, that their external appearance is to their credit. Their clothes are seldom soiled or ragged, their weapons are generally ornamented with taste, the dagger is sheathed in silver and hangs from a silver-studded belt, and the cartridge-boxes on the breast are ornamented with the same precious metal. The various clans differ, of course, in character, and some we found by no means unpleasant hosts; but on the whole, the feeling with which we left their country was a desire that we and the Ossetes might become better strangers. After these discouraging remarks it is, perhaps, unkind and unnecessary to point out that several interesting expeditions may be made from Vladikafkaz into Ossete territory; the northern glaciers of Kazbek and also those of the Adai Khokh group are still almost wholly unexplored, and scenery of the noblest



GIPSY WOMAN.

description may probably be discovered in the valleys which lead to them.

We must notice before leaving Vladikafkaz an element in the population which the traveller coming from the north will here meet with for the first time. Persian peasants, with their thin sallow faces, wiry forms, close-fitting skull-caps, and long blue blouses, will be constantly seen hanging about the bazaar, or chewing a slice of water-melon by the roadside. These men are employed as stone-breakers and labourers on the high road —work which the native Caucasian or Georgian either disdains or is too idle to undertake, and which overtaxes the energies of the ill-fed and poorly-paid Russian soldier.

We have now nearly exhausted the attractions of our place of sojourn, and shall feel impatient to set out on our drive across the famous pass which lies between us and Tiflis. Posting on the Dariel is in many ways a pleasant contrast to Russian travelling in general. The road, though ill engineered in places, is smooth and good throughout. The post stations are roomy and comfortable buildings, and the supply of horses is in a fairly reasonable proportion to the demand. Comfortable conveyances can be procured at Vladikafkaz. A solitary man will prefer a *tarantasse*, a party will journey better in one of the small diligences supplied by the Russian post, to which is attached a conductor, who takes all trouble off the traveller's hands in the counter-signing of *podorojnos* and procuring of horses. No one, unless he has a passion for *telegas*, need travel in those vehicles. The natural attractions of the pass have been described more or less vaguely by a sufficient number of writers of different nations. It has been, to our thinking, perhaps extravagantly belauded by Sir Robert Ker Porter, and by the author of a recent work, "Lettres sur le Caucase," and we have no hesitation in ranking the scenery inferior, as a whole, to the finest Alpine carriage-roads. Its two great distinguishing features are the Dariel gorge and the view



AN OLD GIPSY OF MOZDOCK.

of Kazbek from the station, both glorious in themselves, but scarcely compensating for the utter barrenness of the upper valley of the Terek, the absence of any panorama of the snowy chain, and the comparative tameness of the descent into Georgia.

At Lars, the second station from Vladikafkaz, we enter the famous defile known of old as the Caucasian Gates, now as the Dariel. It is at least ten miles in length, and for the whole of this distance the valley of the Terek is reduced to a narrow cleft, in places barely fifty yards in breadth, but generally much wider. The gorge is far deeper than any in the Alps, and the summits of the walls of crag, which tower in fantastically broken masses over the traveller's head, are at least 5,000 feet above him. It is difficult on a fine summer's day to appreciate or account for the terror many profess to feel in this passage; and when the country is a little better known we may doubt whether teeth will continue to chatter and hair to stand on end in the way they are at present recorded to do in the "Letters from the Caucasus," which occasionally fill up a column of some morning paper. The terrors of the Dariel will then go the same way as those of the St. Gothard or the Mauvais Pas.

We are far, however, from wishing to depreciate one of the most magnificent gorges in Europe; a scene which will excite the greatest admiration in those who know and love Nature in her wilder forms. Where the walls of rock first retire, the Russian fortress of Dariel, a low whitewashed building, flanked by two towers, and loop-holed for musketry, occupies a patch of level ground by the roadside. In a far more commanding situation, on the summit of a table-shaped rock on the opposite side of the Terek, stood the older fortress, which from the time of the Romans commanded the pass. Massoudi, an Arab historian, who lived in the tenth century, picturesquely describes its position. "This castle," he writes, "is built on a rock, and is utterly impregnable; it cannot be entered without the consent of its defenders. So strongly is it secured, that a single man who shut himself up in it, might hold out against all the infidels, since the fortress, so to speak, suspended in the air, commands the bridge, the road, and the stream." It is now so far destroyed that no vestiges of the ancient walls can be distinguished by the passing traveller.

A mile further a deep break occurs in the rocks on the western side of the gorge, and through the gap are seen the pure snows and glittering glaciers of the mighty Kazbek. We must pause for a time opposite the opening of the glen of Devdorak, while we point out the route which will henceforth be followed in the ascent of the mountain, and endeavour to unravel the mystery which involves the so-called avalanches which issuing hence have caused periodical devastations of the Terek valley. As a closer examination of the glaciers will best enable us to appreciate the real nature of the catastrophe, we will first conduct our readers (in the spirit at least) to the summit which glitters before their eyes; but this adventure must be reserved for the commencement of a fresh chapter.

The King of Eastern Turkistan.

THE country of Eastern Turkistan, or, as it was formerly called, Chinese Tartary, must now be considered an independent state —the newest addition, in fact, to the kingdoms of the earth. Its ruler or king is Yakoob Beg, a successful soldier and administrator, a member of that robust race of Western Tartars which in the Middle Ages produced those world-renowned conquerors, Zenghis Khan and Tamerlane. Of his early history little is at present known, but six years ago, according to Mr. Shaw, the first Englishman, or, indeed, European who has visited him, he was a petty governor of a town in Khokand, a small principality or Khanat in Western Turkistan, a little south of the territory recently annexed by the Russians. He was during that time engaged in many skirmishes with the stealthily advancing Russian troops, but having espoused the cause of a rival to the Khokand monarchy, he fell into disgrace with its ruler, and was forced to carry his talents to another field.

It was a time of great commotion in Central Asia; the Chinese, weakened at home by the Taiping rebellion and the war with the allied nations of Western Europe, were losing their hold over the western part of their empire, or all that part extending from the Desert of Gobi to the Thian Shan, or Heavenly Mountains. This region, of which Kashgar is the capital, forms an elevated plain, encircled on three sides—south, west, and north—by a wall of snow-clad mountains, culminating in peaks 20,000 feet high. The plain itself is 4,000 feet above the sea-level, and possesses no advantages either of soil or climate, the surface being sandy and arid, and the climate one of the driest in the world; but it is copiously watered by streams descending from the snowy slopes of the mountains, and blessed by a summer of cloudless skies and powerful sun. With these aids, the barren waste has been made, by an industrious people, to blossom like a garden, and to sustain a population of three or four millions of inhabitants, including several flourishing cities of a hundred thousand souls. The Chinese maintained their hold on the country only by a strong garrison—especially at Kashgar, the capital—reinforced annually from Pekin. Six years ago the descendants of the ancient rulers of Kashgar, who had been living in exile, took advantage of the weakness of the Chinese to strike a bold and successful blow for the recovery of their lost sovereignty, but the fruits of victory were reaped by the ambitious soldier Yakoob Beg, who had joined their forces as leader of the Khokand auxiliaries.

Yakoob Beg, who has assumed the title of "Ataligh Ghazee," or "Leader of the Faithful," being a strict Mohammedan like all his subjects, was visited in the winter of 1868–9 by two Englishmen, Mr. R. B. Shaw and Mr. G. W. Hayward, both travelling independently of each other. Contrary to the vaticinations of many wise people in India, these gentlemen were received with marked kindness by the

new potentate. Both agree in stating that Yakoob Beg is a remarkable man—brave, enterprising, and energetic; a just and wise ruler. Mr. Shaw describes his first presentation as an effective scene. He was preceded by men carrying his presents on trays; after them came a troop of long-robed ushers with white wands. A long avenue was formed up to the palace by soldiers, who kept back the people. The large quadrangle into which he then entered was lined with rows upon rows of guards, dressed in the brightest coloured robes, and sitting in solemn silence, with their eyes cast on the ground, and their hands folded in front of them. A second quadrangle presented the same spectacle; but the robes were richer than before, and the men seemed of higher rank. The stillness of these numbers (there were nearly 5,000 of them), the regularity of their order, and the brightness of their clothing produced a most striking effect. His own servants being then stopped, he had to advance to an inner chamber of a long pavilion to meet the king alone. He entered, and Yakoob Beg put out his hands to meet him, beckoned him to sit down, and commenced a long and pleasant conversation in Persian. "Your Queen," said he, "is like the sun, which warms everything it shines upon. I am in the cold, and desire that some of its rays should fall on me. I am very small" (showing the tip of his finger), "a man of yesterday. In these few years God has given me this great country. Come, what account will you give of me in your own country, when you get back?" This he said laughing, and Mr. Shaw replied that "he should say he had found the reality more than double what he had heard of him and his country." At the last interview he took quite an affectionate farewell, and Mr. Shaw departed for his southern journey to India, well satisfied with the result of his mission, which was to induce the new king to favour the commencement of trade between his dominions and British India.

About the Chincha Islands.—I.

BY AUGUSTUS F. LINDLEY.

HAVING left Sydney in ballast, the good ship *Colonist* was now on her way to obtain a cargo of guano.

It is nearly fifteen years ago, but I can well remember the remarkable sight that met our gaze on approaching the Chinchas. Three small islands, averaging some two or three square miles each, were just to windward. They seemed to be, perhaps, 600 feet in elevation above the level of the sea. They were flattish on the top, but very rugged and precipitous around the sides, where grey, jagged, and frowning cliffs came down with a sheer descent into the water. The most peculiar feature, however, of this uninviting landscape was the singular appearance of the upper portion of each island. Rising a hundred feet or so above the beetling crags below, and forming, except at two points, a complete and nearly uniform capping and covering, was a dull, mud-coloured, dusty-looking mass, which we knew at once *must* be the vast and far-famed guano deposits of the Chinchas. Not a tree, nor shrub, nor blade of anything green could we see to relieve the sterile, barren, and altogether unpleasing prospect. But, although the vegetable kingdom seemed utterly unrepresented, the animal world—in so far as its fishy and ornithological departments were concerned—displayed an unusual fecundity, as if amply to compensate for the deficiency—as, indeed, Nature always does in one form or the other. Far as the eye could reach were countless swarms of wild sea-birds, of every size, shape, and species, perched all over the islands and rocks, resting everywhere on the waves, and gyrating round about in immense flocks overhead; whilst here and there, to and fro, played and sported in the transparent southern seas fish of manifold hue, shape, and nature—the glittering dolphin, the puffing porpoise, the playful seal, and the powerful but valueless "fin-back" whale.

The anchorage was gained at last, and the good ship *Colonist* rode off the Northern Island in thirty-five fathoms of water. Some twenty vessels were riding here, and about an equal number at the other anchorage between the North and Middle Islands.

The sails were stowed, and then the six youngsters (including myself) who constituted the midshipmen of the vessel, were piped away to man the captain's gig, of which I had the honour to pull stroke-oar; our parents at home, poor folks! being under the pleasing delusion that we were walking about the quarter-deck in uniform, and that, instead of working hard like common sailors, we were being treated all the while as young gentlemen, embryo officers, &c., to whom, by another pleasing hallucination, they fondly imagined that the captain devoted much of his time in teaching them navigation and seamanship.

Upon reaching the little landing-place, where our captain went to report the arrival of his vessel to the officials, watching my chance (for the swell of the wide ocean rolled against the rocks), I sprang ashore after him, clambered up a rudely cut flight of steps, and stood upon the top of the North Island.

Never shall I forget the strong, pungent, penetrating, almost overpowering odour that saluted my nostrils! Hitherto, to windward of the land, we had not felt it. A fine impalpable dust had literally permeated and surcharged the atmosphere. No longer did I breathe the great Omnipotent's wonderful and blessed pellucid ether, but, at every respiration, inhaled the dust of ages—an accursed dust, composed of guano, ammonia, and phosphates of lime! Muffling my mouth and nostrils in my handkerchief, I went forward towards the workings, and saw, as depicted in our engraving, a vast mass of the pungent substance towering up to a height of about one hundred and twenty feet! It was dinner-time apparently, for no work was going on, except by some half-dozen men. For something like a couple of thousand feet the superincumbent mass had already been removed clean off the rocky surface of the island, commencing from the edge. The top part of this enormous guano deposit sloped considerably back, as it was being worked in stages, or blocks, which were reached by steps, from the top downwards. As the stuff was picked, down it fell to the ground, and was there shovelled into trucks running on tramways to the

edge of the island. Nearly suffocated, I turned away and made the best of my way back to the buildings upon a flat hollow, about half way down the side of the island. Here, whilst waiting for our captain to emerge from the dwelling of the commandant or governor, I got into conversation with a party of four strange-looking fellows seated drinking against the side of one of the rough stone houses.

"Hallo, Johnny!" said I, wondering whether they could speak English.

"He, he, he!" laughed the one standing up, as he looked at me in a comical way over his glass, whilst luxuriously sipping away at his "masato"—that ancient beverage, made in the well-known nasty manner from the cassava, and which was the national drink even in the time of the Incas. "He, he, he! Hullo, saar!"

"Oh, you speak English, eh?"

"Yis, saar."

Noticing their clean clothes, rather smart, and comprising the national costume of the Cuzco Indians of Peru, the drooping sombrero with its heavy flap on either side, the simple sandals, and the holiday poncha or mantle, I continued—

"What for no work, Johnny?"

"Me, other man, finish work, saar; take dollar, go home; me Cuzco-man, saar. Wait for boat come, den go Pisco, saar."

Pisco was the nearest town on the mainland of South America. I ascertained that these men had been petty overseers above the Indian workmen on the island, and that, having now served there for four years, they were on their way to their respective homes in the far interior of Peru.

"Come my house, saar. Smoke cigarette, drink leetle aguardiente, see de signoras—de wife of los hombres, me, my amigos?"

"All right, Johnny," said I, willingly enough, preparing to accompany him; when, unfortunately, just at that moment, our skipper made his appearance, and I was obliged to return to the boat and pull him on board. However, I found that my new friends were not likely to leave the island for a week or two, and so promised to pay them a visit before then.



WORKINGS AND GUANO DEPOSIT ON THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

The Chincha Islands lie in latitude 13° 30′ S., longitude 78° 30′ W., at a distance of some fourteen miles from the nearest point of the Peruvian coast. The North, and most accessible of the three, attains an elevation of nearly three hundred feet at the highest part, over which, however, comes the hundred and twenty feet of guano. The area of this isle is about two square miles; that of the next, or Middle Island, separated by a channel half a mile wide, about the same; and that of the Southern Isle, separated from the central one by a channel of a quarter of a mile, about one. The Middle Island is very steep and precipitous; the cliffs attaining nearly all round a height of two to three hundred feet, and landing being practicable at but few points; whilst its greatest altitude must be about five hundred feet, with a huge capping of guano, greater than that



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upon the other, and at least one hundred and fifty feet in depth! The Southern Island, which is the smallest, and also contains but little of the valuable deposit—is almost inaccessible. Its rugged sides rise everywhere to a sheer and giddy height—the highest parts of the island attaining an altitude of nearly five hundred feet. The substance of these singular islands is either a very fine-grained grey granite, or a species of basaltic trap; most likely the latter, as in many places the peculiar columnar and fantastic contortions natural to that rock are seen.

Of course, the great feature of the Chinchas is their enormous deposit of guano; and, indeed, the subject is most important, as well as highly interesting. The geologist, in especial, may here find thoroughly independent testimony and corroboration as to his theories and evidences of the world's age, and successive eras, changes, or slow and gradual transformations. The sermons in stone—the chapters writ in granite—may here be supplemented; in fact, it seems evident to the meanest capacity that this immense guano deposit must have been slowly accumulating during long ages, and that herein it strongly confirms the belief of those geologists who date the formation of the present condition of our earth's surface to a period incalculably anterior to the vain confinement of our current chronology. Again, there seems but little doubt that a thorough scientific investigation of these remarkable islands would further tend to corroborate the opinion of those who disbelieve in the universality of the deluge; for, during the four thousand years that we are called upon to believe have elapsed since that epoch, it is utterly impossible to gaze upon the enormous guano deposits of the Chinchas and believe that they could by any but miraculous means have been formed within that time. Moreover, the whole vast mass seems to be the deposit of birds alone. A few enthusiasts, wishing to interpret to the very letter the most vague and difficult parts of Scripture, have stated that these great masses have been formed by fish as well, and that here came to die, and increase the deposit, leviathan, and all the smaller living things that have their being in the ocean. But then the difficulties in the way of those who argue, *per fas et nefas*, for the orthodox period, are simply insurmountable. While at the Chinchas I often searched for some sign or remnant of other things than birds, but quite unavailingly, and I believe no such relics have ever been found; whilst through stratum after stratum, from the top to the very bottom of the guano, are found the bones, eggs, and harder tissues of the feathery tribe. Besides, these islands are so steep and precipitous, and the summits whereon rest the deposits are so greatly elevated above the water, that (if those who believe in fish are right) we are forced to imagine that whales must have had wings in those days—a sufficiently absurd theory. To do away with flying whales and fish deposits, the only alternative is to sink the lofty summits of these islands to the sea-bottom; but this is a stretch of imagination too wild for rational argument. No! The Chinchas must be left to the birds, and those awful in the lore of ornithology—and here, I venture to opine, it will take those *savants* long to calculate the time that it has occupied the subjects of their learning to form these gigantic and wonderful accumulations. It seems very singular that these extraordinary islands, with the many deeply interesting questions connected with them, have never excited any particular attention from the scientific world. Perhaps, now that we hear of Martin Tupper's wonderful discoveries regarding that other strange atom in the vast Pacific—the mysterious, giant-idol Easter Island—they may soon receive the learned investigation which they seem so richly to deserve.

Mariners abhor the Chinchas, and not without some show of reason. The ship becomes a very mud-barge, and worse. The once snowy, well-kept decks are turned into a muck of dirty yellow sludge, the heavy dew at night producing quite sufficient moisture for that purpose. Throughout every part of the once clean and tidy vessel insinuates itself that uncleanly and abominable compound; her inmost recesses, her most secret and sacred places are all equally violated with a most perfect, indifferent, and ruthless impartiality; the captain's state-room and the black cook's coppers suffer alike and equally. Nothing can resist, nothing exclude that pungent, penetrating dust. Your chests (wooden ones, just now) are cunningly entered; your best clothes as regularly and carefully dusted as your worst; and any little trifles in the way of watches, telescopes, and things averse to dirt, stuffed up with the most disgusting want of discrimination. Bolts, bars, and locks are as naught; nothing can resist the dusty guano demon. From pantry to coal-hole every place is equally favoured; that pungent, mal-odorous powder prevails everywhere, having triumphantly permeated fore and aft throughout the ship. You now work amongst guano, carry guano, live among guano, eat guano, and breathe guano! And such, oh, pitying reader! is the fate of those poor sailors who visit the Chinchas, henceforth during the remainder of their voyage, until, the anchors stowed, they take a "dock-head leap" from the stanch but guano-infected old craft to the welcome pier of the London or East India Docks.

Not the least of the ill effects of our disagreeable cargo was the way in which it first affected us, by causing those engaged in working at it to bleed more or less profusely at the nose; some declared (and they were those working in the hold) that they even bled at the eyes and ears as well, but I cannot either say that it affected me like this, or that I saw them in such a state, though I have reason to believe they told the truth.

Getting the guano off from the shore was a difficult and dangerous process, and, indeed, would have been almost an impossibility in any other part of the world, where the weather at sea is less unvaryingly fine, calm, and beautiful than off the Peruvian coast. Even despite the unchangingly fine and favourable weather, the steady and heavy swell—the respiring-like heavings of the unbroken ocean—often placed us in great jeopardy, where, at numerous little indentations in the iron-bound islands, we took our boats for cargo. At these places strong canvas shoots were let down from the top of the cliffs, and the lower ends being fixed with ropes to the nearest rocks, or, where these were not available, moored steady by anchors, we had to get our boats under the mouth, when guano was shot down into them. But it was no easy task to manage the laden boats amongst those jagged rocks whenever a heavy swell came surging in upon them; and the grinding chains with which we tried to hold them badly lacerated or tore off many a poor man's fingers. Besides this, when the sea would dash the centre of your boat away from under the shoot, down would come the guano upon the heads of her struggling crew, blinding and nearly suffocating them. It may easily be believed that many boats are here dashed to pieces on the rocks, and that many a man has lost his life beneath those horrid shoots.

Besides this slow, dangerous, and tedious way of loading, there was another. At one place on both the North and

Middle Islands were shoots beneath which ships could lay moored and have their cargo thrown directly into them. But this could only be done in the finest of fine weather, and, of course, you had to wait for your turn; loading, in the meanwhile, with your boats.

Our cook, *alias* the "Doctor," had, I think, the best berth on board, during our stay at this strange place. After the first few days, and the first vain efforts to exclude guano from our food, he resigned himself to the irresistible force of adverse circumstances, and, with nothing more than his regular work to do, with entire exemption from labour at the hateful cargo, found plenty of time to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of his culinary post. After a comfortable smoke in a reclining posture on the bowsprit (the spot least troubled with the dusty demon, as the ship rode head to wind), dinner being over, and his work finished until tea-time, he would get into our little jolly-boat, scull himself to the shore, and there, at certain cool deep coves discovered by himself, by means of sundry sly little hooks hidden with tempting bits of pork fat, commit deadly havoc upon the tribes of redly-gleaming, delicious rock-cod, sporting amongst the tangled sea-weed, fathoms deep beneath the clear, translucent waters.

I am sorry to confess that the Sabbath was our high-day and holiday. Our mariners, glad to escape from the muddy ship —and a powerfully smelling hartshorn vehicle she had become —were generally allowed either to ramble along the rocky shores of the North Island, to bathe, or use the boats for fishing.

Upon the first Sunday of our sojourn I managed to keep my appointment with the Indian overseers. I found them witty, keen, intelligent fellows. I was treated very hospitably indeed, and though the food they offered could not tempt me to taste it, I yet enjoyed some delicious "custard apples" (brought from the main land), some cigarettes, and aguardiente —the latter, an ardent spirit that would kill at twenty paces nearly, plentifully diluted with water. I also had the honour of being introduced to the signoras, the wives of "los hombres," and they made themselves very affable to both the writer and his companion, Jack Pincher. *He* had no fastidious scruples, but devoured everything that was offered; and I fear, by doing so, rather offended our hosts and entertainers. He was a knowing little middy, that; afterwards he chuckled no end over the affair, and the feast he had "all for nothing."

The wives of our acquaintances were a queer looking set of ladies, especially two of them; one, who wore a little flat cap on her head, was of pure Cuzco Indian blood, and was the wife of the man who spoke English; and another, a native of Lima, rejoicing in a most singular style of mantle and pantaloons. The latter signora, together with the other two, was of something like ten or eleven caste to the dozen Indian breed, and, despite her strange garb, seemed to have a very good figure.

Thus one of the ladies was remarkable for her very *outré* array, the pretty ankles, and the pleasing face it alone permitted to be seen; two of them were only conspicuous by their sturdy, full-developed figures; whilst the fourth, an aborigine pure and simple, was a good type of the South American Indian, presenting, with all the four husbands, the usual characteristics—prominent cheekbones, large, well-cut lips, long, lank, and rather scanty hair, together with a pleasant, smiling expression of countenance. Excepting only this last trait, the woman and the men presented in a perceptible degree all the well-known marks and facial peculiarities of the Mongolian type of mankind; there was, undoubtedly, a strong family likeness. The further south one goes on the great American continent (to the Patagonians, *par exemple*), the stronger is the resemblance; and here the ethnologist has an interesting problem.

The Sunday following that on which I visited the Indians, I went for a bit of a cruise with our third mate. Not content with catching rock-cod and mackerel, we set the jolly-boat's shoulder-of-mutton sail, and bore away to the furthest extremity of the channel between the North and Middle Islands. Taking in the canvas, we then prepared our strongest lines, and were just about to lower them into the water, when, puff, puff, puff, came a shoal of young porpoises right alongside.

"Hold on with the lines!" shouted my comrade, springing to the bow, and catching up the harpoon lying ready there.

Unshipping the rudder, I ran out an oar astern by which to steer and have the boat under more perfect management.

"Bow on with her! Bow on! Lay her bow on to them," roared my companion, harpoon poised aloft for striking.

I did so; but just at that very moment saw a large black body slowly tumbling up to the surface, and in it I recognised a young "fin-back."

The porpoises had disappeared, and, to my horror, the third mate was taking aim at their formidable successor.

"Avast! Hold hard! It's a 'fin-back!'" I cried.

"'Fin-back' or devil, here goes," yelled my reckless comrade, launching his keen weapon with all his strength (and that was not slight) just as the glistening and arched back of the young whale broke water under the bow.

There was a tremendous splash and flurry in the water, now beaten into boiling foam; a terrible dash with the broad and powerful tail—which drenched us with spray—as the monster "fluked" deep down into his native element; and then whiz, whiz! went the strong three and a half inch line spinning over the bows, so we knew that we were fast—too fast to please me.

The next moment we were rushing through the water at a speed our jolly-boat had never known before. Her bow was dragged a foot or two below the surface, and on either side a clear smooth wave was ploughed up to a height of several feet above the gunnel. Every moment I expected that we should be dragged under water and swamped by the powerful "fin-back," and as I could not swim at that time, bitterly did I regret, during that short but apparently interminable period of danger, going fishing on Sunday, especially with our dare-devil third mate.

Straight on in mid-channel, through the shipping at the Middle Island anchorage, did that formidable fish tow us, at a speed of knots per hour I should be sorry to guess. I could see that great excitement prevailed on board the vessels at the unwonted sight; their crews were in the rigging, yelling and shouting to us; but as all yelled together we could not understand any; whilst numerous boats were putting off to our assistance—a very vague notion this, as in half an hour we should have been out of sight of boats, ships, Chincha Islands, and all, had the fearful speed at which we were proceeding continued so long.

Had our little craft been an ordinary jolly-boat nothing could have saved our lives, for she would have been swamped to a dead certainty. Very fortunately, however, she was American built, with the peculiar flanging-out bow, broad and particularly adapted for resisting immersion, in which our Transatlantic relatives delight.

As we dashed past clear of the last ship, my comrade began to appreciate the danger of our position, besides the risk of going right away to sea with the uncomfortable companion to which he had so foolishly united us.

He fumbled for his knife to cut the rope, but found that he had forgotten to bring it from the ship.

"Come along, my hearty. Hurry up! Give me your knife," he cried to me.

Endeavouring to obey, and going towards him along the inclined plane our boat now presented, I put my foot upon a slippery mackerel not quite dead; it gave a last dying wriggle, down I went, the knife flew from my hand, and was added to the treasures of the deep.

The third mate incontinently made use of language much more forcible than elegant; then, finding, I presume, that it was of no avail, he tried to cast off the end of the rope from the ring-bolt in the stem to which it was hitched. Of course, it was effectually jammed; and no wonder, considering the strain upon it.

"Come here, you young monkey, come here!" he then cried (I had gone back to the stern-sheets to add my weight in keeping the boat's stern down and bows up). "You have good teeth; come here, and try to gnaw through the rope."

I did not like being called "monkey," and would not go.

Ships and islands were now fast fading away astern, for we were at least five miles off, when providentially the rope suddenly slackened, the threatening wave on either bow subsided, and we came to a standstill. Then we knew that either the line had broken, or the harpoon had drawn. Our spirits underwent a sudden revulsion; we looked at each other and laughed aloud; I also ceased to wonder whether I was able to punch the third mate's head, providing we were neither drowned nor starved to death at the tail of that ferocious fish. Hauling in the rope, we recovered the harpoon, which, unable to stand the immense strain, had at last drawn from the "fin-back," being only one of the common, old-fashioned, ineffectual instruments, and not cunningly barbed in a way that fastens inside the wound, as do a regular whalers' weapons.



THE WORKMEN'S WIVES.

As we had a fresh, fair wind, we set sail, and were soon back to the islands again. Henceforth I determined to abjure third mates and harpoons in a jolly-boat, which in such cases is apt to wofully belie her name.

As we had plenty of time left before returning on board, and as we had *enjoyed* quite sufficient fishing for one day, we sailed up to the landing-place on the North Island, and took a run ashore.

My Indian acquaintances had departed for their homes, but in their place we saw a ragged, wild-looking set of fellows who had just arrived, and who (there being no work on Sunday) were receiving their barrack and place of labour allotments from the overseers. Some were to remain here, and some were to proceed to the Middle Island. It appeared that these people were natives of other states than Peru, who had emigrated for the sake of obtaining work at the Chinchas. Most of them seemed to be half-castes between the Mulatto-looking dominant race and the Indians, and were natives of Bolivia. The overseers were very harsh and cruel, and seemed to care but little for the feelings or the comfort of these travel-stained, foot-sore, and weary emigrants. They separated relatives without the slightest care or regard. A father and son so parted particularly attracted my attention—one being sent to the other island—as they stood, hand clasped in hand, with all their little worldly goods upon their backs, in a mute attitude of farewell, gazing wistfully into each other's eyes. We shall have more to say on the labour question (especially that of Chinese) in our second and concluding paper on the Chincha Islands.



EMIGRANTS FROM BOLIVIA.



THE BAOBAB TREE OF KOUROUNDINGKOTO.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—V.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER VI.

GUETTALA — POPULATION OF BAGUÉ — HEAD-DRESS — MEETING WITH DIULAS—ORIGIN OF THE SALT OF TICHIT—ENTRY INTO KAARTA —BAMBARA-MOUNTAN — GUÉMOUKOURA — SOJOURN AT GUÉMOUKOURA — VISIT OF DANDANGOURA, CHIEF OF FARABOUGOU — TROUBLES AND ANNOYANCES — MADIGA — OBSERVATIONS, AND TAKING LATITUDE—FATIGUE AND SICKNESS—LAKE OF TINKARÉ —SAMBA YORO HURTS HIMSELF BY A FALL — PRESENTS OF GIRAFFE TAILS—ARRIVAL AT DIANGOUNTÉ—HEARTY RECEPTION —VISIT OF MASSASSIS—THE MOORS AND THEIR WOMEN.

A JOURNEY of less than four hours brought us to Guettala, the principal town of the country. It was a village made of straw huts of recent construction, near which we observed the ruins of an old mud-walled building which had been destroyed about three years before. The inhabitants seemed very submissive to El Hadj, and, perhaps because they knew they were in the presence of "talibés," they made a boast of their allegiance. They told me they were happy, that they were no longer plundered, that their country was quiet, and that every one worked because El Hadj ordered them to do so. The head of this village, Ouoïo by name, ruled over all the Bagué country. He was a Bambara Kagorota, or Kagoronké, or simply a Kagoro. He had three sons, one of whom, about fifty years old, paid me a visit and brought me a kid and twenty-five fresh eggs. During the evening my men were amply supplied with calabashes of food which they called nouroucouti, a word which signifies in their language "a little of everything." They brought two baskets of millet for our animals. Our reception by the village was cordial, though at first curiosity so possessed them, that all the women and children crowded round us. Fatiguing as this curiosity was to us, I did not find great fault with it, and I placed no hindrance in the way of it, except with a view to the safety of our goods.

I had an opportunity of observing here that all the inhabitants spoke the Bambara and Soninké dialects, a fact which arises from the intermixture of the two races which form the basis of the population at Kaarta, Ségou, and even as far as the mountains of Kong. Throughout the whole of this vast district these two races inhabit all the villages, sometimes in separate bodies, sometimes united together. In some villages they speak one language, the Bambara, and in others the Soninké, and oftentimes both. They do not admit any intimacy outside of their own circle, except with the Peuhls, who are to be found throughout Africa, from Egypt to the Atlantic. We shall have occasion to refer again to these three main branches of the population of Soudan.

At Marena I noticed, for the first time since I left Koundian, a different head-dress among the women from that worn by the Malinkés. The men have all had their heads shorn since the conquest of this country by El Hadj. But in place of the casque which is the distinguishing mark of the Malinké women—a casque formed by the hair being drawn up to the top of the head and plaited—I found here a far prettier and more original coiffure, which reminded me a good deal of the coquettish head-gear of the Yoloffs of St. Louis. The hair was rolled up into innumerable little twisted curls, which hung

down all round the head. Though the effect was good, it was at the expense of cleanliness. The curls of which I am speaking are made by mixing honey with the hair; it is then greased with rancid butter and blackened with charcoal. One can easily form an idea of what must be its condition when suffering from the effect of heat, perspiration, and dust. Such head-dresses as these are only made once a fortnight, and often take two or three days in constructing. At a halting-place a little further on, we met a band of Diulas coming from Nioro with loads of mineral salt in bricks, known as the salt of Tichit. It is well known that this salt comes from Sebkha of Idjil, a place visited by Captain Vincent in 1860, in his interesting journey to Adrar. The Tichits, a stationary tribe of Moors, go in quest of it and carry it through the whole of the Soudan, where they sell it to other Diulas, chiefly to the Sarracolets and the Soninkés, who re-sell it to others. These bricks of salt, which I saw for the first time, were about eighteen inches long and twelve broad, and about six inches thick.

The Diulas had heard at Nioro that I was *en route*, but they could not believe that I really intended to go to Ségou, as the idea that a white man cannot live in Africa on the food of the country is so deeply engrained in their minds. They therefore thought that I was retracing my steps, and great was their astonishment on meeting with me. They overwhelmed me with kindness, assuring me that the whole country loved me, since I was going to see El Hadj, for it would be a very great advantage to them to visit the whites, and after terms had been made with the Marabout, to be able to trade with them, which at present they were prevented doing. It is impossible to conceive the delight I experienced on finding them so amicably disposed. It did not, however, so transport me as to induce me to submit to the embraces which these kind people were ready to give me. A little further on we met two droves of fine oxen, which their owners were going to Bouré to barter for gold and slaves. This circumstance confirmed what I had already heard of this being a safe route. It is by this route that the little gold we get from Bouré comes to us, as in passing through Nioro, and sometimes by Tichit, the merchants barter it for salt (with the Moors), which they deliver at Nioro. Our road passed between hills, of so slight an elevation as to change but in a small degree the uniform character of the plains. Starting again at two o'clock, we arrived at half-past four at Bambara-mountan, a village where I saw, for the first time since I left Fouta Dougou, a forest of chestnuts. The trees were very numerous, but too high for us to be able to gather any fruit. The blacks in these parts only eat them when cooked, after having been blown down by the wind. They have then a turpentine smell, strong enough to scent a whole house. Their colour is saffron-yellow. I also observed in this village some young persons with long hair plaited in small curls. They told me that they were Bambaras of Soninké origin.

On the 4th of February we passed between two hills, after which valleys appeared at short intervals, and shortly after we passed the village of Namabougou. I had ridden in advance of my escort with Fahmahra, and stopped for a few minutes at a *bentang*, where I found the chief of the village, an old man quite white with age. He was fanning himself with the tail of an ox. He could only speak a few words, which were quite unintelligible and disconnected, as he was in a state of childishness. A little beyond this village we saw some hills on our left, on which were grazing some oxen and goats. Shortly after we encamped for breakfast at Touroumpo, a small village of straw huts, in the centre of which was a fine square, with an enclosed building for their palavers.

We stationed ourselves on the bank of a marsh, where there was an abundance of water. The population is made up of Diawandous and Bambaras. The chief sent me a fowl. Shortly after, Fahmahra having had a present made him of two calabashes of milk, gave me one, which I accepted with very great pleasure, as milk is one of the most wholesome things one can take on a journey, and had it not been for milk I should certainly long since have died in Africa. Since I left Koundian I had been without it altogether, as the country through which we passed had no cattle, so we did full justice to it.

The women also brought us butter in exchange for beads. I had no time to unpack my stores for them, but I observed that they were of the Peuhl Diawandou race, for the most part pretty, coquettish, and rather shy. Having watered our cattle and given them a hurried meal, I was ready to start, when I was informed that a repast was being prepared for us. Not wishing to deprive my men of this extra meal, I therefore remained, and took a walk among the chestnut-trees, which grew here in large numbers, and were laden with fruit. Their height varied from twenty-five to thirty yards. I also saw, to my great surprise, some grey parrots, which do not live in Senegal, but are met with in large numbers from the Gaboon as far north as Sierra Leone, and even as far as the banks of the River Géba.

At half-past two we resumed our journey for one hour eastward, and reached a large village named Guémoukoura, which, since I had left Makandiambougou, I had heard mentioned as a sort of "port of safety," and that when once I had passed it I should travel without difficulty, and find an abundance of supplies. From a distance I was agreeably surprised to see a village of clay houses, all of which were crowned with terraces (the first we had yet met with), and apparently of one story high. As I approached it, I saw that the walls were half in ruins, but all round the village (which is surrounded by fields of cotton and tobacco, with here and there some wells) most of the houses were of straw. It was, nevertheless, a large village. I was to meet a man named Tierno Ousman here, a Toucouleur, armed with the authority of El Hadj. I therefore expected a comfortable lodging with a good supper. But it will be seen that I was rather disappointed.

After looking all round the village for a clean spot to encamp on, and finding everywhere nothing but filth, I at length halted under a tree, and was making my arrangements for settling there, when they came to tell me that two straw huts had been prepared for me. I went to them (they were about six hundred yards to the north of the village), and had only just reached them, when Tierno Ousman came to pay his respects to me. He wore a very large turban, and holding in his hand a Mussulman chaplet of very large beads, he kept muttering his prayers. He walked between two talibés, who seemed to be holding him up. He was quite a young man. His manners excessively annoyed me from the very first moment I saw him. He seated himself at once, quite at his ease, in our hut, and without a moment's delay had his legs and his back shampooed by his attendants. Though the Mussulman manners of this great man very much annoyed me, they had, on the contrary, a very opposite effect upon Samba Yoro, my

ordinary interpreter; who, generally very chary of his words, seemed now quite astounded, and said to me, "This is a great Marabout." After this there was nothing more to be said than, down with the curtain; the play is done.

Ousman was not long in telling me that he saw I wanted nothing, and had plenty of provisions; he made other remarks of the same character, which augured ill of the supper which he had in store for us. Fahmahra advised me to apply to the Diulas, before they left us, and by whom we had been accompanied to this place, for a guide to take us to Diangounté. I therefore asked them if they could get me one, and also sell me a horse, of which the doctor stood in great need. He promised me all I wanted, but when night came they had not even furnished my hut with straw for my bed. I at once asked for a supply for myself and my men. After a long time I obtained it, and at the same time a fowl and some rice for my supper. As to my men, nothing was sent to them. Fortunately, our own provisions were not yet exhausted. I made a request for some millet for the horses and asses, and after an interval of two hours I received a few pints for them. I then lay down to sleep, little pleased either with the chief or his subjects.

On the 5th of February I awoke, after a bad night, and was afraid, though I cannot say why, that I should have to encounter fresh difficulties. I was, besides, becoming weaker from day to day, from circumstances which I must explain. I had had several disputes with my guide in order to maintain my authority as head of the party, upon which he was desirous of encroaching by opposing our times of rest, and by wishing to regulate our march, &c. &c. As I never left a place without acquiring information about the villages I should meet with on my route—their distance, even to three or four days' journey in advance—I was most unwilling, when once *en route*, that there should be any capricious interference with my plans. The attempt to do this on the part of my guide had irritated me against him, and I endeavoured to prove to him that he was now but of little use to me, as I was in districts under the authority of the chief of Farabougou. As our provisions were diminishing, it was with difficulty I could satisfy his demands and those of the four men who accompanied him. All these anxieties oppressed me during my sleepless night, and when I got up I was very much harassed by them. About seven o'clock Tierno Ousman came to have a talk with me, and I found him disposed to be more hypocritical than before. He came to tell me that I must go to Nioro to see Mustafa, a chieftain placed there by El Hadj, who would be able to assist me in my journey by Ségou, one far more difficult and less secure than that by Diangounté. It would only occasion me, he said, a delay of four days.

One can imagine what effect this statement had upon me. I let him talk for half an hour, during which I exercised great control over myself. In fact, had I not foreseen what would happen? When he had ceased talking, I replied that I had nothing to do at Nioro, that it was not on my route, that I had no more come to see Mustafa than to see him, that I was on my way to Ségou, that I had taken my present route because I understood the country was in the territory of El Hadj, and that I had found the road I had first taken closed against me. I further told him that if the other route was also impracticable I should certainly not look about for a third, but that I should start for St. Louis and not for Nioro. I added that I had already applied to him for a guide to Diangounté, and that if he refused to send one I should, notwithstanding, start on the morrow, and complain to El Hadj of the delay he had occasioned me, and of the ill-feeling that had been shown towards me.

He insisted upon my following his advice, but, finding that I was very decided in the matter, he fell back upon another plan, viz., that I should consent to go to Farabougou, where there was an officer of El Hadj, who had sent a man (then present at our interview) to pay his respects to me, and to whom he then introduced me. At the exhibition of such impertinence I broke out into a passion, and told him in very energetic language that I intended to go to Diangounté or St. Louis, and to nowhere else.

When he saw me so decided, Ousman began to be afraid as to what I might say next. He lowered his tone, and assured me in the most gracious manner that he had only made the proposition as one likely to be agreeable to me, that I could do just what I liked, and that no one, he was certain, would thwart my wishes. This put an end to our interview.

Shortly after this another very important person—Dandangoura, chief of Farabougou—came to see me. He was a tall man, wearing a red fez, surmounted by a large turban. He came mounted upon a magnificent horse of great size and of Moorish blood. He had an escort of twenty horsemen. He wore Haussa trousers, big in the leg and narrow at the bottom, with embroidered seams. His mantle, known by the name of Turkey, is very like the national dress of the Bambaras. He was accompanied by his griot, his farrier, and a certain number of talibés. He seated himself in my hut with all his followers in so unceremonious a manner that I was at once displeased with him. The hut was so small that we were crowded one upon the other. The heat being oppressive, he immediately took off his turban, and I saw the sweat running down from him. The stench arising from all these negroes became insupportable, and the talk we had did not tend either to lessen my discomfort or abate my ill-humour. Dandangoura began by telling me that I must wait until he could collect an army to serve as my escort, as the roads were not safe for travellers. My reply was the same that I had made to Ousman, viz., that I should start on the morrow for Diangounté or St. Louis. Thinking, perhaps, to frighten me, he then told me that he was an officer of El Hadj, that he was the governor of the country, that he did not trust me, and that he wished to see whether I really had letters to his master. I immediately produced them, but as he wished to open them, I got into a passion as I had done at Koundian, and in similar circumstances, and told him that I would not suffer them to be opened, and that, whatever might be the consequences, I should know how to command respect. This determination on my part quite deceived him. After all, in dealing with the blacks, he who talks loudest is most generally in the right. He immediately lowered his tone, and assured me that as I was in my own house I might do just as I liked, that he had not made the above proposal to annoy me, but simply for my advantage; that he wished me to go to Nioro for Mustafa, or that I should at least stay a few days at Farabougou. I had still too fresh in my recollection the scenes that took place at Koundian in the matter of presents to put myself in the hands of this officer, so I remained firm, and consequently gained the day. But our interview was not yet at an

end. We were twenty-four, all crowded together in a hut of very small dimensions. I intimated to Fahmahra that they must leave the hut, as I could no longer endure the heat. But Dandangoura replied that he had come on purpose to see me, and that therefore he should remain with me. Without further ceremony he laid himself down on my mat. I felt very much disposed to turn him out, and certainly, were such an annoyance to happen to me now, I should most assuredly eject the intruder with my cane. But I had resolved to remain calm, and not in any way to compromise myself by violence. I therefore told him that I wanted to write, and that if he had nothing further to say to me I must request him to quit my mat and leave me alone. But I might just as well have spoken to a deaf man, for he would not budge an inch. Upon this, I got up and walked out into the open air, telling him that as I could be no longer master in my own house, I must resign it to him. I went to look at his horses, some of which were very fine, and I tried to make a bargain for one of them, but they asked more than nine hundred francs (£36) or eight slaves. But, however much I desired to buy the doctor a horse, as he was suffering a good deal from riding upon an ass, it was quite impossible for me to give such a sum. After a long discussion about the price, I re-entered my hut, and, finding that Dandangoura and his followers were still in possession, I went to fetch Fahmahra, and told him to inform Dandangoura that I should complain of him to his master. Almost immediately Dandangoura came himself to tell me that my hut was at my service. I left him without a word, and went in to rest myself.

After all, I was not to be duped by his schemes. They were combined, like a set of thieves, to extort presents from me, and they coolly said to me, "We don't ask for anything; oh, no! we don't want any presents; but if you should offer them to us, why, then we shall accept them, but we don't ask you for any." A little while after, on finding that I was not to be caught by their baits, Dandangoura intimated to me that he only wanted a red cap. On any other occasion I should have at once given it to him, as I know the prestige acquired by gifts, but I was harassed, tormented, and provoked. I therefore resolutely refused to give it to him, and shortly after this I had the gratification of seeing Dandangoura leave without anything of mine in his possession. Though he did not get anything out of me, he managed, however, to extort from Fahmahra his horse-pistol.

In the evening I had a fresh trouble with Tierno Ousman. I openly reproached him with the bad treatment I had met with, and threatened to report him to his master. He was all the more servile, and used all his eloquence in asking me for a red cap, some powder, paper, and gun-flints. I gave him the cap and a little powder, but I declined to give him anything more, and again reminded him of the guide he had promised me. The following morning, as the guide had not arrived, I had the horses loaded, and resolved to leave under any circumstances; then, on Ousman making his appearance, I rated him pretty soundly through the interpreter from Boubakar, upon which he said he would go and find me a guide directly, and returned to the village. About eight o'clock in the evening, as no one came, I gave a man a gun-flint to show me the best route to take, and then I started. A little while after Fahmahra brought me the guide, and a Marabout with him.



TIERNO OUSMAN SHAMPOOED BY HIS ATTENDANTS.

From Guémoukoura we made out Farabougou and Nioro, slightly ahead of us to the north-west—so, at least, it appeared from the direction pointed out to me. Farabougou, which I myself did not see, but which one of my men visited afterwards, has a tata of solid stone. It is about eight leagues from

Guémoukoura, and Nioro must be about forty leagues, or four days' journey, from the same place.

The plain gradually rises towards the north. The country becomes more woody, and a good many wild fig-trees and chestnuts are seen. Three hours' walking brought us to Madiga (a village abounding in millet), consisting of poor huts made of straw. On my arrival I was quite overcome by fatigue, and as the distance to Tinkaré, the first village I should reach on my way to Diangounté, was considerable, I resolved to sleep here. At mid-day I took an observation, and found that I was in 14° 22′ 15″ north latitude. This proved to me that the calculation I had made of my journey since my last observation was not accurate.

The weather was very cloudy the whole day. I tried to purchase a horse for the doctor, but I could not agree about the price. Our strength was gradually failing us; Déthié N'diaye was ill. He was a very plucky fellow, and when he complained I knew it was because he was in great suffering. Mamboye also was very sore-footed, and could no longer drive his mule, which was wounded in its withers.



DANDANGOURA, CHIEF OF FARABOUGOU.

In the evening a little Moor, named Tenoïjib, a shepherd belonging to the village, brought me some milk and had a talk with us. He amused me very much with his chattering. As I knew by experience that a Moor never makes a present without asking something in return for it, I asked him what he wanted, and it ended by my giving him a little knife.

On the 7th of February, at daybreak, as I was wishing to start, I was informed that they could not make our last ox get upon his legs, so I gave him to the people of the village, by whom he was immediately slaughtered. Four hours' journey brought us to a marsh, which we crossed, and shortly afterwards we reached the bank of a magnificent lake. Myriads of long-legged white birds stood out in bold relief amid the tall green grass. In less than three-quarters of an hour we arrived at Tinkaré, a village consisting of a few straw huts, with a tata in course of construction, in which we lodged. This village derives a considerable revenue from the large fisheries in the neighbouring lake. The natives dry the fish, and then sell them at a distance from their homes. But when we were there it was impossible to obtain any fish at all, either fresh or dried.

The chief brought us three fowls and some bran of the country for our cattle. Mamboye and Alioun went out shooting, and brought us three Guinea fowls. At night they brought eleven calabashes of couscous for my men, and we were very comfortable except for the mosquitoes. A little while after this they brought in Samba Yoro, who, on leaving the tata, fell into a hole and slightly dislocated his knee. He was obliged to have it bound up and put on a support. I gave him my thin mattress, and on the morrow, and for some time after, he could only accompany us on a horse or an ass.

On the 8th of February I was awoke in the morning by a lion out in search of prey. As soon as day broke I left the village, and heard him roaring very near to me. I prudently hurried back. In the evening some Moors brought me some giraffe tails for sale, telling me, at the same time, that there were many of these animals in the neighbourhood.

After a journey of three hours and a half we reached Dianghirté, a name recently given to it, according to the Moors. It appeared that El Hadj had given this name to Diangounté, having selected it from the Koran, Diangounté being only applied to the district in which we now were. Shortly after our arrival, Tierno Boubakar Sirey, chief of a large village,

paid me a visit on horseback, followed by a crowd of talibés, among whom were several who spoke a little French. Among them was one named Boubakar Djawara, of St. Louis, who told me that his wife, Maram Tiéo, was still in that town with her daughter, Roqué N'diaye, well known by my Laptots as one of the prettiest girls in the island.

The palaver commenced on their arrival with a very florid account, given by Fahmahra, of our journey from Koundian, with the reasons which induced us to come to Dianghirté. After this I complained of the pressure put upon me to make me go to Nioro. Tierno Boubakar merely replied that I was very welcome, and that he would do all that he could for me. He then repeated in the Bambara dialect to Lagui, the chief of the Kagoros, what he had just learnt. Lagui, in his turn, told my story in a loud voice to his followers, making at the same time short but very energetic protestations in favour of El Hadj, and of those who were going to him. They then left me, to hold a conference among themselves.

Tierno Boubakar Sirey is an old Toucouleur of Fouta Toro, a Torodo of the Li tribe. When El Hadj founded a house (as they say here) on the ruins of a village taken from the Bambaras, after having slain its chief, Niéma Niénancoro Diam, he entrusted the headship of it to Boubakar. The face of this chief was very prepossessing, and its features were stamped with a look of benevolence. He took our fancy at once, and his conduct never belied the good opinion we formed of him. His old namesake, Boubakar Djawara, had already made himself our friend, and had brought us some eggs, fowls, and earth-nuts.

Shortly after our interview the Bambaras came and built us two straw huts. Their plan of building is very simple. They first of all make holes in the earth in a circle or square; they then put in stakes, the ends of which are forked; these stakes are then fastened together with sticks more or less straight and of various degrees of thickness. The whole is covered with dry leaves piled one upon another without any regard to uniformity, and a few strips of bark consolidate and complete the whole building.

These Bambaras worked in so disorderly a manner, that I was quite struck by it. They shouted and quarrelled, no one directing them. They made and unmade their work, and notwithstanding their zeal, my hut was a long time in building. It was, in fact, a very good representation of their life, and of the life of negroes in general—viz., disorder under every form.

I bought a fine sheep and two bottles of butter for a few yards of cloth. About four o'clock the chief sent us two fowls and some rice, telling us that was only for our supper. An hour after, he himself brought us a young heifer as big as an ass. He apologised for offering me so small an ox, pretending that oxen were very scarce. Then he gave me a large leather bag full of millet, for my cattle and men, and assured me that he would be responsible for their supper, and that in the evening he would send me some milk. At night, in fact, my men received a most abundant supply of couscous, and I had about six pints of milk. We were literally swimming in plenty, which was still further increased by Fahmahra receiving, in addition, presents for himself. The following morning, I had scarcely awoke from a very refreshing sleep when I received a calabash of milk. About nine o'clock old Tierno paid me a visit, bringing for my breakfast three fowls and a calabash full of the rice of the country, of very fine quality. He brought the doctor a whole host of patients. It would take too long to enumerate the impossible diseases they described to us. There were some who had been suffering from their wounds for two or three years, others were afflicted with ulcers, ophthalmia, dysentery, diseases of the skin, &c. &c. We might easily have exhausted among them all our stock of medicine, of which we had but a limited supply.

Diangounté, the Ghiangounté of Raffenel, who was not able to reach so far, is a country which has always been independent, though paying tribute to Ségou, of which it is considered a province. It is of limited extent; from east to west it can be traversed in two days, and even less than that from north to south. Bounded by Kaarta on the south-west, on the north by the Bakhounou, on the east by Ségou, on the south-east by Bélédougou, another tributary state of Ségou, and again on the south by Foula Dougou, which was also for a long time a tributary state of the vast empire of the upper Niger, its geographical and political position is very remarkable. It has but one place of any importance, viz., Dianghirté, where I was now staying. It has no trade but that which is common to all the countries of the blacks, no resources except those which arise from the cultivation of rice, millet, maize, ground-nuts, cotton, indigo, beans, tomatoes, onions, and a little tobacco (called by the natives tancoro, or tamaka). This is all that the country produces.

Dianghirté, its capital, is surrounded by high walls, with here and there a gap intervening. Its principal gate was formerly capped by a dwelling now falling into decay, and in a word, even the tata is badly kept up. Five hundred and forty talibés with their families inhabit the city, of which they are the armed defence. The Bambaras, the former masters of the country, live quite apart from them in straw huts, in six hamlets, which are grouped together around the city, and in sight of the walls which overlook them.

The most remarkable monument in Dianghirté is the Tata or palace of El Hadj. It is a house in *pisé*, or kneaded mud, as are all the buildings in the village, but is distinguished by two square towers in good preservation, and castellated in Saracenic fashion.

Of course, I could not get leave to see the interior of this royal abode. I remember even the astonished face of the tamsir of the place, to whom I had given some sheets of paper as a present, when, having invited me to his house, he saw me pass before him, and, ignorant of the customs of the country, go into the court of the women, who fled at the sight of me. This piece of Mohammedan barbarism is one of the innovations introduced among the Toucouleurs by El Hadj; for the women of the tribes of Senegal do not generally shut themselves up.

Our departure was fixed for the morning of the 10th of February. Tierno Boubakar, when he promised to provide me with guides, let me know secretly that if I had anything for him, I was to give it him at night, otherwise he would be obliged to share it with others, and would be plundered. Perhaps he expected a handsome present; but I was true to my principle of giving very little, and sent him a velvet cap embroidered with gold, some paper, and a little powder. I noticed a curious sword he carried at his side, very ancient, but doubtless of great value. It had a richly-damascened blade and a finely-chased hilt, and on one of the ornaments was the head of a Roman emperor, beautifully executed.

Afterwards, when Tierno Boubakar sent to thank me, he asked for a boubar of white cotton, which I gave him at once. It was madapolam, a yard and a half wide, and much esteemed in the country. Boubakar Djawara asked only for a little powder. I was well supplied, and could therefore afford to be generous then, as throughout the journey.

On the morning of the 10th, we set out at last in the direction of the Niger, on which we had for some time been turning our backs in the most tantalising manner. Refreshed by our short rest, we were all in good spirits, and walked eastward with light hearts. As usual, the guides had to be waited for. Boubakar, after going on horseback to look after them, came to see us off. He had brought us a reinforcement of three talibés, and one of them had a letter for Ahmadou. The men from Dinguiray with their ragged slaves had joined us, and also two from Guémoukoura, so that, as far as numbers went, we were prepared for anything.

Old Boubakar, at parting, bestowed on me a kind of Mussulman benediction—spitting on his hand and passing it lightly over his face. We had started at half-past seven, leaving the Bélédougou road on our right. Shortly after ten we traversed a wood, belonging to Dianghirté, the trees of which were literally covered with locusts; these insects, from their inconceivable voracity, are a scourge to the crops; they make a noise like hail in their flight, and are continually in movement.

A little further on we crossed a stream, which, although very nearly dried up, had such a deep, defined bed, as to excite my curiosity. On inquiry, I learned from a Moor that in the rainy season it falls into the Niger, passing through the Bélédougou territory; it was probably, therefore, the famous Ba-Oulé tributary, described by former travellers, and certainly could not be called a river. I was told then that it joined the Niger near Bamakou; but afterwards, when I was ascending that river, I came to an immense affluent, almost opposite Dina, called the Bélédougou tributary; and, as I was told it was the only one in that country, I came to the conclusion that it must be this same Ba-Oulé.

Keeping along its banks we came to Kalabala, an unimportant village inhabited by Bambaras. Beside the recently-built straw huts were the ruins of the ancient village. Devastated as the whole country had been during the conquest, we could still trace out the position of the houses, which were of earth, like those of Dianghirté, and many of them under ground. In the evening we were agreeably surprised by the sight of a herd of from two to three hundred oxen at Fabougou, a village in course of re-construction on one of the branches of the tributary. The herdsmen, who came to look at us, all bore the distinctive marks of the Peuhl type—aquiline nose, thin lips, and silky hair in plaits.

We had rather a bad night; I could not sleep at all. In spite of the hospitality we had met with, we were getting worn out. Our store of biscuit was almost exhausted, our coffee and sugar had long come to an end, and we were getting sensibly weaker, so that before starting I wrote the following lines:—"Passed a sleepless night, and felt very unwell; ate very little yesterday. I must hold out till two o'clock before taking anything. If only I had a piece of bread!" Good God! yes, a piece of bread. That was then, as it has often been since, my greatest wish. These are sufferings which cannot be understood, and which are, nevertheless, at the time almost unbearable.

The following days were most tiring. On the second we crossed the boundaries of Ségou.

As we went on, the country became more and more hilly. The plains of Kaarta and Diangounté were succeeded by wooded land; the uniformity was broken by ravines, and here and there rocks cropped out.

About the villages tobacco was more largely cultivated. Although I noted down all these facts, I did not care much about anything, and had but one idea and object—to walk on and on, in spite of everything, and reach the Niger before my strength failed me. These countries furnish Western Africa with a large proportion of those travelling traders who, under the name of Diulas (a Soninké word which sufficiently denotes their origin), do so much for the extension of commerce. Wherever hospitality was shown me, I made small presents of powder and other things; it was not much, but then I might also have given nothing. I dare say many were left discontented, but that must always be expected, and a secret instinct made me reserve myself, and be careful of my stores. I fully hoped that, having once got to the Niger, I should be able to follow Mungo Park's example, and go down it in a boat to the Bight of Benin; then I should need all my resources, which would even most probably be very far from sufficient. So neither fatigue nor suffering could stop me, and I pushed on again for Tiefougoula, a large village with a tata enclosed by an immense goupouilli, or village of straw huts, and with one of the miserable-looking little villages of the Peuhls in sight, at the foot of a small mountain to the north-east. Numbers of cattle, oxen, and some horses were the first living objects we saw. The population consisted chiefly of Soninkés, who alone inhabited the tata. Besides them, there were numbers of Peuhls and Moors: the latter trade in salt, and were only passing through.

Although the people of the village were pure Sarracolets, and spoke Soninké, they had adopted a custom which is distinctively peculiar to the Bambaras—that of making three incisions in the cheek, running from the temples to the chin. They also, almost all of them, wore the botoque, a split ring, either of gold, copper, or sometimes even of wax, passed through a hole in the nose. It is a hideous and barbarous custom, but much adhered to in the country, and is found with some modifications throughout Central Soudan, from the mountain ranges of Kong to Timbuctoo, and from the Adamawa to the Senegal basin; further, fortunately, it does not extend. Our encampment was immediately invaded by a crowd proportionate to the large population of the place. They brought us, in exchange for glass beads, splendid onions, European tomatoes (or rather of the same species as that of Europe), and milk and butter.

Whilst I was helping to prepare dinner, I heard that a Massassi of Guémené had come to visit me. I then learned that all the Massassis of Kaarta, who had not been put to death by El Hadj, and had not taken refuge in the Khasso and Bambouk territories, protected by our allies, had found shelter in the village of Guémené, about three hours' journey to the south.

Two fine blacks, of the remarkable Massassis type—according to Raffenel, the only one existing among the Bambaras—came forward, with wonderful ease of manner; and very handsome fellows they were, as are all belonging to that tribe, which possibly owes its physical qualities to constant intermixture with the Peuhl race. They were dressed in black lomas, a fine stuff made in the country, and dyed of the very

darkest indigo, and wore turbans, called tamba sembé. Their powder-flasks and cartouche-boxes were tied on their backs with red silk cords, obtained from the Moors; and they carried swords slung in straps across their shoulders, and double-barrelled guns in their hands. They struck me from the first by their good manners; spoke in a low voice and very courteously, different from the Bambaras, who yell as if all the deaf people in the world were to hear them, and emphasise their yells by the most violent gesticulations. They told me that their father, hearing two whites were in the country, had sent them to greet us, and offer me their help and protection on the journey; that the Bélédougou territory was in revolt, and its army stationed near Toumboula, a village through which we should have to pass; but, if we went to them, we should be in drying. I wanted to reward my friend for his good reception, and, by Fahmahra's advice, sent him a pair of breeches and a dozen yards of calico, with which he was greatly delighted.

On the 15th of February, after a very cold night (50° Fahrenheit), our camp was again assailed by the inquisitive throng—I may say by the entire population of the place, together with the most objectionable visitors of any, the Moors, males and females. The Laklalls—a tribe of this race—had their camp not far off; and these Moors distinguished themselves, as usual, by their begging and insolence. The blacks have an instinctive dread of them; in fact, live in continual subjection to them. Those in question were of the pure Arab type, and some of them splendid fellows. The women were draped in dirty and much-worn calico, and had an air of conscious dignity about



HOUSE OF EL HADJ AT DIANGHIRTÉ.

complete safety; that they would assemble an army to escort us; that their tribe had ever been friendly to the whites, and, as they had received and treated Raffenel, so would they receive and treat me. Those who have read Raffenel's travels will understand my feelings. I declined their kind offers with thanks, and told them that, as I was going to Ségou to see El Hadj under the care of his talibés, I must be guided by them, and keep to the route we had originally traced out for ourselves.

When my visitors had departed, the chief of the village brought me a fine grey ox for my supper, and apologised for not being able to treat me better. I had it killed on the spot, and, according to the Malinké and Bambara custom, sent the donor a fore-leg and several ribs. Oddly enough, the fore-legs are preferred, though the hinder ones are fatter, and of a much better quality: but there is no accounting for taste. I gave away everything but the hind-quarters, which I kept for them. Two or three were rather pretty, but with a decided tendency to *embonpoint*.

If it had not been for the extraordinary rush of lookers-on, no better place than Tiefougoula could possibly have been chosen for a halt. We were in the midst of abundance and plenty, but really the Moors were exasperating. Since my journey in Tagant, I had had a horror of them, and now again I found them inveterate thieves. We had been among the blacks for three months, and had never had a single thing stolen; and now, just when I had given orders to pack up and go on to Medina for the night, a bayonet was missing. I sent to tell the chief of the village, and his answer was, "It's the Moors! keep a strict watch over your property, or they'll take everything!" It was useless trying to recover the stolen article, so we started on our march, travelling northward to Sebindinkilé and then south-east to Medina, a Soninké village of large size.



TOMB OF ST. SEBALD, NUREMBERG

From Alsace to the Hartz.—III.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

NUREMBERG (CONTINUED)—THE FRANCONIAN SWITZERLAND—BAMBERG—LEIPSIC—MAGDEBURG—HALBERSTADT—STASSFURTH.

THE Burg or Castle of Nuremberg is admirably situated on the summit of a low, isolated, sandstone rock of small extent, commanding a fine view of the town at its base, and of the flat country around. It is reached by a steep path directly from the city; but the most pleasant access is through the gate represented in the illustration on p. 172, and along the outer side of the old ditch or fosse, now converted into an orchard. Within the old castle are three massive towers, forming an admirable termination upwards to every view of Nuremberg. One of the towers is pentagonal, and ugly enough; the other is round and well-proportioned. Both are very old. There are two chapels in the castle, in Romanesque style, probably of the eleventh century; and in the castle-yard is a noble lime-tree, said to be 700 years old.

Nuremberg is rich in churches. The town is now, indeed, intensely Protestant; and the richer and more ornate character that belonged to the churches in Catholic times, has been lost since the Reformation; but they are still full of interest. St. Sebald's Church, in the northern half of the city, is the most important, although it can hardly be called the most handsome. The west front has two lofty square towers, with a prominent angular and highly-decorated gable between them. The east end consists of a vast rounded apse, with numerous richly-sculptured and turreted buttresses and lofty windows. Each, separately, is very fine, but the combination is almost grotesque. Parts of the building are said to be of the eighth century, but the towers and choir are of the fourteenth.

Round the outer walls of this curious church there is much sculpture of various degrees of excellence, and there is also suspended in one corner a richly-ornamented bronze crucifix, said to weigh nearly a ton, and belonging to the earliest period of Nuremberg art in metal casting.

The interior of the church is quite as interesting as the outside. The choir is particularly elegant and well-lighted, some of the painted windows being very good. The chapels also are very interesting; but the great sight of the church is the tomb of St. Sebaldus in the choir. It is, indeed, one of the finest specimens of early German art in existence, and represents twelve years of labour on the part of its constructors—a certain Peter Vischer and his five sons; it was completed in 1519. It still contains the original oaken coffin of the saint, but this is now enclosed in a case of silver and gold, roofed like a house, and supported on numerous figures of snails, shell-fish, and dolphins. It reposes under a rich canopy, and is surrounded and adorned by beautiful statuettes of the twelve apostles and prophets, while its base is decorated with sculptures in fine relief, showing the miracles of the saint. The sarcophagus itself is more than three feet high, about five feet long, and eighteen inches broad. The whole shrine is about fifteen feet high, nine feet long, and five feet broad. The statue of the artist, Peter Vischer, in his working dress as a brazier, is among the figures at the base. The whole is of bronze.

The church of St. Lawrence, on the south or opposite side of the river, is finer externally than that of St. Sebald, and is better situated. It resembles St. Sebald's in the peculiar towers at the west end, with the intervening gable, and the rounded choir at the east end. The western front is, however, grander and more beautiful than that of the rival church, the whole front being filled with the most elaborate sculptures in every available space. The choir is less fine. The interior is also less effective, but it contains a curious pyx, or *Sacramentshäuschen*, which, though it does not rival the shrine of St. Sebald, is yet exceedingly beautiful and interesting. It is a pyramid of open stonework sixty feet high, reaching almost to the roof of the church, and bent over at the top, its object being to receive the sacramental elements after consecration. It rests on three kneeling figures of men, representing the artist and his two assistants.

Some of the other churches are interesting, but less so than these. The town-hall, although newly faced in the Italian style, really dates from the fourteenth century, and was partly renewed in 1522. It contains the ancient council chamber untouched. In it are paintings by Albert Dürer, and under it are torture chambers as at Ratisbon.

In the market-place is a magnificent work of art, called the Schöne Brunnen, or Beautiful Fountain. It dates from the fourteenth century, but was restored in 1824, and in its present state is believed to represent a fac-simile of the original. It is a slender octagonal spire fifty-six feet high, decorated with twenty-four statues; the original was painted and gilt. During the restoration it was necessary to replace sixteen of the twenty-four statues. It is one of the wonders of Nuremberg. There are several other fountains, some of great excellence.

The great market-place is full of rich and very beautiful examples of house architecture. The modern market itself is plain, and even ugly, by the side of these specimens of fine mediæval Gothic; but it is altogether lost in the overwhelming magnitude, as well as general effect, of the old buildings. Among them the Catholic church (Frauenkirche) is very conspicuous for its richly-carved and sculptured portal of the fourteenth century.

The cemetery of Nuremberg is a great curiosity. It is very ancient, and contains some interesting graves. The total number of tombstones is nearly 4,000, and they are so closely packed that, though not actually touching, it is quite impossible to walk amongst them. They are for the most part high and massive, but without much ornament. Albert Dürer was buried here, but his remains no longer occupy his grave.

Nuremberg has many collections of pictures and museums, and is full of objects of interest of all kinds. It deserves to be visited by every one who would see and feel the kind of life passed in the Middle Ages by the wealthy middle-class merchants of Central Europe, and the luxuries of art they were able to enjoy. Perhaps the absence of cushions and easy beds, the want of carpets and silk dresses, and of the thousand adjuncts now considered essential to a decent house, may have been, in some measure, compensated by a large amount of

architectural decoration in private as well as public buildings, a genuine love of art in all its forms, and a willingness to accept such comforts as are easily obtainable without hankering after others belonging to other countries, and insisting on combining in one time and place all that has ever been contrived or discovered for ensuring personal ease, without reference to taste, climate, or general fitness.

From Nuremberg, starting by an early train, a most interesting day's excursion may be made through one of those picturesque districts in the plateau of Germany, which are dignified by the name of "Switzerlands." The one in question is called the Franconian Switzerland, and there is another, near Dresden, called the Saxon Switzerland. They are, indeed, geographically, as unlike Switzerland as it is possible for two kinds of scenery to be, being the natural results of rain and rivers, running over and eating a way through flat rocks, originally cracked at the surface, either by the upheaval of the strata or by the action of weather. In each case they consist of river-banks broken, worn, and weathered. The Franconian Switzerland is in limestone, and is remarkable for its caverns. The Saxon Switzerland is in sandstone. Leaving Nuremberg at half-past seven in the morning, we reach Forchheim station before nine. There are always carriages at hand waiting to conduct travellers to the various points of interest. The first point is Streitburg (about twelve miles), which is reached in a couple of hours. It is a small but picturesque village, and affords excellent head-quarters for a day or two's excursion to the valleys, which from this point exhibit the peculiar scenery of the district. Immediately behind and above the town is a fragment of a castle, of which the ruined walls are continuous, and seem to belong to the natural pinnacles of rock near them. There are many such castles, half ruins of old walls—half natural imitations, the remains, for the most part, of a chain of defensive fortifications, constructed during the Middle Ages by the Prince-Bishop of Bamberg to keep off the Nuremberg burgesses. They have been neglected more than three centuries.

From Streitburg to Muggendorf up the valley of the Wiesent is only three miles, and the craggy rocks on each side are almost lost in the thick vegetation. The main valley is crossed here and there by others, so that the distance from one opening to another is small, and the number of water-channels large. Each separate little gorge has the same general characteristics, so that in going up the valley we soon enter, as it were, a labyrinth of narrow passages all having the same general aspect.

Throughout the system of valleys the limestone rock on each side is honeycombed with caverns, most of which have once been the resort of wild animals. The list of these ancient inhabitants includes many species no longer living in any part of Europe. The most interesting and best worth visiting of the caverns at present is perhaps the Sophien-höhle at Rabenstein. It is well provided with stalactites and stalagmites, and also contains a large supply of the old bones for which the district is famous. It is not, however, so remarkable in this respect as the cavern of Gailenreuth.

In a narrow part of the valley of the Wiesent, not approached by any carriage-road, a footpath leads through a number of natural arches, partly masked by trees, and over little wooden bridges connecting detached pinnacles also clothed with vegetation. This spot is called the Riesenburg, or Giant's Castle, and appears to be a natural cavern of which the roof has fallen in.

There is a tolerably good road up the valley, past several broken-down mills, more picturesque than profitable, to a place where four little streams converge. Up one of the little ravines belonging to these streams is Tüchersfeld, a village most charmingly situated in front of two singular needles of limestone. Still further up is Pottenstein, a handful of houses of all shapes and sizes, but most of them more like toys than real houses, thrown pell-mell on an irregular heap of limestone rock, some of the houses 150 feet above the stream, others on its very borders. Nothing can be more curious and irregular than these quaint and picturesque villages.

But, after all, it must be remembered that the whole district is nothing more than the irregular excavation and erosion of rotten limestone, forming a plateau of considerable elevation between the Alps and the low plains of Northern Europe. The greatest difference between the bottom of the valleys and the top of the plateau is 300 feet, and thus the valleys are still at a considerable elevation above the sea. The streams that run through them afterwards feed the larger European rivers, and carry thither the stones and mud derived from the rotten material they have helped to dissolve and eat away.

The Franconian Switzerland has hitherto been very little visited by English travellers. When I was there a few years ago there had been only two or three of my fellow-countrymen during the season at Streitburg, although the place is one of great repute among the Germans, who crowd thither partly for the sake of the scenery, partly for the milk and whey cure, for which it has a certain notoriety. Occasionally a geologist penetrates thither for the sake of the bone-caves, but with this exception, and a few hurried visits by travellers who are determined to run through the whole in one day, there are but few foreigners.

Those who stay a short time at Streitburg for the sake of the Franconian Switzerland, should not omit to visit also the town of Baireuth and the great Bavarian prison, about a mile and a half distant. The prisoners are made to earn their living, and do a certain amount of useful work in cutting and polishing marble, which is very abundant in the neighbourhood. There is railway communication from Baireuth to Neumarck, and so to Leipzic, but it is perhaps better to return from Streitburg to Bamberg.

Bamberg is a neat town, prettily and conveniently situated, and has a remarkably fine cathedral, recently put into complete repair by King Ludwig. The repair has involved the removal of much that obscured and concealed objects of real interest, such as frescoes and sculptured work long overlaid with whitewash. This building dates from the very commencement of the eleventh century, but having been nearly destroyed by fire shortly after it was finished, the greater part of the work is about a century later. It contains a good deal of richly-carved bronze. The lofty towers and spires of this building are exceedingly light and graceful, and are conspicuous objects at a distance, especially as the cathedral is built on high ground.

No one should leave Bamberg without visiting the Michaelsberg, the highest point of the hill on whose slope the upper town is built. It is not only the best part of the city, but affords noble views of the surrounding country. The church and old abbey upon it are also worth visiting, although the former is completely modernised. The abbey is very fine.

A journey of eight hours brings us from Bamberg to Leipzic, a handsome town containing many streets of lofty houses, but situated on the great plain, and with few remarkable public buildings. As in many other German towns, the old city is the centre only of the modern town, the fortifications that once enclosed it having been razed to the ground, and the space partly built upon—partly left in picturesque gardens and public walks. Thus the Leipzic of the Middle Ages was little more than half a mile across, whereas the town now bearing the name could not be crossed under two miles.

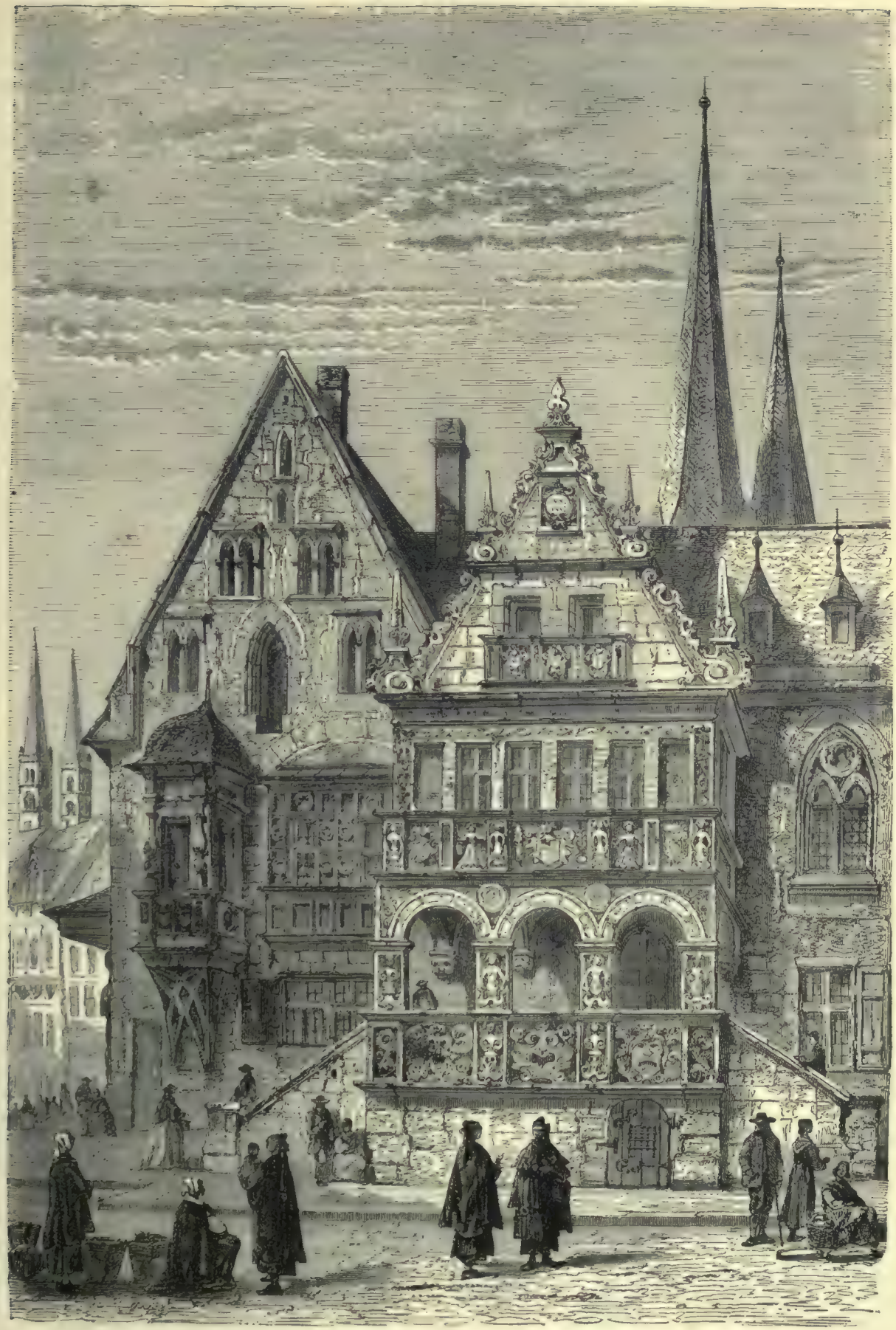
Leipzic is more celebrated for its fairs, which are still retained as important events, and for its book trade, than for any objects of antiquity or beauty. The principal fair nearly doubles for the time the number of the inhabitants, which always exceeds 80,000. It takes place after Easter, and lasts three weeks. There are smaller fairs at Michaelmas and the new year, and at all these times the streets and squares are lined with booths, and every hotel and lodging-house is filled to overflowing. Here only in Central and Northern Europe may be seen a mixture of Oriental with Occidental faces and costumes, and as there is a real interest and serious importance in the nature of the business transacted, Leipzic is well worth a visit at these times by those who would realise the nature of business in Europe in times gone by.

The traveller and tourist will, beyond a doubt, be informed when at Leipzic that he should visit the Castle of Pleissenburg, which formed a part of the old walls, and which now contains an observatory. The castle is interesting from its antiquity, but the position, which is eminently favourable for an observatory, is for that reason utterly uninteresting as a point of view. It commands a view of a flat plain without a single object to relieve the eye.



ENTRANCE OF THE IMPERIAL CASTLE, NUREMBERG.

From Leipzic to Magdeburg is an easy run of two or three hours. The town of Magdeburg is fortified, and is considered strong. There is one good street, and in it is the cathedral, the lower part of which dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century. Many parts of it are very fine, but there is nothing to detain the traveller long. From Magdeburg there is easy railway



TOWN-HALL, HALBERSTADT.

communication with Halberstadt, whence we may conveniently enter the district of the Hartz. Halberstadt is reached by way of Oschersleben in about two hours, and is a city of very considerable picturesque and antiquarian interest. The market-place is full of exceedingly quaint mediæval houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and in the centre is a colossal figure, symbolising the town itself and its privileges. The town-hall (*Rath-haus*) is a curious Gothic building of various dates, well worth careful examination. The illustration will remind the traveller who has seen it, of many points singularly attractive. The churches, especially the cathedral, are also remarkable, both without and within.

A short additional railway trip conducts us from Halberstadt by Quedlinburg, with its beautiful *Schlosskirche*, large and handsome houses, and turreted walls, to the station of Thale, the present terminus, where there is a very comfortable hotel, much visited during the summer, and close to some very fine scenery. From this point we may be said to enter the Hartz district.

But before leaving the neighbourhood of Magdeburg and entering the Hartz, the traveller interested in the mineral products of Europe will do well to pay a short visit to Stassfurth, where are extensive mineral works, resulting in the manufacture of important chemical products. These products were first made known about the time of the second great Exhibition in London in 1862, when the salts of potash, and other salts from this singularly rich source, began to attract attention. At that time about 2,500 tons of the raw material were extracted from this deposit. Few works have increased more rapidly, or become more economically important to whole groups of industries in so short a space as these Stassfurth minerals.

At the great works now established in this place there is a total thickness of nearly 200 yards containing valuable minerals. They include nearly 150 yards of rock-salt, separated by thin deposits of salts of lime, and beneath these other rocks, in which is a much larger proportion of minerals, containing salts of potash. The quantity is so great that the price of the salts of potash has been greatly lowered in the European market, followed by the introduction of the use of some of them for agricultural purposes. The mother liquor of the salt works, long established at Stassfurth, has long yielded crystals of the mineral in question. Upwards of 150,000 tons of potash salt were extracted in the year 1866.

Stassfurth is easily reached by a small branch from Magdeburg, and the works will not occupy more than a day to examine.

About the Chincha Islands.—II.

BY AUGUSTUS F. LINDLEY.

Some idea of the enormous guano deposits of the Chinchas may be formed when it is known that during the last twenty years they have been denuded to the average annual extent of at least 600,000 tons—12,000,000 tons in all; and that even this vast spoliation has not by any means exhausted the accumulations. At the same rate of export they could probably keep up the supply for many years to come. It seems, however, that at present some hitch has taken place, and that the guano now exported from Peru is not only of inferior quality, but that much of it comes from other places—the Lobos and other islands. It is possible that either the guano of the North Chincha Island, as well as what remains upon the other two, has been found to be of too inferior a quality for exportation, or that unexpected hills and rocks within the apparent body of the massive accumulations have greatly diminished the expected supply. In the absence of accurate measurement, and complete tests by sinking of shafts, &c., it would be idle to attempt any calculations as to the extent of the deposits, for cubic computations would lead us into an array of figures only approximate, and, perhaps, quite fallacious. To reckon upon only one square mile, covered with fifty feet of guano, we should make out a body of some 28,000,000 tons. Moreover, the Peruvian Government seems so jealous of allowing information to go forth as to the present state of affairs, that we are left quite in the dark.

The average number of vessels per annum loading at the islands is about 1,000; their average cargo is about 600 tons. This represents an annual export of 600,000 tons, of the value of about £12 per ton landed in England. The value of the yearly export at the Chinchas cannot be far short of £5,000,000 sterling. Formerly these islands were hired out to an English company by the Peruvian Government, and I believe the same arrangement still exists; but nevertheless, the guano and the revenue reaped from it must form one of the richest sources of income to Peru. By the latest intelligence from that country we hear of newly-discovered guano deposits on the main-land, of very great extent. How the birds of past periods must have favoured that land!

Everything was strange and peculiar at the Chinchas—the place, the people, and the life there. Sailors had good times then—at least, those who were clever or refractory enough to be thrown upon their own resources at Callao—the principal seaport of Peru, where ships had to enter before proceeding to the islands, and clear after leaving them—distant some fifty miles along the coast. It is said that every dog has its day. "Jack" had his, then. Wages for able seamen at Callao, some fifteen years ago, when I touched there in the good ship *Colonist*, were as high as £8 per month. The men you could obtain were not, as a rule, the best and most peaceable in the world; in fact, they were noted as a bad, rough, and rowdy set. Skippers who were unfortunate enough to be short of hands began to look up and prepare their irons and revolvers. We shipped one man there, and had occasion to rejoice that others had not been required.

The weather was fine, the breezes light, and it took our bark—never celebrated as a clipper—four days to reach the islands. During the first three of these the new man was quiet—quiet in

his bunk in the forecastle, duly dead-drunk and helpless, as is the way of mariners when joining a ship. Upon the fourth day Mr. Pat—a huge, red-haired Irish giant—made his first appearance on deck. It soon transpired that his seamanship was not overpowering. Being sent to the wheel at noon, his steering was such as would have greatly pleased that perspicuous officer of marines who, seeing a helmsman come to the wheel and steer with a spoke or two after one who had been heaving it hard up and hard down during his term, cursed the man for a lazy lubber. The mate—a strict disciplinarian, and very particular about the steering in his watch—quickly came to loggerheads with the new hand. There was a sharp reprimand (I think Mr. Parker was jealous of the man, and watched him with extra vigilance, because, though only a "foremast-hand," he was receiving the same wages as himself); after the reprimand an insolent answer; an attempt to push Pat away from the wheel; and then the next thing we saw was the mate lying flat upon his back on deck; the helmsman meanwhile uttering wild Celtic yells of triumph, and dancing a sort of savage war-dance upon the wheel-gratings. Mr. Parker got up, called for the captain, carpenter, and boatswain, then for the steward and the irons. To call for the latter was one thing; to get Pat, A. B., into them, quite another.

"Whoo-oo!" roared he. "An' I can't steer th' wheel, thin, yer ould spalpeen, eh? An' be gorra where's th' man that 'ull take me from it, yer ould cro-jack-eyed" (the mate had a cast in his eye) "thief o' th' world?"

This reflection upon his beauty, together with a sadly swollen nose, aroused the British lion, and Mr. Parker led a combined, and eventually successful, attack upon the refractory helmsman. When we anchored at the islands, he was taken ironed on board the Peruvian corvette lying there to preserve order.

I must confess to the superior ingenuity of those naval warriors of Peru in punishing recusant mariners. Upon the morning following our arrival we witnessed the cunning nature of his penance. Several buoys were laid down to point out dangers, and on one of these, half in and half out of the water, we beheld, firmly secured, the pugnacious Irishman. A bottle of water and a bone of beef hung to the buoy-staff, and Pat was alone in his glory. Watchful sentries with loaded muskets took care that no communication was held with the culprit: men of yellow skin, savage and morose mien were these, glowering forth over him and other tars undergoing punishment, from their coign of vantage on the gangways, quarters, and knightheads of the man-of-war. For three days and three nights Pat remained in that unenviable position; at the end of which time his loud and earnest protestations of repentance were hearkened to, and he was released. We had no more trouble with him at the Chinchas.

Only one man was missed from a buoy during our stay, and he, it was supposed, had been taken by a shark during the night. Those monsters of the deep were reported to be plentiful about the islands, though I never saw one; but the dread of them, no doubt, was not exactly reassuring—and not one of the least ingenious theories of the judges—to the sufferers on the half-submerged buoys.

Another very cunning device of the Peruvian authorities was to chain refractory sailors to sinking, leaky lighters, where they had to bale incessantly for dear life. "Jack" did not like this.

Despite these not impotent measures for the restraint of unruly spirits, there were always candidates for the unenviable stools of penitence. Those wild-looking, tawny Peruvian boatmen from the main-land, with their suspicious earthen jars, were, no doubt, to blame in the first place. "Jack" had dollars; the boatmen had rum or aguardiente; therefore most persistent and determined efforts were made by the latter to smuggle the murderous, fiery Pisco rum on board for the silver of the former.

Never shall I forget my first ascent to the summit of the Middle Island. With half a dozen of our crew I was on board the long-boat, and we were lying waiting beneath one of the shoots for cargo. As there was a delay, I undertook to climb up the rocks and see what might be the cause thereof. All went well until I had just reached the stout plank hoarding built around the top of the shoot; but then, just as I had succeeded in wriggling over the top of the canvas, and through the aperture to which it was connected, I heard a creak and a jolt above me, down came a smothering, blinding mass upon the top of me, and, whew! I was covered and almost suffocated with guano. As I struggled and floundered helplessly about in my abominable envelope, several Chinese coolies came to my aid, "Hi-ya! Hi-yaing!" with no little astonishment, but, nevertheless, beneficently dragging me up to the top of the rocks.

When, at length, I managed to breathe again, and to clear my eyes from that blinding dust, I saw that the cause of my disaster had been the emptying of a truck, in the way shown by the accompanying illustration, just as I made my appearance. A hollow space was enclosed by the hoarding, and into it was shot the guano, as the trucks arrived loaded from the workings.

I found that the workmen were obliged to wear thick mufflers over the mouth and nostrils, and I noticed, also, the fact that nearly all of them seemed to suffer from bad eyes, weakness of sight, and ophthalmia. I feel sure, from personal experience, that constant exposure to the guano is injurious to the eyes. In my own case, ever since that voyage I have found my sight less perfect than before. During the passage home guano fumes so pervaded the whole ship that sometimes we found it quite impossible to sleep in our berths, which, being at the sides of the vessel, were close to the air-holes in her inner shell, leading up from the hold. The guano accumulation on the Middle Island was a huge mass, hardened to a flinty consistency towards the bottom. I have already sufficiently described it in a former page of this article, and have only to add that it presented the appearance depicted in the engraving to this.

The abundance of fish about the Chinchas was something wonderful, and that wretched Jack Pincher nearly died of too much mackerel upon several occasions. You had only to throw a line into the water and catch mackerel in any quantity alongside the ship; whilst in-shore, about the rocks, were equally innumerable shoals of red mullet and rock-cod, besides many species of brightly-tinted, gorgeous-looking swimmers unknown to me, but familiar to the natives by long and sonorous Spanish names. These fish were delicious, delicate, and very welcome feeding after our irony, interminable salt horse and pork, and I may not refrain from singing your praises, O ye finny denizens of the Southern Seas!

Porpoises, seals, thrashers, and whales amused themselves by rolling, blowing, and tumbling about us all day. Two young

whales, especially, came, every morning and every afternoon, to gambol in our near vicinity. They were of the valueless but formidable fin-back species, so pursued their pleasure in unmolested security. At the appearance of these particular monsters of the deep I saw upon several occasions, for the first and last time in my life, the singular and generally disbelieved phenomenon of a whale jumping clean out of the water. Very often we were treated to the amusing and exciting scene of a pitched battle between two of these whales and a party of some half-dozen thrashers. These latter fishy animals—to enlighten the uninitiated—are about twice the size of the porpoise, that is to say, about nine feet long, and of the same shape. They are pie-bald, black and white in colour; and are of a most pugnacious disposition. The whale is their especial foe; him they attack, whenever a meeting takes place, by swimming up to the mighty brute, jumping nearly out of the water, and bringing down their powerful tails upon his broad back and sides with a sounding thwack that can be heard at a considerable distance: hence, I presume, their appellation of "thrasher." These lively creatures generally came off best in the fight; they were too nimble for the whales, who mostly gave up the contest and took to flight by "fluking" down to unknown depths.

As for seals, the waters swarmed with them, and the sailors, waiting in boats for their turn under the shoots, used to amuse themselves by catching them with boat-hooks, for the sake of their skins—used by the ship's carpenter for sand-paper, by "Jack" for tobacco-pouches, &c.—and their oil, burnt by the cook, and in the forecastle lamps.

The Peruvian authorities, moved thereto either by benevolence or by an innocent motive of self-interest, interdict the shooting or other molestation of birds. I suppose they have the very naïve idea that when the guano supply becomes exhausted they will reap the reward of so much virtue in the form of a fresh deposit by their pets. It seems to me, however, that, even giving to the Chinchas all the birds upon the face of the earth, the first consideration is, will this round and curious globe of ours be in existence at the exceedingly and incalculably remote period at which so prodigious a work could be again completed? Should the affirmative prevail, I do not think that it will make much difference to the present races of Peru; their future guano interest may be looked upon as an extremely remote contingency.



DISCHARGING GUANO-WAGONS.

Although the feathery tribe may not be injured at the islands, elsewhere, be it ever so near, that law does not prevail. This is a wise idea to make the wild sea-birds stick to their former favoured haunts.

One day, to vary the monotony of guano, guano, everywhere, our skipper took it into his head to go shooting on some little rocky islets about eight miles off. As there blew a fresh leading wind both going and returning, we were able to sail, so Jack Pincher and I were selected to accompany him, our four remaining comrades of the midshipmen's berth being doomed to remain on board and work at the guano. The

inspiring cause of our noble captain's undertaking was skins and stuffed birds for his better-half at home.

Upon reaching the largest of the little islets—a mere circular reef of some twenty square yards, rising half a dozen feet above the water—we were not a little surprised to behold the whole place covered with strange aquatic birds, standing like a regularly marshalled army. They resembled nothing in the world (at least, to Jack and myself) but a vast array of surplice-clad choristers. The skipper, however, knew better, and exclaimed, "Penguins, by Jove!" Their solemn, upright, human appearance was very striking.

utmost. As for our skipper, on reaching the ridge we saw him suddenly slip and disappear behind it, and then arose a most discordant agitated sort of noise, whilst birds by the dozen came waddling over the ridge and flopping into the sea. As in duty bound, after taking the boat's painter ashore, we followed our commander, to see what had become of him, and to afford him our aid in case of necessity. A most extraordinary sight awaited us upon mounting the slimy, slippery ledge of rocks. There below, in the crater-like hollow within the reef, upon numberless broods of young penguins, which the elder birds were striving to protect, lay our skipper! Amidst hundreds of birds, nests,



WORKINGS AND GUANO DEPOSIT ON THE MIDDLE ISLAND.

"First-rate for making feather beds," whispered the skipper, authoritatively, making ready his gun.

Bang, bang! went both barrels, and although several of the ecclesiastical-looking creatures fell back and vanished over the ridge of rock upon which they had been standing, few of the others manifested the slightest concern, though all were gazing at us in a steady, sedate, puzzled sort of way. When our captain saw this he relinquished his gun, took up one of the boat's stretchers, and sprang ashore to pick up the penguins he had shot, and to knock as many more upon the head as he might please. When he landed, the birds one by one, in a waddling, ludicrous shamble, began to make for the water, into which they slowly and awkwardly plunged and shuffled, gazing seriously and wonderingly upon us to the last, with their solemn visages turned our way and their bright black eyes distended to the pools of water, smashed eggs, and newly forming guano, he was literally immersed.

"Come on, Jack!" I roared. Then down we jumped, and began banging away right and left with our stretchers.

In time we were victors of the field, and dozens of the poor stupid birds were lying around us in the agonies of death. It was a far from pleasant picture, and was the last time that ever I went penguin-hunting, the poor things seemed so innocent, so human-like. Many sailors' wives, at the end of that voyage, made feather beds.

Not long after my visit, the Chinchas became civilised by the erection of a real hotel upon the North Island. This, no doubt, proved a great boon to the many merchant captains frequenting the place, as nothing was to be obtained in the way of food, drink, news, or entertainment previously. The only

representatives of civilisation when I was there were a few washerwomen of very varied race and personal appearance. There being no fresh water on the island except that which was carried there in large lighters from the mainland, and, moreover, rain being an unusual natural phenomenon, these ladies had things very much their own way with the captains, and such officers as were vain or particular enough to feel interested in the getting up of fine linen.

Our washerwoman, who "did for" the captain and a few others, was the acknowledged belle and beauty of the bevy. She was young, plump, and dusky—being of a warm Indian complexion, and was a sort of three-quarter caste. Her long black tresses were glossy and luxuriant; she had almond-shaped, expressive black eyes—wicked, killing eyes they were to the rough sea captains' hearts—an oval face, with an arch, pleasing expression; glittering white teeth; exquisite little feet and ankles (the which she took particular care coquettishly to display); and a most gorgeous crinoline-distended skirt. Besides all this, she had considerable fame as a *danseuse;* and once, ashore, to the delight and edification of myself, Jack Pincher, and an admiring audience of mates and captains, she favoured us with an exquisite performance of a genuine Spanish—though, perhaps, rather too voluptuously expressive—fandango. She rejoiced in the sonorous, high-sounding title of La Signorita Maria Josephina Theresa Carvalho.

There is one very serious affair connected with the Chincha Islands, which urgently demands the strictest and most prompt investigation by foreign governments; but which, alas! has always been callously and cynically ignored.

Taking up a newspaper published at Hong-Kong, in its issue dated November 16th, 1869, we find the following passage:—"Some attention has been attracted by the publication of a complaint from the Chinese coolies in Peru."

Poor wretches! Thank God they have made themselves heard at last! I only trust that some civilised and Christian government may take the Peruvians to task in the matter, and not rest until a tardy, long-deferred justice is afforded to such of the wickedly-deluded and cruelly-treated Chinese immigrants as remain alive.

Besides Indians, Peruvians, and other South Americans of European blood, mixed breeds, &c., the labourers at the Chinchas comprised Chinese coolies—who formed by far the majority—imported from Macao, Canton, and other ports in the south of China. These unfortunate men were, of course, decoyed from their own country upon the specious promise of high wages during a term of years (seven, I believe), and a free passage home at the end of that time. Hundreds of coolies have been obtained upon this understanding, but is it not notorious that the transactions became nothing more nor less than a downright slave trade? I have watched the case for years (having had a particular interest in China and its people), and I do not believe, nor can I find a particle of evidence to prove, that the agreement has ever been kept by the Peruvian government, and those responsible for it, in the instance of a single Chinese coolie! Since the day those wretched men were decoyed from their homes, and set their feet upon the ships that brought them, they became slaves. I am not sure that even a colourable pretext for breaking the agreement is set forth—that they are detained beyond the term of years, and refused a passage home, upon the plea that they are *in debt* to the contractors for food, clothing, other supplies, &c.; but *I am sure* as to the sort of treatment which I personally saw them receiving during my stay at the islands.

Almost every day several of the unfortunate victims were driven to commit suicide; and, believe me, the tale of the Chinaman who hanged himself because he lost his umbrella does not apply here. A wretched life, without hope of amendment, almost unparalleled sufferings beneath the unrelenting, unrelaxing tyranny of savagely cruel taskmasters, drove these miserables to terminate by their own rash act an unbearable existence.

Morning after morning that bright and animating southern sun exposed, as its revivifying rays darted forth from behind the lofty Cordilleras and gilded the waters with a golden glory, the lifeless, mangled bodies of dead, drowned Chinamen, beating slowly in the surf, hideously, and monotonously, against the jagged rocks of those sea-girt shores. The poor wretches, during the night, had committed suicide by throwing themselves from the top of the steep cliffs! *Primâ facie,* it is evident to the meanest capacity that this wholesale system of self-destruction could not have occurred without grave cause.

The Chinese labourers were, no doubt, grossly deceived in every particular. I had but few opportunities of conversing with any of them—they were so closely watched—but managed to ascertain that one of their principal grievances was the painful nature of the work they were compelled to perform, and the unhealthy, disagreeable substance at which they were made to labour. This important point (important, at least, to any contractors for the coolies, possessing the slightest particle of honour and honesty) seemed to have been carefully concealed from them until their arrival at the islands, when all complaint became useless, and they were driven to work by armed force.

Peruvian soldiers with loaded muskets watched over these supposed voluntary labourers as though they were a gang of dangerous convicts. They were brutally treated and beaten by their sallow, villanous-looking half-caste tyrants for the smallest provocation or offence—often for nothing at all, or for the slightest relaxation from laborious toil at the guano. Many, when ill health made them weak and unable to perform their tasks, perished from bad treatment and neglect. No wonder they preferred death to such an existence! The suicidal mania became so serious at last, and threatened so great a proportional loss to the speculators in human flesh and blood, that the coolies were closely watched by soldiers, and locked up under guard at night. And here we are brought to a strange psychological phenomenon and anomaly, viz.: although the Chinese were only too ready to commit self-destruction, yet, when it was known that the soldiers had authority to shoot them down like dogs for making the attempt, and trying to escape the slavery to which they were condemned, suicide became less frequent, and they seemed to fear being shot.

When I saw these half-caste, dirty-looking soldiers savagely beat, kick, and otherwise maltreat the poor Chinamen, I could not help remembering the old Jamaica proverb, that "God made the white man, and God made the black man, but the devil made the half-caste."

Peru's warriors—as represented at the Chincha Islands—were certainly a most disreputable, rabble rout. Soldiers, indeed! They were not worthy of the name, or to become camp-followers to the meanest army I ever saw. It may be that they were a bad lot, and that, for some such reason, they had been selected to garrison the islands; I hope so, for the sake of the Peruvians.

Perhaps it is as well for them that the Spaniards did not choose to attack Callao during the late serio-comic fracas between the two races. In their vessels of war, as a rule, they have many European officers and seamen.

Amongst others, I became acquainted with one Sergeant Gomez. Here is a sketch of that individual with his Indian slave, as he appeared one morning, shifting his quarters, and *en route* for the barracks at the other side of the island. In other matters he did not seem a bad sort of a fellow, though much given to cigarettes, aguardiente, and brutal treatment of the Chinese—whom, indeed, he seemed to consider as a sort of brute beast creation sent for the special purpose of cringing to his lordly beck and nod, and serving as a sort of animated target upon which to exercise the muscles of his legs and arms.



SERGEANT GOMEZ AND HIS SLAVE.

One very tragic incident occurred in connection with our vessel's stay at the Chinchas. Our turn had arrived, and we were lying finishing taking in cargo under the great shoots, when, on the evening of the last day we were there, just at dusk, when work was about to cease, the supply of guano coming down the shoot over the main hatchway suddenly ceased. We hailed the men ashore on the cliffs, and informed them of the circumstance, but, as they could not account for it, after half an hour's delay, they lowered the shoot down upon our decks, where we proceeded to clear it, some hard substance evidently choking it about the middle. We came to this at last, and found it was a dead Chinaman, suffocated by the superincumbent mass of guano wedged down upon his head and shoulders. The poor fellow had a small supply of boiled rice in a bag, together with a bottle of water, and had, no doubt, slipped into the shoot unperceived, intending to get into our hold, and so escape from the island. He cannot have been aware of the cross-bar in the centre of the shoot, placed there for the express purpose of preventing such escapes, and which had so fatally intercepted his descent.

As for the present condition of the Chinchas, as already stated, no accurate information can be obtained, except by a personal visit, which I, for one, do not feel inclined to pay, having had quite enough of them before.

The Regions of the Cazembe, and Dr. Livingstone's Recent Explorations.—IV.

BY CHARLES T. BEKE, PH.D., F.S.A., ETC.

THE description given by Captain Gamitto of the remarkable people under the rule of the Muata Cazembe is so brief and vague, that it does not enable us to form any definite idea of their physical character. All that he says of them is that they are black in colour, have long woolly hair, a conical head, high forehead, eyes prominent and generally very animated, flat cheeks, a high nose, and thin lips; and that they are of middle stature but rather thick-set, and carry the body erect.

Imperfect as this description is, it may be well to compare it with what Dr. Livingstone said many years ago, after having visited the extreme south-western limits of the regions under the rule of the Muatianfa, or Matiamvo, to which those of the Cazembe may be regarded as belonging geographically.

"The Ba-Londa are real negroes, having much more wool on their heads and bodies than any of the Be-Chuana or Caffre tribes. They are generally very dark in colour, but several are to be seen of a lighter hue; but while they have a general similarity to the typical negro, I never could, from my own observation, think that our ideal negro, as seen in tobacconists' shops, is the true type. A large proportion of the Ba-Londa, indeed, have heads somewhat elongated backwards and upwards, thick lips, flat noses, elongated *ossa calcis*, &c. &c.; but there are also many good-looking, well-shaped heads and persons among them."*

From this it would seem that the people described by Captain Gamitto are even more removed from the low type alluded to by Dr. Livingstone than those visited by the latter traveller on his former journey; and that, in fact, although they are black in colour, they have physically nothing of the negro, as the term is generally understood, except the complexion.

The Cazembes as a nation are, however, a mixed race.

* "Missionary Travels," p. 291.

The aborigines (if they may be so called) are the Messiras, a conquered people, who, from their language, show themselves to be of cognate origin with the Muizas and other neighbouring tribes. The lineal descendants of the former sovereigns of these people are still in existence, living in seclusion in an island in Lake Mofo, not being allowed to form any connections with the Cazembes, but being obliged to appear at Court on high festivals.

The dominant race are the Kampokólos, an invading people, who came from the territories of the Muatianfa in the north-west, beyond the great river Lualáo, and whose history in connection with the country they now occupy has already been given. The language of the Kampokólos, which is spoken at the Court of the Muata Cazembe, appears to be radically different from that of the Messiras and neighbouring tribes; for it was perfectly unintelligible to all the persons, European and African, attached to the Portuguese Mission of 1831—even to the interpreter, who was said to speak fluently all the other languages of the interior. Gamitto describes it as extremely guttural, abounding in vowel sounds, pleasing to the ear, and harmonious; and, from the fact of its being spoken without any gesticulation, he considers it must be copious. During a stay of six months at the Court of the Cazembe, the only two words he managed to pick up were *cupso*, meaning "fire," and *mame*, "water." With the exception of the word *mema*, which means "water" in the language of Lobal, I do not find anything at all resembling either word in any of the two hundred vocabularies contained in Koelle's "Polyglotta Africana;" and as they have not the slightest connection with the words *kash* (fire) and *menyi* (water), having the same significations in the Ruunda, Lunda, or Molúva language, which must be understood to be vernacular within the dominions of the Muatianfa, the legitimate inference certainly is that this potentate is himself a Kampokólo, and that this dominant race is foreign within his dominions in like manner as he is within those of the Cazembe. Gamitto says that the subjects of the Muatianfa are called Kampokólos as a mark of distinction, which is not at all inconsistent with my supposition. It would be an interesting study to determine the place of origin of this dominant race, who, like the Wa-Huma, also an intrusive people, described by Captain Speke, are remarkable for their utter disregard of human life; which, however, is unfortunately anything but exceptional among the natives of the interior of Africa.

When describing King Kamrasi, Captain Speke says, "No one dares stand before the king whilst he is either standing still or sitting, but must approach him with downcast eyes and bended knees, and kneel or sit when arrived. To touch the king's throne or clothes, even by accident, or to look upon his women, is certain death."* This passage might almost serve as a text for the following description of the customs at the Court of the Cazembe.

The person of the Mambo is inviolable, it being believed that, by virtue of his sorceries, if any one touched him he would inevitably die; but, as it is not possible for the sovereign to remain without sometimes coming in contact with other persons, the following expedient is resorted to in order to prevent such persons from dying. The individual from whom the Mambo receives or to whom he gives anything, or who in any manner whatsoever touches his person or even his clothes, has to go through a certain form before leaving his presence. He or she kneels before the Mambo, supporting the body on the heels, such being the position always assumed when addressing the sovereign. The latter then stretches out one of his hands, towards which the kneeler advances his or her right hand, and with the back of it touches the back of the Cazembe's hand, withdrawing it immediately, and giving a slight fillip with the thumb and middle finger; then, with the palm of the hand he or she touches the palm of the Muata's hand, forthwith drawing it back and repeating the fillip. This is done four or five times with both the back and the palm of the hands, till the Mambo withdraws his hand, and then the kneeler is at liberty to rise, and can retire without any fear of losing his life. This absurd ceremony has been ingeniously devised by the Mambos and their *gangas* (sorcerers or priests) as a means of preserving inviolate the life of the sovereign himself; and the people are weak and superstitious enough to believe in its efficacy as a means of preventing the death that would otherwise ensue on personal contact with him. It is scarcely necessary to add that this ceremony is adopted only when the person of the Cazembe is touched with his permission. To touch him, or even to approach him, without leave, would of itself ensure the immediate death of the transgressor.

It is the same with respect to the wives of the Mambo and their female attendants, some six hundred in number, who are employed in all domestic services—drawing water, carrying wood, and even working in the fields, and who, being dressed like the other females, are not easily distinguishable from them. And yet, if any man should accidentally meet one of these females, he is on the spot condemned to lose his ears, hands, and genitals. Hence, as soon as any man sees one of them, even at a distance, he, with the greatest precipitancy, either turns back or else takes another road. Or should a party of men happen to be standing together talking, and one of these women suddenly appears, they all take to their heels in the greatest disorder, let their rank or condition in life be what it may; it being absolutely forbidden to all, great and small, even to look at any female belonging to the Muata, however low her condition may be.

The most extraordinary instance of exclusiveness on the part of the Muata Cazembe with regard to the females belonging to his establishment, and at the same time of the lavish way in which human blood is spilled by him, is afforded by the following singular practice. When the Cazembe sees or hears of any female who pleases him, he sends for her, and has her received into the *ganda*, or seraglio; upon which her husband, if she has one, is immediately arrested and put to death, and all his property is confiscated. Meanwhile, the woman is made to confess with what other men she has ever had intercourse; and these, as fast as they are denounced, are taken and decapitated. If she does not readily confess, all possible means are employed to make her do so; and the questioning is prolonged several days, she being during the whole time unapproachable by any one except the *Kata-Dófo* or grand executrix (female executioner) of the seraglio, a high official, who bears as her badge of office a large knife in the form of a sickle, with which she kills or mutilates the females under her charge for any act of infidelity, or even on the slightest suspicion of anything of the kind. This fiend in female shape receives the deposition of the woman under her charge, and communicates it to the Cazembe; and as long as she can call to mind any

* "Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile," p. 256.

victims whom she may denounce, or as long as it is suspected that there is some one whom she ought to denounce, she is kept in this seclusion; and it is not till the Mambo is satisfied that she has confessed everything, that she is let out of confinement and assumes her place in his seraglio. Even if the woman is unmarried, the practice is the same; and, owing to the general laxity of morals among these people, it never happens that some men, few or many, are not put to death.

The Muata Cazembe always avails himself of such opportunities to execute acts of personal vengeance, under the pretence that the woman has accused some one whom he wishes to get rid of; there being absolutely no appeal against such a denunciation. But this pretext is hardly necessary, seeing that the sovereign has unlimited power over the lives and property of all his subjects, from the highest to the lowest; a power which is exercised in the most despotic and capricious manner. For instance, the mere failure in the prompt execution of an order given by the Cazembe, or in the immediate answer to a question put by him, is sufficient cause for him to command the offender's ears to be cut off, "in order that he may hear better another time;" and the sentence is executed on the spot, the ears being taken off close to the head with a curved knife. So, too, the abstraction of any property belonging to the Mambo is immediately punished with the loss of ears and hands. But it is needless to multiply instances of cruelty seemingly inherent in the native African.

The religious belief of these people is of a much higher order than might have been looked for in the interior of Africa. They believe that the *Pambi* is a being, who is the creator and ruler of everything, but who at the same time is readily controlled by the incantations of their sorcerers. Idols they do not appear to worship, the Cazembe alone possessing some wooden puppets, rudely imitating the human figure, and adorned with horns, bones, and other remains of animals,* which are reverenced as being in some manner the means of bringing him good, or averting evil from him. Through their help and by virtue of other sorceries, the Muata considers himself immortal; and when the fate of his ancestors is objected, he disputes the validity of the objection, saying that they died, not on account of their mortal nature, but from the want of due care and vigilance in the performance of their sorceries or religious ceremonies; because the Mambo was created by the Pambi to govern the people, and therefore would not die except from the effect of sorceries more powerful than his own. The reigning Muata, at the time of the second Portuguese mission, was so convinced of this, that, although no longer a young man, he refrained from nominating a Muana-Buto, or heir to the throne, lest he should fall a victim to his sorceries. It was said, indeed, that he had secretly made away with the only son borne to him by his chief wife; for as she was a Kampokólo of pure lineage, her son was heir-apparent in his own right, and the Muata was afraid he might conspire against him and deprive him of both his throne and his life.

It should be mentioned here that the government is hereditary, but it is necessary that the successor of the Muata should be the son of the Cazembe by a woman of Angola—that is to say, of the dominions of the Muatianfa, whose vassals are the Kampokólos, as already explained. As soon as the successor to the throne is acknowledged by the Muata, he takes the title of Muana-Buto. For want of a son possessing this essential qualification, the nearest relative of the reigning prince is elected, provided always that he is of equal birth. If there is no one thus qualified, a subject of the Muatianfa has to be nominated Muata Cazembe.

The sepulchres of the deceased Muatas are held sacred. Nevertheless, they do not pay divine worship to the dead, but merely treat their *mozimos*, or spirits, with the same consideration and respect with which they were treated when living. It is likewise believed that the deceased Mambos communicate with the living ones, and that they continue to experience the same wants and passions as before their death, and that they walk out by night, commit debauches, &c. On one occasion, shortly before the departure of the second Portuguese mission, the Muata Cazembe is said to have been visited at night by his father, the Muata Lekéza, who thus addressed him:—"Expect a severe punishment for the little care thou hast taken of me; for at night, when I come from the *mashámo* to walk about in Lunda (the capital), I am obliged to hold up my *muconzo*—the yellow state-dress described in a previous page*—and I get my feet quite wet, from the road being covered with grass, through thy not taking the trouble to send and have it cleared. And how is it that thou keepest here those Mozungos against their will, and treatest them as I never treated them? On this account, I am troubled with the continual complaints of their Geral who died here (Dr. Lacerda)."

From Captain Gamitto's statement, it is not clear whether this lecture from his father had anything to do with the permission to leave the country, which the Cazembe gave shortly afterwards to the Portuguese; but it is certain that thenceforth the road between Lunda and the sepulchres was kept clean and in good order, so that Dr. Lacerda's friend might walk to and fro, without wetting his feet or having to lift up his muconzo.

On the decease of a Mambo, all the kilólos or nobles assemble, and place the body of the departed sovereign on a throne in the great square, with the utmost pomp and ceremony, as if he were still living, the square being filled with the nobles and the people. As soon as all is in due order, the new Mambo issues from the palace, and when he has come in front of the deceased, he kneels down at a convenient distance and does homage to him. He next rises and approaches the deceased, at whose feet he again kneels down; and then with his right hand he takes hold of the right hand of the corpse, keeping the palms of the two hands in close contact; and with his left hand he removes from the arm of the deceased sovereign on to his own arm a ring of the thickness of half an inch, lined with a snake skin, slipping the same along, so that it is never for a moment separated from the arm of either the late Mambo or his successor. This ring is the symbol of royal power, and is never removed from the arm of the reigning sovereign. As soon as the passage of the ring is completed, and the new monarch has secured it on his arm above the elbow, he rises and assumes the character of Muata Cazembe, and as such is saluted with repeated cries of "Muana, Averie!" ("Lord, Hail!")—and when this is over, he proceeds to give orders for the interment of his predecessor. This ceremony is performed in the following manner. On a bier, called *cholólo*, is placed a seat of the size of the throne, or the throne itself; on this the body of the deceased sovereign is seated and properly secured; and then, accompanied by a

* See page 117, *ante*.

* See page 116, *ante*.

large escort and a band of music, it is conveyed to the mashámos, where the sepulchre for it has been prepared.

This consists of a square chamber underground, lined throughout with cloths of the finest quality, to which the descent is by a spacious sloping passage, and in which the corpse is deposited, seated on the chair on which it was brought, with all its clothes and ornaments. The entrance is then closed, but the chamber itself remains intact, and above it in the centre is made a small orifice, about an inch wide, having at its upper end, outside, a rim of clay, a few inches round, serving to prevent the escape of the food and drink poured down through the hole for the sustenance of the deceased sovereign. The cloths and other articles offered to him are placed on the ground within the house erected over the grave, which is regarded as the actual sepulchre; and, as we have seen, they become eventually the property of the reigning sovereign. The new Cazembe nominates a *muine-mashámo*, or grave-keeper, who is usually one of the servants of the defunct, and whose office becomes hereditary in his descendants.

Whenever war is about to be declared, one of the deceased Muatas—usually Lekéza, the reigning Cazembe's father—is invoked; and the skulls of all the enemies slain, that are brought back from the war, are offered at his mashámo, and the prisoners taken are sacrificed to him.

The great religious ceremonies, which consist of dancing and music, are directed by the Muata Cazembe in person, he being the supreme religious head. At their termination he shuts himself up within the mashámo, where he pours *pombe* and food into the grave, and when he retires he leaves some pieces of cloth as an offering to the spirit of the deceased.

The large river Lualáo, in which Canyembo, the first Muata Cazembe, was drowned in the manner already related,* is held in great veneration, it being regarded as the mashámo or sepulchre of that sovereign. In former times, the reigning Muata, accompanied by his kilólos and a multitude of people, was in the habit of going in great state, yearly at harvest season, on a pilgrimage to this river, for the purpose of performing religious ceremonies in honour of the deceased Muata, the founder of the dynasty. But, shortly before the arrival of the second Portuguese Mission in 1831, the reigning Mambo had ceased to go in person, and contented himself with sending only a few functionaries in his stead, and this without any state or formality. It was to this neglect of the national usage that the people attributed the calamities of famine and small-pox, with which they were afflicted at that period.

Now it was not in this respect alone that Canyembo V. showed himself to be degenerate. His father, the Muata Lekéza, had extended his rule eastward into the territories of the Muizas, from the Serra Chimpire as far as the river Chambeze; but his successor lost this portion of his father's dominions, the same having been invaded by the Muembas or Awembas, who are said to have come from a region situate north-west, or west-north-west, of the Cazembe's territories, and to call themselves Molúvans. If we admit this to be correct, we shall have to look on these Muembas as natives of the kingdom of Molúva, Lunda, or Ruunda, now under the rule of the Muatianfa; which people, it may not be unreasonable to conjecture, have retired from their own country before the face of the invading Kampokólos, who entered it from some unknown region in the interior of Africa, yet further north. These Muembas were subject to a chief, named Chiti-Mukulo, the meaning of which name Gamitto says, is "a large tree." Now, I find in Koelle's "Polyglotta Africana," that the word "large" or "great" is thus represented in several of what he calls the Kongo-ngola languages, viz.:—Pangela or Benguela, *dsakola;* Lubalo, *wakolu;* Ruunda, Lunda, or Molúva, *mokuromp;* Songo, *wakolu;* and Kisama, *dsakolu.* I have been unable to discover anything corresponding to the word *chiti* in the sense of "tree;" but there is still sufficient in "Mukulo" to establish the general affinity of these Muembas or Molúvans.

A remarkable class among the Cazembes are the *gangas*, priests or sorcerers, who live entirely apart from the rest of the people, in small straw huts hidden from sight within a thick wood of plantains, at a distance of about a mile from the residence of the Mambo. Captain Gamitto relates how, one evening, as he and Major Monteiro were taking their usual walk for exercise, and at the same time for observation, they approached this wood and penetrated into it, without being aware of its real character. Hardly had they come within sight of the huts in the centre, when their occupants came rushing out upon them and ordered them to retire. They were so startled by the sudden apparition, that they were unable to note with much accuracy either what they saw or what actually occurred; but at the end of the path in which their further advance was thus impeded, was a small straw hut, surrounded by a number of smaller ones. Some of these huts were entirely closed, whilst others were open, being only roofed, exposing to view numerous horrible figures. The gangas who approached the intruders and stopped their further progress, were almost entirely naked, of frightful countenances, harsh voices, and with inflamed looks; and they screamed out, "Where are you going, Mozungos? You must not come here. No one may enter this place." To the questions that the Portuguese officers attempted to put, the only answer they received was, "Go away, go away." They had therefore no alternative but to submit, being accompanied to the edge of the wood by the gangas, who then returned, muttering to themselves. On making inquiry of some of the Cazembes respecting this infernal wood, the persons thus addressed expressed their surprise that they had not heard of the place before, but yet more so that they should have been allowed to leave it in safety. This latter they naturally attributed to the fact of their being Mozungos; for they said that if any of the natives were even to approach the spot, they would infallibly be sacrificed, as it is there that the gangas consult and communicate with the spirits of the dead, with whom they profess to live on familiar terms.

In the morning of the day on which this occurred there had been a review of some troops, on their return from an expedition in which they had been victorious. As usual, they brought with them the skulls of the enemies they had slain, and also a couple of prisoners. Of these one was forthwith executed in the presence of the Mambo and of the Portuguese officers, who had been invited to be present on the occasion, and who interceded for the life of the second one, though, as it turned out, it was spared only temporarily. In the course of the day the Portuguese heard a good deal of drumming in this wood of the gangas, which was apparently the reason why in the evening they walked in that direction. On inquiring the cause of this drumming, they learned that, after they had retired from the presence of the Muata, the body of the prisoner

* See page 88, *ante*.

whom they had seen put to death was cut open, and his entrails taken out and put into a leather bag, which was placed in a straw hut destined for the purpose, and that the same, together with a goat and a basket of salt, were given by the Cazembe to his gangas, by whom the whole was afterwards cooked and devoured at a religious banquet; and that the dead body was then cast into a place set apart for that purpose without being buried. The second victim, for whom the chief of the mission had interceded, was handed over alive to the same gangas, by whom he was sacrificed in the wood, his entrails being eaten by these cannibals like those of the former prisoner; with this difference, however, that the body was cut into pieces and thrown into the river, such being the custom with respect to all victims sacrificed there.

The Caucasus.—IV.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, M.A., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS AND BASHAN."

THE glen of Devdorak, the torrent of which joins the Terek just above the gorge and fortress of Dariel, is divided near its head into two branches, separated by a jagged rocky ridge, one of the pinnacles of which, a tall isolated crag fit to be the very spot of Prometheus' torment, is visible from the high road. This serves as a beacon to a party bent on the ascent of Kazbek, for it may be attained by a sharp scramble from either branch of the glen; and at its foot we may find some corner wherein to spend the night, in an eyrie, where the glorious view of the Caucasian Colossus rising before our eyes will in some degree compensate for the discomforts of the position. Next morning we must start at daybreak, and, descending slightly on to the névé of the Devdorak glacier, wind our way amongst its crevasses until a great plain of frozen snow is reached, lying at the immediate base of the two summits, which constitute what might be called the head and hump of the mountain. A long but by no means steep slope, except for its last hundred feet, where the aid of the axe may be required, leads to the gap between the two peaks. As we step on to it, if the day be clear, our eyes will sweep over the main chain of the Caucasus, 6,000 feet below us, to the broad valley of the Kur and the Armenian hills, amongst which the white cone of Ararat may perhaps be visible. A short sharp climb up alternate banks of snow and broken crags will lead us in half an hour to the very cap of the snow dome, whence we look down on the post-station and the valley of the Terek, and gaze far and wide over a wilderness of peaks and ranges, the names of which are as yet unknown to geographical ears at home. Resembling Elbruz in being the eastern, as that was the western outwork of the central Caucasian Massif, yet Kazbek has not the satisfaction of lording it over the peaks that lie towards the Caspian so completely as his rival does when he looks on the comparatively puny ridges which stretch towards the Black Sea. Whenever Kazbek condescends to glance across the Terek gorge, he finds himself faced by a range but little inferior in height to that by which he is backed on the west; a range abounding in snow-fields and glaciers, in deep gorges and lofty peaks, more than one of which nearly approach the height of 15,000 feet. Such a one is the nameless mountain which overhangs Kazbek village on the east; such is Schebulos (14,781 feet in height); such again the far-off Basardjusi (14,722 feet), all worthy rivals to the Berninas, and Gross-Glockners, which play the same part in the economy of the Eastern Alps.

By starting before daybreak a party ought to be able to return to Kazbek post-house on the evening of the ascent, with the same ease with which Chamouni can be reached from Mont Blanc. The gap between the two peaks can also be attained from the opposite or southern side, as we proved by experience; but we should hesitate to recommend any one to go up this way, and those who try to descend by it will run the risk of "spending the remainder of their lives in sliding down an ice slope, and not finding the amusement last long enough to become monotonous." Far from wishing our travellers such a short and happy life, let us suppose them returned from their adventure, and prepared to investigate the real nature of the calamities known to the Russians, and of which every sojourner in the country will often hear, as "the Kazbek Avalanches." The first fact that will be clear to every one who has examined the ground is that no avalanche, properly so called, falling from Kazbek could reach the Dariel road, for the sufficient reason that five miles of undulating ground intervene between the actual base of the mountain and the Terek. The cause of the inundations which have undoubtedly taken place in the lower valley within the last fifty years, in 1808, 1817, and 1832, must therefore be sought elsewhere. Fortunately, we have not to rely for an explanation on ourselves, as the glen of Devdorak was examined in the summer of 1868 by M. E. Favre, of Geneva, who came to the following conclusion as to the real character of the catastrophe:—"No avalanche," he says, "could, without the aid of water, traverse the space between the end of the glacier and the Terek;" and he accounts for the disasters which have taken place in the following way:—He believes the Devdorak glacier to be subject to periods of sudden advance. During these the ice finds no sufficient space to spread itself out in the narrow gorge into which it is driven, and it is consequently forced, by the pressure from behind, into so compact a mass that the ordinary water channels are stopped, and the whole drainage of the glacier is pent up beneath its surface. Sooner or later, the accumulated waters burst open their prison, carrying away with them the lower portion of the glacier. A mingled flood of snow and ice, increased by earth and rocks torn from the hillsides during its passage, sweeps down the glen of Devdorak. Issuing into the main valley, it spreads from side to side, and dams the Terek. A lake is formed, and increases in size until it, too, breaks through its barrier, and inundates the Dariel gorge and the lower valley.

There seems little room to doubt that M. Favre has hit upon the true solution of the problem, and that all the historical disasters which are not due solely to the inventive talents of Russian officials, are traceable to the same source. Perils, however, of this formidable description are not the only ones to which the high-road is subjected. At the entrance of the village of Kazbek a narrow and, at the time of our first visit to the place, almost dry ravine was crossed by a handsome wooden bridge. On our return, two months later, the place of the bridge knew it no more; the whole structure had been carried bodily away, and nothing remained to mark its former existence. M. Vereschaguine was lucky enough to witness one of the floods of the small stream which had wrought this mischief. After a day of heavy rain the waters were observed to become black; the villagers, knowing the sign of the coming catastrophe, collected in crowds to witness it. The silence of that of the number of passers-by so few are induced to halt here, for from the very post-house windows the most glorious view is obtained of the mountain, which, rising opposite in a gigantic cone of snow and ice, broken near the top by a line of precipice arranged in horseshoe form, seems to invite us to closer investigation. The antiquarian, as well as the lover of scenery, will find interest in an excursion towards Kazbek, for on the summit of one of the projecting spurs which form the footstool of the mountain, stands an old Georgian church, noted as a place of pilgrimage, and still venerated by the dwellers in the vicinity. The building is now falling into ruin; the door, at the time of our visit, was locked, and the natives who were with us made an entrance for us by means of a ladder, through one of the windows; our trouble was scarcely repaid, the interior not seeming to deviate in any important respect from the ordinary architecture of the country.

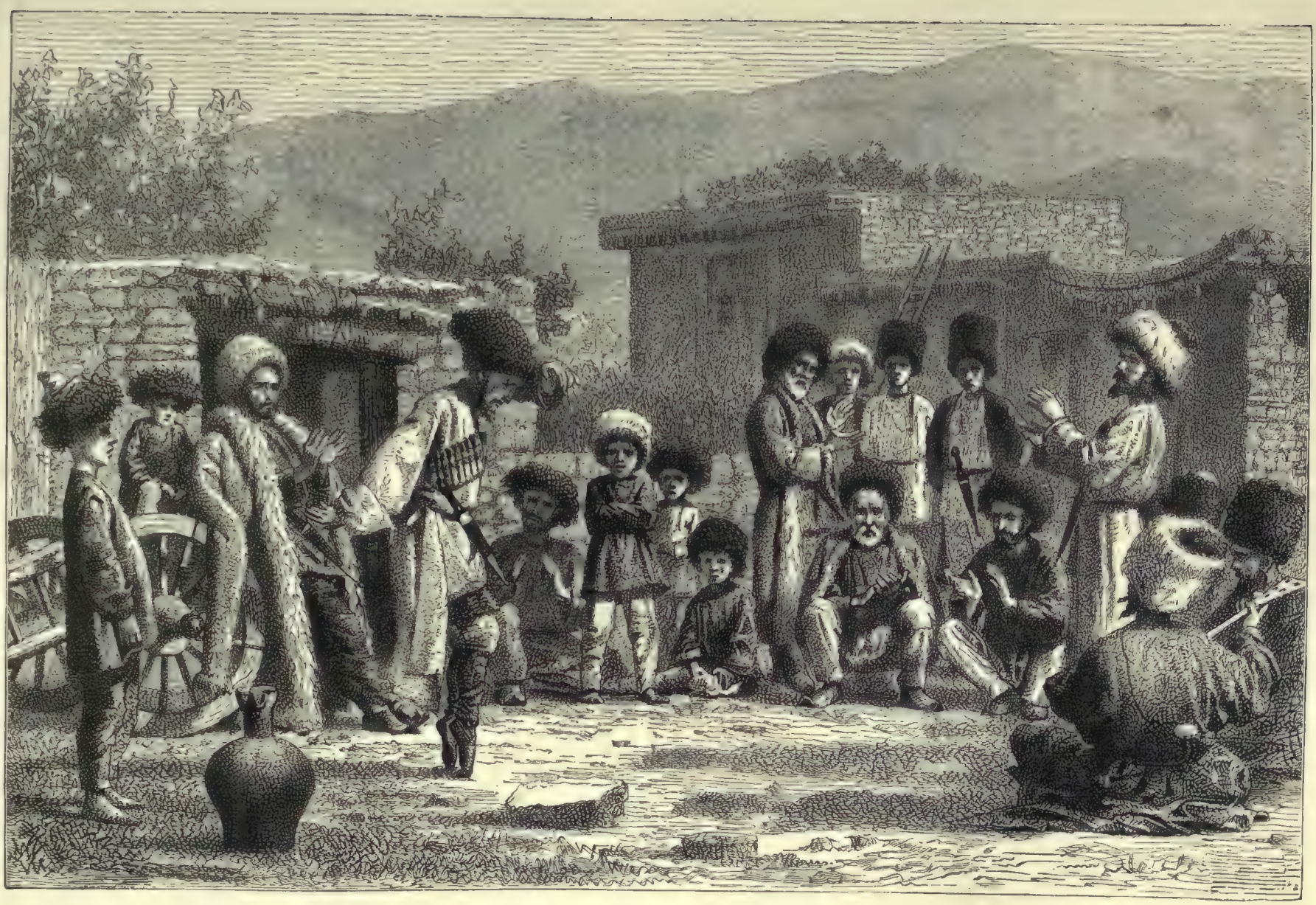


CAUCASIAN VILLAGE IN WINTER.

expectation was suddenly broken by several loud reports resembling thunder; a moment after the children shouted, "See, it comes—it comes!" and a black flood, like liquid lava, poured down the torrent-bed, carrying with it huge boulders of rock, which crashed and leaped over one another as they swept downwards to the Terek. The explanation of this phenomenon is to be found in the character of the soil in which the springs that feed the torrent burst forth; it is a schistose slate, easily disintegrated by the action of the water.

The village of Kazbek—formerly called Stephanszminda, but on which, as well as on the mountain, the Russians have conferred the name of the Ossete chief who lived there—is a collection of twenty or thirty houses, grouped round a small church decorated, in the usual Georgian style, with carvings of quaint animals and crosses. The post-house stands at the southern end of the village, and is a handsome building of the most solid construction, containing a large public room, a billiard-table, and a number of poorly-furnished bed-rooms. It is let by the Government to a Georgian Jew, whose wife speaks a little German, and is attentive to travellers, although frequent complaints are made of her charges. It is astonishing

There is a report that immense treasures are concealed somewhere in the neighbourhood, and that the altar is from time to time decorated with gorgeous gold and silver plate, which, coming from no one knows where, disappears in the same mysterious manner. The surrounding slopes, as well as the great mountain itself, are the scene of a number of local traditions and superstitions. At the very base of the peak, in rocks at a height of 11,000 feet, are said to remain the vestiges of the abode of a band of monks, who retired to mortify their flesh in these wilds—with very little success, if the scandalous tale told us of the cause of the dissolution of the brotherhood has any foundation in fact. On the very summit of Kazbek the Ossetes believe a crystal church is to be found, in which are preserved many sacred relics unworthy of any lower resting-place; amongst them are the tent of Abraham, and the cradle of Christ: here, moreover, the eyes of the pious may discover a golden chain, by which, whoever can mount, will find himself lifted up to heaven. On our return from the ascent we were seriously questioned by the villagers as to whether we had seen any of these things, and we were unwillingly obliged to lessen the impression of our saintliness caused by our having



CAUCASIAN MOUNTAINEERS DANCING THE "LESGHINSKA."

trodden unharmed the holy precincts, by admitting that the crystal church and its contents had been invisible to our profane eyes.

Those who have not the strength or inclination to undertake the ascent of Kazbek may make a very pleasant expedition, the greater part of it on horseback, to Tot Khokh—a long ridge close to the base of the Ortzviri glacier, which sweeps round the southern flank of the great mountain. The way from the old church to this Caucasian "Gornergrat" lies over broad and gently-sloping pasturages, decorated with the most beautiful flowers. The place of the pink rhododendron of the Alps is supplied by a dwarf plant of the same size, but bearing larger heads of cream-coloured blossom; mixed with many old Swiss friends, we shall recognise here the homely cowslip and snowdrop, holding their own amongst numbers of new species. The knolls are frequently crowned with square pillars, built up of loose stone, not unlike the familiar Steinman, but decorated with the horns of chamois and wild goats. These are, in fact, altars raised by the shepherds to propitiate the mountain spirits; many such-like customs of paganism linger in the country, and there are whole villages, within a few miles of the Dariel road, the inhabitants of which abide by their original worship, and profess neither Christianity nor Mahometanism. One of these is Goslet, at the mouth of the glen of Devdorak. Its people are the best companions for any expedition on the northern spurs of Kazbek; and an Armenian gentleman, M. Khatissian, who has spent some months in measuring the advance of the Devdorak glacier, assured us that he found them pleasant and trustworthy guides. Our experience during a night passed under a rock with some shepherds of this village, quite confirmed these impressions; and the extreme kindness and good-will shown by our pagan hosts led us laughingly to propose that, for the benefit of future travellers, a map showing the religions of the Caucasus should be drawn up, in which pagan villages should be coloured white, Mahometan green, and Christian black. M. Khatissian gave us an interesting account of an attempt made by him to convert one of his pagan friends. He began by explaining to him the general principles of Christianity, and entreating him to embrace them, and be baptised. "But," asked the native, "what are the duties of Christianity?" M. Khatissian replied, "You must go to mass, and attend to what your priest tells you." Thereupon he was met by the prompt retort, "Why, then, do you never enter the church when you are in the village?" "Because I am not a Greek, but an Armenian Christian," was the answer. The old pagan's mind was troubled, and, after some hesitation, he declined to undergo baptism, declaring himself unwilling to join a religion about which its own professors had doubts and divisions.

Should the traveller be lucky enough to be present at Kazbek, at the time of the passage of any member of the imperial family, or high official, he may gaze on a live man-in-armour, a sight probably only to be seen in this nineteenth century, in one other, and that the opposite corner of Europe—London, on the occasion of the Lord Mayor's Show. During our visit, a party of mountaineers descended from their distant villages, clad in complete suits of chain armour, to do homage to an archduke; a helmet and visor of delicate workmanship protected their heads and faces; their legs and bodies were perfectly encased in steel, and they carried on their arms small round shields of bull's hide, studded with metal. In the evening they went through, for our benefit, a species of sword-dance, accompanied by wild shouts; one man was simultaneously attacked by two others; sabres glittered and clashed in the air; shields and armour resounded, as the combatants advanced, leaped aside, or retreated before the onset. The strangeness of the scene was heightened by the dress of the crowds of lookers-on, amongst whom were several southern mountaineers, who, with their long-sleeved coats and *baschliks* (hoods, with two flaps hanging down on either side of the head), looked as if they had stepped straight out of an illuminated manuscript of the time of Edward III. The national dance of the Caucasus is somewhat less martial than that just described, and is known as the "lesghinska." It consists in a series of the most complicated and eccentric movements, executed by the dancers, in time, to animated but monotonous strains of barbaric music. The men and women form separate groups, and never intermingle, while the lookers-on, whose countenances invariably beam with the most intense pleasure, mark the time by constant clapping of their hands.

On leaving Kazbek, the traveller will drive for a long and hilly stage through the treeless and gloomy trench which serves as a channel for the waters of the Terek. Kobi, a village strangely situated at the base of a perpendicular wall of rock, is the last station on the north side of the pass. A stray camel or two, picketed near the post-house, looks curiously out of place in the middle of scenery so purely mountainous, and suggests the idea that two dissolving views of Switzerland and Arabia have got mixed up together. The ascent from this savage spot (where we quit the main stream of the Terek for the glen of a smaller tributary descending straight from the water-shed) to the summit is continuous and rapid; the slopes along which the road circles, in gentle but somewhat clumsily contrived zigzags, are very steep, and the bottom of the glen is choked with the *débris* of the avalanches which rush down them in spring and winter. The engineers have not risen to the idea of covering the road with galleries, but have instead resorted to the ingenious and scarcely less costly expedient of terracing the hill-sides. The masses of snow—rising, even in July, in walls on either side of the roadway which has been dug through them—do not, however, give the idea that the protection thus afforded is of a sufficient character. The water-shed of the Caucasus is crossed at an elevation of 7,977 feet; the ridge is known to the Russians as the Krestowaja Gora, or Mountain of the Cross—the proper name of the pass. The first post-house in Asia stands only a few hundred feet below the top, on a bare but beautifully-flowered pasturage, and commands a fine view of the peaks which cluster round the source of the Aragui, a tributary of the Kur, which we shall follow to its junction with that stream at Mscheti. The descent from here to the first station on the river bank is very rapid, and the scenery is throughout striking. The valley of the Aragui is soft and pleasing, but lacks any very distinct character, and is not worthy to be compared to the descents into Italy from the Splugen or the Simplon. At Ananaur we shall have time to examine a very fine church, or rather two churches and a small tower, enclosed within fortifications, after the manner common in Georgia. After passing the pleasantly-situated town of Duschet—the residence of a local governor (at the time of the journey now being described, the courteous

and polished Colonel Soubaloff)—the next place of interest that we shall reach is Mscheti, once the residence of the Czars of Georgia—a decayed town, finely situated at the junction of the Kur and Aragui. Its antiquity is remote, if we believe the tradition which asserts it to have been founded by Mischitos, son of Karthlos, a great-grandson of Noah. At present the principal attractions it possesses are two churches, in one of which the Czars of Georgia were crowned and many of them buried, and where the Catholicos of the country is still consecrated. The larger of these, about the size of an ordinary English parish church, has been recently restored, and affords a favourable specimen of Georgian architecture, which, depending for its effect chiefly on elegance of proportion and elaborate ornamentation, despises grandeur of scale in its religious edifices.

The rocks which overhang the Kur are pitted with small square holes, which mark the dwellings of a far earlier race than those who built the cathedral we have just left. These rock-cut abodes are found in many parts of the country, and have not yet attracted the attention they deserve; at present both their date and origin seem to be equally unknown. Some of these excavations are far more elaborately wrought out and finished than others, and Haxthausen inclines to believe the two classes must be assigned to different eras. Analogous remains are found in the Crimea, and near the Lake of Van, in Armenia.

Crossing the Kur by a new and handsome bridge, said to occupy the site of one erected by Pompey, we join the high-road from Tiflis to the Black Sea coast. A distance of only twenty versts now separates us from the capital, but we shall be lucky if we find horses to carry us on at once, as the double drain thrown on the stables by the junction of the two roads is not compensated by any increased supply. At the gates of Tiflis we will, for the present, leave our readers. If they wish for a description of that most interesting town, they will find one, which it would be hard to add to or improve upon, in Wagner's "Travels in Persia, Georgia, and Kurdistan." It will depend much on individual disposition whether the traveller is most disgusted at the slowness and vexatiousness of Russian officialism, or delighted by the diverse costumes and physiognomies he will meet in the streets, and the varied wares which will be laid out for his inspection in the bazaars; but in whatever humour he may leave the place, no person of any intelligence can sojourn there without adding to his stock some new impressions, and carrying away many agreeable recollections of a town which throws into such violent contrast the Eastern and Western world, and is in that respect a type and embodiment of Russian progress in Asia.

A Visit to the India-rubber Groves of the Amazons.

BY WM. CHANDLESS, M.A., F.R.G.S.

In the early summer of last year—and we call the same period of the year summer in Brazil—whilst on my way to an intended exploration in the wilds of Bolivia, I made a journey up the river Madeira, the greatest tributary of the Amazons. It is a well-known river—perhaps the only secondary stream in South America, except the Paraguay, the name of which is known to most people—and it has been described by well-known writers; still it has become changed so much in its aspect within the last few years, through the extensive and increasing manufacture of india-rubber in the forests on its banks, that a few observations made during so recent a journey may be welcome to the readers of the Illustrated Travels.

I do not know whether "manufacture" is a right term to use; but, judging from the small amount of labour that, expended on tobacco, converts it into "manufactured" in the opinion of the custom-house—and this I know to my cost—I hold it to be entitled to this designation; for india-rubber, as imported, is not precisely the pure juice as it flows from the tree. After reading more about it, the reader will be able to judge for himself.

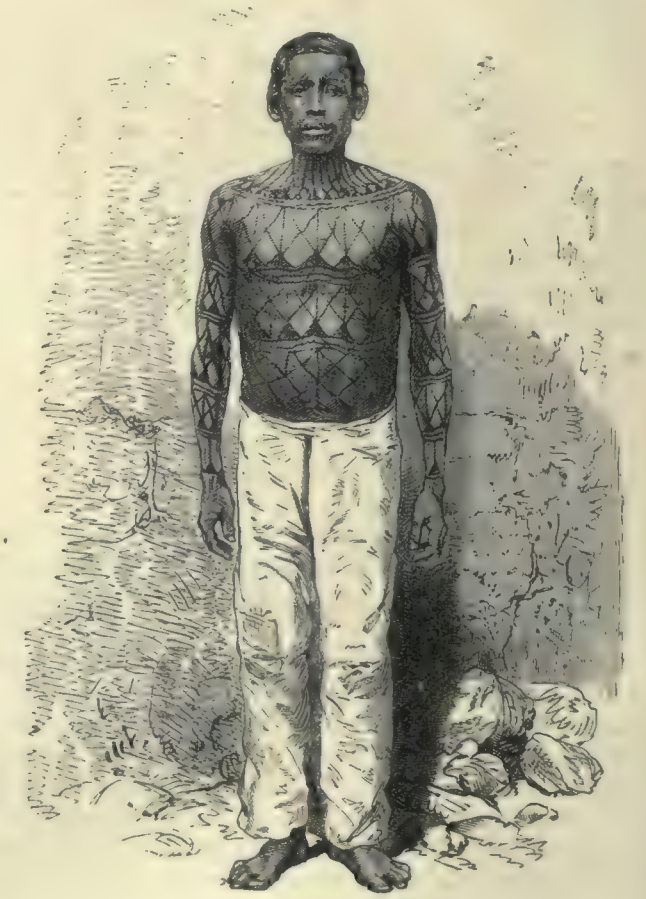
The Madeira enters the Amazons from the south, about 900 miles from Pará, and 95 below the confluence of the river Negro. My starting-point on the present journey was Manáos, the capital of the province of the Amazons, situated seven or eight miles up the latter river. I left this place at noon on May the 22nd, 1869, in a canoe of about one ton burden, and a crew of six men, of mixed origin—white, black, and Indian—all, on the whole, good, well-behaved men; but on this occasion, as is usual at starting, they were all more or less drunk. My canoe—built of a hard, heavy, and durable wood—was somewhat deeply laden with thirty-three baskets of mandioca-flour—the substitute for bread in this country—our chief load; so I stopped to let my men get sober before venturing out into the middle of the broad, turbulent river. The union of the waters of the Upper Amazons, and its tributary, the river Negro, is very curious: the Amazons, at this point, is not even half the width of the Negro, and looks, indeed, like an affluent entering at right angles, instead of the main stream; the black water presses slowly out; the muddy water of the Amazons dashes fiercely at and holds it back, and, being colder and heavier, passes underneath it—sometimes for a long distance. Once I saw it emerge beside the opposite bank, being thrown up by a shoal on the northern shore, called Lajes, after passing for at least three-quarters of a mile beneath the black water, with its direction almost unaltered.

Towards evening we emerged from our resting-place and pulled for the middle of the river. For awhile my men paddled lazily by moonlight; they then lay down to sleep where best they could find room. No look-out is necessary on a voyage down the solitary river; if you drift in-shore, where the current might upset you over some snag or fallen tree, the sleepless mosquitoes come on board and wake you up before any real danger occurs; but, unless there be a

cross-wind, the canoe generally floats all right in mid-river. It is while thus floating that I have always felt most vividly the vastness of the Amazons. At the first peep of dawn, the men rouse themselves and commence rowing again. As daylight comes—and it does not come or go so fast as is often supposed, and, indeed, said—the men begin to talk, the first subject being, "How far have we floated? where are we?" and the next, "Where shall we stop to make our morning cup of coffee?" To me it is indifferent, and I let my coffee-drinkers decide—I have already drunk a tumbler of my health-giving guarana.* Coffee is soon made, and we push on to reach the friendly shelter of a side-channel, before the day-breeze becomes strong ahead, and raises a "sea" that might trouble us if we remained outside. After the fire is made and coffee drunk, we again proceed leisurely—my men as yet putting forth only half their strength, as they wish to reserve themselves for the effort when we shall turn the bow up-stream, and thus have to paddle against the current.



HALF-CASTE GIRL OF MANÁOS.



MUNDURUCU INDIAN.

At two p.m., after twenty hours' journey from the mouth of the river Negro, we reached the mouth of the Madeira. Though I had ascended and descended the Amazons just ten times, I had never before seen the mouth of this great tributary, said to be two thousand miles in length. Both steamers and canoes pass this place on the opposite or northern side of the Amazons, and intervening islands partially shut off the view. The mouth of the Madeira, that is the aperture in the bank of the Amazons by which its waters are poured forth, must be nearly three miles across, but the river itself is not half so wide, and farther up, where it is free from islands, seldom very much over half a mile wide and often less. When Lieutenant Gibbon came down the river from Bolivia, he found the mouth divided by an island into two channels, but this finally disappeared six or eight years ago; another island, a little higher up, is now rapidly growing in size at its lower end, and may perhaps eventually again divide the stream. The land separating the Madeira from the Amazons is for some miles low, and runs out into a spit of water-grass, amidst which the waters meet; they now differed but little in colour or temperature. From this point one had a good view of the great expanse and clear water-horizon of the Amazons below the union of the two rivers, but a poor one up the Madeira; in fact, owing to travelling along the bank, I did not for some days see any clear horizon on it; though from the middle of the mouth there is one.

Great as it is, to one entering from the main Amazons, the Madeira seems but the child of a river. Our first feeling was (for the practical takes precedence of the sentimental), "here we need not fear storms; at worst we can cross for shelter; if we find the current too strong we can cross." The Amazons is so wide that no one would think of crossing. The current of the Madeira may perhaps, on an average of the whole year, not be more than that of the Amazons, but in flood time (and the

* A substance made of the pounded seeds of a climbing-plant—the *Paullinia sorbilis*—in various places on the southern tributaries of the Lower Amazons.



SAMAUMA TREE. OF THE AMAZONIAN FORESTS.

river was still rising) it is far stronger, and almost everywhere strong, uncompensated by slack or back-waters as the latter; it was, therefore, not without hard work that we could make some twelve miles a day, generally in more than twelve hours of travelling. Now and then we got a little spell of fair wind, and sailed merrily along; but this was not often, for it was early yet for wind; otherwise, as the prevalent wind in the Amazons region is north-east—not south-east, as might be expected—the Madeira is sometimes fairly swept by it. In the afternoon we got along very slowly; but towards evening my crew would freshen up again; and, after dark, we generally had a spurt or two. One evening, in a north-west reach of the river, as the moon rose right ahead of us, one of the youngest of my men exclaimed, "Does the moon here rise up-stream?" This silly question sprung from his notion that the course of all rivers was the same as that of the Amazons; the others, however, all laughed at him; and, comparing this with Mr. Bates's experience of the simplicity of the people, as described in that author's "Naturalist on the River Amazons," I must think that "the schoolmaster is abroad."

On this lowest part—100 miles or so—of the Madeira there is a scanty population, gathered in little groups where the *terra firma* abuts on the river; the houses are for the most part pleasantly situated, and with a well-grown shade of fruit-trees around them; in fact, they are old settlements, founded before the days of india-rubber, and most of the people we saw were old, the younger members of their families being absent, if not settled, higher up. We landed at one house to ask for lemons and capsicum-peppers; these of course they gave us free of charge, and also a few oranges—it was too early for many yet; and they sold us some tambaqui fish, both salt and fresh, saying they could kill as many as they liked just now, close by. They seemed to live quietly and independently, making their own mandioca-flour, and growing their own coffee; getting a little money by selling fresh provisions to passing canoes, and now a little more by splitting wood for the steamers, now commencing to navigate this large tributary.

At our rate of travel it would have taken us six weeks or more to reach the rapids, which impede the navigation of this fine river some 700 miles up stream; but, on the morning of May 29th, I was, according to promise, taken in tow by a small government steamer, sent under the orders, rather than command, of Dr. Lisboa, a Brazilian civil engineer, partly that he might complete his previous survey of the Madeira, partly to convey, as far as the rapids, Senhor Henrique Eiras, a young Brazilian, on his way to his consulate at Santa Cruz de la Sierra, in Bolivia. In recording my gratitude to Dr. Lisboa for his kindness, as also for his hospitality while I was his guest during the voyage, I cannot omit to add that from all the Brazilian engineers and naval officers engaged in surveying on the Amazons (without an exception) I have met with all possible kindness and assistance.

To have started from Manáos with the steamer would have been as well, except that during the days of waiting some of my crew might have been induced to go off, and in case of high wind on the Amazons my canoe might have been swamped; and on the Madeira there was not much chance of the steamer passing me unheard. In fact, such was the stillness of the night, that we heard her at one a.m., though she did not reach us till a quarter to four. As she got near I put up a light, and fired two shots—the signal agreed on, but hardly necessary, as she came close along our shore. We were soon made fast alongside, and travelled rapidly onward; much to the satisfaction of my crew, who had an easy time of it. Soon after sunrise we reached Borba, a wretched little place about seventy-five miles from the mouth of the Madeira, once a town, now with but faint signs of life. Of yore it was famed for its tobacco, but is no longer so; but reputed as almost in a state of famine. He who should stay here would be likely to experience what in "Alton Locke" we are told is instructive (and far be it from me to say that it is not so)—the passing a day without enough to eat, despite all strivings to the contrary. Nor need any one desirous of the experience, but doubtful of his resolution, burn his ships to render his escape impossible; it will be sufficient to leave his canoe a night unwatched in the neighbourhood of the Muras, an Indian tribe scattered over the lower part of the Madeira and Purús (some say over the lower world also), and for whom few have a good word. Von Martius describes them as "not a race, but a mixture of different Indians with whites, negroes, and mulattoes, banished from Christian society, and deserters of civilisation . . . a fierce horde, living by pillage and murder, without marriage or law or any sort of shame, and speaking a robbers' dialect, voluble and ungrammatical, that aptly symbolises their depraved moral state." Now, however, they are more pacific. I have found them civil and rather clean-skinned; but they still pass for intolerable liars and canoe-thieves. The stealing of canoes, however, is common all over the Amazons (in justice be it said, hardly anything else is ever stolen), and nowhere more than at Manáos. "I, too," have lost a canoe there, and it was a new one. Nay, once not only a canoe was there stolen, but its owner also; for he, good man, after drinking with some friends, had come down late to sleep in it, and laying himself in the stern, and, covering himself with his mat (tolda) to keep off the dew, had slept. Towards morning some one came and untied and rowed off the canoe, without awaking or perceiving the owner. When it was daylight, and they were off an island in mid-river, the latter woke, and at once realised what had happened; and starting up, gun in hand, to the amazement of the thief, who was, of course, at the bow of the canoe and looking ahead, cried out, "What, you scoundrel, is it not enough to steal my canoe, but will you steal me with it? Turn back this moment, or I'll shoot you; and row fast, too, and straight to the landing nearest the police office. Faster! faster! if you don't want to be shot." And so he made him keep up a spurt for five miles; and satisfied with this, let him off without farther punishment, on his promising that for the future he would not steal canoes with their owners on board.

This digression may be excused in the absence of anything to tell of Borba. Two pumpkins were all we could buy in the way of provender, and when the steamer had taken in wood we started again. "No. 5," I should say, was one of eight small screw steamers (of thirty to forty tons register, including engine-room, I should think) stationed at Manáos last year to facilitate the communications of the Provincial Government with out-of-the-way stations; for previously, to any place off the main Amazons, it had to send its orders by canoe, and was often as much troubled to find a crew for one as I have been. No. 5 had a plank-awning over her whole length, but no deck, except in a small cabin at the stern; the engineers and crew of the steamer had to hang up their hammocks

where they could, or sleep on the top of the wood; and the former especially had an uncomfortable time of it. Dr. Lisboa and Senhor Eiras slept in the stern-cabin, and offered me a place, but I preferred my canoe. Indeed, in the daytime, if the canoe were on the shady side of the steamer, it was the coolest and pleasantest place; and at night I had to keep watch; indeed, in travelling, I have seldom passed more troubled and anxious nights. Even in the daytime, owing to strong currents or bad steering of the steamer, the canoe frequently took lumps of water on board, and it was necessary to have a man always ready to bale with a large calabash. At night, as the steersman was sometimes half asleep, this happened much oftener; and when on the bank-side of the steamer, the canoe was liable to be dragged over or under fallen and projecting trees, or through the thick of the barrier-hedges of goyaba-rana, a bushy tree that lines the lowlands, and thus to be upset or smashed, or cleared of all "tolda" and upper load. Through the strength of the bottom of the canoe, and, still more, good luck, we managed to escape serious mishap; but I would sooner pass the rapids of the Madeira up and down than be towed another week in such style. My own steersman, the only man in whom I had full confidence, after midnight was sick; so I took the baling from midnight to daybreak, and got no regular sleep except from ten to twelve; now and then I was able to take a fitful nap in the intervals between baling on the cross-plank; the aching of one's bones on an *itauba* plank was not likely to let one sleep too long. Generally, I spent most of the time talking with the first engineer, an intelligent, middle-aged Portuguese, who had served many years in the Brazilian navy, and the last three in iron-clads on the Paraguay. His narratives (it would be unjust to say *yarns*) made the hours pass lightly; and about four a.m., when the crested curassow-bird begins his long plaintive whistle, I used to grate and drink my *guarana*, which banished alike sleep and fatigue, and enabled me with freshness of body (and I hope, to some extent, of mind) to watch the coming-on of day. The hard-working india-rubber maker, too—if there be such an one on the Madeira, I knew *one* on the Purús—will wake with the curassow-bird, and take his coffee betimes, and be out along his india-rubber path (*estrada de seringa*) when the "mantle of our lady" begins to fade in the twilight, so that before sunrise he may begin to tap the farthest trees on his tract of forest ground. One who did this would not need to do it for many years, for he would infallibly accumulate a little fortune.

And now it is daylight, and we are fairly in the india-rubber district; indeed, it may be said to begin from Sapucaya-roca (hen-house), a small settlement on the right bank, with one tiled and white-washed house (the rest thatched), and a larger frontage and pleasanter look than Borba, because the houses face the river, not inland as there. The general opinion seems to be that the higher up river (as far as the rapids) the better is the forest for india-rubber, and, beyond doubt, the better it is as regards abundance of game and fish, a point of no small importance where you depend for animal food—at any rate fresh food—on fishing and shooting. On my way down by a sand-bank, a few miles above Sapucaya-roca, I met a man who had been there two nights fishing, and with the best bait—"sardinhas"—and had caught absolutely nothing; most grateful he seemed for a piece of wretched dry Bolivian jerked-beef (compared with which Buenos Ayres beef is a delicacy) that I thought sorry stuff for him to take home to a sick child. He said he was tired of the hunger of this lower Madeira, and should move to some other river, perhaps the Juruá (he could not do better as regards abundance of food); he had been twenty years here and not made much money, provisions were so dear; the india-rubber trees were just as productive where he was as at first, but game and fish were gone; curassow-birds might be heard in the morning, but you would never see one, or if you did it would be but once, for it would fly off long before you could get near it, and go heaven knows where, and take good care not to whistle again all that day. Tapirs and deer were now never seen; pigs not often, and people were so thriftless that if they did by luck light on a herd of peccary, instead of killing only two or three pigs, or what they could carry away, they would follow it up till they drove it right out of the country, and then leave most of the animals they had killed to rot in the forest. Monkeys I did not ask about, for it is a saying of people elsewhere that on the Madeira, if a man at night hears a howling monkey, he takes its bearing that he may next day go and kill it for food. Turtles, he said, were never seen, and tracajás (a smaller kind of fresh-water turtle) too few to be worth coming to the sand-bank for, and their eggs were sure to be snapped up by some canoe passing at daylight. As for fishing, look at his last night's work! he could not think where the fish had gone to.

One fact, at any rate, in all this is obvious, that, while this man was on the sand-bank fishing, he could not be pursuing his trade as india-rubber collector; hence the slow progress that is made, and the little success met with, in all parts of these rivers where steady labour has to be interrupted by the necessity of procuring food with one's own hands.

And now for a few words about india-rubber making. The tree (*Siphonia elastica*) is one easily recognised in the forest, as, unlike very many forest trees, it does not stretch out buttresses all round the lower part of its stem, but rises from the very ground straight, and round, and smooth as a column; its bark is smooth, of a light greyish brown, sometimes, but rarely, with a little red, in which case it is likely to be mistaken for another tree—the *uhandiroba*. Like all other trees of this vast forest, it does not throw off its branches till at a considerable height, therefore it is not easy practically to know it by its leaves, but you may by its fallen seeds. There is nothing remarkable in the shape and size either of its leaves or flowers, and the leaves have no resemblance to the caoutchouc tree, so common in our conservatories. It is said that with ten years' growth it is fit for tapping, and it is universally considered now that trees, if not over-tapped one year, yield the second year better than when they were virgin, and will continue so to yield for many years. It is very difficult to estimate the yield of a tree, either diurnal or annual, in "milk," or india-rubber; eight to twelve pounds per tree of the latter during the season, that is the year, may be a rough approximation. Trees, even of the same size and near together, vary a good deal; and all trees, after long-continued dry weather, yield less, and, after rain, more, milk than usual; but after much rain the sap or "milk" (which, I should say, looks exactly like rich creamy milk) yields in proportion less india-rubber, just a s some cows' milk yields but little butter.

The Table-land of Thibet.

A RECENT journey of great interest, performed by an educated and trained native of India, under the direction of the officers of the Indian Survey, has given us for the first time definite information about the great plateau, or table-land of Thibet, which is described in so vague a manner in our ordinary text-books of geography. In our younger days we were taught to believe that the whole region consisted of a level plain of great elevation, having a cold dry climate, and clothed scantily with short herbage, which afforded nutriment to herds of wild horses, yaks, and antelopes. Subsequently, Humboldt in the later editions of his "Aspects of Nature," strove to show that this idea of Thibet was not correct; and that instead of an uninterrupted plain, it consisted of deep valleys and extensive flat-topped ridges, and was therefore much more varied in its landscapes and productions than had hitherto been supposed. This change in the accepted idea of the country, which was adopted more or less in popular works in all languages, was produced by the journeys of Strachey in Western or Little Thibet, and of Turner, and especially Dr. Hooker in the southern portion of the region, which the latter traveller penetrated on his famous Sikkim journey. Dr. Hooker, as is well known, in this most fruitful journey, undertaken chiefly for the purpose of investigating the botany of an unknown region, passed through the independent Himalayan state of Sikkim, due north of Calcutta, and advanced a few miles into Thibet, before he was seized and imprisoned by the Rajah. But his knowledge of Thibet, acquired chiefly through a distant view from an elevation, was confined to its southern portion merely. The other Indian travellers Moorcroft, Strachey, Thomson, and others who advanced into Little Thibet, may be said never to have passed beyond the vast mountain-ridges and corresponding valleys of the Himalaya, which form merely the buttressed outer wall of the great Central-Asian or Thibetan plateau.

We now know that all the central and northern part of Thibet forms a nearly level plain, measuring many hundred miles in length and breadth, and raised to an average elevation about equal to the summit of Mont Blanc. The old idea, derived from the uncertain accounts of the Jesuit *savants* resident in China early in the last century, was therefore a true one, as far at least as the greater portion of the country was concerned. This lofty plain, forming so appropriate a nucleus to the massive agglomeration of land we call Asia, commences, on the west, near the western end of Pangong Lake, within the territory belonging to the Maharajah of Cashmere, and extends eastward to the frontier of China Proper. The native traveller gathered that it reached nearly to the city of Soo-chow at the end of the great wall of China; if so, it will be nearly 900 miles in length. Its width is at present unknown, but is probably about 500 miles. The mode of its termination on the north is also unknown. This much, however, can be said with certainty, that it ceases about the 37th or 38th parallel of latitude, for north of that line lies the depressed central basin, into which all the rivers flowing from the snow-clad mountains, which surround Turkistan, lose themselves in the saline lake of Lob-nor, at an elevation of about 3,500 feet above the sea-level. The southern part of the plain is traversed from east to west by a valley of moderate width and depth, through which flows the great river of the country, the Tsan-po, or upper course of the Brahmapootra. The river itself has a course of 800 miles through Thibetan territory, and its slope is from 18,000 feet, near its source, to about 11,000 feet at the point where it breaks through the Himalaya in a narrow gorge, and curves sharply round to the low plains of Assam. The valley of the Tsan-po forms a sort of trough in the elevated plain, which in all probability has been scooped out of the surface by the action of water, in the lapse of ages. South of the valley commence the abrupt elevations and deep depressions which mark the broad, mountainous belt of the Himalaya, and which were erroneously taken by Humboldt as an authentic sample of the entire land of Thibet.

The native surveyor traversed the western portion of this wonderful plain in 1868. He states that, as far the eye could reach to the east and north-east, no elevation beyond a mere undulation of the ground could be seen. All the short rivers terminated in salt lakes, and the ground in many places was white for miles with saline deposit, beneath which there was sometimes a solid stratum of salt. The eyes of travellers unaccustomed to the glare of the white surface were blinded, in the same way as they are in traversing fields of snow. The appearance of the country indicated that the lakes reached formerly a much higher level than they do at present; in fact, the climate is now one of extreme dryness. Yet there is abundance of short herbage in many parts, and the surveyor saw an abundance of the large animals peculiar to the region. On one occasion he saw a herd of more than 300 wild yaks of a black colour. Great herds of wild asses were seen everywhere; sometimes as many as 200 were in sight at the same time. A curious kind of antelope, wild goats, and sheep (the latter including the gigantic *Ovis Ammon*) were all seen in numbers. Large grey wolves were constantly seen, but never more than two or three at a time, though packs of them were often heard yelling at night. Numbers of reddish hares and a kind of fox were seen on every march. Marmots were very numerous, their subterranean villages being met with wherever grass and water were at hand. Quantities of geese, ducks, and storks were seen on the lakes, and there was no lack of eagles and vultures. To this picture of animal life may be added the fact that the traveller never speaks of any difficulty of breathing the rarefied atmosphere of these heights, neither is any mention made of bodily sufferings, owing to climate, undergone by himself or any member of his party.

An important feature of the western portions of the plateau is the abundance of gold, and the prevalence of gold-diggings, where large numbers of Thibetans are congregated working laboriously in deep pits at an elevation of between 16,000 and 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. These gold-fields appear to extend over a line of country 500 or 600 miles in length, extending north-west and south-east, from east of the town of Ilchi, to the northern edge of the Tsan-po valley. The jealousy of the Thibetan authorities is notorious, and the petty officials stationed at all the frontier places north of the passes leading from Hindostan, show a truly marvellous ingenuity in preventing the entry of foreigners. The government, however, is not so anxious in securing honest administration of its own laws; for Western Thibet is infested by bands of robbers, who periodically levy black mail on the poor gold-diggers.

The Caucasus.—V.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, M.A., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS AND BASHAN."

It is hardly necessary to apologise for prefacing the description of the portion of Transcaucasia with which the writer is personally acquainted by a short sketch of the whole region. Every one is, of course, supposed theoretically to know the leading physical features of every portion of the earth's surface; but most of us are content to have our memories refreshed as to those of any particular country in which we may be for the moment interested. I trust, therefore, that no reader will be offended if he is asked to imagine himself standing beside the writer in an upper room in one of the public offices at Tiflis, and intently studying a huge model in relief of the Caucasian isthmus. Such a creation—strange as it seems—is no convenient fiction called up by fancy to lend life to a geographical disquisition. The Russian engineers, who have been engaged under the command of General Chodzko, in the survey of the country just terminated, have, greatly to their credit, superintended the construction of a model based on the great ordnance map, by the study of which the general character of each province, the direction of the mountain ranges and the extent and relation of the river-basins can be easily comprehended. So far is the pictorial accuracy of this map carried that the wooded districts are coloured green, while a dull monotonous brown most graphically represents the treeless steppes bordering on the Caspian, and the barren highlands of Daghestan. Let us suppose, then, that the Caucasian isthmus is thus conveniently brought before our eyes, and that at the first glance we have recognised the great mountain-trunk—divided near the Caspian shores into root-like ramifications—which stretches across the upper half of the model. It is with what lies south of this—in other words with Transcaucasia, that we have now to deal.

The first point to be noticed is, that immediately below the ridges of the Caucasus a broad trench, only interrupted in one place by a chain of hills, low and narrow in comparison with the neighbouring ranges, stretches from sea to sea. This trench represents the basins of the Rion (the ancient Phasis), and the Kur (the ancient Cyrus), which are separated at a distance of about one hundred miles from the Black Sea, and about three hundred and fifty from the Caspian, by the low chain of Suram, the crest of which, traversed by the road from Kutais to Tiflis, is only 3,027 feet above the sea-level. This ridge is the only visible link which connects the Central Caucasus with any other mountain system, and some people have thought that the claim of Asia to the whole chain is thereby established, a conclusion from which we entirely dissent. All arbitrary boundary-lines are by nature imperfect; but it is difficult to believe it more natural to divide a river basin than a mountain range, and until some better substitute than portions of two rivers and a railroad is proposed, we shall adhere to the Caucasian watershed as the best frontier between Europe and Asia. No one, however, would thank us for reopening a geographical controversy, the settlement of which seems to be generally acquiesced in. Asia, content with the unquestioned supremacy of her



TARTAR WOMEN OF ERIVAN.

Himalayan giants, need not grudge to her sister Europe, Mounts Kazbek and Elbruz.

The basin of the Rion, accurately represented on the map by a brilliant green, is clothed with the most glorious forests, which stretch uninterruptedly from the swamps on the sea-shore to the snows of the central chain. Immediately east of the Suram hills, a broad streak extends as far as the Caspian, marking the treeless valley of the Kur. North of that river and at the base of the great mountains, a green patch marks the valley of the tributary Allasan, the province of Kakhetia. This district is spoken of at Tiflis as the land of Goshen of the Caucasus; its hills are densely forested, and on their lower slopes grow the vines which produce the Kakhetian wine, the better sorts of which resemble Burgundy, and are celebrated by Georgian poets for the desirable properties of curing the gout and never causing headache. The lower course of the Kur lies through the vast arid steppe of Mughan, inhabited only by wandering tribes of Tartars and Kurds, and subject at times to disastrous inundations, when the numerous branches by which the united waters of the Kur and Araxes enter the Caspian overflow their banks.

It would be tedious and almost impossible, within our present limits, to attempt to unravel the complicated relations of the mountain system of Armenia and the Turkish province of Kars, to which Mr. Gifford Palgrave has applied the appropriate collective title of the Anticaucasus. These ranges differ in structure from the Caucasus itself, much in the same way that the Dolomites of Southern Tyrol differ from the Swiss Alps. In the place of continuous ridges, presenting serious barriers to human intercourse, we meet with isolated groups of mountains, the two highest of which, the famous Ararat and its neighbour Alagoz, attain respectively 16,916 and 13,436 feet in height. This mountain system is cut off from that of Persia by the trough of the Araxes, the sources of which, overlapping those of the Kur, are found in the neighbourhood of Kars. On the south-west it is connected with the ranges of Asia Minor.

In this portion of the map we meet for the first time with large sheets of water; the best known of these from its lying on the post-road to Persia is the Goktcha Lake, which is about the size of the Lake of Constance. South of Ararat, in Turkish and Persian territory, lie the two more famous lakes of Van and Urmia.

The glens, generally long, deep, and narrow, through which the Kur and its tributaries find a way out of this mountainous region are well wooded, but the basin of the Araxes (and indeed the whole tablelands of Armenia) is utterly destitute of verdure except in the neighbourhood of villages, where irrigation and culture have produced scanty groves, which serve to heighten by contrast the general barrenness of the country. Such are, in short, the natural features of Transcaucasia, as the Russians term the portion of their Asiatic dominions lying south of the Caucasus.

For political purposes this region is divided into two principal provinces—Georgia, corresponding with the former kingdom of that name, the capital of which is Tiflis, the residence of the Lieutenant of the Caucasus, at present the Czar's brother; and Mingrelia, the ancient Colchis, of which the chief modern town is Kutais. There are, besides, several less important governments, of which Erivan, Elizabetpol, and Baku are the chief; the country has been, moreover, recently subdivided into military districts, the names of which would possess no general interest.

Having gained some idea of the country he is about to explore, a traveller's attention will naturally be next attracted to the great roads which radiate from Tiflis. Here we must again remind the reader what a road means in the Caucasus. In the summer of 1868, the Dariel route from Tiflis to Vladikafkaz, and portions of the road to Kutais, were the only macadamised highways in the country; in all other journeyings nothing was to be hoped for but what is significantly called in Southern Italy, a *via naturale*—a track worn by the use of centuries, and often varied according to the state of the ground. The present Government, with the best will, seems certainly to have failed in finding the right way to set to work to improve the communications of the country; and the jobbery and peculation prevalent throughout Russia, among the lower order of officials, unite with the inefficiency of the local engineers in retarding the construction of the highways approved and ordered by the higher authorities.

It is somewhat hard to realise, while enjoying comfortable quarters, the best of French cookery, and an Italian opera in the capital, the inconveniences and discomfort which any attempt to penetrate further into the interior will entail; and it would almost be well if these graphic sentences of a recent visitor were printed and placarded in every room of the Hôtel de l'Europe—"Que celui qui veut voyager dans ce pays ne s'attende pas à trouver partout bon gîte, bon pain, bon lit; s'il n'apporte pas tout avec lui, il ne trouvera rien du tout dans aucune station, fort heureux s'il peut y obtenir une planche pour s'y étendre sans être obligé de coucher sur la terre."

The moment the traveller makes up his mind to prepare for a start, his trials will begin, and he will find himself struggling slowly through the meshes of a net of impotent officialism. He will first require to obtain a properly signed and sealed *podorojno*—a document without which neither carriages nor shelter will be afforded him at any post-station. If provided with introductions to any government officials, he will naturally endeavour to obtain a crown-podorojno—that is, one with two seals, entitling him to precedence on the road over those having only the common permit. On calling on the civil governor of Tiflis, the traveller will probably receive this document, with instructions to present it for the approval of the police authorities, which, if his passport is in order, he will easily obtain. Podorojno in hand, he will now hurry off to the post-station, inconveniently placed at the end of the town, and ask with confidence for a carriage and horses. He will be wonderfully fortunate if he does not meet with a repulse. On three occasions it was our fortune to make a similar demand; we once got what we wanted; the second time we had to wait two days for horses; the third we could get no promise of them at all, and in despair hired a German voiturier instead. This means of escape from the trammels of officialism seems so obvious that it is needful at once to point out the objections: that the rate of progress is in comparison slow, and that the stations—the only inns on the road—are closed to all travellers unprovided with a podorojno. The next difficulty is, to choose a carriage; a vehicle fit to travel is often not to be found in the yard of the post-house, although dozens stand about in different stages of incipient decay, which a few hours' work would repair. "Waste not, want not" is a maxim which has never reached the ears of Russian

post-masters, and which is likely to remain unheeded so long as waste forms a profitable part of official jobbery, while the public alone suffer the want. We will now imagine ourselves to have received the first shock of the discovery that our doubly-stamped order ensures no civility to an unofficial bearer, and to be gradually reconciling our minds to the fact that horses may be had in forty-eight hours, but that there is no escape from the torture of the telega unless we are prepared to purchase a tarantasse, and trust to selling it again when done with. Having at last paid for his horses—and, let us hope, not double the just amount, for cases of such extortion practised on the ignorant foreigner are not unknown—the traveller is ready to set out on his wanderings. Whither shall we conduct him? Let us point out the principal routes which are open to his choice.

To the north-east, over the bare clay hills, baked into one huge brick by the summer sun, crawls the serpentine track which leads to the vineyards and forests of Kakhetia. An Englishman, long resident in Tiflis, describing to us this road, said, "It is worth while creeping all the way on one's knees to see that country;" and the testimony of other travellers makes it easy to believe in the justness of his enthusiasm. At the foot of the mountain chain, and divided from the Kur by a low range of hills, runs the river Allasan, through a thickly-inhabited and well-cultivated basin. The snowy battlements of Mount Kaf tower overhead; forests of gigantic beech-trees clothe the lower slopes, and the wide expanse of the valley teems with cornfields and vineyards. In the centre of this paradise nestle the towns of Signach and Telaw, where every house has its garden, and the whole place might, by an inversion of the classical phrase, be described as an *urbs in rure*. Until the last few years, however, the inhabitants of this Caucasian Goshen have lived in constant terror of the attacks of the predatory Lesghians from the neighbouring mountains. It is only since Schamyl's last refuge—the mountain *aoul* of Gunib—fell into the hands of the Russians, that these turbulent highlanders have been entirely subdued. A track, said to be practicable for carts, leads from Telaw over the central chain, and forms a link with the high-roads recently constructed in Daghestan—a district which, owing to the fame it has acquired as the scene of the war, has been more visited by travellers than any other portion of the Caucasus. It is a region of upland pasturages, dotted with villages and intersected by a network of profound ravines—the most formidable obstacles to an invading army. Several snowy summits rise above the surrounding ridges—the highest of them, lying on the watershed, culminates in Basardjusi, a peak 14,722 feet in height. Herr Abich describes this group as full of interest to the scientific traveller, and speaks much of a large glacier —or, rather, ice-lake—which, without descending into any valley, spreads out to a very considerable size, and resembles rather the Himalayan than the Alpine glaciers. Further to the north, and in the very heart of Daghestan, rises Schebulos (14,781 feet), probably the "Chat-Elbruz" mentioned by several writers, and which M. Dumas tells us is the last retreat, not only of the discomfited warrior, but also of our old friend the "roc" of the "Arabian Nights." Lermontof, a Russian writer, has introduced "Chat-Elbruz" in one of his poems, in company with Kazbek. The Daghestan mountain apostrophises his old friend of the Dariel, and bitterly reproaches him with being, after so many centuries of freedom, at last about to submit to a conqueror. Kazbek scoffs at the warning, and recounts the victorious nations which have passed under his feet and left him free. But his self-congratulations are suddenly disturbed by the vision of a host, countless as the dust-atoms borne along in a steppe sandstorm, or the waves of the Caspian Sea. It is the Russian army under Yermolof. The noble old mountain recognises his fate, and prepares to meet it like a king—

> "Murmuring, 'Heaven save me from the foe,'
> Casts one last look o'er Caucasus,
> Then dons a bachlik white with snow,
> Resign'd to sleep for ever thus."

The subtle tribute to Russian pride which runs through the poem is sufficiently obvious, and reminds us of the frequent boast we heard in the country—"Other nations have passed through the Caucasus; Russia alone has conquered it."

The great eastern road leading from Tiflis to

> "Baku and those fountains of blue flame
> That burn into the Caspian,"

next claims a passing notice. Following for the greater part of its course the barren valley of the Kur, which it only deserts for the still more arid spurs of the Eastern Caucasus, this journey offers few attractions to the lover of the picturesque. It will probably be made easy within a few years by a rail-road, the construction of which would be attended by so few difficulties that a company has offered the Government to guarantee its completion within four years. Such a line is but the necessary supplement to the Poti-Tiflis Railway; and the effect likely to be produced by the opening of direct communication between the Black Sea and Caspian, is a subject of some interest. The Russians naturally hope that they will thus not only make the whole trade of Persia pass through their hands, but also create a new field for their commerce in Central Asia, where, up to the present time, English goods imported through Turkey have had almost entire possession of the market.

There are only two places of any importance on this road —Elizabetpol, an uninteresting military colony, and Schemacha, now a decayed town, chiefly celebrated for its manufacture of silk stuffs, which, in the fourteenth century, were held in high esteem in countries so far distant as Egypt. Sir John Maundeville says—"No stranger comes before the Sultan without being clothed in cloth of gold, or of Tartary or Camaka, in the Saracen's guise." These silks may now be bought in the bazaars of Tiflis.

Baku is one of the principal ports on the Caspian, but it is better known in Europe on account of the ever-burning springs of naphtha in its vicinity, which have been for long the object of the picturesque descriptions of travellers and of a religious worship. The town of Baku offers nothing worthy of notice; it is a drive of about twelve miles to Atesch-djga (the Fire-land), as the spot where the springs issue from the ground is called. The temple, of modern construction, is a triangular building, resembling at a distance a large caravansary; it is tended by only two priests, both Indians by birth. So saturated is the soil with naphtha, that it is only necessary to make a hollow in the ground, and fix a vessel with a hole in the top in it, when the gas fills the vessel, and, on a match being applied to the orifice, instantly ignites and burns with a clear and steady flame. The disciples of

Zoroaster, who tend these sacred fires, have recently found new rivals in their devotion—a company of German speculators having erected a manufactory for the purpose of utilising the naphtha. A spring nearer Baku is situated close to the sea-shore, and the oily substance running into the water floats on the surface, forming, in smooth weather, a film for some considerable distance. After a long continuance of calms, it sometimes accumulates to such an extent that it may be set alight—thus offering the extraordinary spectacle of the sea on fire. Such a phenomenon occurred in 1869; and some of our readers may recollect a sensational telegram in the papers which announced that "the Caspian is in flames, and grilled fishes are being picked up in thousands on its shores."

A road leads northwards from Baku to the gates of Derbend. This famous pass—a narrow strip of level ground between the mountains and the sea—was formerly defended by walls, the construction of which is attributed to Alexander the Great. A second road, in the opposite direction, leads to Lenkoran, the most southern port of the Russians on the Caspian, where the climate and vegetation are said to be almost tropical, and the forests afford shelter to magnificent tigers.



SOLDIER OF THE CAUCASUS.

We now return to Tiflis, and set out along the track—for as yet it is no more—to which Russia is endeavouring, with considerable success, to attract Persian commerce. From Tabreez it is now found easier and safer to send merchandise to Europe *viâ* Tiflis and Poti, rather than by the old caravan route through Erzeroum to Trebizond. For this end even officialism relaxes its hand, and allows goods destined for western lands to pass unsearched through the Transcaucasian custom-houses. When the Poti-Tiflis Railway is opened the old route will be abandoned, and Trebizond will suffer the loss of a great portion of its trade. We have drawn attention to these seemingly dry facts because the commercial and political movements of Russia are, in Asia, so closely connected, that anything which relates to either cannot be wholly without interest to Englishmen.

The distance from Tiflis to Tabreez is about 400 miles; it has been performed, under favourable circumstances, by indefatigable travellers, in four days and nights; but few will succeed in accomplishing it under a week's pretty hard and constant work. Along this road we propose to act as guides, not endeavouring to give any detailed description of a journey somewhat tedious at times, but to bring before the reader some few of the more striking scenes which were the reward of our many sufferings from the roughness and hardships of the way. For the first fifty miles after leaving the capital, the track is the same as that to the Caspian, and follows at some distance the right bank of the Kur, which here flows between low and bare undulations, from the swell of which the eye ranges over a horizon formed on the north by the snowy Caucasus, on the south by the lower spurs of the Anti-caucasian ranges. The country across which the broad unmetalled track runs, is utterly unlike any scenes familiar to the Western European. On all sides the bare, broad plain, unmarked by any prominent natural features, stretches away for miles and miles—a mere dark patch of brown and thin columns of smoke, rising out of low mounds, in shape like gigantic graves, show that we are near a Tartar village. The country-folk of Georgia, for reasons best known to themselves, prefer to live like the moles and rabbits, in holes of the ground, and keep their horses and cattle in stables similarly constructed. By the roadside we shall often pass groups of tall, weird-looking stones exquisitely carved, and crowned with turbans—memorials of the dead far more conspicuous than the dwellings of their descendants. Overhead the telegraph wires—those long arms which civilisation stretches out everywhere after the modern wanderer—reach across the wide landscape. We are thus reassured that we shall somewhere again enter the nineteenth century—a fact which our whole surroundings might otherwise well lead us to doubt, as through clouds of dust we whirl along in our tub-like cart, at the mercy of a wild sheepskin-clad Tartar boy, and a team just caught from the steppe, and even wilder than their driver. But even the telegraph wires are invested with a local colouring by the strange tribes of gaily-feathered birds, which seem to carry on all the business of their lives, from love-making to parliamentary assemblies, perched along them.

The wayfarers met with on the road are few and far between; now a Russian officer whirls by in his tarantasse, now a heavy carriage, containing a Georgian family on the move, weighed down with piled-up boxes, jolts slowly past us. Further on, two half-tipsy peasants mounted on the same



FUNERAL PROCESSION AT SCHUCHA.

horse, and shouting out a wild native chaunt, give us a yell by way of greeting, and then stop to discuss the direction they should follow—a question soon settled by their animal, tired of trying to obey two wills at once, trotting off of his own accord. The post-stations, occurring at intervals of from twelve to twenty versts, are alternately mere underground huts, and low, one-storied, whitewashed buildings, where a few bare benches, some sour bread and a samovar, offer food and lodging for the night.

The second day's journey leads through landscapes of a very different type from those just described. The track, leaving behind the Kur, its boar-tenanted jungles and dreary steppes, turns due south, and follows a small river (the Akstafa) up into the mountains. The scenery will at one moment remind the traveller of North Wales, at another of the Italian Tyrol; its beauty reaches it height at a spot where walls of basalt crag, fantastically columnar as those of Staffa, press in upon the stream, and summits snow-streaked till late in summer close the vistas of the winding glen. Higher up, the valley opens, the foliage luxuriant in its lower portion, grows sparse, and the large village of Delidschan is reached. From this point the road to Alexandrapol branches off on the right, there are also numerous horse-tracks intersecting the hilly district south of Tiflis and west of our present route. One of these we traversed, and despite interminable rains, were delighted by the succession of landscapes through which we were led. The road now climbed by steep zigzags from a barren glen to a ridge where the green turf was enamelled with a thousand flowers, and whence our guides pointed out where over the nearer ridges, the snowy Caucasus should, but for jealous mists, have crowned the view. Numerous Kurdish tents were dotted over the slopes, their occupants, visible from afar as spots of crimson upon the pervading green, wandered after the flocks which were enjoying the luxuriant herbage. Then the path passed over sunny slopes adorned with wild pear and other fruit-trees until it at last plunged "Deep in the shady sadness of a vale," where we rode for miles with walls of beechwoods above our heads, and out of hearing of any sound except the murmur of the brook and the beat of the horses' feet.

No two of the villages at which we halted on this journey were inhabited by the same race. Leaving in the morning an Armenian hamlet, we lunched with Moslem Tartars, and slept at night either in a Russian military station, a Georgian country-town, or a German colony. The horseman on this road finds he has a great advantage over the post traveller in entering Tiflis from the south; he is able to cross the summit of the high ridge which rises immediately above the city, and thus gains a panoramic view embracing not only the capital with its grey bazaar and green-roofed houses two thousand feet below him, but also the deep valley of the Kur closed in the far distance by the snowy head of Kazbek.

From Delidschan the post-road to Erivan commences the ascent to the pass of the Echak Maidan, which forms the watershed between the Kur and the Araxes. A contributor to "Murray's Russia" considers this portion of the journey "equal to anything in Switzerland," a hasty assertion which must have been made on the strength of a very slight acquaintance with Alpine grandeur. The view from the top is confined by loftier ridges, the summits of which are grassy and rounded. The real importance of the pass lies in its forming the limit between two entirely different classes of scenery. At this point the wanderer to Persia bids a long farewell to the vegetation and romantic landscapes of the west; henceforth he must prepare himself for a dull, volcanic region of treeless hills and rock-strewn plains—a country where the picturesque element in nature is entirely wanting, and a solemn, and at times, almost weird grandeur takes its place.

In descending, we soon gain a view over the great Goktscha Lake—a vast sheet of water set in mountains averaging 10,000 feet in height, yet shorn both in appearance and reality of more than half their grandeur by the elevation of the surface of the lake, which is itself 6,000 feet above the sea-level. Not a tree is to be seen on the shores, seldom a sail on the waters; at our feet and only a short distance from the western bank of the lake lies the little island of Sevanga, crowned by two churches and a monastery famous in Armenian annals, and still boasting an archbishop as its head. Nothing can exceed, on such a Mayday as we passed through it, the gloom of the scenery for the two stages beyond Elenovka. The downs over which we rode were scarcely free from snow, which lay in deep drifts, marking each wrinkle of the otherwise featureless volcanic cover which too often serves for mountains in Armenia. The lava-rock rang harshly under our horses' feet, overhead skimmed the mists, spitting down on us from time to time angry showers of sleet. "In this land the earth is higher than in any other, and that makes it very cold," writes an old traveller; and we were in a position fully to appreciate the vivid simplicity of the saying; indeed, it often seemed to us as if the earth had been raised unnaturally near the skies. For miles and miles there was neither road, traveller, nor village, only the muddy track cut by telega wheels across the coarse herbage, the gaunt telegraph-posts, and an occasional dead or dying horse or camel, to mark that a caravan had passed that way not long before.

Perhaps it is as well that things should be thus. As in the theatre we have generally to sit through a dull scene of cloudy haze before the glory of the great stage-effect bursts on our eyes—so Nature has provided this dull passage to the spot whence the ponderous majesty of the great Armenian mountain is first revealed to travellers' eyes.

The first sight of a summit, the name of which has been familiar to us from childhood, and which is associated with such Biblical memories, is of itself sufficient to cause some excitement; but even were Ararat unknown to fame, we should have no hesitation in ranking it amongst the most impressive of the old world's mountains. Unlike the Swiss or Caucasian giants (Elbruz, perhaps, excepted), it does not attract by fantastic forms or by picturesque grouping of secondary peaks round a central mass; its chief charm consists in a severe simplicity of outline which, combined with vast size, exercises a most potent spell over the imagination. Any one desirous to make clear the meaning of the term "mountain" to a child's or untravelled Dutchman's mind, would sketch some such typical mass as Ararat—a huge cone rising from a broad, level valley, and entirely separated from all surrounding ranges. The Greater Ararat may, perhaps, best be compared to a vast Egyptian pyramid, the sharpness of which has been worn off by the wear of ages, while by its side the sharp and symmetrical ridges of the Lesser peak, the product of some more recent volcanic disturbance, rise in impotent rivalry. The regularity of outline of this mighty upheaval, soaring 15,000 feet, or nearly the whole height of Mont Blanc, above the Mediterranean,

from its immediate base, has tended to make it an easy subject for caricature, for we can use no other word for most of the numerous plates found in volumes relating to this part of the world. The painter whose genius first puts on canvas Ararat in its true character, will perform a worthy task, and earn the thanks of all true lovers of mountain glory. Until this is done, readers must rest content with word-pictures, which convey a very small portion of the effect produced on the traveller who has the good fortune to drive down into Erivan on a clear day.

Perhaps the most wonderful view of all is that seen from the verge of the last steep descent, whence the grey hues of the Persian town, relieved by the whitewash of the Russian quarter, and both alike embosomed in orchards from the foreground, while the great valley, twenty miles in breadth, with the Araxes, shining like a thread of silver in its midst, constitutes the middle distance to a picture of which Ararat itself forms the centre and crown.

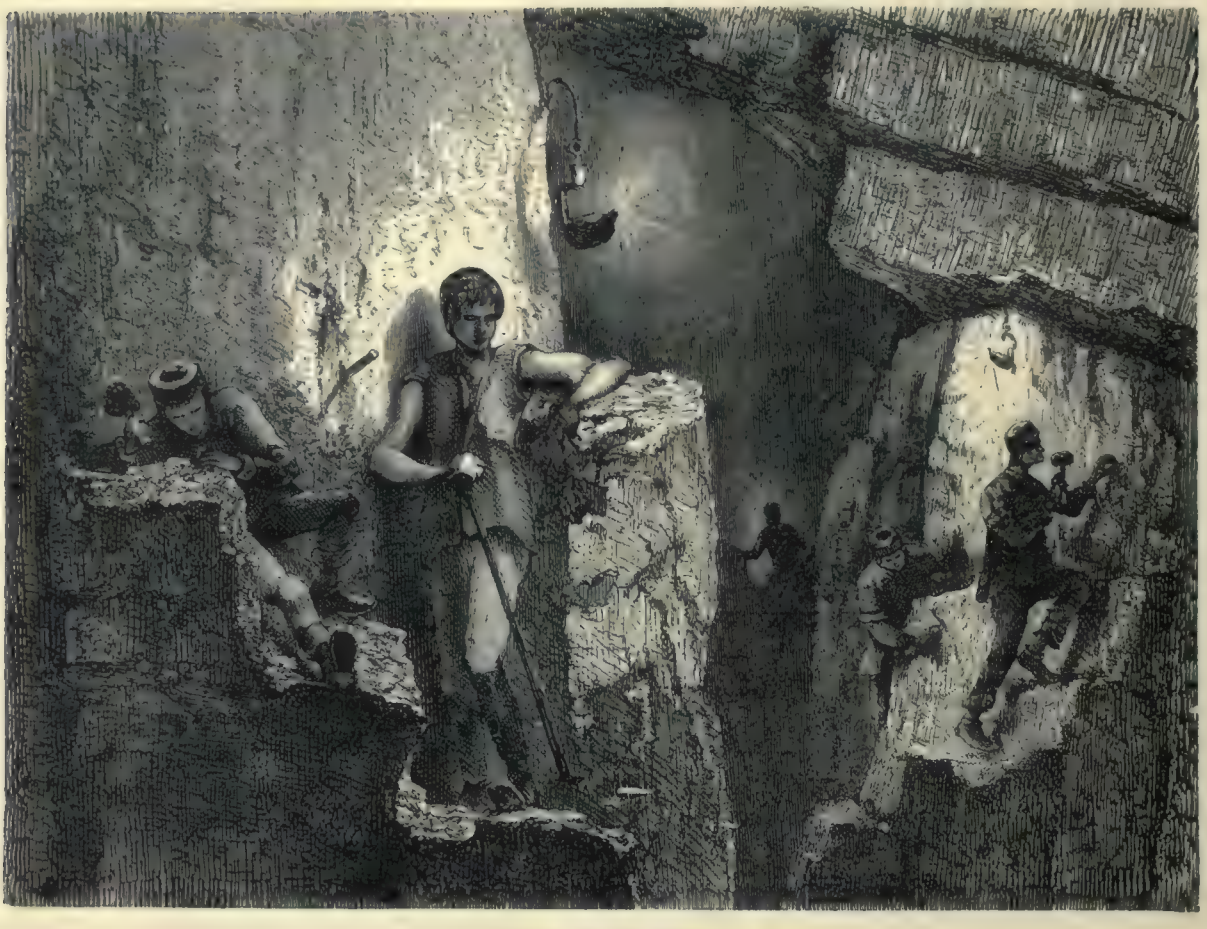
Erivan, considering its remote position, is a very comfortable resting-place for the wearied traveller; it even boasts an hotel, the "Gostenitza Ararat," blessed with a cook who has an extraordinary genius for meat-jellies, delicacies not to be desqised by a digestion disordered by the rude jolting of a telega journey. There are only two buildings in the place of any architectural interest, an old castle, a relic of Persian rule, and a mosque with a delightful minaret cased in blue tiles. The entrance to the mosque is through a sort of cloister or arcade, in the rooms opening out of which a school may often be seen assembled. The boys squat on the ground in rows opposite their master, and repeat their lessons, swaying their bodies all the time, with the slow mechanical motion generally used by Orientals as an accompaniment to prayer. The interior of the mosque, into which strangers are readily allowed to enter, is plain and unremarkable. We did not share the good fortune of Haxthausen, who witnessed within it a most interesting ceremony, commemorative of the murder of Hassan the grandson of Mohammed. The following extract describes the more striking portions of the scene:—"An old Mollah now entered the pulpit, and commenced an oration of remarkable eloquence and solemnity. In tones at first gentle and subdued, but becoming gradually more impressive, his voice rising or falling, and his utterance rapid or slow, and interrupted as the subject prompted, the preacher narrated the story of the murder of the prophets. The story was narrated with vividness of style, an energetic delivery, and apparently a firm conviction of its truth. He made his hearers, as it were, eye-witnesses of the scene. The excitement of the preacher soon communicated itself to the audience, who wept aloud, sobbed, smote their breasts, and tore their hair." The subject is sometimes represented dramatically in the open air, when the parts of the murderers are performed by Koordish horsemen, those of Hassan and his companions by Mollahs. This religious ceremony lasts several days, and generally terminates in a funeral procession in honour of the martyr.

At the corners of the bazaar are generally situated the coffee-shops—rooms open to the street, round the walls of which Armenians and Tartars sit on low seats smoking their long "kalians," and settling their business transactions over bumpers of native wine or cups of tea, which here takes the place of coffee as a national drink. On the walls of the bread-stalls are paintings of wild beasts devouring deer, oddly similar to the monsters of Lombard porches. Many of the private houses are built and fitted up in the Persian style; the rooms are lighted through windows of elaborate wooden lattice-work pasted over with paper; numerous recesses in the walls, which, as well as the ceilings, are painted in bright colours, afford resting-places for pipes, jars, flowered plates, and similar articles of domestic use. A few carpets and cushions strewn on the floor complete the furniture.

The Russian quarter, as is usual in the military stations of Transcaucasia, centres round an open space, part of which is occupied by a plot of garden, containing a few trees and flowers, and a shelter for the band which plays there every evening. Close at hand, large troops of camels are constantly to be seen reposing on the bare brown soil, by the side of their bales of merchandise, while, from time to time, the deep sonorous ring of their bells announces the departure of a caravan for Tiflis or Tabreez.

The population of Erivan is, as might be expected in a town situated on the confines of three empires, and in a district peopled by so many diverse races, of the most motley description. The tall Persian, in his high, brimless cloth hat, looks down on the stouter and smugger crowd of Georgians and Armenians; the sheepskin-capped Tartar jostles with the red-turbaned Kurd, who, accoutred with a sword and a bull's-hide shield, is quite the hero of the scene. Amongst the crowd saunter the white-capped grey-coated Russian soldiery, dressed, it is true, in somewhat slovenly fashion, but in cool, loose uniforms, well adapted for the summer heats.

Erivan is well situated as a centre for exploring the surrounding regions, and as a starting-point for the ascent of Ararat. We will proceed to sketch out the expeditions most to be recommended, depending as far as possible on personal experience, but throwing in some details from other sources. Our plan confines us to the Czar's territory, the frontier of which—except where it makes a short bend to the south, to pass over Ararat—lies along the Araxes. The Lesser Ararat is the corner-stone of Turkey, Persia, and Russia, which all meet on its summit. Before starting, we counsel the traveller to sacrifice the doubtful advantages of the post, and to make a bargain with some Armenian in the market for saddle-horses. In this way he will, it is true, scarcely get over more than thirty miles in a day, but he will find that the increase of pleasure more than repays the length of time spent on the road. Our first excursion lies along the post-road down the Araxes valley. For the first twenty miles we pass between fields and vineyards, nourished by a careful system of irrigation; beyond Kamirla, the second station, a grassy plain is entered. Villages now become few and far between, and the intervening space is only tenanted by the nomadic Kurds, whose encampments are frequently found by the roadside. Their tents are circular, with bell-shaped roofs, and sides formed of wickerwork covered with brightly-coloured mats—the work of the women, who, as is too often the case in the East, do all the hard work of the household. The scenery near at hand is somewhat sterile and melancholy, but the constant views of Ararat are too fine to allow us to find the journey dull. As the traveller makes the half-circuit of the mountain, the Lesser Ararat seems slowly to revolve round the Greater, like a satellite round its planet, until at last its rocky outline is entirely projected against the pure snows of the loftier summit.



MINERS OF THE HARTZ.

From Alsace to the Hartz.—IV.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

THE HARTZ.

LEAVING the railway at Thale, we enter at once a singular tract of elevated ground, rising suddenly out of the great plains of Northern Europe, and attaining at one point a height of nearly 4,000 feet, occupying in all an area of more than 1,000 square miles. This range—rather hill than mountain in point of elevation, but geographically and geologically mountainous—is the Hartz. It extends for sixty miles from west south-west to east south-east, with a breadth of twenty miles; and though not rising above the snow-line in that part of Europe, is rarely without snow in sheltered places near the summit. It is crossed in several directions by roads, and is easily accessible, being approached by rail on two sides. It is important as being one of the great mining centres of Germany, and the seat of a mining school; but the mining is carried on rather with steadiness than vigour. Few parts of Northern Europe are more interesting in their way, but the tourist must not expect the scenery of the Alps or Pyrenees. The most picturesque scenery is on the eastern side, but the chief mineral wealth is in the western part.

Entering the Hartz from the east, the first object of interest is the celebrated Teufels Maur. This name must not surprise or alarm the traveller, for the whole district is sacred to the ideal, and abounds with references to early German history, both real and mythical. Spirits of the air and earth, witches, and heroes are strangely mixed up in all the names and legends Thus the Teufels Maur, or "Devil's Wall," when looked at by the eye of modern realism, is nothing more than a natural rib of hard sandstone, outside the central mass of granite rock that forms the nucleus of the district. We soon reach the granite, however, from Thale, as a walk of an hour brings us to the Ross-trappe—a magnificent entrance to the characteristic scenery of the mountain range. The spot bearing the name is on one side of a defile, very gloomy and very romantic, through which the river Bode flows, between lofty cliffs of broken granite round the southern side of the central elevation.

The story connected with the place is, that a certain princess, mounted on a horse of more than mortal strength, was pursued by one of the giants of the early German mythology, while riding on the opposite cliff, and leaping across the gorge to avoid persecution, was safely and miraculously landed on a platform of rock some five feet square. The spot where the horse's foot first touched the rock was naturally enough marked with a deep dint, that still remains, and can, by a vigorous imagination, be likened to a

horse's hoof. This mark is the Ross-trappe. The mass of granite that forms the cliff is precipitous and isolated on three sides, and projects over the valley. The depth to the water below is more than 500 feet; and as there are some noble trees in the sheltered parts of the ravine, and numerous isolated granite needles about, the general effect is exceedingly fine.

The mass opposite the Ross-trappe is called the Witches' Ball-room (Hexen-Tanzplatz), and is nearly 1,600 feet above the sea. The whole aspect of this part of the Hartz is not only highly picturesque, but very instructive to the student of Nature, inasmuch as it forms the abrupt commencement of the mountain mass which, further to the west, swells out into the much more lofty but rounded and less picturesque mountain of the Brocken.

The course of the Bode is continued for some distance between lofty granite walls, and there is a path along one side.



THE BROCKEN.

At a point a little higher up, the river forms a pot-hole or whirlpool, called the Bode-kessel, and here the action of the water has worn and smoothed the rock in a singular way.

The village of Rübeland may be reached without difficulty from Thale, and near it are some curious bone-caverns in the limestone cliff that there enclose the Bode. One of these (Baumannshöhle) is very celebrated for its contents, having

yielded almost perfect skeletons of the great cavern bear—an animal as large and fierce as the grizzly bear of North America—that once inhabited this part of Europe. There are other caverns more interesting to the general traveller, as being rich in stalactites, assuming all the grotesque forms that are so often seen in limestone caverns. Although interesting, there is nothing in any of these caverns that will particularly strike the general tourist already familiar with caverns. There is a little inn at Rübeland, which is a cheerful village near a large oak forest. It is better, however, to push on to Wernigerode, a distance of fourteen miles, through an elevated and wild district with a number of detached rocks, which, in almost any other country, would be altogether unnoticed, but which in this part of Germany are all named with reference to local superstitions of a very startling kind. Many of them are alluded to in Goethe's "Faust," as it was along this road that Mephistopheles is represented to have conducted his victim to the top of the Brocken by night.

Wernigerode is a charming old town, full of picturesque houses, timber-built, and exhibiting all kinds of strange angles and quaint gables. The town-hall is among the most curious of the buildings. From this place there is a carriageable road to the top of the Brocken, where there is an hotel (the Brockenhaus) with comfortable accommodation, at rates fixed by a government tariff, open all the year round. The road lies through forest, as the whole of the district is wooded, but near the top the trees are poor and stunted. The rock throughout is granite, and the scenery is wild, and not wanting in some features of grandeur; but the air is seldom clear, and the view from the top, though fine, is so rarely visible through the mist, as to render the chance of seeing it exceedingly small to those who go to the top with that purpose.

The Brocken is a rounded hill with little picturesque effect, and though there are detached and fragmentary masses of granite lying near the summit, they are not such as to affect the general appearance from a distance. It is, to all Germans, however, a place of extraordinary interest; for not only is it crowded with historical reminiscences, but poets and writers have from time immemorial clothed it with terrors and horrors of a supernatural kind; and these the names of the fragments of rock serve to perpetuate. The "Devil's Pulpit," the "Witches' Altar," and such like, are the simplest; many are untranslatable—many ridiculous. On the last night of April—dedicated in Germany to a saint called Walpurgis, who is supposed to have converted the ancestral Saxons to Christianity—the witches here hold high holiday. On this bleak summit are supposed to be collected, on the evening in question, all the wizards and witches throughout the world, to pay homage to the infernal majesty of Satan, who feasts them royally on such spiritual and temporal food as they are presumed to delight in and digest. Spirits of the earth, who haunt the mines; spirits of the water, who drown incautious swimmers; spirits dwelling in headless huntsmen; and other spirits of whatever kind—unpleasant to look on, and in all respects undesirable acquaintances—may on that occasion be recognised and even talked to by the bold mortal who will venture himself in such company. It is not, however, recorded that these spirits have as yet disturbed the domestic arrangements of mine host of the Brockenhaus, so that it may be presumed that the presence of civilisation on the mountain has frightened away these strange visitors, and either transferred this annual gathering to some place less haunted by man, or prevented it altogether. One might suppose that the witches had left the world in disgust, were it not that they turn up occasionally with their mischievous propensities, if not their power to do positive harm, in some of our great cities.

It is well known that visitors to the Brocken have occasionally been rewarded with a vision of their own shadows cast in gigantic proportions on the rolling mists ascending from the deep valleys on the western side of the mountain. These shadows long assisted in keeping up the mystery that surrounded everything connected with the Brocken; but like the rest of the spirits, the Spirit of the Brocken has been rudely dislodged from his throne. The spirit is a shadow magnified by being thrown at a distance on a wall of vapour, on the side opposite the sun at its rising, when the mountain-top has been clear. The size alters with the distance of the clouds, increasing as they recede.

The region of the Hartz is subject at times to electric storms of extreme violence. The traveller, if not in actual danger, which may easily be the case, will not fail to appreciate the extraordinary grandeur of such storms in a district where there is so little of human work, and where Nature reigns paramount. On the Brocken itself a great storm could hardly fail to call up all that may exist of imagination and fancy in the least excitable and least demonstrative person, and suggest to his memory all he has read of these dread haunts of evil spirits. Few would be unmoved at such a moment.

On descending from the Brocken the traveller should walk through the forest, following the course of the Ilse to the little village of Ilsenburg, nearly 900 feet above the sea, and 2,800 feet below the summit. The scenery is very wild, and the distance only about six miles. Near the village is a projecting precipice of bare rock, whose summit is easily reached by good paths, and from which there is a very fine prospect over wild and grand scenery.

Beyond Ilsenburg we enter the western region of the Hartz, and approach the mining district. The distance to Goslar is about fourteen miles, the road running past Hartzburg, where there is a brine-spring, and past the mouth of the valley of the Oker, one of the prettiest in the Hartz. Hartzburg is a small place, but Goslar was one of the Free Cities of Germany, and the seat of the Imperial Diet in the tenth century. The houses and public buildings, especially the town-hall, retain an air of quiet mediæval quaintness that is exceedingly interesting. The museum also—the porch of the ancient cathedral of the twelfth century—is an interesting object, and contains some curiosities. The great hall of the imperial residence, long used as a granary, and two of the churches, are singularly valuable specimens of Romanesque architecture of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Another church, the Neuwerk, a century later, shows a transition to the Pointed style.

Immediately outside the town are the mines of the Rammelsberge, which have yielded a singular variety of minerals. Not only does the district yield ores of silver, lead, copper, zinc, arsenic, iron, and manganese, but porphyry, slate, marble, and alabaster are also obtained in some abundance. These mines and works are easily visited, and may be explored without the necessity of mounting and descending ladders. They have been in exploration for some eight centuries, and the mountain is tunnelled in every direction. Even gold has been obtained from them in some quantity. In these mines

the ore is extracted by a very unusual process. Instead of using gunpowder for blasting, the face of the lode, or part of the rock containing the ores, is covered with piles of wood, which are set on fire and allowed to burn for about forty-eight hours, during which time the mine is closed. The result is that the rock is so much split and fractured by the heat as to render it possible to remove large quantities of ore to the depth of several feet with the pick, and at very small cost.



GUIDE IN THE HARTZ.

The slate quarries near Goslar are on a very large scale, and the rock has been very deeply excavated. The other stony minerals are obtained in smaller quantity.

From Goslar, through the very romantic valley of the Oker, there is a road to Clausthal, the mining metropolis of the district. The post road is about sixty-three miles, and is far less interesting. Clausthal is situated on the top and slopes of a bleak hill, nearly 2,000 feet above the sea, and, with the adjoining town of Zellerfeld, has a population consisting almost entirely of miners and others connected with the large mining and smelting works carried on in the neighbourhood. The houses in both towns are chiefly built of wood, and have often been destroyed by fire. There are few places more interesting to those whose pursuits or tastes lead them to study mines and minerals; but to others, it must be confessed, there is not much to invite a long stay. The whole aspect and language of the place refers to mining, and the population, of some 13,000 persons, seem to be totally detached from all other industries and pursuits. The public buildings are the School of Mines and the Mint, both Government establishments. The former contains a tolerably good series of models, illustrative of the methods of working and the machinery and processes of smelting, besides a very good collection of minerals from the neighbourhood. In the Mint the precious metals obtained in the

district are coined and put in circulation, the dollars being paid to the miners as wages.

Visitors are generally expected to visit the mines, and for this purpose they may obtain permission without difficulty from the *Berghauptmann*. The mines generally visited are about half an hour's walk from the town, and, as they are both deep and dirty, it is desirable that the stranger should be provided with a proper dress for the occasion. This is, however, provided at the entrance of the mine; and, having put on an extra jacket and trousers, with a stiff hat and a leather apron, which is worn behind and not in front, and without which the German miner would think himself quite unfit to undertake his work underground, the visitor is sufficiently transformed to undertake a visit. The entrance is by ladders, descending in some cases to very great depths. The work of descent is not very difficult, nor dangerous, but somewhat fatiguing to those unaccustomed to this kind of exercise. With a lamp, to be held in the hand, and preceded by a guide, the victim is taken down into the bowels of the earth, where he sees at intervals a few miners working with pick and gad, and a certain quantity of heavy, clumsy-looking, noisy machinery. After a due interval he is brought again to the surface, and is supposed to have obtained an insight into the nature of mining. Few of those who are not professionally engaged can obtain even the shadow of an idea by a visit of this kind. Mining is a process that can least of any be understood by an isolated visit, and the traveller who goes down with an impression that he will see the precious metals and beautiful crystals lying before him in a tempting manner, ready to be removed by a touch of the hammer, can hardly be made to believe that the dirty, close, miserable hole, in which he can with difficulty stand—the narrow tunnels, through which he can hardly squeeze—the dangerous holes, through which he scarcely dares thrust himself, but in none of which does he see anything but dirty rock, without an appearance of metal—is really a true example of the interior of a valuable mine, on which thousands of pounds have been spent, and from which tens of thousands have been realised. Such, however, is the case. The great and costly works, the miles of tunnelling through rock hard as adamant, to enable water to escape at a level a few fathoms lower than the surface of the ground—the vast depths of vertical sinking to reach the mineral—the enormous pumping apparatus to lift the water to the canals by which it runs off—the extensive systems of timbering, to keep asunder the walls of rock from which the vein has been extracted—all these cannot be seen, and are difficult to understand. Few things are less satisfactory or less instructive, and few more disagreeable to all parties, than the visits of amateurs to mines.

A very large quantity of the machinery, both for pumping and for the various operations on the surface, by which the rough ore is rendered fit for the smelting-house, is worked by water-power in the Hartz mines; and the utmost care is taken to economise the natural water supply for the purpose of obtaining this power. All the small streams of the neighbourhood are impounded, and the water conducted in leats or conduits, kept in a state of perfect repair. There are said to be nearly 200 waterwheels in the vicinity of Clausthal, and upwards of 120 English miles of artificial channel to convey the water to them.

Visitors to Clausthal are generally taken to the silver smelting establishment, about two miles west of the town. To those who have not visited Swansea, or some other great smelting district, the desolation immediately round this spot, caused by the sulphurous fumes of lead and arsenic, will appear very striking. No vegetation of any kind can exist within a considerable distance. The establishment is well mounted, and of some interest to the metallurgist.

From Clausthal there is a cross-road through the southern part of the Hartz to Andreasberg, the other principal mining centre, situated some distance south of the Brocken. Here also there are extensive and important mines, that have long been in work, and produce a considerable supply of several metals. The traveller who is neither miner nor geologist will gain little information by a personal inspection of any of these mines, but a general glance at the exterior and the results will convince him of their value as a means of employing a large class, both of miners and superior officers of all kinds. This seems to be the chief object of the paternal Government, under whose regulation the work is carried on.

The visit to the Hartz ends with Andreasberg. From this place there is a way over hilly roads, clothed with wood, and not unpicturesque, to the town of Osterode, where a totally different industry prevails; and the distance is not very great to the station of Nordheim, near which are extensive deposits of gypsum, much worked. From Nordheim there is a distance of about twelve miles northward by rail to the main line, connecting Berlin with Cologne, and the same southward to Göttingen, whence there is ready communication with Cassel and Frankfort. A railway is in construction which will render Andreasberg more accessible than it is at present, and will open out the resources of the Hartz.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—VI.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER VII.

ARRIVAL AT MEDINA—TOUMBOULA—THE LAMBALAKÉ—FEARS OF THE BAMBARAS—WE REJOIN A CARAVAN—MARCH IN COLUMN—AN ATTACK—HOW REPORTS ARE SPREAD IN AFRICA—BANAMBA.

On our arrival at Medina, Fahmahra went to see the chief, and he charged me to keep a watchful eye on our possessions, as thieves abounded in the place who had even succeeded in stealing a gun and a quantity of salt from some Moors who had lately passed by that way. This, of course, was a conclusive proof of their cleverness, and such skilful rogues were not to be ignored by me; so I posted a sentinel who was to keep all visitors at a respectful distance—no easy task with such an inquisitive and irrepressible crowd. Night came on, but nothing was sent me for my supper, as had been the case in other places. According to the custom of the Bambaras, lack-lallo was brought to our men.



FOREST OF FAN-LEAVED PALMS.

Lack-lallo is a thick mess of boiled millet-flour, with dried meat or fish and a jelly made of lallo, which is the leaf of the baobab-tree, dried and bruised. Connoisseurs say that for this dish to be perfect in flavour, the meat or fish must be extremely high. The Peuhls sent Fahmahra some milk, which he shared with me, for I got nothing else in that village.

Moreover, most distressing news reached us, the serious importance of which I could not then fully foresee. Ahmadou, King of Ségou, was reported to have burned the town of Sansandig. This report meant, not only disturbances in Ségou, but also that one of the most important towns in the country was the very centre of revolt against El Hadj's son. Though it was partially contradicted, I found it quite impossible to get any true and reliable information as to the state of the country. In any case, an attempt to retrace my steps would have been fatal. My guides would have deserted me, and before a day had passed I should have been pillaged, bound, and carried to Ségou as a spy. There was nothing to do but proceed, and conceal our fear and anxiety, and accordingly at seven o'clock on the 16th we set out for Toumboula.

Toumboula is not marked on any map, nor had I ever heard the place mentioned. It is a Soninké village, and my blacks assured me that they knew it by name, which seemed likely enough; for at least half its inhabitants have been in the French and English factories with merchandise, and must have carried thither the name of their village. At Koundian, I had been recognised by a Diula, of Sarracolet, who had spent several years in the Cazamance country, and had seen me at M. J. Rapé's when I was in command of the *Griffon*, then stationed up that river. Similar recognitions might have taken place at Toumboula. It struck me then what a store of interesting information, invaluable to me at the time of which I am speaking, might have been collected, if, in the long years gone by, all caravans coming from the interior had been subjected to minute inquiries as to the place they came from, the route they had taken, &c. &c. The thing would have been easy enough, for in these factories time often hangs terribly heavy on the hands of merchants and clerks, and *ennui* and the want of some occupation produce a most fatal depression. Such investigations and inquiries would be most useful to science generally, to the colony in particular, and indirectly to those who conducted them. The smallest present would repay those who supplied the information for any loss of time incurred.

I learned that the chief of Toumboula, Badara Tunkara, was a great marabout, and devoted to El Hadj, to whom he owed his position. He was an old man, but in spite of this he very soon made his appearance with a crowd of followers, who evidently regarded him with the profoundest respect. He wore a black and gold-embroidered burnous over the usual dress of the country, a red cap, and a very narrow white turban. His good face and a wonderful likeness to Amat N'diaye An, the tamsir or head of the Mussulman religion at St. Louis, struck me at a glance. He gave us the most cordial reception, and told me that he had been a long time at Sierra Leone, that he knew the white men and loved them; and as a proof of his sincerity and good-will, he gave me a fine young ox for my breakfast. He wanted me to stay in his village, and brought me a beautiful dark blue scarf, or "tamba sembé," in exchange for some yards of calico, which he was particularly anxious to possess. I had determined to make our halt that night at Marconnah, and would not be tempted by the kind proposals of the old chief. I thanked him, and gave him a present, apologising for not killing the ox on the spot; and as soon as my men and beasts had recruited themselves, we resumed our march.

Our doctor had been assailed by all the sick of the place, but had only had time to treat the chief's brother, who was suffering from ophthalmia; and, indeed, it was a wonder that every one was not suffering from ophthalmia—and that in its most aggravated form—the dust was so tremendous. I put on my spectacles, but in a few moments could see absolutely nothing: we ate sand, we drank sand! In short, I turned my back on Toumboula and its hospitable chief without regret. Toumboula may be called the capital of Lambalaké, an extremely fertile little province, peopled by Soninkés, who, by their labour and industry, have made it flourishing and prosperous. The most highly-esteemed and best-dyed lomas and tamba sembés come from here and from the Fadougou district, which we were about to cross. It took us three hours getting to Marconnah, the road winding through a beautiful hilly country, covered with rich vegetation and dotted with fan-palms. Before reaching our destination, we crossed a small, rocky table-land, the first of the kind we had seen for a long while.

Marconnah is a large village with a tata; and there, as at Tikoura, on the same road, I was struck by the extensive and very careful cultivation of tobacco. I was told it was a most important article of commerce, and that it was sent in bales to the markets of the Djoliba (Niger). There were many different kinds, but I had no time to examine them: our march was so hurried, and our halts so short, that it was all we could do to put our notes into legible writing, plan out our route, and pay due respect to our often very talkative visitors and hosts. Any other work or systematic course of observation was out of the question, and I had often to summon all my resolution to write up my journal on encamping for the night. Fahmahra had a brother at Marconnah, who came with the chief to offer his salutations, and both tried to persuade me to remain the following day in the village. I was positive in my refusal, notwithstanding Fahmahra's annoyance and ill-temper, who wished—I must say, very naturally—to stay and rest for a day with his own people. I received a present of two goats; and as I had plenty of meat, I gave the chief two shoulders of the ox I had brought from Toumboula. On the 17th, at day-break, we were ready to start. I wanted to reach Sozo that day, and we had a long journey before us. Fahmahra was nowhere to be found; so we set off without him, taking a guide from the village.

After descending the hill on which Toumboula stands, we passed Niarébougou, a small tata; left Boïla, a large village, on our left; and went through a forest of splendid fan-palms. We could see at a little distance the ruins of Moniocourou, 150 yards to the south of which lies Yoromé. At about nine we got to Ouakha, or Ouakharou, situated in the midst of a most lovely plain dotted with fan-palms which were laden with fruit. We encamped in their shade, and Samba Yoro, with my permission, climbed one of the smaller trees, measuring at least thirty-five yards, and proceeded to knock down the fruit. The people of the village came up, and wanted to stop him. This was the more annoying, as the fruit was just in perfection. The milk, which afterwards hardens into a kernel, was liquid and fresh, quite as sweet as the milk of a cocoa-nut, and most excellent.

However, Fahmahra, who, as well as the people of the village, had never eaten it in this state, and found it particularly to his taste, began to dispute with them, telling them that the trees were God's, and that even those who planted them had no right to prevent others from eating of their fruit. He gained the day, and we knocked down about a hundred. The best of it was that the people themselves set about eating them, and found them so good that all the accessible trees were soon stripped. They had hitherto waited for the fruit to fall, when, of course, it was over-ripe, had lost its delicate flavour, smelled like turpentine, and, instead of a delicious cream, contained a fibrous kernel. I am sure our visit will long be remembered in the village, for having revealed to them the unknown delights of this article of food that grew in such quantities around them.

We met with many Peuhls in this district, where they are called Foulars. In feature they were in no way remarkable; they were tall and lithe, and, excepting for the gashes in the cheek, bore some resemblance to the Soninkés and Bambaras, with which races they were probably much intermixed.

The chief sent me a kid and gave my men a plentiful meal of couscous. I in return sent him, on leaving, six yards of calico. The weather was hazy on the 18th, and we got on very slowly, for our two lean horses could scarcely carry us; the donkeys were all more or less disabled; and the mules, who had fasted rather oftener than was good for them, could scarcely put one leg before the other—in fact, all longed to reach their destination. Fortunately we were in the right way, as the blacks assured us. We had no more brushwood and rough country to get through, and a well-trodden, clearly-marked road lay before us. The land was watered by small streams, which spread out here and there into shallow pools, and had apparently no outlet. We passed three ruined villages—Soumbounko, Coro, and Tominkoro—and joined two caravans going to Yamina with cotton-bales. These were Yamina traders, who had come to Fadougou to buy their goods. The road wound through splendid country and forests of fan-palms of many centuries' growth. Some of them must have been from one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet high, and were bigger than any I had yet seen. This country is inhabited by Soninkés and Bambaras, but the dialect of the latter predominates. Formerly it was subject to the Damfa or Dampa chief, who was called king, and ruled more particularly over the province of Damfari. As we approached the Niger, our caravan was swelled by bands of travellers going in the same direction, and acquired a most respectable appearance. Of course I had no idea how far I might depend on the courage of our new acquaintances, but at that time I had no cause for anxiety on that score. My one thought and desire was to reach Yamina and the Niger. At Toumboula we had been told we were within three days' march of the river, and yet at Masoso we were just as far off. Did it recede as we advanced?

On the 19th we breakfasted at Moroubougou, in latitude 13° 50′ 38″ north. Near there we found the body of a man on the road, evidently only lately killed. Vultures or some other birds of prey had torn away part of the flesh from the face, but there were no signs of decomposition; one arm was bent up under the head, the other stretched out; the body was half turned over, with the back uppermost, looking as if death had not been instantaneous. At Moroubougou we assailed the people with questions, for the discovery of this body had rather frightened my escort, as it proved that there must have been disturbances in the neighbourhood, and confirmed the rumours of war to which I had hitherto paid very little attention. We were told that a band of Diulas had been attacked by Belédougou rebels, and that it was one of these who had been killed in the encounter; moreover, that the country was overrun and surrounded by the rebels, who engaged in continual skirmishes, and prevented the inhabitants from going out into their fields to collect the earth-nuts which were still in the ground. A few days ago a young girl of the village had been carried off.

Matters looked serious, but the only thing to do was to push on; if my whereabouts became known, an attempt to pillage, perhaps even to capture me, would certainly be made. Escape on our horses would be impossible, and the prospect of an encounter, though it did not actually frighten me, was not pleasant. The character of my journey had, from the outset, been essentially pacific; I sincerely desired it might remain so throughout.

At two o'clock we were again on our way, intending to pass the night at Medina, a large village lately rebuilt. As we came up, a caravan with slaves and cotton was leaving it under cover of the night. My guides had often proposed a night march to me as less fatiguing and less dangerous; but I would never consent to it, as I could not have carried on my observations and tracing of the route; besides one very soon knocks up if one gets no night-rest, as by day sleep is almost an impossibility. It was about four p.m. when we reached Medina, and the other caravan decided to wait until the next morning for us. I spent the hours until nightfall in reconnoitring the neighbourhood; the fears of these good people seemed to me to be terribly exaggerated. They declared that I was being pursued, and should certainly be attacked; Fahmahra was very uneasy.

The village of Medina must have been of considerable size, as the new tata only covered half the area of the old one. The straw huts, from which the new village had arisen, were still standing. Here, for the first time, I saw bricks being made by the blacks. Cakes of clay, well kneaded, were cut into flat pieces, five inches thick and ten to fifteen inches square, and then dried in the sun. The Soninkés build their walls with such bricks bound together with a rough kind of mortar made of earth and water, and plaster them all over with a compound of earth, straw, and all the manure and filth of the village. We were inspecting these primitive brick-works with the doctor, and I was humming a tune out of some opera or other, when a black who was passing heard me, and stopped as if suddenly nailed to the spot, with such an air of stupefied amazement that I burst out laughing, which stupefied him still more. Only those who know the ideas of the blacks on the subject of music can imagine the comments that must have been made upon us. They took us for griots, whose sole occupation is music, a flattered but despised class—buffoons—unprincipled extortioners—only made to be laughed at and scorned. We did not care, and the face of my black friend has remained imprinted on my memory, and has since afforded me many a hearty laugh.

We left Medina at half-past six in the morning, and reached Touta after a two hours' march. The place seemed dead, for the inhabitants had all hidden themselves in terror at our approach, and not a living creature of any kind or description

was to be seen. In number we did, perhaps, present rather a formidable appearance, as there were one hundred and fifty of us; but we were so encumbered with baggage, so badly and scantily armed, and altogether so worn out and enfeebled, that a dozen determined men could easily have made an end of us. We walked on in silence, with our scouts ahead, taking every precaution against being surprised; and before long our advance-guard was suddenly brought to a standstill by the discovery of footprints on our road, and the sound of voices not far off. A panic spread through our whole band, for the immediate conclusion was that the Béledougou army must be close at hand. I could not help laughing at the general disturbance and terror; but, at all events, prudence was advisable, and I inspected my fire-arms, and gave my men strict injunctions to secure our beasts at the first alarm, and, if possible, tie them to the trees. I would not allow them to stir, though a sudden dash to the left made by some of our train was followed by heart-rending screams. After a few moments of suspense, we saw our fellow-travellers returning, dragging with them three captives—a man and two women. Poor wretches! they had their arms tied behind them, and were quite naked; they were Bambaras, and, by their own account, were flying to the Béledougou territory. Two others—a boy and a girl—had escaped by running. As rebels, I suppose they were lawful prizes, and, as such, were obliged to follow their captors, who, when we resumed our march, gave them back some of their miserable ragged clothing to cover them. This is the true history of the encounter of which such a magnified and startling account afterwards reached St. Louis, through the blacks, that the following paragraph on the subject appeared in a newspaper article which announced my arrival on the shores of the Niger:—

"*Bakel*, 5th April.—Two Toucouleurs, who came yesterday from Ségou, brought the following news:—Mr. Mage and Mr. Quintin visited Ségou in February, and were very well received by the governor, the son of El Hadj Omar. They were preparing to go to Hamd Allahi, the capital of Macina, where El Hadj Omar then was. Mr. Mage had been attacked by robbers on his journey from Koundian to Ségou; but, by the help of his escort and a reinforcement from Boubakar Cirey, chief of Diangounté, he had completely routed them, taking two prisoners, whom he sent to El Hadj Omar's son."

This is how history is manufactured in Africa! I am thankful to say I had played no such warlike part in this exploit, and had not joined in reducing to slavery three unfortunate creatures who were trying to escape from the tyranny of their conquerors, and take refuge among their own race.



OUR CAMPING-GROUND AT MORÉBOUGOU.

We halted that night at Banamba, the largest Soninké village I had yet seen. The chief was at a neighbouring village, collecting the millet duties for Ahmadou, and the two principal men of the place came as his representatives to bid me welcome, and tried, with very small success however, to disperse the crowd which had gathered round us from the first moment of our arrival. The chief, who soon returned and came to see us, made a show of exercising his authority; his subjects certainly did retreat a little at his command, but they very soon came back to their former position. In despair I then resorted to more active measures. I proceeded to squirt them with water, which my men brought from a well five fathoms deep, which happened to be most conveniently near the scene of action. The blacks have a cat's horror of water, so my treatment had the desired effect—my tiresome visitors were speedily put to flight. Imagine receiving a European crowd in this manner! Why, I should have been torn to pieces.

But here, no one thought of taking offence; in fact, I rather believe that I rose several degrees in the estimation of my drenched friends.

The chief presented me with a fat sheep and a calabash of rice, besides two great calabashes of millet for our beasts. He sent us also a supply of wood for our fire. Our poor horses were in a bad way; mine had fallen three times that day, and had, at last, the greatest difficulty in getting up; though he still looked tolerably fat, he was so weak that he stumbled at every step, and had, really, hardly been of any use since we left Dianghirté. Fahmahra and the Diulas, who had come along with us, had a great discussion that night about the captives. The Diulas wished to sell them at once, and divide the proceeds, reserving a fifth for Ahmadou as his legitimate right; but Fahmahra opposed this course, and wanted to take them to Ahmadou, and leave him to decide what should be done with them.

At nightfall the fog had changed into a fine penetrating rain, which soon soaked through the roof of our shed, so that we had to cover up our baggage and provisions as we best could with our tent-cloths and blankets, to keep them from the wet, and, consequently, we passed a most uncomfortable night. I had not dreamed of our having rain at that season; however, in the course of three years' experience, I found that rain in December, January—even in February—though regarded as an abnormal phenomenon, was a thing of not unusual occurrence. By the morning, notwithstanding all our precautions, everything was soaked; and though I was anxious to hurry on before getting into any trouble with the Bambaras of Béledougou, we were obliged to wait until we had dried ourselves and our possessions. I made use of the delay in taking a walk to see the village, little expecting, however, to find any novelty in its appearance, for a dull uniformity is the general character of all the towns in this part of the Soudan. The streets were wide and crooked, and the one-storied houses remarkable in two respects—they were raised a little above the level of the ground, and had doors high enough to admit a man upright—two features which distinguished them from all the houses I had yet seen in the country.

Many of the dwellings were built of straw, and stood in little enclosed courts. Here and there an open space, overshadowed by a large tree, served as a market-place; and in one of these, under a Karite tree (*Shea* or *Ce* in the Bambara dialect), I saw a native baker making and selling millet-cakes: they are fried in vegetable butter, and are called *momies* in the language of the country. I was enterprising enough to eat one, dipped in milk after the approved fashion. They are just bearable, if one is very hungry, but are sour and tough and very rancid in flavour. They were fried in a rough kind of earthenware vessel, and the man had a little calabash beside him, containing the butter, which he used very sparingly. In cooking the cakes, he kept on turning them repeatedly, and put in the butter—more than enough for my taste—with a small, flat, iron spoon, very much like a spatula.

Owing to the somewhat early hour and the rain, there were few people about, and I saw nothing else in the appearance of this Soninké settlement to attract my attention. The village stands in a magnificent plain, which is shaded here and there by gigantic baobabs and cailcedras, but such high trees are not left to grow in great number, as their shade is prejudicial to the crops; and the plain, as far as the eye could reach, was richly cultivated.



HOUSE OF THE DAUGHTER OF THE LAST KING OF SEGOU, AT YAMINA.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE LEAVE BANAMBA—DIFIA—SIKOLO—THE ROAD DESCENDS—DIONI—KEREWANÉ—ANOTHER BAD NIGHT—BASSABOUGOU—BOKHOLA—THE WAR TAMTAM—MORÉBOUGOU—THE DOUBALEL—YAMINA IS SAID TO BE IN REVOLT—WE ARRIVE AT YAMINA—ASPECT OF THE NIGER.

At nine o'clock the weather cleared, and we set out immediately. Fahmahra was still quarrelling about the unfortunate captives, so I left him, and went on with the guide towards Difia. Just at the last moment, the chief of Banamba came to take leave, and I remembered that I had given him no present. I could not, however, unload and open our baggage again; so I told him to send one of his men to our next halting-place for a fez, which I promised him. With this arrangement he appeared perfectly satisfied. At Difia we were mobbed, as usual, by the inhabitants: they were Soninkés, and some of them had seen white men formerly on the coast. They entreated us to stay in their village—possibly in the hope of getting some presents, or from other interested motives; but also, perhaps, prompted by a feeling of good-will towards us, which most blacks instinctively acquire after living among white men. I did not yield to their entreaties, however, but went on to Sikolo, where Fahmahra, who had meanwhile succeeded in getting his own way, rejoined us. One of the captives—the man—they had released after a minute cross-examination, as he belonged to a subject village; but the women were lawful prizes, as the people of their village had not long ago carried off a number of oxen from Banamba, and had thereby placed themselves in a decidedly hostile attitude.

We stopped outside Sikolo, which is a Bambara village, to drink at the well, which was forty feet deep. To the east of Sikolo lies Kounama—a small town inhabited by Soninkés. Fahmahra had a brother there, who came out to see him.

Hitherto, since we left Banamba, our road had lain through perfectly level country, but now it began to descend very rapidly. At Dioni, which was about an hour's walk from Sikolo, the wells were only a fathom and a half deep. The horizon was very extended, and evidently no more mountains or hills lay between us and the Niger. We walked on without stopping until five o'clock, and then encamped at Kerewané, a Soninké village, where we pitched our tents under the wall of the tata for protection. Close by, there was a large goupouilli, or straw village. The well was inside the village; the whole place had a very dirty aspect, and the only food we could obtain was sour milk. I was completely knocked up, and so ill from over-fatigue that it was only by a great effort of the will that I kept myself from giving way altogether. The night brought us fresh trials and, worst of all, no rest. The dogs in the goupouilli howled and barked without ceasing, and before day-break great fires were lit, and the village school opened. About forty children began, in nasal, droning voices, to recite their Arabic lessons, which were written upon a board for them by the marabout. Any one who has ever heard a Mohammedan school at work will know that sleep, even within a reasonable distance of it, is an utter impossibility; so that when daylight came I got up, feeling more weary than when I lay down; but the thought that now at last I could say with certainty, "To-day we shall reach the Niger," revived and gave me fresh strength. At twenty minutes past six we were again on our march. Fahmahra, who lived in continual dread of an attack, persuaded me to give him a supply of powder. We walked on very cautiously, with some horsemen always on the look-out ahead, the rest of us keeping close together. In this way we passed a ruin and a little village called Bassabougou. As soon as we came in sight of Bokhola, we heard the warlike sound of the *tamtam*,* and discerned a body of armed men drawn up at the gate of the village. Our advance-guard called out, "*Kanaké! kanaké!*" ("Not right! not right!") whilst we all continued to approach, to show that we had no evil intentions. They left off beating the tamtam, and made no further hostile demonstration, though they received us with very apparent mistrust, and showed great unwillingness even in giving us water to drink. Their aspect was not very alarming, and the only arms they seemed to possess were a few lances and three or four dilapidated old guns. We soon left Bokhola behind, and made our next halt at Morébougou, where we breakfasted. Morébougou is a Bambara village, remarkable for the most splendid doubalel I have ever seen. Its enormous crown of verdure is supported by at least fifty stems, which spring from the main trunk, and, growing downwards, take root in the ground. It stands in the centre of an artificially constructed platform; and this was the place we selected for our encampment. Here the wells were eight fathoms deep.

The people of the village appeared to be afraid of us, and the reception they gave us, though not actually hostile, was decidedly cold. They told us that Yamina had revolted. I did not believe it at the time, but I found afterwards that they were not far wrong, for a revolt had been imminent.

We took a very short rest, and set out again, in the burning heat, across the perfectly level plain that lay stretched before us. I strained my eyes to catch the first glimpse of the river, but a distant range of low hills shut out the view. At last, towards half-past three, we distinguished a few palm-trees, patches of scanty vegetation, and then some walls—the walls of Yamina. We skirted the town, the second market of importance in Ségou, and at four o'clock stood on the shores of the Niger. My first feeling was one of disappointment. I had expected an immense expanse of water, and I saw a stream not more than 650 yards wide. I did not at that moment reflect that Mungo Park, whose description of his first sight of the river had so excited my imagination, had seen it, both on his first and second expedition, in the middle of winter, and we were seeing it in the driest season of the year. At the time of the rising of the waters, the width of the river must be at least 2,300 yards.

All this I recollected afterwards; but I repeat that the first impression was very disappointing, and I felt none of the excitement and emotion I had expected to feel.

An immense sandbank faced the town; a number of canoes, of all sizes, were lying high and dry on the shores, and quantities of nets stretched on stakes—these were the first things I saw. But I had reached the Niger; I had succeeded where so many others had failed. In my long journey I had not lost a single man, and my store of merchandise was scarcely diminished. Would success still attend me? Should I be able to descend the river? or should I return to Kita by way of Bamakou, and so complete the route I had

* The *tamtam*, or *tabala*, is a kind of kettle-drum used throughout the whole of Central Africa; it is covered with ox-hide, and is beaten with a closely-plaited ball of leather.

originally traced out for myself? I only wanted a strong armed escort, and it would be to Ahmadou's own interest to give it me, as the country had revolted. Alas! vain dreams and delusive hopes! I was destined before long to find myself like an animal caught in a trap, surrounded by an insurmountable barrier. I was to be baffled in every way and on every side by delays, by treachery, by inertion, and by the cunning of the blacks.

Excursion to the Plateau of the Pic du Midi, in the Pyrenees.

BY R. S. STANDEN.

THE approach to Eaux Chaudes — from which place this excursion is usually made—is of that gentle, waving, undulating character, rising by easy stages into sublimer scenes, so familiar to travellers in the sunny south. The Val d'Ossau, one of the most lovely of the numerous valleys that slope down like verdant tresses from the shoulders of this mighty range, merges gradually into a dark, narrow defile, where, at great expense, a superb causeway has been carved out of the solid rock, beneath which, at a depth of more than a hundred feet, the torrent of Gabas boils and roars, and throws itself into a multitude of foamy cataracts.

But how possibly describe the "fairy-work of Nature" opened up to us after our arrival at Eaux Chaudes!

Does the capacity for admiration increase with the exercise of it, or is it a fact that in a long ramble I made last summer through the Tyrolean Alps, I really can recall no single scene where grandeur, luxuriance, beauty of form, and vivid contrast of colour, blend and harmonise in so wondrous a manner as in this drive to Gabas, and the walk thence to the Plateau? The stupendous granite cliffs—the snow-capped mountains—the impetuous torrent—the innumerable cascades forcing their way through tiny chinks and crevices of the rock—the rich profusion of arboreal vegetation, comprising the fir, the oak, the beech, the birch, the mountain ash, the hazel, elder, and universal box—the flitting variety of animal and insect life—all this mingles and groups itself together in the wildest and yet most fascinating confusion. The senses are charmed and feasted well-nigh into bewilderment and satiety; and the after impressions of such scenery are like those of some fairy-dream, of which you retain a pleasing, though ill-defined recollection.

We left the hotel—my sister, myself, and our coachman—at an early hour, in order to ascend to the "Plateau des Bioux Artiques," if possible, before the heat of the day came on. There appeared to be some doubt as to the practicability of making the ascent at all. Three respectable females of a certain age, with whom we dined last evening, were full of all kinds of imaginary fears and dangers respecting it. They had been told that tremendous avalanches had lately fallen and obstructed the way, and that tracks of bears and wolves had been seen in the snow. They had also heard of a young French officer who was recently killed on this excursion in an encounter with one of the fierce mountain dogs, and implored us not to attempt it without either guides or weapons of defence. We had more cheering accounts, however, from the mountaineers themselves, who merely cautioned us against the treachery of driven snow. Our "cocher," indeed, whose intelligence and readiness to oblige were beyond all praise, consented at once to act the part of guide, and carry our cold fowl into the bargain. At the little village of Gabas, five miles from Eaux Chaudes, we left the carriage, and proceeded on foot up a dark and sombre ravine to the right of the main road. Its rocky sides were clothed to a height far up above the snow-line with firs of gigantic growth; some of these, shivered in the tempest, stretched their gaunt forms upon the slopes, or lay half suspended over the roaring torrent beneath. We had not gone far before the avalanches which had crossed our path began somewhat to retard our progress; but as the snow was tolerably firm, and nowhere more than a few feet thick, we pushed steadily on, knowing that so long as we kept rigidly to the narrow limits of the path, which here and there peeped through the snow, we had nothing beyond wet clothes to fear. In one place a huge mass of snow had fallen over the stream, and shaped itself into an arch of so artificial an appearance that we mistook it for a white stone bridge at no great distance.

The most tedious part of the ascent was the last mile, which lay over a gently inclined plane of untrodden snow, where we sank almost knee-deep at every step, having only umbrellas for support, and these we were obliged to use part of the time as a fence from the broiling sun. But, once arrived at the small flat grassy ridge called the "Plateau," such a spectacle presented itself as I am never likely to forget—still less to attempt to describe.

The "Pic du Midi d'Ossau," the most majestic and singular in appearance of all the Pyrenean Pics, was immediately in front of us, rearing aloft its stupendous bulk of conical form still some 4,000 feet above us; its sides so perpendicular that but little snow can find a resting-place on them; and whence the pines, which start up through what little snow there is 1,000 feet or so beneath its summit, derive their nourishment is an inscrutable mystery. All around, in a circle of which our position was the centre, towered an amphitheatre of white-robed mountains of the most varied and graceful forms—their natural splendour enhanced by the brilliancy of the sun's rays.

Here at length was the realisation of the splendid dream that had haunted both our waking and sleeping senses through the long winter months. From Pau the snowy tapering crest of this giant peak was ever the most fascinating object along the southern horizon. It stood alone, starting up like a solitary pyramid, or a stern sentinel of the pass, which here divides the long range into two equal portions. Our emotions on coming into such close intimacy with the object of so much distant admiration will be readily conceived by those who have been similarly circumstanced.

The descent proved much easier than the ascent, and we regained the hotel by three o'clock—six hours from the time we left it.

Notes on Western Turkistan.—I.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

EASTERN TURKISTAN—WESTERN TURKISTAN—ITS DIVISIONS—EUROPEAN TRAVELLERS IN TURKISTAN—KHOKAND—ITS INHABITANTS—ITS CITIES—KHIVA—ITS GEOGRAPHY AND CLIMATE—THE CASPIAN AND ARAL SEAS—THE RIVERS—THE JAXARTES OR SYR DARIA.

DURING recent years the energies of enterprising travellers, both British and foreign, have been directed almost exclusively to the exploration of Central Africa and Central Asia. These two most interesting portions of our globe are the centres round which the explorers, whom I may designate the great luminaries of geographical science, move; the lesser lights—I trust I shall not offend the distinguished geographers who "live at home at ease," and reduce or reconcile the deductions and observations of the "men of action," the discoverers themselves, by likening them to such subordinate celestial bodies as "satellites"—also rotate, though in a humbler sphere, round these "arcana magna" of old Mother Earth. Central Asia has been a favourite ground of exploration for the most adventurous spirits, and here some of the greatest travellers of mediæval and modern times have won their spurs, or rather, to adopt a favourite phrase, the "blue riband" of geographical science, if such a distinction may be said to have existed before the Royal Geographical Society instituted their medal. Portions of these countries have been traversed by the Chinaman Huen-Tsan, by the great Venetian Marco Polo, by the Germans Ritter and Benedict Goez, and the Brothers Schlagintweit, by Veniakoff and Valikhanoff among Russians, by Vambéry the Hungarian; and last, but not least, by our countrymen, Wood, Burnes, and Abbott; and more recently by Shaw and Hayward, and other *voyageurs* too numerous even to name. To no one, however, is more due, in making us intimate with their natural features, than to the great philosopher, Humboldt, who, in his famous "Asie Centrale," which may still be regarded as a classic, brought together and harmonised the observations of some of the great men whom I have named. In our own language, the works of Burnes and Wood—the latter the discoverer of Lake Sarykul, one of the chief sources of the Oxus—afford valuable information concerning the geography of Bokhara and the Pamir plateau, while that of Captain (now Major-General) James Abbott is equally useful in the full and interesting account it gives of Khiva, visited by him in the year 1840, when he undertook a mission to that court under the authority of his distinguished brother officer, Major d'Arcy Todd, our Envoy to Herat. The work of Arminius Vambéry, the enterprising Hungarian traveller, gives more recent information of the three khanates, and to those who have attained a mastery of Russian, or even German, much is accessible which, to the ordinary Englishman, unlearned in these tongues, is as a sealed book. Before seeking to place before the reader a short and concise account of the present condition of geographical science as regards our knowledge of the three khanates of Khokand, Bokhara, and Khiva, we will say a few words concerning Eastern Turkistan.



PERSIAN PRISONER IN TURKISTAN.

It has, until recent years, been the custom to divide the

countries known as Tartary, into two great divisions, under the designations of Chinese and Independent Tartary. The first named is now called Eastern Turkistan, and the latter exclusively Western Turkistan. The ruler of the former country, described as a man of remarkable intelligence and energy, who is now known by the title of Ataligh Ghazee, finally wrested it from the Chinese in 1864, though the blow to Celestial domination was struck by the Tooras, a family claiming descent from the mighty Tartar conqueror Zenghis Khan, and who had themselves been formerly dispossessed by the Chinese. These Tooras, assisted by a force of Andijanis from Khokand, who were led by Yakoob Beg (as the Ataligh Ghazee was then called), expelled or destroyed the hostile garrisons, but the fruits of victory were gathered by Yakoob Beg, who now seems firmly established over a productive region, containing a population variously estimated at from three to seven millions. The Andijanis, as a reward for their valour, now occupy the chief place in the Administration, and form the strength of the army. Mr. R. B. Shaw, who recently arrived in England from his adventurous journey to Yarkand and Kashgar, the two chief cities in Eastern Turkistan, stated, in a paper he read before the Geographical Society in February last, that the Andijanis are looked upon not as conquerors, but as brothers in faith and blood, who have delivered them from the yoke of idolaters and unbelievers, while they reciprocate this conciliatory attitude of the inhabitants. The Yarkandis are naturally addicted to commerce and the arts of peace, while their deliverers from Andijan find their most congenial occupation in arms and administration. Both peoples speak the same language, which is essentially that of the Turks of Constantinople. Mr. Shaw was the first European, since the days of Marco Polo, who has penetrated to Yarkand and been allowed to return from that great emporium. The Geographical Society's envoy, Mr. Hayward, like Speke and Burton, an officer of the Indian army, reached the place a few days after him, but the two were not allowed to meet while in the city. Mr. Shaw describes the country as forming a vast elevated basin about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, surrounded on three sides by a wall of snow-covered mountains reaching in many places an altitude of 20,000 feet. The range on the north is called the Thian-Shan (or Celestial Mountains); that on the west, the Bolor, a transverse chain, which separates the country from Western Turkistan. On the south the territories of the Ataligh Ghazee are separated from the plains of India by the mountain system of the Himalayas, forming an elevated belt 500 miles broad, with eleven more or less parallel ridges of mountains lying along it; one of these is styled the Karakorum, and the most northerly Kuen-Luen by the Chinese, though not forming a distinct chain from the rest of the mountains. The country enclosed within these ranges is well cultivated, containing flourishing cities of more than 100,000 inhabitants, where many of the arts of civilisation are carried on, security of life and property exists, commerce is protected, and markets are held weekly even in the smallest villages. Extensive bazaars, covered in to protect the people against the fiery rays of the sun, and containing rows of shops, are to be found in the chief towns, and in Yarkand alone there are sixty colleges, with endowments in land for the education of students of Mussulman law and divinity, while every street contains a primary school attached to a mosque. There are special streets for the various trades, and the thoroughfares are full of life and business.



INTERIOR OF A TURCOMAN TENT.

On the east, the boundary of Eastern Turkistan is but faintly defined, and its confines are merged into the sandy desert of Gobi, which separates it from China. All the rivers which descend from the snows of the mountains, flowing eastwards, are lost in the sands, and, as there is little or no rain, the soil has to be fertilised by canals and irrigation. The beautiful cultivation and luxuriance of the thickly peopled parts are entirely due to these irrigating canals, which are exceedingly numerous and carefully kept. Mr. Shaw stated that the king superintended, in person, the works at a new canal while he was there, and even laboured at it himself. With so beneficent and wise a monarch, it is not surprising that the country has attained to its present prosperous condition, and it is difficult to place bounds to its advancement if he encourages commercial relations between his subjects and our merchants in India, who are eagerly waiting for the facilities that the Governor-General is about to afford. The Supreme Government at Calcutta is fully alive to the importance of Eastern Turkistan as a new market for the enterprise of British merchants, and it has entered into negotiations with the Maharajah of Cashmere for the purpose of encouraging trade with Yarkand, and arrangements have been made by which all transit duties through Ladak will be abolished. The difficulties of the route northward from the town over the Karakorum would probably be obviated by the adoption of the much easier road to the east, *viâ* Changchenmo, or, better still, by the elevated level plains of Rudok, more to the eastward.

Marco Polo, in the thirteenth century, was the first European traveller who visited Eastern Turkistan, and after him a period of three centuries intervened, until Benedict Goez passed through it on his famous journey from Agra to Cathay. From the date of this journey, more than a century elapsed before another ray of European light illumined, momentarily as it were, the dense darkness in which this country had so long been veiled. In 1757, some European Jesuits, who were labouring in the cause of their faith in China, accompanied the Chinese Emperor, Kien-Ling, when he brought the country under his rule. They made some astronomical observations during their sojourn there; and the geographical positions assigned by them to some of the cities were, till three or four years ago, the only data which modern geographers had to rely upon in constructing this portion of what has hitherto been the most vague and indefinite of maps—viz., that of Central Asia.

Exactly a century after this, the ill-fated Adolphe Schlagintweit penetrated from India to Khoten, the third largest city in Eastern Turkistan, and proceeded as far as Kashgar, where he fell into the hands of Vali Khan Turya, a chief who had temporarily usurped the government of the country, and by whom he was beheaded. The next pioneer of discovery was M. Valikhanoff, a Russian officer, who was sent by his Government into the country a year after Adolphe Schlagintweit, and in the guise of a merchant. The narrative of his journey, which has been translated into English by Mr. Michell, and published in 1865 under the title of "The Russians in Central Asia," is very interesting in a geographical point of view; for a *résumé* of it, we may refer our readers to "The Russo-Indian Question," lately published by Captain Trench. M. Valikhanoff, it may be observed, can hardly be termed a European, as by birth and parentage he was more than half an Asiatic. Eight years later—viz., in 1866—Mr. Johnson, of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey, visited Khoten at the invitation of the reigning prince, Habeeb Ullah, who was designated by the title of Khan-Padshah.

Following, at an interval of two years, upon the exploit of Mr. Johnson, was the expedition of the Russian General Poltaratski, who, in 1868, made a reconnaissance in the Cis-Narym region, in the vicinity of the Chatyr Kul Lake, near Kashgar. No detailed account of this expedition has been as yet, so far as we know, translated into English; but a short *résumé* of it appeared in the March to April number of the Journal of the French Geographical Society of the current year. Then came, in chronological order, the researches of our countrymen, Messrs. Hayward and Shaw; and we hope no very long time may elapse before we have a detailed account of their discoveries. From the encouragement Mr. Shaw received from the Ataligh Ghazee the happiest results may be anticipated, and it will be gratifying to our national pride if our countrymen should become the pioneers of commerce in Eastern Turkistan.

Western Turkistan is divided into the three states, or khanates, of Khokand, Bokhara, and Khiva; the first named, which may be said to have ceased to be any longer a free state, as Russia has gradually absorbed or dominated over the entire country, was known to the ancients under the name of Fergana. It comprises almost the entire valley of the Syr Daria, or Jaxartes, and its various confluents. The khanate is bounded on the north by the country inhabited by the Kirghis Kasaks, who are divided into the Lesser or Western, Middle, and Great Hordes, the latter being the farthest to the east, and extending as far as the great Lake Balkash and the banks of the river Ili, of which mention is made in Valikhanoff's book; on the east Khokand is bounded by Eastern Turkistan and the stupendous chain of the Thian-Shan, which separates it on its south-east frontier from that territory, after passing which the table-land of the Pamir, which has been recently partially explored, forms a barrier to the southward; on the west, the boundary cannot be so well defined, as it includes a considerable extent of territory west of Khodjend, the Cyropolis or Alexandria Ultima of classical writers, though Bokhara and the Jaxartes are generally given as its limits in this direction; on the south it is bounded by the Pamir plateau and Badakshan. Khokand, though strictly speaking not the largest, is the richest of the three khanates; the entire length of this territory has been roughly estimated at 950 miles, by an average breadth of 360, which would give 345,000 square miles. The whole region is exceedingly mountainous, and is intersected by numerous streams, all flowing towards Syr Daria, though some of them lose themselves in the numerous extensive lakes which here begin to stud the surface of the country, and possess no visible outlet. The soil of Khokand is more fertile than that of Bokhara; and, judging by the number of its cities and other circumstances, it is the most populous of the three khanates. Vambéry estimates its inhabitants at more than three millions, consisting of the following races:—The Ozbegs, who are of a type quite distinct from the Ozbegs either of Khiva or Bokhara, form that portion of the population who have fixed habitations. The Khokandian Ozbegs of the present day are a pusillanimous race, though their ancestors have been for hundreds of years the dominant race in Turkistan, and adopted the institutions of Islam earlier than any other people of these parts. It is the custom for the nomads who form the other races of Khokand to adopt the name of Ozbegs in settling down. Then there

are the Tadjiks, a primitive Persian race, who form a more compact population here than in Bokhara, where they are also to be found. The city of Khodjend is exclusively inhabited by them, as also Namengan and other large towns which are said to have belonged to them for more than 400 years. In the other cities of Khokand, particularly in those bordering Eastern Turkistan, Tadjiks are rarely met with. Another tribe, the Kasaks, form the majority in the khanate, and lead a nomad life in the mountainous districts between the lake of Tchaganak and Tashkend, though tributary to the Khan. There are also the Kirghis—or the Kirghis properly so called, a tribe of the great Kasak Horde—who live in the southern part of the khanate, between the capital and Sarik Kal. Their tents are said to number 50,000, and they form the most warlike portion of the population. Lastly, we have the Kiptchak, whom Vambéry considers the original Turkish race. Though numerically inferior, for they only count 5,000 or 6,000 tents, these people continue to exercise, even to the present day, the greatest influence upon the politics of the state. They nominate the khans, and sometimes even dethrone them, while often 500 of their horsemen have taken possession of a city, and defied the authority of the khan. Their type of physiology resembles that of the Mongols; they have the beardless chin, the slanting eye, and prominent cheekbone of the race that, under Zenghis Khan and other Tartar conquerors, swept like a flood over all Asia, and founded mighty kingdoms.

The capital of Khokand is a city of the same name, or *Khokandi Latif*—"enchanting Khokand," as it is termed by the natives, who, however, admit the superiority of the architecture of Bokhara, which is not saying much, as the description of the latter city by Vambéry does not convey a notion of high beauty of design, or magnificence of construction in its public buildings or streets. Khokand, which is of comparatively modern date, lies in a beautiful valley, and is three times the circumference of Bokhara, and four times that of Teheran.* The northern part of the city is without a wall, and the southern portion, in which is the khan's palace, has only been enclosed within recent years. Though the circumference of the city is extensive, the number of houses is not proportionately numerous, as, like most eastern towns, the habitations stand in large orchards. Only four of the mosques are of stone, as is also a small portion of the extensive bazaar. Tashkend is the chief commercial city of Khokand. It is said to have a population of 100,000, and is by far the most wealthy place in the khanate; and, as the trade between Bokhara, Khokand, and Eastern Turkistan passes through Tashkend, it may be considered as one of the most important cities of Central Asia.

After Tashkend comes Khodjend, on the Jaxartes, already referred to, and which still numbers some 20,000 inhabitants; it is well supplied with mosques—some thirty-six in all—and has eighteen *medresses*, or colleges. Then there is Andijan, the former capital, a little to the eastward of Khokand, famous for its silks; and Namengan, and the large city of Mergolan, the chief seat of Khokandi learning. But there is a remarkable place on the eastern frontier of the khanate, which possesses great interest to the antiquarian. This is Oosh, also called Takhti Suleiman, or Solomon's Throne, which is visited yearly by a great number of pilgrims. The place of pilgrimage itself consists of a hill in the city of Oosh, and is described as being situated "amidst the ruins of an old edifice built of large square stones and ornamented by columns." Here the visitors are shown a throne, hewn out of marble, and also the place where Adam—the first prophet, according to the teachings of Islam—tilled the ground. The ruins of Oosh have suggested the probability of their being the remains of the most eastern colony known to have been founded by Alexander. Arrian states that the great Macedonian hero founded a city on the banks of the Jaxartes, for the purpose of forming a barrier against the people on the further bank of the river, and colonised it with Macedonian veterans, Greek mercenaries, and such of the neighbouring barbarians as were so disposed. It is generally supposed that Khodjend occupies the site of this ancient city, from its situation on the banks of that river.

The khanate of Khiva—known in history under the name of Khaurism, from a Persian word signifying "warlike"—is situated south of the Sea of Aral, and of the Ust-Urt. This latter territory is a table-land, south of the river Emba, and separates the Caspian and Aral Seas; it is about 240 miles in length and 160 in width, and is of interest at the present time as being frequently mentioned in the description of the encroachments Russia is making in the neighbouring khanate. The Ust-Urt is, in fact, the south-western continuation and extremity of the great steppe of the Kirghis Kasaks—this portion forming part of the territory of the Lesser Horde. Our knowledge of Khiva—once known among old geographers as Suran—is chiefly derived from Captain Abbott's work, "Narrative of a Journey from Herat to Khiva, Moscow, and St. Petersburg," which, though published twenty-seven years ago, is still of greater value than any other on the khanate. Khaurism—or, to call it by its better-known name, Khiva—is bounded on the north (nominally, we should say) by the small river Emba, for it claims possession of the Ust-Urt; on the south its boundaries form an irregular line, extending from the river Attreck—which debouches into the south-eastern angle of the Caspian, in 37° north, 54° east—nearly to Herat, where it turns north; on the west it is bounded by the Caspian. The eastern boundary follows an ill-defined line—corresponding pretty closely with the 63° meridian—crosses the Oxus, or Amu Daria, about ninety miles west of Bokhara, and is thence prolonged northward till it intercepts the Syr Daria, or Jaxartes, about 120 miles from its mouth. These boundaries are merely proximate, and vary considerably according to various authors. The mean length of the kingdom is about 750 miles, its mean breadth somewhat less than 600—thus enclosing an area of some 450,000 square miles, the surface of which is singularly uniform.

With the exception of the tract bordering the left bank of the Oxus, and the well-watered oasis of Merv, the entire country may be described as a wide desert plain, without river or springs, woods or mountains. "This wide, waste plain," writes Captain Abbott, "is not, however, such a desert as we read of in Libya and Arabia, although, from the latitude of Khiva to that of Merv, the plain is a broken and irregular surface of deep sand, for the most part destitute of grass; for even here there springs a growth of brushwood, affording excellent fuel, and the thorny herb which the camel loves; and, from the latitude of Khiva to the northern limits of the kingdom, the soil is a firm clay stratum, resting upon shell limestone, and covered with a low growth of wormwood and another dark-brown herb." The sandy surface is broken into hillocks and pits, and not into regular undulations—a

* Vambéry's "Travels in Central Asia."

conformation which might be ascribed to the action of the winds. The clay surface, also, generally presents the appearance of a succession of ravines, though it is sometimes level. There is a triple chain of mountains of red sandstone, not less than 1,500 or 2,000 feet higher than the level of the neighbouring Caspian; these, and the mountains of Balkan, are the only elevations of importance in the country. The Ust-Urt, or plateau between the Aral and Caspian Seas, is nominally a part of the khanate; but the extreme cold of winter and the intense heat of summer render it almost uninhabitable. The geological formation of Khiva is principally red sandstone, on the south gradually changing into a firm clay, resting upon limestone.



GIRL OF BOKHARA.

The climate of Khiva is more varied than would be supposed, and its inhabitants are exposed to the greatest extremes imaginable of heat and cold. On the table-land between the Caspian and Aral Seas, the snow of winter lies, during five months, to the depth of four or five feet, and the thermometer sinks to 40° of Reaumur. Even at Khiva, the river Oxus is hard-frozen during four months, although the latitude corresponds with that of Rome; and snow lies for several months melting in the sun's rays, but so congealed in the shade as not to be compressible into masses. Travellers, and those who cut wood in the wilderness, are frequently lost in snow-storms, when the snow will fall five or six feet in depth, and the air is so searching that the warmest fires will not afford sufficient protection against it. Captain Abbott records that water froze in the small room he occupied at Khiva, at the distance of three feet from the charcoal fire; and even at mid-day, when the sun was unobscured, the vapour of the breath collected in large masses of hoar-frost and ice upon his beard and Tartar cap. Yet, in summer, the heat at Khiva is almost insufferable; linen clothes can scarcely be borne, and it is impossible to sleep beneath a roof. People exposed to the sun frequently die of sunstroke. These great extremes of heat and cold terminate about mid-way between Khiva and Merv. At the latter place the temperature of summer is sufficiently oppressive, as the heat of every ray of the sun is intensified by the sands of the surrounding deserts; but in winter, although snow falls, it is immediately melted by the heat of the soil. Yet Merv, although five degrees farther south than Khiva, has a higher elevation above the sea's level, as the course of its river attests. The cause of the excessive cold of Khiva may be simply explained. Khiva is situated midway between the frozen wastes of Siberia and the burning deserts of Arabia and Persia. The prevalent wind, therefore, is from the north-east, and blows over an unbroken waste of about 100 degrees, covered in winter with ice and snow. The chill of this wind is so great that it is said any portion of the human frame exposed to it is paralysed and destroyed. Of the Turcomans sent to oppose the Russian expedition in 1839, numbers were brought back mutilated; some had lost an arm, others a foot, others the whole cheek or the nose; the lips and even the tongue were in some cases destroyed. The position of Khiva, in the midst of a sandy desert, renders intelligible the extreme heat of the summer months. The spring is described as being delightful, and the desert may sometimes be passed in the summer months, as it is always less sultry than Khiva, and is occasionally overshadowed with clouds from the Caspian. Notwithstanding this, the climate of Khiva agrees with its inhabitants. The nomad races, whose habits of life give them sufficient exercise, thrive on it, and so does even the lazy and inert Ozbeg.*

The Caspian, which forms the western boundary of the

* Abbott's "Journey from Herat to Khiva."



CROSSING THE OXUS.

khanate, is navigated by the Yahmoot Turcomans, who owe no allegiance to the Khan Huzrut (Supreme Lord), as the Khan of Khiva is called; among whose other titles, as proclaimed in his firmans, are "the Father of the Victorious," "the Conqueror," and "the Lord of Heroes."

The geological formation of the basin of the Caspian is shell limestone. Its eastern coast is generally smooth and shelving; the bays and harbours are therefore extremely shallow, and the cliffs rise to a great height above them, being seldom less than 700 feet above the sea level. The water is remarkably clear and very salt, though the northern portion is less so, owing to the influx of the Volga—the largest of European rivers—an effect further increased by the severe frosts which set in during the winter months, when ice several miles in breadth extends along the coast as far as the Bay of Balkan, altogether suspending navigation during those months. This gulf—taking its name from the Balkan Mountains—is in the possession of the Yahmoot Turcomans. The Sea of Aral, which also washes the shores of the khanate of Khiva, is only next in importance and extent to the Caspian; and it is a singular fact, to which we shall again advert, that its waters are no less than 117 feet above the level of the latter. Into the Aral the Jaxartes and Oxus both disembogue themselves. The Greeks, speaking of these rivers, unanimously and positively asserted that they fell into the Caspian, though this doubtless arose from their confounding the two inland seas, or from ignorance of the existence of the lesser one. From these assertions an opinion has been entertained that the Aral formed, in ancient times, a part of the Caspian. Humboldt, however, combats this view, and holds that the connection could never have existed. The first allusions to the Aral Sea are made by European travellers in the sixteenth century; for though the Russians had long been aware of the existence of the "Blue Sea," as they called it, they could not communicate their knowledge, having no close intercourse with Western Europe. It was only with the subjection of the Kirghis steppes, after the year 1840, that reliable information was received respecting this inland sea; and Captain Abbott, in giving some particulars of it, gathered during his adventurous journey in that year—for he did not visit its waters—expressly states that they "are to be regarded rather as conjectures than as established facts."

As the Sea of Aral is now nothing more than a Russian lake, it is to Muscovite sources that we must look for detailed and accurate information regarding it. From these we gather that the Aral covers an area of about 23,000 square geographical miles; and, from the fact of the large body of water discharged into it by the Amu Daria, or Oxus, and Syr Daria, or Jaxartes, the lake, although brackish, is not so salt as the waters of the ocean. The fish that are found in it are sturgeon, dog-fish, carp, and a peculiar description of herring. Seals, which are very common in the Caspian, do not exist in the Aral. There are many shoals near the sandy and depressed coasts; and this sea, small though it is, belongs to the stormy and troubled class of waters. The wind freshens suddenly, raising high waves, and leaving, on subsiding, a heavy swell. Winds blowing continually from one quarter are very rare; there is either a complete lull or a strong breeze, frequently increasing to a heavy gale. The vessels best suited for navigating the Aral are iron steamers drawing little water, similar to the gunboats employed by the Russians. There is very little good anchorage ground protected from all winds. The shores of the sea present the appearance of a desert. In summer, with the exception of some parts on the south and south-west, they are altogether uninhabited. In winter, Kirghis encampments may be seen along the northern and eastern shores, as also on the adjoining islands. The northern coast is low and sandy, and, being very sinuous, forms many bays, peninsulas, and capes. The western side is bordered by the precipitous cliffs of the Ust-Urt plateau; the southern is low, and consists of reeds, which cover the drift-mud brought down by the Amu Daria, and of sand thrown up by the waves. The eastern shore, adjacent to which are the Kyzyl-Kum sands, is, in general, depressed, sandy, and overgrown with bushes and reeds. The Aral is called by the Turcomans the Dungiz-i-Khaurism, or the Sea of Khaurism. Abbott says the name Aral is never applied to it, and belongs to a tribe of Ozbegs dwelling near its shores.

The chief rivers of Khiva, and, indeed, of the three khanates, are the Syr Daria and the Amu Daria. That portion of the Syr Daria—also called the Jaxartes—that flows through Khiva chiefly enlivens a desert of sand, but its course through Khokand renders its waters the glory and life of that kingdom, as the Oxus is of Khiva. The volume of these rivers depends, of course, upon the season, the melting of the snow causing the Oxus to overflow its banks.

The Syr Daria, of which we shall first treat, takes its source in several streams in the sunny Bolur Tagh, or Bolor Range, that extends like a wall between Eastern and Western Turkistan. After passing the Kara Tau range, it pursues its course first in a north-westerly direction, and then westerly to the Sea of Aral, and divides into a considerable number of branches and irrigating canals, without receiving into itself a single rivulet. Its breadth is not uniform. In Khokand, by the evidence of natives, it attains 800 yards; in Russian territory, both above and below Kara-Uziak, it is from 100 to 200, and even 500 yards broad. The current of the river varies much; not only in different parts of its course, but at different seasons, and even during the day. In summer, at full water, the flow above Kara-Uziak is from two and a half to four knots; in the Djaman Daria from one to two, and below Kara-Uziak from one and a quarter to two and a half knots, increasing in rapidity at the bends to three and even five knots. It flows more rapidly in the morning, at about ten or eleven o'clock, becoming weaker about two in the afternoon, and again stronger towards evening. Its water, owing to the rapidity of the current and its flowing over a sandy-mud bottom, is always turbid. It quickly clears, however, when drawn for use, is perfectly sweet, and is wholesome not only for natives, but likewise for travellers. The depth of the river, like its current and width, also varies. Generally speaking, the Jaxartes flows through a deep and steep-banked hollow, the depth, at about one fathom from the shore, being above a man's height, and then progressing from one fathom to five and six fathoms. During low water shoals occasionally may be seen, particularly in the Djaman Daria, and at its mouth. The Jaxartes abounds with excellent fish; sturgeon, dog-fish, carp, pike, and rudd are among its finny inhabitants. The appliances of the Kirghis for catching fish are very primitive, while the Russians, with the exception of the Fishery Company of Aral—whose operations sometimes extend to the mouth of the Jaxartes—only aim at supplying their own wants.

A Visit to the India-rubber Groves of the Amazons.—II.

BY WM. CHANDLESS, M.A., F.R.G.S.

The first thing an india-rubber maker, coming to a new place, and finding trees sufficiently numerous to be worth working, has to do is to make his "india-rubber path" through the trackless forest—that is, a path going from tree to tree to the number he wants; 100 is considered an average for one man, for they are sure, like trees of all kinds in the Amazonian forests, to be much scattered. Then he must clean the trees of all moss and creepers, so that the milk may come out undefiled, and leave him clear space to tap. He must also have ready a heap of palm-nuts for smoking the milk; but it is usual to tap the tree a little after cleaning, to get it accustomed to the process. The old way was to make a trough all round the tree near the bottom, to catch the milk and convey it to a pan below; now this is nearly abandoned, and a little basin is fixed with clay below each puncture directly it is made; this gives more trouble, but the milk is thus caught directly instead of running down the tree and getting injured by dirt or wet, and leaving a deposit, which forms so much rubber of an inferior and less "fine" quality. Wet coagulates the milk, and coagulated milk will not serve for "fine rubber;" therefore, it is useless to go out on a wet morning; but with basins the trees may be tapped within two or three hours after rain; with the "trough" the whole day is wasted, as the bark long remains wet. The trees are tapped with a "machadinho," or "little axe," about a finger's breadth and width, made on purpose; most of the little axe-heads now come from the United States. The puncture is made upwards, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and should not pass into the wood, nor, indeed, quite through the bark; there is a knack in this, and Brazilians will say that such an one has a lucky hand for it, as they hold some have for salting meat. As might be expected, women have generally a better hand than men, especially ladies; there are now some half-dozen ladies on the Madeira, and when their india-rubber path has been cleared for them, they find the walk in the shady forest and the occupation pleasant, as is also, no doubt, the income for their private purse.

A tree should have but one puncture to every eight inches of circumference, and it is chiefly from the present or basin-plan limiting the number of punctures, that it injures trees much less than the trough system, when the tree was slashed wildly all over. Tapping goes with the week. On Monday a man taps as high up as he can reach, on Tuesday a foot lower or so, and on Saturday pretty nearly on the ground; the lower the tapping is, the more the yield; that of Saturday is often nearly double that of Monday.

Thus much explained, we may describe in a few words the way of working. A man starts off soon after daylight to the farther end of his path, taking with him his little axe and a lump of clay; the basins he finds, as he left them, at the foot of the tree, inverted, that they may be dry inside; basins of the size of a tumbler are generally quite large enough; those of tin-plate are the best, because the lightest and requiring less clay to make them adhere to the bark, but many content themselves with home-made clay, or even joints of bamboo cane. Immediately the tree is tapped, the basins are fixed with the clay just below the puncture, and so the man goes from tree to tree working his way homeward; probably he may get home by half-past eight or nine a.m. Then he may rest and breakfast leisurely. That over, he goes out again with a pail of some sort to collect the milk, which by this time will have done exuding; and of course goes straight to the farther end of his path. By one or two p.m. he may be home again, and now has to smoke or make the india-rubber. A small wood fire is made, and then fed with palm-nuts and nearly—that is, the pan must be tilted a little, to let in air below—covered with an earthen pan, about a foot and a quarter high and a foot wide, and with an aperture or chimney at the top (or bottom, if you like) about six inches wide; through this the smoke issues thickly; it is a dense, white smoke, of a peculiar smell, and in travelling up the Madeira or Purús one often both sees and smells it a long way off. The palm-nut most used and considered the best is that of the *urucuri* (*Attalea excelsa*), a palm very abundant on the Madeira and on most "white water" rivers. Some places, however (for instance, Lake Manacassurú on the Amazons above Manáos), have no nuts, and these must be brought from a distance of several days' journey. The *urucuri* nut is about two inches long and an inch in diameter; when fresh it may be eaten, but it seems to me better fitted as food for pigs than for men.

The india-rubber maker uses a mould or form, round like an Indian paddle, or rectangular like a spade, according to his taste, and of a size to suit his industry and the yield of his trees. This mould—that is, the broad flat part of it—he dips into the milk; or, if it be large, he may pour the milk over it with a calabash; he lets it drip for a moment over the pan, so as not to drip over the fire, and then holds it and turns it this way and that in the smoke for about twenty seconds; then the milk is set into a thin layer of india-rubber, and in the popular sense of the word dry; and he can repeat the process till he thus works up all his milk. If the cake (in Portuguese the "skin") be too thin, he can augment it next day; in any case, it is usual to leave it on the form for twenty hours, the edge is then cut and taken off and put in the sun and air to dry; at first it is of a slightly brown cream colour, but gradually it becomes as dark as we are accustomed to see it. India-rubber loses about twenty-five per cent. of its weight in drying, and often, even three or four months after it is made, it still loses a little. This india-rubber is the first quality, or "fine;" it must have no lumps of coagulated milk in it, or it will be thrown aside as half-fine. The examination at Pará is now so strict, every cake being cut into four parts, that there is not, I think, much room for intentional cheating. "Entre-fina," or "half-fine," rubber is made exactly as "fine," but of milk more or less coagulated; the difference of price, however, being considerable, india-rubber makers now make but little of it, preferring to clear the milk of clots, using the liquid part for "fine," and keeping the remainder for "coarse"—"seringa grossa." This is a collection of all remains—scraps dried on the trees and in the basins and the pail, as well as coagulations; generally, a lump coated with three or four layers of smoked milk to hold it together; it sells for about one quarter the price of fine rubber, but, I am told at Pará, yields more profit per cent. than the former. I may add that two

layers of india-rubber are thought enough to waterproof common cotton cloth; eight or ten enough for the upper part of india-rubber shoes, and sixteen or twenty for the soles; worn-out shoes are not thrown away, but put into the lump with "coarse" rubber. As a general rule, Indians make most, and intelligent persons least, coarse rubber.

A man may make from eight to sixteen lbs. of india-rubber a day (estimated half-day); the latter is good work, the former very easy; even Bolivian Indians, who are paid by the day, generally make six lbs. and finish smoking by two p.m. Manoel Urbano, a very intelligent man of colour, on the Purús (often from his influence with the Indians there called the King of the Purús), told me that he had once for a wager made thirty-eight arrobas* in a month, that is, more than forty lbs. a day (as no one works on Sundays), but that he started tapping the trees as soon as it was light, and often had not finished smoking the milk at ten p.m., and had a boy to carry the clay and to help to bring in the milk; possibly this was allowed by the terms of the wager. His opponent made over thirty arrobas, but broke down a few days before the end of the month; and Urbano knocked off work for a week afterwards.



INDIAN BOY.

Some years ago the experiment, I am told, was tried of sending the "milk" in its natural state, in tin cans, to the United States; but the trouble was nearly as great, and the increase of price did not compensate the additional risk and freight. An intelligent Brazilian, I suppose of German origin, Senhor H. Strauss, discovered a means of solidifying the milk without the process of smoking, by mixing with it some chemical substance, chiefly alum, it is said. He offered to sell his secret to the Government for general use, but died during the negotiations. In Pará, india-rubber made by the Strauss process was sold only as second class, "entre-fina;" probably from doubt as to its quality. I have never heard how it was classed in the United States or England.

When I was at Pará, in January last, the market price of best india-rubber was two shillings per lb.; it would seem therefore, at first sight, that a man making even eight lbs. per day should do well and get on in the world; and so he should and would—though much of the value of what he makes goes to pay middle-men, and all that he buys he buys very dear, especially provisions—if he would but work steadily and live with moderate economy. Let us, however, look a little at these middle-men, and at the mode in which trade is carried on.

* The Brazilian arroba is equal to thirty-two lbs.

A trader, say, receives £5,000 worth of goods from a Portuguese house of business in Pará: he has a number of customers who take £100 or £200 worth of goods from him, and again give it out in smaller portions to the actual india-rubber makers; of course, he may also have a few of these depending directly upon him; they are, however, no better off on that account. At intervals, or at the end of the season, he receives from his customers india-rubber in payment. Those who bring less than a certain amount—say fifty arrobas—whether this be more or less in value than their debt, he will credit them with what they bring at an arbitrary and low rate, generally less than half the Pará price. Those who bring more, viz., his customers, who have themselves paid this same price to the men working for them, can claim to have their india-rubber sent to Pará and sold there; and he is so far merely their agent, charging them with the expenses, and taking himself a commission of ten per cent. The result is, that in general the india-rubber passes through the hands of two traders before it gets to market, and the actual maker rarely gets more than half the market value. Similarly, whatever he receives is very dear; the traders defending themselves from the charge of extortion on the ground—by no means imaginary—that they suffer much from debts, that is, an insufficient return of india-rubber while they are paying two per cent. a month on *their* debts at Pará. They have partly themselves to blame for the freedom with which they give credit. Almost any scamp—a man you may say without a farthing, and known to be idle and in debt—can ask for £100 worth of goods *and get them.* The just pay for the unjust.

There is a little buying (as we understand buying) of india-rubber direct from the maker, and settling the account on the spot. But this is looked on with disfavour, because the seller has no right to sell, as he has contracted to give his india-rubber in payment for what he has already received. The buyer ("regatão," rather a term of reproach) is always ready with the sophism that what is due is money, not india-rubber; but even if he pays this to the maker—and oftener he gives wine or foreign spirits, or trumpery gold or gilt trinkets, or fancy biscuits, all at fancy prices—it is gambled away or retained, and never reaches the hands of the trader. These buyers, in fact, are a pest under present circumstances; they teach the country-folk bad faith and extravagance, and are among the chief causes of an india-rubber maker being always in debt.

But it may be said, "For heaven's sake let us hear no more about the Madeira, for we have had enough of this for the present." Yes, but we must just touch at the head of Macaw's Island, as the steamer needs wood; besides, I have a letter of introduction to Captain Braga, whose house stands there; and I must be quick and put on some decent clothes, for we are on the Madeira, not on the Purús, where one could land in shirt-sleeves and slippers. Captain Braga received us with much civility (in fact, a Brazilian never does otherwise), and with honest pride showed us his flower-garden—a good one, at any rate for the Madeira. He is one of the few who have employed his slaves in making india-rubber; indeed, I believe he and his brother have bought them on purpose. Most people are afraid that they will run away, where it seems so easy; and few like to buy when abolition seems impending. He remarked, however, with truth, that slaves, if well treated, rarely do run away; that for a strong black, india-rubber making was light work; and that as a slave would pay his value in two years of this work, he did not trouble himself about abolition. I may here mention that, by a slave census taken last year, it was found that the total of slaves of all ages and both sexes in the province of the Amazons is only 591; and that practically all the exports of Pará are the result of free labour. The abolition of slavery would hit a few individuals, but not affect sensibly the commerce and prosperity of the two northern provinces, Pará and Amazons.



ATTALEA PALM-TREE ON THE MADEIRA.

When I reached this place, india-rubber making had not yet begun for the season. From June to December is the regular season, the beginning or end of the month being the date, according to the locality. Formerly, there was a great migration between April and June to the Madeira, and at the end of the year back to the Amazons. Few looked upon the river as their home. The loss of time and labour was thus very great, and in general the five months of india-rubber making had to keep a man the whole year round. Except a few banana plants, there was no sign of cultivation. and people were dependent entirely upon the supply of mandioca-flour brought from below—a supply always insufficient. This caused much additional waste of time, often in the very best of the season. Small canoes would go down to meet a large one toiling up slowly and painfully, and this, from such repeated bleedings, would sometimes at last arrive almost empty. I recollect, on the Purús, one which had started from Manáos with 350 baskets, arriving after a four months' journey with only forty. Now a line of monthly steamers to the Madeira and Purús has started, and will probably cause much change. People on these rivers, being now no more out of the world than on the Amazons, will make houses instead of huts, and spend in cultivation the time formerly spent in travel.

On the next day we passed Manicoré, a new village, just made a parish, pleasantly situated on a bluff at the mouth of the river of that name. Of course, villages and towns will gradually be formed; but india-rubber makers must, obviously, live scattered, generally two or three in a group; often they choose a spot where some huge samauma tree, king of Amazonian forests, stands as landmark and sentinel beside the water, its buttress-roots securing it so well, that it seldom falls but with the fall of the bank.

A little before sunset we stopped at "Vista Alegre," the houses of two brothers, blacks, shrewd, industrious men, who are getting on in the world; one of them owns a slave now. They have cleared a good bit of ground, and, in the main, raise

their own bread-stuffs. The place deserves its name of "Cheerful View," for it is a pleasant slope of ground, with an agreeable, though not very long, view of the river. In our honour one of the lads fired salutes; the echo took about six seconds in coming back from the opposite bank. Salute-firing with six inches of powder in a seven-and-sixpenny Belgian gun is dangerous work, so we dispensed with its continuance. Another lad came from the wood with a small tinamou, a bird about the size of a chicken; its flesh is very white, and it is certainly the tenderest, and perhaps the best-tasted, of Amazons game; this and two or three fowls were given as presents, but, on our asking to buy another fowl, the good wife brought one, saying, emphatically, "This is three milreis," that is, enough to pay for itself and the others too. We were astonished at the time occupied in embarking the firewood, and on going down to the boat found that there was one piece (value one penny) in dispute, consequently the cargo had been all unloaded again to be re-counted. Strange to say, even on the main Amazons, wood for the steamers, instead of being bought, as in the United States, by measure, is bought by *number*, the price both there and on the Madeira being (on an average) forty milreis, or £3 6s. 8d. per 1,000 pieces. The wood here, and generally above, was of the "mulatto"-tree, a very graceful tree, growing in numbers together. Its bark is very smooth, the outer coating being changed every year; when new, this is green; later it darkens to nearly black; and, finally, turns red as it dries previous to splitting off. The mulatto-tree is too smooth to climb. I suppose there is not another, excepting those with thorny stems, that a son of the Amazons will not climb up. When dry, its wood burns well and gives a good deal of heat, but most of what we had was too green. For some time to come, steamers will have difficulty, as regards wood, during the india-rubber season.

On June the 4th we reached Crato, which, from its conspicuous place on maps, might be supposed a town. Of old it was a penal settlement, but I believe as such never got beyond huts. Now it consists of one good-sized and tile-roofed house, and a few huts of the dependents of the lord of the soil. The place is private property, having been granted some years ago to the enterprising Colonel Leonardo Ferreira Marques, who, undaunted by the rapids of the Madeira, brought down cattle from Bolivia to start a farm on the grass-plains of Crato, that extend far to the south-west, but, as is generally the case, not on the river bank. Subsequently, he sold the place to the present owner. It has now about 300 head. For the most part, land on the Madeira is held without title, as elsewhere all over the Upper Amazons. Latterly, the President of the province has been authorised to grant, at his discretion, half a league square to any applicant. The latter would have to pay an occupant for improvements—*e.g.*, 100 milreis (about £8 6s.) for each india-rubber path. Grants, however, of *occupied* land were not, I believe, intended by the legislature, and are ill-advised; already, though few, they have led to serious disputes, and, if continued, will lead to agrarian outrages.

On the following morning, about daylight, we got to the land of the Parentintins, on the right bank. They are the wildest of all the Indian tribes. Truly their hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them. It is not on record that any white man has had peaceful intercourse with them; and every Indian is their foe. The india-rubber trees on their land are still virgin, and the canoe-man that imprudently follows their bank is lucky if he does not get an arrow between wind and water. On the steamer we may call it imprudence; but if a man find the current on one side too strong for his canoe, what can he do but cross to the other? Fortunately, the Indians are shy of the water; still, as a few years ago a party of them crossed to the left bank, and committed much havoc among the scattered and defenceless folk there, a canoe with eight well-armed men now kept patrolling the river. On the Purús last September, some Indians of a strange tribe—supposed to be this party of Parentintins, who, instead of re-crossing the Madeira, had gone westwards—attacked the hut of a Portuguese I knew very well, killed him and his wife, and carried off their heads as trophies; another Portuguese, clerk or store-keeper to the former, escaped by hiding himself under a heap of mosquito-nets. We saw nothing of the Parentintins on the Madeira, and, before night, had passed their district.

About two a.m. the next morning, the steamer ran aground on the point of a sandbank. I was standing on my canoe and leaning against the steamer, and, from the jerk, thought it was the vessel striking on some snag. We did not get off again till after ten o'clock. The steamer's men, not being natives of the Amazons, were evidently unwilling to go into the water, and thinking more about alligators than anything else; but mine jumped in at once, and the others afterwards felt ashamed to hang back. We then tried to warp off with an anchor, and, in dropping this in the dark, knocked off the upper plank of my canoe half the length, so that our upper edge was barely two inches out of water; however, with care, we got to shore, and re-nailed the plank. When daylight came, it was resolved to put out the steamer's fire and empty the boiler, and this eventually let us get off. Meanwhile, my men cast their fishing-nets in a small back-water, between two spits of the sand-bank, and in two hauls caught no less than eleven turtles, six of them full-sized. I have never had such luck since.

The same afternoon we reached "Bon Jesus," the last large india-rubber making settlement on the Madeira. It belongs to the agreeable and hospitable Don Pastor, one of several Bolivians whom the profits of india-rubber making have induced to come to the Brazilian Madeira. Some of them had previously made trial on Bolivian soil among the rapids, but found the trees so dry that they yielded little profit. Possibly the place was badly chosen. Supposing the trees good, india-rubber making in Bolivia would be more profitable than in Brazil, as men would be more easily hired, and provisions be cheaper, while the india-rubber would be free from the payment of the heavy Brazilian duties. Still, on the Lower Madeira, Bolivians make money fast; one whom I caught up two days later was on his return home, having in four years made 20,000 dollars (about £3,400). Bolivian Indians can be hired in Mojos for two dollars a month and their board, for work there; on the Madeira they are usually paid four or six dollars, never more; that is, at the outside, £1 per month. As already mentioned, they usually make six lbs. of india-rubber a day; and last year india-rubber could have been *bought* profitably on the spot at a price equivalent to £1 for thirteen lbs. Their living is not very expensive, as they prefer plantains to mandioca-flour; and hereabouts game and fish were plentiful. Brazilians will not work for wages at india-rubber making, but arrange to labour on their own account. In fact, if you were to offer a Brazilian half a dollar a day to work for you, he would very likely reply by offering you a dollar to work for him instead.

Yet, I believe really that at the year's end the Bolivian Indians have bettered themselves more than the Brazilians.

Don Pastor, with his bright and amiable young wife, has lived here several years; but loneliness has not made them dull. People more cheerful, and cheerfully making the best of everything, one rarely meets. Here in "the bush" we found some of the elegancies of life, and the marks of a lady's hand. The floor, indeed, was a mere layer of planks, and the walls were of palm-leaves, but there was a china vase of flowers on the table. Nor had the table—in another sense—been forgotten; seeds had been brought from Bolivia, and we had fresh lettuces and radishes, such as I have never seen in Manáos; where any wretched cabbage-leaf, which it would be an insult to strawberries to wrap them in, is thought a prize.

Don Pastor was eager now to return home to Bolivia, and had been offered £500 for the possession—not the ownership, be it noticed—of his "seringal" or india-rubber woods, with about thirty paths. But "with india-rubber at thirty-six,"* said he, "how can one go? You must have patience, F——" (to his wife) "one more year. But in less than two years' time, Senhor Eiras, we shall see you in Santa Cruz." And so we parted; not, indeed, at his house, but beside the far-resounding Fall of Theotonio, whither he kindly accompanied us to speed us on our way.

It is time, too, to part from the reader. He may have heard of the monotonous uniformity of the Amazons and its tributaries; a monotony most talked of by those who have travelled most rapidly through the country and seen least of it; he may think it confirmed by the monotony and tediousness of these pages; but this tediousness is all my own. The Amazons is ever fresh and suggestive.

* That is, at 36 milreis per arroba of 32 lbs., equivalent to 1s. 10½d. per lb., the highest price it had reached for many years; but the present price is still higher.

Bolivia; and its Outlet by the Amazons.

Bolivia occupies a very peculiar geographical position. On the west she is almost cut off from the Pacific; while on the east Brazil interposes a vast territory between her and the Atlantic. The Pacific shore-line is nothing but a desert, whose *medanos*, with their changing sands, render its transit very difficult and even dangerous for both man and beast. Here, shut up in the very heart of South America, is territory having an area of some 400,000 square miles, and containing about 2,000,000 inhabitants. Its area was formerly about 473,000 miles, but a late treaty with Brazil has cut off a large strip from the north, and leaves the northern boundary of the Republic on a line with the junction of the Rio Beni with the Madeira.

One very notable feature is that all its inhabitants are found upon the Atlantic slope of the Andes, while the inhabitants of all the other countries tributary to the Amazons valley have their population upon the slope of the Pacific or upon the Caribbean Sea. The topographical features of Bolivia are notable for their grandeur. The great chain of the Andes here branches out into mighty parallel ridges and spurs. The latter shoot far to the eastward until they meet the parallel ranges of Brazil in the great province of Matogrosso. Interspersed among these "cordilleras" are great separate groups, swelling and tumbling aloft, and crowned with eternal snow. A great elevated table-land, about 13,000 feet high, and held between the two grand ridges of the Andes, extends almost from the northern confine of the Argentine Republic northwest to the frontier of Peru. All the watercourses to the east of this table-land flow into the Atlantic. To the south we have the Bermejo, forming in part the boundary with the Argentine Republic, and the Pilcomayo, running south-east and nearly parallel with the Bermejo, both emptying into the Paraguay branch of the Plata. To the north and east we find three great streams, affluents of the Madeira branch of the Amazons. They pour into the Madeira a wealth of waters in no way inferior to the volume of the Mississippi. Their names are the Beni, the Mamoré, and the Guaporé. The Beni has seventy-two branches, all more or less navigable, for canoes which freight from one to three tons each. Twenty inferior streams swell the volume of the Mamoré, which, in a course of nearly 900 miles through the very heart of Bolivia, carries in the dry season from five to fifty feet of water, with a breadth varying from 100 to 500 yards. The Guaporé, forming the boundary-line between Brazil and Bolivia, has its headwaters almost in sight of the headwaters of the Rio de la Plata. It receives some thirty-seven affluents of various sizes—from those permitting large canoe navigation to rivers which can be ascended by large steamers. The aggregate length of these affluents of the Madeira with their tributaries cannot, at a rough estimate, fall short of 5,000 miles. Of these 5,000 miles, at least 2,000 are suited to steamboat navigation in the dry season, and in the wet season at least 1,000 miles more may be added for light draught steamers. For 500 miles of the lower Mamoré, steamers drawing twelve feet of water, could run the entire year. The banks of these rivers afford excellent natural landing-places throughout almost their entire extent, like the Mississippi and the Parana.

Of the Paraguay branch of the Plata river it may be said that it will prove a great outlet for Bolivian products when the immense wild lands of South-eastern Bolivia are settled and made to yield their wonderful natural wealth into commercial marts. Steamers can ascend to a point nearly opposite the centre of the Republic, on the Brazil frontier. Between this point and the present centre of population it would be necessary to travel at least 800 miles of wilds, with no road. The Bolivians, therefore, very properly turn their eyes towards the Amazons as the natural outlet for their products to the commerce of the world.

All travellers attest to the climate of Bolivia being one of the healthiest in the world—Humboldt, D'Aubigné, Haenke, Castelnau, Gibbon, and others who, at different periods have made explorations in the country under direction of their

respective governments. The population of the country is in great part upon the Amazons slope. Many populous centres are found upon the banks of the rivers far in the east and north-east. Among these towns are Santa Cruz, containing some 12,000 inhabitants, and Trinidad, capital of the great Beni province, having 6,000. The people may be divided into two great sections—mining and agricultural. The valleys of the Beni and Mamoré furnish their agricultural products to the mineral districts, and in exchange receive the foreign goods which find their way into the mineral centres, which have heretofore intercepted all commerce between the Bolivia valley of the Amazons and the outside world.

One-half of the 2,000,000 of the Bolivian people are of the Quichua and Aymara Indian races. The latter have their centre of population at La Paz. The former cover a greater extent of territory, and may be said to be scattered over three-fourths of the country. The Spanish is the dominant and most numerous race, and is gradually gaining ground over the Indian. It may be justly said that the Bolivian people are among the most hardy, energetic, and industrious of all the Spanish American nationalities.

To an elevation of 10,000 feet the eastern slope of the Andes is covered with lofty forest trees. The potato, banana, Indian corn, wheat, barley, and rice are among the products. Corn sometimes produces 200 bushels to the acre and wheat seventy bushels. Cochabamba supplies great quantities of wheat to the cold districts of La Paz and Potosi. Of the fruits there are found oranges, lemons, olives, figs, pineapples, pears, apples, plums, chirimoyas, pomegranates, peaches, and, in fact, almost every variety of fruit. Cinnamon of excellent quality is found: it grows wild in great abundance. Tobacco, equal to that of Cuba, is extensively grown in Santa Cruz and the Beni province. "Coca" or betel, very extensively cultivated in the Yungas valley, is sold in the La Paz market to the amount of about 4,000,000 dollars annually. It is used by the Indians all over the country instead of tobacco. It enables them to undergo great hardships. The chocolate of the Beni has no superior in the world, and is produced abundantly. The coffee of the Yungas valley is largely cultivated for home use; but is rarely exported, owing to the cost of transportation, *viâ* the Andes.

Sugar is produced and largely manufactured from the cane in the Santa Cruz district, and is thence distributed even to the Argentine frontier. Its quality is excellent. Cotton grows wild in great abundance. It is of two kinds—white and yellow—both of a fine, long staple. With the vast wild indigo fields it covers an immense extent of the Bolivian territory. Flax, which was prohibited by Old Spain, may be raised in any quantity. Dyewoods and dyes are numerous. Vanilla, wild sarsaparilla, saffron, laurel, and white wax, yellow and black beeswax, rhubarb, gentian, jalap, aloes, valerian, and ipecacuanha are abundant. Of gums there are many varieties—arabic, copal, storax, tragacanth, benzoin, and caoutchouc. The latter—india-rubber—is very abundant and of superior quality. A great variety of balsams are also found—copaiba, Peru, Tolu, and others unknown to commerce.

The timber of many of the forest trees is of exceeding beauty, and would furnish Europe and North America with rare cabinet woods—mahogany, white and red cedar, red and black ebony, rosewoods, Brazil wood, and numerous others unknown to the world.

The foreign trade of this productive region has all passed heretofore through the Bolivian port of Cobija or the Peruvian port of Arica. It has to pass the desert of Atacama and the Andes on the backs of mules at an immense cost. From Cobija to the nearest city of importance, Potosi, lie 480 miles of mountains and desert sands, where water is hard to obtain, and food for man and beast still more difficult. All freight passing over on to the eastern slope has to climb to an elevation, within a short distance of the Pacific, of 14,000 feet. With the scarcity of forage, the length of the journey, and the roughness of the road, it is no wonder that the average cost of introducing goods and distributing them over Bolivia by this route is 200 dollars, gold, per ton, or ten cents per pound. The foreign European trade in imports amounts to about 3,000,000 dollars annually. This is offset in exports by the Peruvian bark crop, the guano of Mejillones, the copper product of the Pacific border, and a few other articles which count but lightly. The balance of trade against the country is paid by a part of her silver product, which is, including coined, uncoined, and smuggled silver, about 2,500,000 dollars annually. She has found it absolutely impossible to get her magnificent productions above enumerated into the markets of the world by the way of the Andes, owing to the excessive cost of transportation.

No wonder, under these circumstances, that Bolivia has ever turned her eyes towards the Amazons as the true outlet of her vast and fertile territory. Two millions of people, occupying a territory eight times the size of England have been locked up for half a century.

The rapids of the Madeira are the only impediments to free navigation from the Atlantic to the heart of Bolivia. The lower one is situated 240 miles from the mouth of the Madeira and 940 miles from the city of Pará, near the mouth of the Amazons. From the lower to the upper rapid is 180 miles, by a curve in the river, which is concave to the east. In this curve are seventeen falls of water. Heavily laden canoes of from two to three tons burden are dragged up fourteen of them. The other three are more formidable; the canoes are unloaded and dragged around them. The margins of the river are low on both sides, but a straight line, drawn from the upper to the lower rapid on the chord of the river arc, would cut along the base of a low range of hills, and form an excellent road line 150 miles long. It is along this line that the Brazilian engineers have been making a survey to estimate the cost of a railway to tap Bolivia and their own Matogrosso province. It is believed, by the engineers who have examined the rapids, that they may be canalised. The entire fall, according to estimate, is about 150 feet in the 180 miles, or ten inches, average, to the mile. The rapids, are, however, separated by long stretches of smooth deep water, ranging from forty to 150 feet deep. The average distance from the upper rapid to the different centres of trade in Bolivia is about 500 miles. Therefore, from the mouth of the Amazons to the heart of Bolivia we have 1,620 miles with no interruption except the rapids.

Should these comparatively small obstructions be removed, as with the appliance of skill and capital from Europe they may easily be, Bolivia, like Peru, as we have before explained in a former part of the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS, will become an Atlantic State; and the trade of the world will be increased by the contributions of another great and flourishing country.



DJIGHITOFFKA COSSACKS.

The Caucasus.—VI.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, M.A., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS AND BASHAN."

BETWEEN many of the stages on the road down the Araxes valley below Erivan, Cossack stations are passed—links in the chain of outposts by which the whole Asiatic frontier of Russia is guarded. Their occupants are generally well-grown men, dressed in the ordinary Cossack costume, and equipped with an armament which makes up in quantity for what it lacks in quality; but even a gun, a brace of pistols, a sword, a dagger, and a short riding-whip do not suffice to lend an air of ferocity to their appearance, or to counteract the effect of their open, good-humoured countenances.

To the traveller embarrassed by an encounter with a swollen and unbridged torrent—an incident common throughout the Caucasus, but nowhere more so than in the Araxes valley—the Cossack will always render welcome assistance. Three streams, liable to sudden floods—the passage of which, after heavy rains, is a matter of difficulty and sometimes danger—flow out of the Karabagh Mountains and intersect the post-road between Erivan and Djulfa. We will give our own experience of the most formidable of these passages.

On our journey to Tabreez we drive up, towards evening, to a station, the last before that at which we hope to sleep. Our Mingrelian servant, anxious to lose no time, jumps from his seat and delivers to the postmaster our doubly-sealed podorojno; to our disgust the document is received with the sullen air which we generally interpret to mean, "No horses in the stable." "Well," we ask, "what is the matter?" The reply is unexpected—"The river, two versts hence, is in flood; a tarantasse was nearly swept away at mid-day, and the waters have been rising ever since; it is impossible for you to proceed." We insist on driving to the river-bank and judging for ourselves. Two fresh telegas are accordingly brought out, and, packing our luggage and ourselves into them, we are soon carried to the edge of a bare, stony tract, through which flows a turbid stream of sufficiently alarming dimensions. A Cossack, mounted upon a wiry pony, now mysteriously appears upon the scene, and gives us a lead. Our driver, to our surprise and delight, turns out a plucky fellow, and follows without a question; the water rises nearly into the cart, but the three horses breast it steadily, and easily drag their light burden after them. In this way we traverse successfully first one, then a second stream, and begin already to congratulate ourselves on having paid so little attention to the postmaster's warnings. Suddenly the real river meets our astonished gaze, and we learn that what we have crossed are only two minor branches. It is not so much the breadth—although that is considerable—of the foam-flaked flood of yellow waters which so much disquiets us; the other streams were nearly as broad, but they were by comparison shallow; here the strong swirling current which sweeps under the high further bank looks so horribly deep. We are in the leading telega, and the Cossack rides up and gives a few words of half-understood advice, then goes off to reconnoitre the ford. We, meantime, take off our boots and socks, and stuff them into the saddle-bags, which we prepare to hold over our shoulders in case of need. The Cossack has by this time returned, satisfied with his inspection, and under his guidance we enter the river. Half a dozen Tartars cling to the side of the cart about to be exposed to the force of the current; others hang on to the harness, to guide and encourage our team—all unite in raising wild shrieks, meant to cheer or frighten the horses into facing the flood. A last word of protest against the whole proceeding, issuing from our Chamouni guide in the second telega, is faintly heard, and then our whole attention is absorbed in the struggle. We are led into the river obliquely, so as to avoid exposing the telega to the full force of the current. The water is soon up to the horses' bellies, it is pouring through the open sides of the cart and over our feet, and it is with the greatest difficulty we maintain our balance at each fresh jolt over the stony bottom. The horses, however, are strong, and not unused to the work; the driver is cool and skilful, and we reach safely a shoal in the middle of the stream, where all concerned are glad to take breath for a minute.

Then a second plunge—shorter, deeper, more perilous than the first; a few seconds of suspense while the horses struggle wildly to climb the steep submerged bank, and the telega almost swings round to the current. But the well-directed strength of our team gains the mastery; for a moment we are almost tilted backwards out of the cart, and then find ourselves and our luggage safe on dry ground. It is pleasant, according to Lucretius—

"E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem;"

but the pleasure has an added zest when one has oneself undergone the peril. The passage of the second telega, and the absurd attitudes and evident terror of its occupants, afforded us a hearty laugh, which was too soon interrupted by the necessity of satisfying the just claims of the Cossack and Tartars, whose assistance had been of such value.

A steppe storm is another incident which enlivens the monotony of the Araxes valley. This phenomenon of Nature is closely allied to the simoom with which books of geography and travellers' tales have made most of us familiar from childhood. Ararat, which serves as a meeting-place for the spirits of storm, is the parent of most of these startling atmospheric disturbances. On an otherwise clear, calm morning, clouds slowly gather round the snowy head of the mountain. The grey film which first enwraps the summit, condenses gradually into a thicker, blacker substance, out of which forked lightnings shoot from time to time. At length an impulse of motion seizes the mass, and a dark wing slowly stretches itself out, overshadowing a part of the plain. Suddenly an appearance like puffs of smoke rises from the ground immediately beneath the cloud, the seeming smoke—in reality clouds of dust—is borne up by the whirlwind into great pillars of sand, which, after a few moments, break up and rush faster than a horse can gallop across the plain. The wind which bears them with it is unfaceable, and the thin, fine dust perfectly blinding. The latter, however, is soon laid by the first heavy drops of the thunderstorm, which sweeps down in drenching force on all who are unlucky enough to be exposed to its violence. Half an hour later the sky is again clear over-

head, except where a distant rainbow, spanning the banks of the Araxes, paints the skirts of the retreating storm, and recalls to our minds the opening scenes of the Bible narrative, which are so closely associated with these Armenian highlands.

Incidents in the lives of the survivors of the Flood are connected by local traditions—as to the age of which we know nothing—with several spots in the neighbourhood of Ararat. Nakhitchevan, the town we are now approaching, is said to occupy the precise site on which Noah built an altar after leaving the ark; outside the town the Armenians point out the tomb of the patriarch—a monument in the authenticity of which they show their belief by surrounding the sacred spot with the tombstones of their own dead. Nearer Tabreez, on Persian soil, is Marand, where Noah is said to have buried his wife; the word Erivan signifies "it is visible," and the name of the town is, according to tradition, derived from the circumstance that the occupants of the ark first saw dry ground at this spot. The grapes grown in the Araxes valley are still believed to owe their excellence to their descent from the original vine—itself a wanderer from Paradise—the potent juice of which was the first cause of the curse of Ham, and negro slavery. Nakhitchevan, at the present day, is a decayed country town, which owes its sole importance to being the residence of a Russian commandant and the place at which the passport and custom-house bureaux are fixed. The ruins of a considerable mosque bear witness to former prosperity, and the position of the place, on a brow overlooking the valley, is commanding. Although a direct bridle-road leads across the hills to Schuscha, the curious in wild scenery are strongly advised to follow the river round the base of the Kanudschuck range, until they strike the caravan-track leading directly from Persia to the eastern side of the Karabagh. The scenery of the Araxes now enters upon a new phase; Ararat is completely lost to view, whilst the neighbouring ranges close in and leave only a narrow channel—in some places almost a gorge—for the river. The landscape which, during the ride from Nakhitchevan, grows more savage at every step, attains at Djulfa the height, or depth, of desolation. A gigantic rock —a Matterhorn without its pedestal—rises in our rear; ranges of brown hills, scantily covered with wiry grass, hem in the road and contract the horizon; and a vague but distinct notion that he is approaching the end of this world, if not descending into a lower, oppresses the traveller's mind. The descent is, in fact, considerable, for the trench through which the Araxes runs, in this part of its course, lies nearly 3,000 feet below the level of the surrounding country; bare, arid, and almost devoid of inhabitants, it resembles, in some respects, the bed of the Jordan and Dead Sea, although its scenery is on a far larger and more imposing scale. The element of mountain grandeur, wanting in Southern Syria, is here supplied by a lofty range, which rises abruptly, on the Russian bank of the river, to a height of 12,000 feet. Owing to the complete absence of vegetation, every wrinkle and hollow in the mountain sides is rendered conspicuous, and this bareness combines with the ruddy yellow tinge of the soil to produce a landscape fit for the banks of the Phlegethon. The lower spurs, moreover, exhibit the painful caricature of ordinary hill-structure generally remarkable in volcanic districts, bearing to Alpine slopes the relation of a skeleton to a statue. But as the eye ranges heavenwards to the 4,000 feet of spotless snow which in early summer veils the rocky heads of these strange mountains, one is disposed, in admiration of the pure beauty on high, to forget the sterile horrors which surround us, or, at least, to account the range as a Scylla—fair above, if foul below.

Djulfa is the name of the spot where the post-stations end, and the traveller bound for Tabreez and Teheran leaves Russian soil. The Araxes, which in Roman times disdained a bridge, has now grown yet more impatient of control, and frequently indulges its passion by disabling the Russian ferry-boat. The river once crossed, a ride of ninety miles leads to the great commercial depôt of Western Persia and the residence of the heir-apparent—Tabreez, where an Englishman will find a warm welcome from the small but most hospitable colony of Europeans whom fate or commerce has banished to this distant spot.

It is difficult to imagine how a large town can ever have flourished in a country so desolate as that which surrounds Djulfa. It is, however, certain that at the beginning of the seventeenth century Shah Abbas destroyed here a considerable city, and removed many thousands of its inhabitants to the neighbourhood of Ispahan. A touching contemporary lament over this event has been published, with an English translation, at the printing-press of the Armenian monastery at Venice; the last stanza, as a specimen of the national feeling and peculiar pathos of Armenian poetry, deserves quoting:—

> "That my eyes had been blind, my neck broken,
> Poor Armenia, that I might not see thee thus!
> If I were dead, I should be happy,
> Rather than to live and to see thee thus."

A member of a Prussian embassy, who seems to have conceived a most wholesome horror of Djulfa, catalogues its present inhabitants in the following sentence:—"Only great black scorpions, long-haired tarantula spiders, and the venomous centipede, find sustenance in this infernal spot." We did not encounter these reptiles, which have perhaps served for food to their scarcely less disagreeable successors, the Russian officials who now alone inhabit the place. The modern station of Djulfa consists of a good house belonging to the military commander, surrounded by a few miserable mud hovels. Passers-by are given the choice of spending the night on the damp and fever-giving ground, or of wandering up and down the terrace outside the one whitewashed mansion, where they may listen to the popping of champagne-corks which marks the arrival of some honoured guest in the official paradise within. Those who have no need to cross the river will do well to delay as little as possible at a spot celebrated only for the unhealthiness of its climate, and the surliness of the Russian Cerberus who guards the frontier ford.

How far the scenery of the Araxes valley continues to wear the weird aspect characteristic of the portion just described, we cannot say; for at Djulfa our journey in this direction is ended. Ordubad, the next town on the northern bank of the river, possesses at least one object of interest in an enormous tree-trunk of fabulous circumference, which, in so little wooded a country, is naturally famed far and wide. Farther on, at a place called Kudoferin, a ford and factory, on a direct but little-used caravan-track from Schuscha to Tabreez, are reached —to the former town we shall now conduct the reader.

Schuscha, the capital of the present Russian province of the Karabagh—formerly an Armenian principality subject to

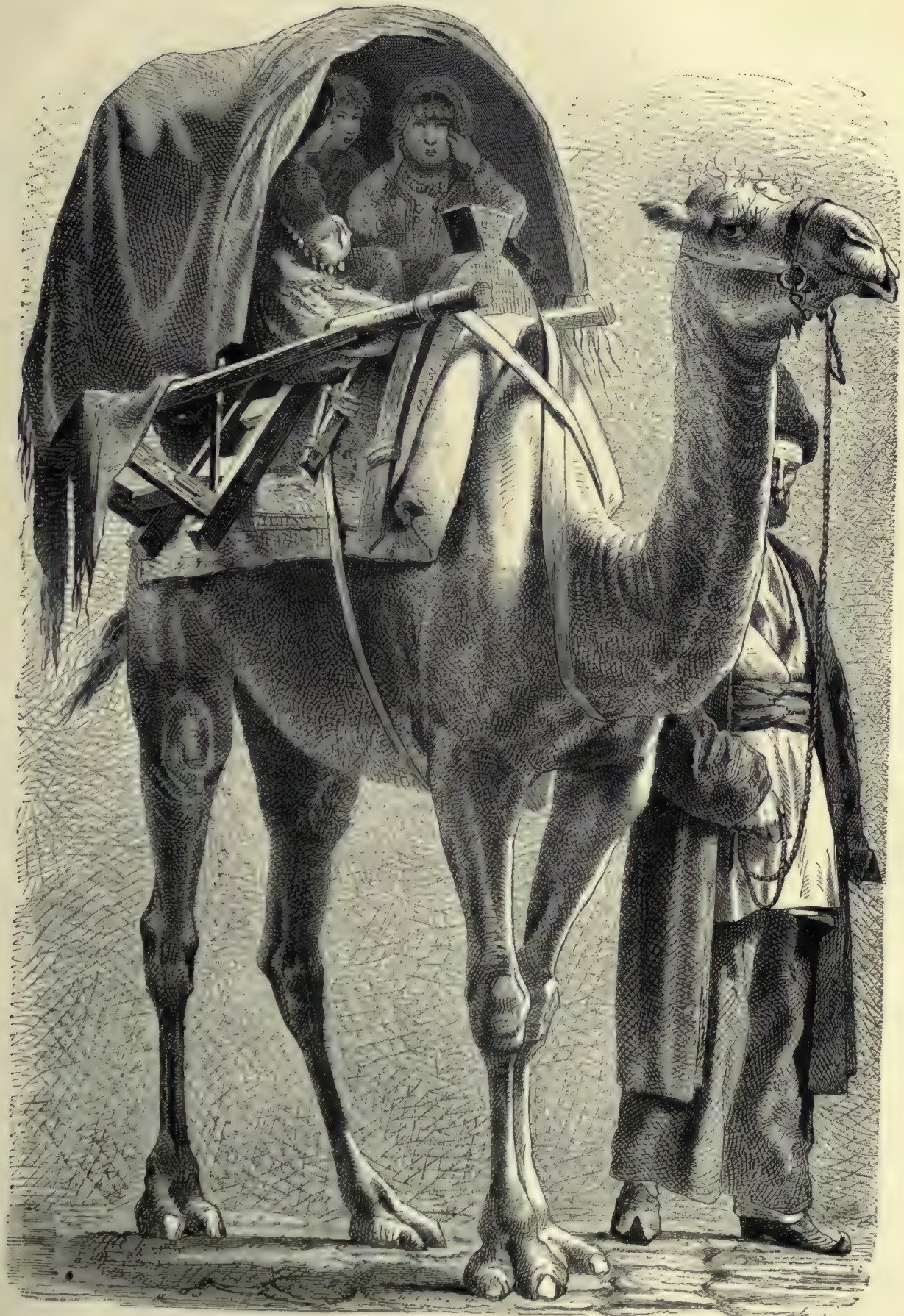
Persia—is a healthy residence and a convenient centre for a European bent on exploring the surrounding hill country. The town itself is better built, and retains more of its former character than most of those in this part of Asia; many of the houses of the richer Tartars are fitted up in the Persian style, and a handsome though dilapidated mosque bears witness to the religion of the race now no longer dominant.



ARMENIAN MONKS, AT ETCHMIADZIN.

The only post-road by which Schuscha is linked to the more central towns of the Caucasus runs along the plain to Elizabetpol; but the traveller will be able, without serious difficulty, to select a horse-track by which he may make his way back to Erivan through the heart of the mountains. The route offers high attractions to the geologist, who will everywhere meet with traces of the volcanic action which has raised the neighbouring pyramid of Ararat. For the student of ethnology, there will be a constant source of interest and instruction in the very motley and mixed population he will encounter. The principal races represented are the Armenian, the Tartar, and the Kurd—the two former live in villages, while the latter are a nomad tribe, dwellers in tents, not averse to a little quiet pillage if it comes in their way. In their manners and modes of life the Armenians are the most pliant, and fall easiest into European models; they are also the most enterprising and speculative, and hold in their hands nearly all the commerce of the country. The Tartars—rich in flocks and herds, which they pasture in summer on the mountains—are far more resolutely Asiatic, Mohammedan—in a word, conservative in all their habits, and mix less readily with their Russian masters—a tendency which has probably saved them from complete corruption.

Supposing the traveller to have successfully crossed the Karabagh, and returned to Erivan, we will now plan for him a second expedition round the flanks of Alagoz, visiting on the way the ruins of Ani and Etchmiadzin, the chief monuments



MOURNERS IN A FUNERAL PROCESSION, CAUCASUS.

of the long-lost greatness of the Armenian nation. The principal interest of this excursion lies in the opportunity it affords of studying Armenian architecture; but many will find an additional attraction, if the season is sufficiently advanced, in the ascent of Alagoz.

Etchmiadzin—well-known as the seat of the Armenian patriarchate—lies only a short ride to the westward of Erivan. The cathedral and residence of the patriarch form part of a large monastery, fortified by a high earthen wall; in the neighbourhood are a few houses and a shabby bazaar, which has little attraction for a visitor. The patriarch or pope of this Armenian Rome—a middle-aged man of an imposing appearance, which is usually heightened by magnificent robes—is most gracious in his reception of English travellers, who will be freely shown all the treasures of the place. Ani lies in Turkish territory, on the right bank of the Araxes. Here stand the remains of the palace of the Armenian kings, and of the churches of their capital, built as early as the eleventh century, and now utterly deserted.

Some distance to the north is the Russian frontier-post of Alexandrapol, whence we may return to Erivan by a track skirting the north-eastern flank of Alagoz. The best starting-point for the ascent of the mountain is the wretched village of Alekujak, where a traveller will find no better accommodation than an empty stall in an underground stable, where sleep is most effectually murdered by the smell and noise of the greater, and the bites of lesser animals. Alagoz is a vast mountain-mass, the steep sides of which support a broad table-land, which affords a welcome summer station to the nomad Kurds. At the northern extremity of these pasturages rise two sharp peaks, over 13,000 feet in height, one of which was pronounced impracticable by the Russian engineers, who succeeded with some difficulty in scaling the second. In the hollow at their base a small glacier, the only one in Armenia, maintains a precarious existence—a fact sufficiently curious when we recollect that Ararat, nearly 4,000 feet higher, can boast no similar offspring. To the latter mountain it is now time for us to return. No visit to Armenia can be considered complete which does not include a pilgrimage to the "Mountain of the Ark," which for so many centuries has been regarded by the inhabitants of the surrounding country, Mussulman and Christian, with a mixture of patriotic and religious veneration.

Notes on Western Turkistan.—II.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

CHANNELS OF THE JAXARTES—THE OXUS OR AMU DARIA—BOLOR MOUNTAINS—THE PAMIR STEPPE.

THERE are three by-channels on the right bank of the Jaxartes. The first, the Ber-Kazan, at the point where it diverges from the river, is forty yards wide, and nine feet deep, and continues its course in a series of expansions which have local names, and are mostly overgrown with reeds. The second, the Kara-Uziak arm, has no regular bed, but consists of a labyrinth of lakes and fens, interspersed with sheets of clear water, fringed with reeds. Its channel is interrupted by morasses at two distinct points, and, owing to this peculiarity, the water at the mouth of this stream is perfectly clear, though of a marshy taste. The third branch, called the Kazala, has, where it strikes off, a well-defined bed, about forty yards in width, with a depth of twelve feet, and a slight current. From Tal-Bugut to a point at Aman-Utkul, the right bank of the Jaxartes forms a depressed valley, by far the greater portion of which is overgrown with reeds, while in the northern portion are formed four lakes which have no springs of their own, but are fed by canals conducted from the Jaxartes, and are, in fact, nothing more than inundations over a saline marshy valley; the water in them is consequently brackish, and becomes fetid, if not refreshed by the flowing stream of the parent river. The principal branch on the left bank of the Jaxartes is the Djany Daria (or New River) which disembogues itself in the south-east part of the Sea of Aral.

The Amu Daria, called also the Jihoon and the Oxus, is a river in Western Turkistan, not second in importance to, and of greater length than the Jaxartes. What the latter is to Khokand, the Oxus is to Khiva—the great fertiliser and life-giver. The region of the source of the Oxus is one of the least known on the surface of the globe. The late Captain Wood, of the Indian Navy, did more than any other traveller to make us intimate with its geographical features, and was the first to unravel the secret of the actual source of the Oxus; though geographers, being among the most sceptical of men, still "agree to differ" on the point whether the lake he named the Victoria, is the chief source. Sir Alexander Burnes, who met with such a tragical fate at Cabul on that memorable 2nd of November, 1841, has also done much to familiarise the world with the course of this river through Bokhara in his very interesting and instructive "Travels;" but still the Pamir Steppe and the Bolor Range, whence the Oxus issues, afford one of the finest fields for distinction to an adventurous and scientific explorer. It is satisfactory to know that in all probability our ignorance will be enlightened ere long by the researches of certain of our own countrymen; the area after all is but limited, for the entire distance between the sources of the Roshkar, the extreme point of Russian survey, and Peshawur in British India, is not above 600 geographical miles. Humboldt, writing of the region of the Pamir and Bolor Range, sums up in his "Asie Centrale," all that is known of this interesting region, and our knowledge has been little, if at all, extended since he wrote his account. The chain of the Bolor, particularly that portion of it situated between 36° and 40½° of latitude, forms the natural boundary between Eastern and Western Turkistan. Commencing from the Terek-Tau and the Thian Shan, or from the Pamir Plateau to Badakshan, colossal moun-

tain ranges present almost insurmountable difficulties to the passage of armies, or the advances of the more peaceful caravans of commerce. Twice only—that is, once during the Han dynasty, contemporary with the Roman Republic and Tiberius, and once again during the same dynasty, coeval with the reign of Charlemagne—were the efforts of the Chinese to penetrate into the fertile valleys of the Oxus and Jaxartes crowned with success. More than a hundred years before our era, Fergana or Khokand became a Chinese state, and remained so for some time. Again, during the latter part of the last century, the Celestials were masters of the Bolor region and Badakshan, but they were soon ousted again.

The diminution in height of these great ranges at their northern limit, and after their intersection by the Asferah Range, renders the passage from Eastern Turkistan into Khokand comparatively easy. The etymology of the word Bolor, varied also into Belur, is unknown, though, as applied to the town and kingdom of the same name, it is of great antiquity. The Buddhist traveller, Huen-Tsan, writing of it in the year 640 B.C., says, "To the south of the Pamir Valley, after crossing the mountain, one reaches the kingdom of Bolor, which produces much gold and silver." The appellation of the Tsun-lin, or Onion Mountains, belongs properly to the intersection of the Bolor and Kuen-Luen Ranges, and particularly to the northern and eastern portions of these mountain systems. The Chinese, however, extended this designation not only to the whole Bolor, but also to the eastern portion of the Hindoo-Koosh. Thus, while Huen-Tsan applies the name of Bolor to the town and kingdom, he calls the mountain chain Tsun-lin. In the middle of the last century, during the reign of the Emperor Tsian-lun, the Jesuit priest Felix d'Arocha placed the Bolor as one of the points on the list of his astronomical determinations, under the name of Po-lo-euth. There is also a river called the Bolor, which, after a curving course through Vokhan, becomes one of the sources of the Oxus. The uninterrupted prolongation of the meridional chain of the Bolor commences from the $32\frac{1}{2}°$ parallel to the south of its intersection by the ranges of the Himalayas, the Kuen-Luen, and Hindoo-Koosh, to $45\frac{1}{4}°$ on the north of its intersection by the Thian Shan, which range here receives the names respectively of Asferah, Kiptchak, and Terek-Tau.

The entire chain thus extends over a distance of 860 miles. The dominating points rise above 18,000 feet, and are situated between 35° and 40° latitude, occurring particularly at the intersections with the ranges extending parallel with the equator. The most southern of these intersections is of colossal proportions, both in breadth and altitude. The works of Elphinstone and Burnes, of Wood and Lord, have supplied us with most of the information we possess on this interesting region. The extension of the Bolor Chain, and its range from north to south, were well known to the traveller Huen-Tsan. He asserts that "the Tsun-lin Mountains abut on the south on the great snowy range (the Hindoo-Koosh), and reach on the north the Warm Sea (the Issyk-kul)."

Humboldt describes the range of the Bolor as consisting of smaller parallel chains divided from each other by high valleys and plateaux. This fact is established by the details of the description of the three great passes through the Bolor. The most northern of these passes leads from Yarkand and Kashgar to Khokand. Caravans laden with tea, destined for the markets of Bokhara, leave the regions watered by the tributaries of Lake Lob-nor, and cross two mountain chains before reaching the basin of the Jaxartes and the Sea of Aral. The first mountain pass on this difficult route, which runs from south-east to north-west, occurs at that part of the range called the Terek-Tau. This is the Kashgar-davan Pass. After clearing this first barrier, which rises from east to west, caravans proceed through the northern prolongation of the Bolor, between Oosh and Andijan, of which we have already spoken as situated on the Jaxartes. This route was known at a remote period, and is mentioned in two march-routes of more recent times, referred to by Humboldt. Beyond this pass southward there is the Pamir Pass, which extends through a continuation of the Bolor to the north of its intersection by the Asferah Range. The next pass is that which was traversed by Father Benedict Goez, in 1603, when proceeding from Karshu through Sirkul and Yarkand. Ritter was the first to direct attention to the route of the Jesuit missionary from Karshu, which lies—if we adopt as a basis Captain Wood's observations on the sources of the Oxus—approximately in latitude 37° 10'. The Pamir Pass, a description of which is extant from the sixteenth century, is the most celebrated in the whole of the Bolor Mountains. The division of the range into subsidiary chains becomes visible here in the difference of climate and vegetation, and Macartney, in his map attached to Elphinstone's "Travels," distinguishes the chains as the Bolor, Pamir, and Badakshan. "The Buddhist traveller, Son-Yun," says Humboldt, "crossed the Bolor in a direction from east to west, after leaving the city of Khoten in Eastern Turkistan, and speaks of chains, the eastern of which he calls the great Tsun-lin. In the eastern part of the Bolor, between Gilgit and Chitral, rises the colossal peak of Tutukan. One degree northward of this height, and nearly under latitude 37° between Karshu and Vokhan, is the Pushtekhar Group, which extends from south-south-east to north-north-west; but however colossal this group may appear, it forms only the girdle of an upheaval still higher, known under the name of the Pamir, and celebrated throughout the whole of Central Asia as a mountain in comparison with which all others must be considered low."

Turning then to descriptions of this wonderful plateau, Humboldt cites Huen-Tsan, who says: "The Pamir Plain extends 1,000 *li* from east to west, and 100 *li* from south to north; it is situated between two snowy mountains. Grain is sown there, but everything grows badly. In the middle of the plain is the Dragon's Lake, the waters of which are dark green, and full of tortoises, sharks, crocodiles, and dragons. Foxes, swans, and wild ducks frequent these waters. To the west of Dragon's Lake there issues a large torrent, which flows towards the Oxus; another torrent, which flows towards Kashgar, issues out of the lake on the east."

In the interval between Huen-Tsan (640) and Wood (1838), says Veniukoff, the only traveller who visited these parts was Marco Polo. This enterprising traveller may have crossed over the Pamir in 1277, but it is difficult to ascertain, from the account he gives, whether he did actually traverse the plateau. From the phrase "it is said," which he uses in his description of the locality, it will be inferred that he did not visit it in person. He was detained by illness a whole year at Badakshan, and from this place he might easily have reached Kashgar, by crossing the Bolor in a more southerly direction than that followed by Benedict Goez. In any case, his description of the Pamir coincides with that given by

Huen-Tsan and Wood, even to the smallest details: "Proceeding from Badakshan to the north-east and east," says the Venetian, "one reaches, after passing several castles along the bank of one river, the province of Vokhan, the inhabitants of which profess Islamism. Journeying three days more, in an easterly and north-easterly direction, one arrives, after a prolonged ascent, at the summit of a range of mountains, which they say are the highest points in the world. When the traveller finds himself in this place, he sees between two mountains a large lake, out of which issues a fine river. The plain yields such fine pasturage that the leanest cattle get fat in ten days." In spite of the similarity of the descriptions, both topographical and physical, of the Pamir, Humboldt was at a loss to determine whether the designation of the Pamir belongs exclusively to one plain, which Huen-Tsan calls Po-mi-lo, or to the whole of the extensive plateau, taking twelve days to cross, as stated by Marco Polo. The Venetian traveller, like his Chinese predecessor, says, at the end of his description, that to the south of the Pamir is Belora; but he does not mention that the plateau of the Pamir forms the watershed between the basins of the Oxus and Lob-nor. Marco Polo visited the province of Vokhan, and it is surprising that he did not learn that the "fine river" of which he speaks, as flowing out of the mountain lake, was none other than the Oxus, the same river that forms the limit of Vokhan on the north.



WOMAN OF BOKHARA.

The western extremity of Sarykul, or Victoria Lake, which is one of the sources of the Oxus, is situated, according to Wood, in latitude 37° 27′. According to the accounts gathered by Macartney during Elphinstone's memorable expedition, two other lakes exist in the zone of the Pamir—namely, Karakul, in latitude 38° 50′, and Surik-Kul, in latitude 37° 10′—marked in Macartney's map considerably to the northward of the principal source of the Oxus, which is placed in latitude 38° 10′. Macartney shows no outlets to these lakes, neither of which must be confounded with the Sarykul of Wood, as they are situated respectively 1° 23′ and 1° 43′ to the north of it.

Burnes, writing of the Pamir, says: "The centre of the plateau is Sarykul, out of which there should issue, according to all accounts, the Jaxartes, Oxus, and a branch of the Indus. This plateau, which affords excellent pasturage, extends round the lake for a distance of six days' journey in circumference; and it is said, that from this elevation all the adjacent hills appear below the observer." It may be observed, however, that Arrowsmith's map, constructed in 1834 for Burnes' work, does not altogether agree with the statements in the text. On this map there is also placed, in latitude 38° 40′, Lake Dzarik-Kul, represented as one of the outlets of the Vokhan river; and to the north-east of it there appears the much larger lake of Karakul, out of which flows to the east the river called the Yaman Daria, and which, lower down, receives the name of Kashgar Daria—from the city of that name in Eastern Turkistan, situated upon its banks—and, still further in its course, the name of Tarym.

When the *Bombay Gazette* gave the first account of Wood's journey to the sources of the Oxus, to Lake Sarykul, and to the plateau 15,000 feet high, it was imagined that this "dauntless explorer," as Humboldt calls him, was much more to the southward of the region of the Pamir proper than he actually was. But the publication of his valuable work soon dissipated all doubts respecting the identity of the Pamir with the neighbourhood of the Sarykul. The traveller was surrounded by those Kirghis who gave themselves out as the masters of the Pamir. When at the point of junction of the two branches of the Upper Oxus, at Issar (latitude 37° 2′), Wood, being in uncertainty as to which route he should follow, heard that the northern branch was called the Pamir branch. The Pamir was described to him by the Kirghis as a high mountainous region; and they stated, in a very positive manner, "that Lake Sarykul was situated on the roof of the world, and that this roof was the Pamir." The road along which Wood ascended to Sarykul is the caravan road to Yarkand.

The Oxus is formed, like many other large streams, by the junction of several branches. If we take Wood's Victoria Lake as the source of the river, its whole length to the Sea of Aral may be estimated at 1,120 geographical miles—thus most



TURCOMANS DINING

nearly approaching in extent the Dnieper among European rivers. Its three chief branches—the Bolor, Duvan, and Sharud, on the latter of which is situated the city of Badakshan—may be described as uniting in one stream, though there is another stream, the Aksu, whose course has not been so accurately traced. The Oxus flows in its upper course either through sultry, dry, and consequently barren steppes, or through a mountainous region, where the beds of its branches are strewn with rocks, and the valleys bordered by precipitous and rugged heights. Of its three principal affluents, the Sharud alone waters localities celebrated for their fertility. Burnes says that both natives and strangers speak in raptures of this country—of its rivulets, picturesque valleys, fruits, flowers, and nightingales. The valleys of the Bolor, and the banks of the upper course of the Duvan Daria, on the other hand, are not of so promising a nature. The former, as described by Wood, are deep and narrow indentations in the surface of a high table-land, and have all the stern characteristics of an Alpine region. Lake Sarykul, notwithstanding that it is situated in the 37th parallel, continues to be covered with ice in the month of February. An anonymous German traveller—said to have been employed by the East India Company, whose MS. work has been recently brought to light—alludes in the following terms to the almost Siberian temperature that prevails at the sources of this famous river: "After leaving behind us the source of this stream (the Aksu) we emerged on the snowy plateau of the Pamir, which is always swept by a very cold wind, and rendered, in this manner, insupportable as a permanent place of habitation. The several lakes existing here are covered with ice all the year round, the surface of which is so smooth that the snow is always blown off by the wind. On descending northward from the Pamir Plateau, the traveller sees before him the large lake of Riankul, in which the water is so cold that no fish are able to exist."

"The glens of the Bolor Mountains," says Veniukoff, "are inhabited by a half-wild race of people, who, being separated from each other by the mountainous character of the country, do not fuse into large, well-organised communities, but retain the habits of wandering marauders, and exist on the plunder of caravans." Huen-Tsan, the Buddhist missionary, writing in the seventh century of our era, states that the inhabitants of the upper sources of the Oxus are devoid of all courtesy and justice, prone to violence, and hideous in appearance. Still it may be put down to their credit that some of these tribes offered a stout resistance to the conquests of Alexander, and, on their subjection, formed part of the kingdom founded by the mighty Macedonian, under the name of Bactria.

The Oxus, after passing out of the basin of its sources—which are enclosed, on the north, east, and south sides by mountains 15,000 to 18,000 feet high, across which the roads for pack animals are few and difficult to traverse—flows beyond the southern confines of Badakshan, Vokhan, and Balkh. Between the two points of Termez and Pitniak, the first town of the oasis of Khiva, a distance of about 540 miles, the settled population keep aloof from the sultry valley of the Oxus. The banks of the river along the whole of this extent are occupied by small towns and villages, which occur near ferries, or at the intersections of caravan routes; it forms a noble stream, and, as at Chardjui, has a breadth of 470 yards, and a depth of 24 feet.

The Oxus enters Khiva by a sandy desert, but, flowing onward, reaches a fertile clay plain, over which its waters are distributed by numerous canals. This plain is about 200 miles in length, by about an average breadth of 60 miles, and produces grain for the supply of the bulk of the Tartar population, as well as for export to Khorasan. In ancient times the course of the Oxus, after passing Khiva, was a bold curve, by which it rolled its waters into the Gulf of Balkan, in the Caspian. This fact is one of the most extraordinary in the physical history of the globe, and, were it not authenticated beyond dispute, might well arouse the incredulity of the most faithful believer in travellers' tales. That a great river did, some centuries back, follow a course very different from its present channel, and disembogued its waters into a sea now severed from it by a desert of 350 miles, is a statement that will require strong proof to gain general credence. This fact is, however, placed beyond doubt by the actual existence of the river valley and channel through which it flowed in remote ages; and the marvel of it is increased when we consider that the river must have turned off at an abrupt angle from the point where it digressed from its present course, which is much the more direct one. Burnes ridiculed the theory, which he refused to recognise as being within the domain of fact, and considered the channels to be "remains of some of the canals of the kingdom of Khaurism, being supported in this belief by the rivers near them, which have been deserted as the prosperity of that empire declined." But it is manifestly impossible to mistake for a canal the bed of such a river as the Oxus, which, after hollowing out for itself a valley some miles in breadth, ploughs up a furrow several hundred feet deeper than the earth's level, and quite wide enough for a stream 800 yards wide. There is a very generally received notion among the nomads that there exists a subterranean communication between the Aral and Caspian; and Abbott remarks upon this, that it may be perfectly true that sounds of subterranean waters are heard at Kara Goombuz—as the old channel of the Oxus to the Caspian is the lowest lying land of the Karakum, or Desert of Khaurism, thereby being the natural drain of all that country—though he is of opinion that it is improbable that the Sea of Aral has any communication with this drainage, which he thinks is supplied by the snow and rain which fall in considerable quantities between the two seas.

The waters of the Oxus are pure and sweet. Its breadth opposite Khiva is about 900 yards, and increases as it approaches the Sea of Aral; but there is a point above Khiva where it is described as being narrowed to about 100 yards, and as being proportionately deep and rapid. The river is navigable throughout the entire course, from its mouth to Bokhara and Balkh, but during five months is frozen so firmly that the caravans pass over the ice in security. The subject of the diversion, in ancient times, of the waters of the Oxus, and also of the Jaxartes, from the course they now take into the Aral, to the more distant and lower basin of the Caspian, was discussed in a learned paper contributed, three years ago, to the Royal Geographical Society, and published in the "Proceedings" of that body. The most important practical deduction from these changes, if true, is the possibility of effecting now by art what was formerly done by Nature, and, by deepening the dry channel, diverting the Oxus once more into the larger sea; for by this, steam navigation would be possible from the heart of Russia to the north-western borders of India, by the Volga, the Caspian, and the Oxus.

The Natives of Algeria.

THE KABYLE, THE ARAB, THE MOOR, AND THE JEW.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

NOTHING is easier, and few trips more interesting, than a journey to Algeria, where one may see without difficulty the Arab, in his state of migration in North Africa; the Kabyle, such as he has become after long centuries of misrule and slavery; and the Jew, in his modified Oriental type. As to the French element, it is so little important, and so little changed from that of the provincial Gaul of the present day, that we may pass him by in any inquiry as to what belongs to the place. He exhibits the ordinary characteristics of his race, and has neither undergone change himself, nor caused a change in others.

Forty or fifty hours on board a comfortable steamer will generally transport the traveller from Marseilles to Algiers. The town is charmingly placed, and, though to a great extent rebuilt since French occupation, still retains enough of the Oriental element to render it immediately interesting. There is also a great variety of race and costume to be seen, especially in the corn-market in the Moorish town, in the early morning. In the caravanserai, opposite this market, the traveller will find a picturesque assemblage of camels, mules, and asses, and natives of every variety of complexion. These, of course, are all men. Of the Moorish women the dress alone is visible, the yash-mak and the burnous effectually concealing not only the face but the figure. The Arab women are rarely seen at all; and the Arabs do not much haunt the town, or if there, are not seen to advantage. Of Jews there is never any scarcity, and both male and female are equally ready to do business in either buying or selling.

There are some good specimens of Moorish house architecture in Algiers, but such specimens are rapidly giving place to the style of building recently introduced into French provincial towns, and before long there will be hardly anything left. The modern houses of French construction are lofty and square, and the streets wide. It will be seen, when the next considerable earthquake takes place, whether this departure from the established Oriental method of building is altogether desirable.*

The Moorish town is distinct from the French, and is enclosed within a triangular area, rising on the slope of the hill facing the sea, and terminated by the citadel, which is about 400 feet above the sea. The streets are narrow, and form a complete labyrinth. The sides of the houses towards the street are dead walls, with an occasional loop-hole and a closed doorway. At the height of the first storey are often wooden corbels supporting a second storey, which projects into the street. There is sometimes a third, projecting still further, and where this is met by a similar house of three storeys on the other side, the walls of the upper storey meet, and the street is a tunnel. Should a door be open in the dead wall, a charming court will be seen surrounded by an arcade of marble columns, supporting a gallery. In the middle is a fountain or a beautiful tree, and leading to the gallery, over the arcade, is a staircase, the stairs being covered with encaustic tiles. From this gallery the rooms are entered, not by opening a door, but by drawing a curtain. The rooms and gallery, as well as the stairs, are paved with encaustic tiles or stucco; the walls are painted in arabesque; the sofas and couches covered with silk, embroidered with gold; one or two small carpets, or the skin of a lion or panther, are on the floor. Such are the luxuries in the houses of the better class of Moorish shopkeepers and Jews in Algiers. In former times the town was full of such mansions; some large and enriched with the most costly ornaments, and there are still many left; but some of the best and largest have given way to unmeaning French houses of the usual conventional style.

The mosques in Algiers are of no great interest, except to those who have not before seen a Mohammedan place of worship. The interior is very bald and simple, though the walls are painted and decorated with verses of the Koran. There are one or two small pulpits, a niche to show the direction of Mecca, and many mats and carpets. There are no seats whatever.

Around Algiers the country is very beautiful, and easily visited; being crossed by good roads, on which there is a service of omnibuses to the near villages. But away from the high road it is difficult, and in some degree dangerous, to attempt to make one's way. The difficulty arises from the dense and almost impassable vegetation, and the danger from large savage dogs, who rush out in groups of several together, and attack every stranger without mercy. These dogs are a nuisance throughout the country, and are to be found everywhere. They always, however, turn tail when faced, and when stones are thrown at them. Even the motion to pick up a stone will frighten them for the moment.

The nearest point at which the Arab population near Algiers can be seen in anything like their normal state is at the Arab village of Little Bouzarieh, a few miles from the city, towards the west, close to a small French establishment of the same name. The small tribe dwelling here cultivate a part of the soil in a peculiar, Oriental manner, dividing the produce among themselves, according to the wants of each family, and feeding a certain number of stock on the uncultivable part, for the general use of the community. When a beast is killed, either from the common stock or after purchase, the slaughtering is done by throwing the animal on the ground, and cutting its throat in the open air, in front of the village. The meat is then cut up and divided by the chief, or kadi, into as many parts as there are claimants. To distribute these portions a number of bits of twisted straw and sticks, capable of being identified, are put into a basket and shaken. After which an Arab takes them out one by one, and calls out the name of the person each is made to represent, who then appropriates a heap of flesh to himself. The division is thus made in an orderly manner.

A little further in the interior, on the rich plain of the Metidja, are farms cultivated by sedentary Arabs, who differ little from those of Bouzarieh, and here also may sometimes be seen a douar or encampment of the nomadic races or Kabyles of this part of North Africa. Their tents are of a dark-brown colour, and are made of a mixture of camel's hair, goat's hair, and the fibres of the dwarf palm, woven together. They

* Earthquakes in Algeria are not mere possibilities. There have been severe shocks within a few years.

resemble the poorest gipsy encampments, made of filthy rags and blankets, such as are seen sometimes in England. The tents are supported by crossed sticks, and are tolerably large. Coming upon them from a distance, one hardly distinguishes them at first from the ground on which they are pitched. Tethered camels browsing about, and here and there a wild human figure in rags, are all that connect them with humanity.

It is, however, necessary to travel a little away from the high roads to see the Kabyles in a satisfactory manner. There are many tribes in that part of the country situated a little east of Algiers, in the direction of Philippeville. At present the principal Kabyle tribes are to be found in the Aurès mountains



KABYLE TURNER AT HIS WHEEL.

near Batna, in the hills above Bona, and in the regions south of Bugie, all of which are localities somewhat difficult of access. Others are found in the empire of Morocco; and others, again, in Western Algeria, where they are sheltered by the sands of the desert, as effectually as among the hills further east and north. In Morocco they are called Berbers.

These Kabyles (the *indigenes* of the French) are a mixed race now, but their origin can certainly be traced to the barbarous and aboriginal population of Northern Africa, known to the Greeks three thousand years ago. Their language appears to be little altered, their habits probably less. Their characteristics are those of mountain people, as distinguished from those dwelling in plains. They are brave, hardy, vindictive, utterly fearless of death, and, above all things, jealous of their independence. They do not mix readily with other peoples or races; they avoid towns, and do not advance in civilisation. Originally pagans, they are now and have long been Mohammedans, and submit implicitly to their marabouts or religious enthusiasts. They have little or no education, and most of the words used by them, referring to religion or education, are of Arabic origin. Their women go about unveiled, and the men bare-headed. They are frugal and industrious, and often hire themselves out either as soldiers or to labour in the towns, but always with a view of afterwards returning to a nomadic life among their own people.

They dislike and despise the Arabs, to whom they consider themselves much superior, but they rarely become rich or permanent residents anywhere. Some of the Berbers of Morocco tattoo themselves on the forehead, chin, and cheeks, and have much the appearance of gipsies, but this is exceptional. The Kabyles of the province of Constantine manufacture a rude kind of pottery, as well as small articles of smith's work, which they carry far into the interior on the backs of their camels. It is curious that the nomadic Kabyles are occasionally good-looking when young, while the few who are settled, or partially settled, are exceedingly ugly at all ages.

In travelling by donkey, whatever the distance may be, the men are generally mounted. Sometimes husband and wife ride together, rarely the wife alone. It is a picturesque sight to see a Kabyle family on the march. The women, like all savages, are exceedingly fond of personal ornaments, especially earrings, of which they will wear four or five inserted in the same hole in the ear, which is thus drawn down to a preposterous length. The rings are of metal, and of enormous size, often four inches



KABYLES FORDING A STREAM.

in diameter, and to prevent the ear from being torn are partially supported by a loop of hair or silk braid passed over the head. Such are the Kabyles of North Africa, a curious and very interesting race, little altered by civilisation, and not likely to be influenced by French domination. Their rude and imperfect industries are represented in the illustration on page 236.

The Arabs dwelling permanently in Algeria are members of the nomadic families who have from time immemorial overspread the country, retaining, in a form but little altered, their language, and many of their most striking peculiarities of all kinds.

Many of the tribes are to a great extent settled, but they rarely dwell long in towns. They inhabit villages in tribes, and often wander with all their property from one to another. They are often met in considerable numbers in these frequent migrations, which have no very special object beyond a vague and instinctive love of change. They are traders, and have fallen in better with their present French masters than the indigenous Kabyles, who endure with much less patience the yoke put upon them. The people vary greatly in appearance. Among them are some of the noblest and most ferocious yet handsome men on the face of the earth; and this mixture of extreme beauty and ferocity is not altogether an accident, being more or less characteristic of this modified race. There are, however, many who have all the ferocity and none of the beauty. Many of the women are ugly to a degree rarely seen among other people, although among the younger women, and especially the very young girls, are many whose features are soft, regular, pleasing, innocent, and even charming. The women are, however, rarely seen in the country, hardly ever in the town. One of the peculiarities of the Arab races is their impassiveness. At the Arab market at Constantine, tall quiet figures stand about wrapped in their long burnouses, or sit in a line on the edge of the hill, perfectly motionless, for hours together, and presenting from below the appearance of a string of great white crows. Here and there is a closer knot of people listening to some blind singers, who are squatting on the ground chanting in a plaintive tone verses from the Koran, inculcating the practice of works of mercy. Similar professional beggars, chanting the identical verses to similar inanimate groups, may be found in the market at Cairo, and wherever else the Arab tribes have penetrated. Even the leathern water bottle, which characterises the Bedouin in the desert of Arabia, is retained, and often performs its purposes in the Great Desert of Africa, a little to the south of Algeria.

The steppe and low plateau in Eastern Algeria, rather thickly covered with herbage at certain seasons but only escaping with difficulty and periodically from the condition of a sandy desert, affords excellent examples of nomadic Arabs. These come in large numbers, and from some distance, with their flocks and herds, to eat off the supply of vegetation, which is found wherever the sand is not loose and driven by the wind. At the grazing season (about the middle of April) the supply of grasses of various kinds, of a peculiar kind of thyme, much liked by camels, and of a variety of wild artichoke, and other plants, offer a tempting bait.

The Arabs, who bring their flocks of sheep and goats and the herds of camels to these pastures, are in the strictest sense dwellers in tents, and their nomad camps are so numerous that they are never out of sight while riding across the district at this season. The camels are accompanied by their young, who run by the side of their dams, and are extremely pretty little creatures, not being leggy and gawky like the foals of mares, but the exact image of the full-grown animal in miniature, with all the playfulness that belongs to their age. The sheep and goats are not allowed to wander, since under the sense of necessity even the Arab becomes economical. Aware that the supply of food is limited, he draws up his flock in regular order, marching them slowly on, eating all as it comes. Each tribe of Arabs has its own separate area for pasturing, and this must be made to go as far as possible. Thus in this part of Algeria a new and interesting phase of Arab life is seen, and it is curious to find that in some cases these nomadic tribes establish a little cultivation of cereals, which become ripe and are reaped about the time that the herbage of the plains is eaten down, and before it is necessary to start for the coarse grasses of the salt marshes far away in the interior.

About twenty-five miles from Constantine, towards the west, is a singularly interesting example of an Arab fixed population, occupying an ancient Roman town called Mileum, situated in a well-watered and wooded oasis, but surrounded by a barren and treeless desert. Mileum or Milah is very small, and appears to have been taken possession of bodily at the time of the Arabian invasion of North Africa, having just been deserted by the Romans. The original buildings remain, and have undergone little change, although in the course of so many centuries some of them are in a state of decay. At this place all the amenities and formalities of the highest forms of Oriental civilisation are to be found, and the scrupulous politeness of the Arab may be recognised in everything that is said or done with reference to a stranger committed to their care, and placed under the protection of the tribe.

Between Constantine and the coast to the north-east, the way lies through a curious and interesting country, in parts of which are rich pastures and numerous encampments of Arabs. At the doors of the tents the women may be seen sitting working at tapestry, or making up their burnouses; but they must not be approached too closely, nor is it polite to make any inquiries concerning them.

The Moors, though often met with in the large towns, have not, as a people, made much impression on the country of Algeria. In Algiers they are shoemakers, embroiderers, barbers. They are often seen, and among them are many exceedingly handsome men. The women are generally enveloped in white veils and white trousers; these and the yash-mak leaving nothing visible but the eyes and the feet. When seen, the older women are found to be exceedingly ugly.

The Jews are an important people throughout Northern Africa, occupying in the towns a more marked position than the Arabs, but not much met with in the open country. In the market-place of Algiers they are recognised by their bagging knee-breeches and blue-black turbans. There are several synagogues in Algiers, some of them modern and richly decorated. The people are now so far raised in position above their former oppressors, that there is even a very unpleasant reaction, for the Jewish boys are much more remarkable for their insolence and impertinence, especially on Sunday, than for the peculiar power of enduring insolence and oppression for which their ancestors were long celebrated.

The type of the Jewish countenance, at least as regards the women, is very different in different European countries, and this difference is increased in Eastern countries. At Algiers,

the expression of the countenance of almost all the race is mean and ugly, the nose hooked, the chin short and receding; but when we study the same people further east, we find the expression greatly altered and improved; the nose becomes straight, the chin longer and fuller, the complexion fair, and the hair auburn. At Tunis this is the case, and there the hair varies from black to auburn, and the complexion is clear. The eyes, also, are large, but they are not always so full of expression as in European Jewesses.

Constantine is particularly remarkable for the condition and appearance of its Jewish population. At this place, in the time of the Moorish government, the beys did not persecute their Jewish subjects; and for some reason not very clear, the Jews appear to have been left alone, and allowed to occupy a respectable position in the society of the town. There were thus no ill feelings between them and the Mohammedans. There was more and better education than at Algiers, and much more liberality. The consequence of this was physical as well as moral. The unoppressed Jew of Constantine is of a much higher type physically than his oppressed brother of Algiers; the men are sometimes eminently handsome, and some of the women are also remarkable in this respect.

The customs of the Jews are the same everywhere; they are traders and dealers in money, but seldom engage in handicrafts, and still more seldom in pastoral occupations. Thus we rarely see them in the open country in Algeria, and never in tents. In this respect they differ totally from the wandering Kabyles and Arabs.

A few words in conclusion as to the dwelling-places of these different nationalities. The Moors and Jews when wealthy, as is often the case, live in the luxury already alluded to at the beginning of this article. The Arabs are much less well lodged, and the Kabyles worst of all.

In the towns, the habitations of the poor Arabs are dirty-looking and wretched. An exceedingly small room, with an opening a few inches square for a window, and a low door, provided with no furniture whatever, except a broad bench round two or three sides of the room, affords accommodation for a dozen men, who doze away their time during the day, and at night cover themselves with their burnouses and blankets and sleep on the ground. In the country the huts are still more wretched. The villages contain about a dozen square constructions, each consisting of three walls three or four feet high, built of unwrought stones or unburnt bricks, and twenty or thirty feet in length. Sheds open towards the interior, and roofed with reeds, form the fourth side, and within this enclosure are shut up several families with their horses, mules, donkeys, dogs, goats, and poultry. Such are the permanent dwellings, but in many cases the villages consist only of huts built of reeds, each ten or twelve feet long, six or eight wide, and five or six high in the highest part. They are open on one side, the others being only closed with dried leaves.

The Kabyle encampments have been already alluded to. They consist of large pieces of cloth, generally black, supported and rather tightly drawn over poles of various lengths, giving an irregular outline with several summits. They are, however, all extremely low, as the highest pole must not be longer than can conveniently be carried on a donkey. When the tribes are on the march, it is curious to see the odd miserable contrivances that have been needed for making these tents at once available when pitched, and easily removable. The more settled habitations resemble the villages of the poorer Arabs, being built of mud walls and roofed with reeds. In them are carried on the small industries of metal-work, which the people carry with them into the interior for the purposes of trading.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—VII.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER IX.

WE ENTER YAMINA—ARE ASSAILED BY THE CROWD—THE DWELLING OF ALI'S DAUGHTER—SERINTÉ—THE MOORS GET BEATEN—THE HOUSE OF SERINTÉ—WE ARE ASSAILED BY THE MOORS—CRITICAL POSITION OF YAMINA—VISIT TO SIMBARA SACCO—WALK TO THE MARKET.

A ROUGHLY-CONSTRUCTED kind of quay protects that part of Yamina which faces the Niger from the encroachment of the water in the rainy season, and is a general receptacle for the dirt and rubbish of the town. Above this is a wide belt of sand, on which stands a row of huts, with their small low doors fronting the river.

We stood a long while gazing out on the Niger, and then walked along the sandbank, and entered the town through a small open square, where a smith was at work in his shed, and made a temporary encampment in the corner of a street, close to a very grand doorway, which looked like the entrance to a mosque. The profusion of sculptured ornament about it, roughly executed in clay, was characteristic of the architecture of the country, and reminded me of the Saracenic arabesques. It was, as I heard afterwards, the entrance to the house formerly inhabited by a daughter of Ali, the last king of Ségou, son of Mansong, who was reigning when Mungo Park visited the town.

We unloaded our animals, and piled up our baggage in an angle of the wall. The doctor and I were thoroughly tired, so we spread out our mattresses and lay down, but the inevitable crowd soon gathered round us, increasing so rapidly and pressing so close, that in a very little while we had scarcely breathing-space. The Moors, as usual, were the most forward, the most inquisitive, and the most offensive, and our men had great difficulty in keeping them at arm's length. At the end of half an hour, when our position was becoming untenable, Fahmahra arrived with an old black man, who exercised his authority in making the dense crowd that threatened to stifle us sit down. He had no easy task, and went on persistently crying out, "Acigui! acigui!" ("sit down!"); but as fast as those in front sat down, others came and filled up their places.

At last, in despair, he turned to Fahmahra, consulted for a moment with him, and then said that he would find us a lodging. He took us first into the former royal abode close by, but though I would gladly have taken refuge there from the discomfort outside, he was not satisfied. The inner court —the only tolerably clean part of the building—was already tenanted, and the rest of the place was dilapidated and dirty beyond all description. Our old friend, who was a Soninké, then took me to his own house, which was on the other side of the town. The compact crowd which followed us was kept somewhat at bay by Fahmahra, who laid about him diligently with a rope's end, and rained blows on Moors and all alike. It afforded me the keenest delight to see the Moors getting well flogged, accustomed as they are to treat the blacks with insolent pride, and regard them as contemptible slaves; and I found myself thinking that perhaps the time was at hand when the oppressed would suddenly arouse themselves from the lethargy and inaction of centuries, and hunt their oppressors from their territories, driving them into the desert, and leaving them no other resource than to undertake the commerce of the Sahara.

However, later I saw that the Moors had not lost any of their ascendency, that the blacks still dreaded and looked up to them as their masters. The scene I had just been witnessing, and which gave rise to these reflections, resembled the momentary outbreak of a rebellious child, soon reduced again to proper subjection. A time of compensation will doubtless come, when these miserable races will be raised from the ignorance and superstition in which they are living. It is for Europe to hasten the time of their deliverance and improve the condition of these poor creatures, who have much in them to awaken our sympathy, notwithstanding their many defects.



COIFFURES OF BAMBARA WOMEN.

There was nothing remarkable about the exterior of the dwelling of Serinté, our obliging old host. Under a little tent at the door sat a woman selling roasted earth-nuts and Bambara beans, and various native compounds, such as the before-described momies or cakes of millet flour, mixed with karité butter, and bourakié or bouraka, which is a paste of couscous mixed with honey, pepper, and other spices, made into balls. A most important personage, the shoemaker of the house, was at work in the doorway. The class he belongs to is as much despised as that of the griots, and yet he is the confidential friend and adviser of his master, and is entrusted by him with the most delicate missions. We were told that no woman, however poor, belonging to another class, would marry a shoemaker.

A dark passage led to two inner courts, occupied by the slaves, some of whom had been born in the house and had grown up in our host's service, and were as part of the family.

A small passage on the right led to the gynæceum, or women's court, where Serinté's wives lived. We were lodged quite at the back of the house, where there was a small court, with five or six little rooms opening into it. Two of these, which were only just large enough to contain a bed, were allotted to us. We were told to make ourselves quite at home, and that we should be unmolested by the crowd, so that we did really hope for rest and peace. But, alas! these promises proved vain—easily made, but impossible to keep. For, in spite of a guard that was posted at the entrance to our court, it was literally taken by storm before I had had time to stow away our baggage and put it under cover. First and foremost among the invaders were some Moorish chiefs, who were passing through the town with their caravans. They were cherifs, or descendants of Mohammed, from Tichit or Oualata; and one, the most insolent of all, from Touat. They had frightened Serinté into letting them enter, and overwhelmed me with questions. I began by being polite, and then I ventured to tell them that I much wished to rest; and that having no effect, I deliberately stretched myself on my mat, whereupon the cherif of Touat actually bethought himself of trying to make me recite some Muslim prayers, saying—"Goulou Bissimilahi Rhamane e Rahemani." This was too much for me, and I used terms which I had rather not repeat. My men were delighted; though they were most of them Mussulmen, they detested the Moors, and now began to make game of them, telling them that they were wasting their breath on the white men. As for me, I felt that my patience was exhausted, and I took refuge in one of the inner chambers, slamming the door furiously in the face of the Moor from Touat, who had tried to follow me in. I think at last he understood me, for he took himself off and did not appear again. I got rid of the rest by degrees, and more easily, for I had no need to show any regard for their feelings, and treated them to a good shower of water whenever they came near me, and the Moors hate water more than fire; so that at last I got the court cleared.

In the evening, a kid, some rice, and a couple of fowls were brought to me, and some lacklallo—the traditional national dish—for my men. The next day, at my particular request, I succeeded in getting a little fresh milk—a very scarce article, since all the flocks of the town had been carried off to Béledougou by the Bambaras.

The misery and distress in Yamina, at this time, were very great. It had always been a commercial town, and its population was composed entirely of traders. It was unfortified, and in every way unprotected against attacks. Since the revolt of Sansandig (this was now a certain fact) the Bambaras had been doing their utmost to excite Yamina to revolt, to place a garrison in it, and thus intersect the Nioro road—the one we had followed after leaving Toumboula, and the only one by which supplies could reach Ahmadou.

The population of Yamina is composed entirely of Soninkés, most peaceful people, of whose character I have already given my readers a slight sketch. Such is their horror of war that when El Hadj came to the place with his victorious army, the chiefs immediately delivered themselves up to him, saying—"You can cut our throats, and take away our riches; we will pay your taxes, recognise you as king, do everything you wish except fight; that we have never done, neither we, nor our fathers, nor our fathers' fathers, and that we never will do"—a most fatal declaration, which gave them up, bound hand and foot, to be pillaged by El Hadj's talibés, and subsequently brought them under the subjection of Ahmadou, who, with his whole army, lived at their expense, without even protecting them against the incursions of the rebel Bambaras.

We found three-fourths of the town uninhabited, and the deserted dwellings in ruins—their roofs having been used as fuel for the camp-fires of the army. The inhabitants that remained were without a ruler, and split up into different factions, and a heavy gloom seemed to hang over the place, once so full of bustle and active life, as the daily resort and halting-place of caravans going to and from Tichit, Bouré, Sierra Leone, Kankan, and Tengrela. Its aspect, so different from that which I had imagined, made me quite sad.

Looking down on Yamina from the slight elevation of the plain which surrounds it, one sees nothing in the way of vegetation but some scanty grass and low brushwood, which testify to the laziness of the inhabitants. The bare aspect strikes one more and more as one goes nearer. Only a few palm-trees, with their picturesque foliage, and here and there a minaret surmounting a mosque, break the uniform monotony of the long, low, grey line of wall against the horizon. These minarets are massive towers of ogival form, and are furnished on the exterior with projecting pieces of wood, like the rounds of a ladder, so that they can easily be scaled. Everything in and about the town told of decadence and ruin.

It is undoubtedly a good thing to hate and avoid war; no one can have a greater horror of it than I have; but a country or a town peopled by rival castes, who live in continual antagonism, have conflicting commercial interests, and have no other thought than how to grow rich at the expense of one another, must come to a bad end; for where there is neither patriotism nor the strength of unity an outer enemy will always prevail.

Yamina is in its death-throes, while Sansandig, which arose and made a stand against the oppressor instead of crying out for peace at any price, has maintained its liberty, and will doubtless recover its former prosperity, notwithstanding all it has suffered in the struggle.

I awoke well rested on the 23rd of February, and performed my ablutions, with the help of hot water, more thoroughly than I had been able to do throughout the whole journey. The dust and dirt of so many days were at last got rid of, and it was delightful to feel clean again. I shall never forget the impression I made when I came out of my bed-chamber or cell that morning, in my best coat and a white shirt, the only one I possessed, instead of the coat and flannel shirt I had worn on the whole march. All the blacks were in admiration at the change, and their self-love was gratified by the distinguished appearance of their chief, who hitherto had looked like the most ragged of mendicants. I was just starting to visit the market, when our host came and proposed that I should go and pay my respects to the chief of the village. Up to that moment I had believed Serinté to be the highest in authority; but in these countries ask any one, no matter what he may be, whether he is the chief, and his flattered pride will not allow him to answer in the negative.

We followed our host through many very narrow streets, and across various open spaces, or rather holes, out of which the earth to build the town had been taken, and which are gradually being filled up with rubbish, and came to a large,



BAMBARAS AND THEIR HEAD-DRESSES.

rather clean-looking house. We traversed many passages and courts, and entered a large hall, about fourteen feet high, with a roof supported on wooden pillars. It is called, in the language of the country, *bilour*, or *bolérou*. Here the palavers or councils are held, and meals are taken. In the day-time it serves as a shelter from the sun, and at night it is the sleeping-place for the children and unmarried slaves.

The bare wall is plastered with clay and cow-dung. After waiting there about a quarter of an hour, Simbara Sacco, an old Soninké, chief of all the Saccos, who are a Soninké clan, came in. We exchanged a few civilities, and I told him that I had come to see Ahmadou, which did not appear to interest him in the least; we then took leave and retired. From thence we went to the market, which I traversed with a crowd at my heels. At Yamina, as in all the towns of the Soudan, there is one great market-day a week, besides the usual daily traffic, and then buyers and sellers come from a great distance. Seeing what these weekly market-days were, even in the present impoverished and deserted condition of the town, I could form some idea of their former importance and activity when the great caravans used to come from the north and the south, and when the salt of Tichit, carried on the backs of the camels of the Sahara, was given in exchange for the gold of Bouré and the nuts of Kollat, gathered on the mountains of Kong.

CHAPTER X.

THE YAMINA MARKET—BUTCHERS' SHOPS—VARIOUS TRADES, AND STORES—VISIT TO THE CHIEF OF THE SOMONOS—BAMBARA HEMP—CANOES ON THE NIGER—WE CROSS THE RIVER—COOLNESS OF THE WATER—ITS DEPTH—THE LEFT BANK—MARKET-DAY—COSTUMES—SALE OF MERCHANDISE—WALK ROUND THE MARKET—VISIT TO THE REAL CHIEF OF YAMINA.

THE market-place of Yamina is a large square, with small sheds, built of wood or matting, all round it; these are roofed in a manner which effectually keeps out sun and rain. The dealers sit on mats inside, one, two, or sometimes three in each shop, and have their goods spread out, or hung up before them; goods of the most varied description—salt, glass beads, stuffs, paper, sulphur, flints, copper and silver rings for toes and fingers, and for the nose; belts and fillets, or head-bands, made of fine bead-work; native-wove cotton goods of every quality, from the coarsest to the finest; cotton drawers, boubous, and burnous of all kinds. In one corner of the square was the barber's shop, and we found the barber just engaged in shaving the head of a child, who was strapped on its mother's back. He used no soap, nothing but water, and sharpened his razors—of Sierra Leone make—in the fire. Very dexterously he handled them too, for he did not even scratch the child, though it was struggling violently the whole time, and uttering piercing screams.

Leaving the barber, we came to the women whose occupation it is to mend and re-bottom the cracked and worn-out calabashes. Further on was a salt-dealer, engaged in breaking up his salt, with an adze, into very minute pieces, and arranging it in little heaps with an iron spoon of native manufacture. The heaps varied in size and in price from five to two hundred cowries. He was most neat and methodical in his work, and scrupulously careful of the least grain, that none should be wasted. A block of salt was worth at that time 20,000 cowries—just the price of a slave.

The butchers' shops are on one side of the market-place, and the meat is hung up on stakes all round them. Inside, or in front of each shed, is a great circular oven for roasting; these are made of earth, and the largest joints can be cooked in them. The fire is underneath, and the meat, laid on cross-bars of cailcedra-wood, forming a gridiron, is roasted and smoked at the same time.

The ox is generally killed in the middle of the market, and in the Moslem fashion, with the following ceremonies:—Its legs are tied together, and it is thrown on the ground, with its head towards the east; a marabout then comes and cuts its throat, accompanying the act with a murmured invocation, or simply the word "Bissimilahi," in reward for which service he is presented with a part of the carcase. Some butchers then blow on the ox with their mouths; but this ceremony, which is a piece of very extra refinement, is not often observed. It is skinned and cut up, and the blood most carefully collected in calabashes; all that is spilt running down a trench into a hole containing an earthen jar. Nothing is wasted; all the inferior parts are sold, ready cooked, to the poor. In Senegal, in the villages along the river-bank, every man kills his own ox, and will eat beef under no other condition; but at Yamina they are more civilised, and meat can be bought at the butcher's for ready money by any one. A coarse kind of black pudding is made of the entrails; the lungs and other portions are dried, and used, when very high, to season the lacklallo jelly; the liver is eaten fried; the blood is boiled and reduced to a jelly, and is used in various ways, or eaten as it is, as a great delicacy.

The current money here is the cowrie, called in the Yoloff dialect "petauw," in Peuhl "tiedé," in Bambara "koulou." It is a univalve shell, found in the Indian Ocean, and brought in cargoes by ship to the African coast. Its relative value differs enormously in different localities, even within a distance of twenty miles. It is used all along the Guinea coast, from Cape Palmas to Lagos, on the Bight of Benin, by the traders, who by its means realise immense profits, especially those who are engaged in the palm-oil trade. It has also a value as money in the country of the Lower Niger; but in Liberia and further north, is used merely as an ornament in the costumes worn by the Yolas of Cazamance, and in the head-dresses of the Peuhls. It is regularly current chiefly throughout the basin of the Niger, from Timbuctu in the north to Kong in the south. Its value here is nominally about half-a-crown a thousand, though this is not exactly correct, for they have a peculiar way of reckoning, which appears, at first sight, to be the decimal system, as the cowries are reckoned by tens. But with them 8 times 10 = 100; 10 times 100 (80) = 1,000; 10 times 1,000 (800) = 10,000; and 8 times 10,000 (8,000) = 100,000: so that their 100,000 ("oguinaïe temedere," in Peuhl) really equals only 64,000; their 10,000 ("oguinaïe sapo") represents 8,000; their 1,000 ("guiné oguinaïe") 800, and their 100, 80.

With a little practice one soon learns to count in this way. The natives pick up five shells at a time with dexterous rapidity, and sixteen fives make a hundred. Travelling merchants, and the native women, to avoid mistakes, arrange them in little heaps of five, and then put eight of these heaps together, which make a "debé," as it is called in Bambara, or half a hundred.

Besides the cowries, there is another kind of money—that

is, slaves. For instance, a horse or an ox is bought for so many slaves and fractions of a slave. Although, as I said before, their average value is 20,000 cowries, yet it varies somewhat, according to age, sex, beauty, and strength, but is never less than 4,000 nor more than 40,000.

The slave-bazaar was a most painful spectacle. In a large shed, surrounded by a fence, were a hundred or more slaves, of both sexes and all ages, many in chains. About a dozen dealers and slave-brokers were buying and selling. The slaves were brought out to be examined; some were lying on the ground in a deep sleep, and had to be roused up, to be measured and felt, and to have their teeth inspected, to find out their age. Old slaves are not much in request, and are sold at a low price, for they generally contrive to run away, and are very difficult to manage. Prisoners taken in war are usually killed on the spot, and therefore full-grown males are seldom seen in the slave-bazaars.

In the centre of the market-place sat a lot of women with calabashes and baskets round them, selling all kinds of fruits and vegetables—sour gourds, or "monkey's bread," as they are sometimes called; maize and millet, herbs and pimento, earth-nuts or arachides, and couscous and tamarinds. In another part of the square sat the fish-women, with their stock of more or less stale fish, surrounded by a crowd of women too poor to buy meat, and eager to get a seasoning of putrid fish instead for their lacklallo jelly. A dreadful smell pervaded the neighbourhood, and soon drove us away.

We returned to our abode, and I unpacked some of my goods, and gave Fahmahra directions to sell them at moderate prices, as we had no provisions, and no cowries to buy any with. I asked Serinté to engage a canoe to take me across the river the next day, as I wanted to bathe somewhere out of reach of the crowd, also to sound the river and make a sketch of the town. Then I was glad to rest, for I felt very tired after the exertions of the day.

Early in the morning we went to Bakary Kané, a Soninké, and the chief of the boatmen, who form a kind of corporation, and are called "somonos" or fishermen. He had a great shop for fishing-tackle of every sort, mostly of native manufacture, such as nets of strong thick cord, with meshes at least four inches long, and others of finer quality, as well as lines and hooks of European and native make. The strong cord is made of indigenous hemp, called in Bambara "n'dadou," in Yoloff "bissabbouki," from the wild bissab, which grows in great quantities on the banks of the river. The fibre is grey and very durable, and does not rot in water as the fibre of the baobab bark does. Bakary was engaged in combing out some of this hemp with a native wooden comb. He was a great black fellow, with a white beard and a gentle, smiling face. He received us extremely well, showed us his house, and even introduced us to his wives. They ran away at first on seeing us, but curiosity soon brought them back. I must confess they were not very beautiful or attractive. He then got a canoe ready, and took us across the river. A Niger boat is rather a miserable craft. Ours was about thirty-two feet long, and three and a half wide, and made of two large pieces of wood, half-canoes, sewed together rather artistically in the middle with strong cords. The cracks and joints were caulked with dry grass, tow, and clay. Generally the cracks, when they get too large, are covered with planks fastened by iron nails made in the country. The stern and bows, and the centre of the boat, are slightly raised. The water gets in very easily, particularly when the boat begins to get old and shaky, and one or two men have to be continually employed in baling out. On such a wide river as the Niger, the waves, in a high wind, are sometimes three and four feet high; it often happens, therefore, when the wind rises suddenly, that the pirogues are swamped. They are built entirely of the wood of the cailcedra tree, which grows to a great size in that part of Africa. If care were taken in selecting only the sound parts of the trunk, very pretty light pirogues might be made, capable of carrying more than these great clumsy ones, which are both heavy and unwieldy from being patched together with several pieces laid one over the other.

Two men punted us across with long bamboos, and another stood in the stern and directed our course with a pole. Our progress was not rapid, and although in our honour a great heap of tow had been put in to keep the bottom dry, and the river was certainly not more than 650 yards wide, we had to submit to an involuntary foot-bath by the time we reached the other shore.

I immediately began to sketch the town and the canoe, whilst Mr. Quintin bathed. He found the water very cold, which was also the experience of our blacks afterwards throughout our journey. They told me it was much colder than that of the Senegal. I found its greatest depth to be not more than seven feet by rough measurement. The right bank, like the left, is without vegetation, and of fine sand, covered at high-water. Owing to its being one of the great market-days at Yamina, the shore was a scene of great bustle and animation. Numbers of men and women from the villages of the interior were flocking in, heavily laden with the produce of their fields and articles of native manufacture, and going across to Yamina to sell and buy. Some of the women wore boubous just like the men, but most of them were naked to the waist. The Bambaras generally go bareheaded, and some of the Peuhls also, especially the young girls. Some, I noticed, wore a band or kind of diadem on their foreheads, very artistically worked in different-coloured beads and graceful patterns, reminding me of the purses and napkin-rings made by our little girls at home. Many had gold and copper rings in their ears and noses, and glass and amber necklaces; and some, a profusion of bracelets, and little chains round their ankles. The men's dress is the same everywhere, excepting that some wear the Bambara cap, yellow or white, and made of cotton, not unlike those of the Neapolitan fishermen, except that it has two points. These hang, one in front, the other behind; and the corners are used as pockets, to contain many things, more particularly kolat nuts or gourous, such as every good Bambara chews when he can get them.

When I came back to our house, I found a great crowd assembled. Fahmahra was selling my goods for me, and as I had instructed him to put a very low price on everything, there was no lack of eager buyers. The Brazilian garnets, and the round, smooth coral, had irresistible attractions for the Moors, and our amber was the admiration of every one.

The small glass beads of different colours, called in Peuhl "nday'e," fetched the best prices, and were directly bought up. Altogether, in two days, I realised 54,000 cowries, the counting of which I found no easy matter. I went back to the market towards half-past three—the crowded time of the day—and found the square, and the streets leading

into it, thronged. The market itself was the same as the day before, only more abundantly stocked, and generally more animated and noisy. In some shops I saw English goods for sale. I bargained for a sheet of common writing-paper, and was asked fifty cowries for it, and have since sold some just like it for twice that price. Salt seems to be a very important article of consumption there, and a very expensive one. Tablets or slabs of salt, four feet long, two and a half wide, and about half a foot thick, were sold for 10,000 cowries. A kind of salt-earth, which is very cheap indeed, is much used by the poor. They put it in water, and mix the water, when it has absorbed all the saline particles, with their food, and use it in cooking. A great trade was carried on in tobacco. I saw immense packets of tobacco leaves and quantities of snuff, which the natives take very largely.

In the evening, news was brought me that the Chief of Yamina had just returned from Ségou. Of chiefs there literally seemed no end! This was, however, the genuine chief, and we hastened to pay our respects to him. He received us at the entrance to his house, in a sort of porch with a neatly sanded floor. His bearing was simple and dignified; and in a courteous manner he inquired after our health, and bade us welcome in his own name and in that of Ahmadou. I informed him of my desire to start in two days for Ségou, and to go thither by water; hoping that my horses would be carried across to the opposite bank, and follow me by land, but I said that I should want two canoes for ourselves and our baggage. I begged him to provide me with these, and remembering my morning's experience of leaky boats, I was most urgent in my demand for two of the newest and largest that could be had, both fitted up with awnings to shelter us from the sun, and with some conveniences for cooking. He promised that he himself would attend to all my wishes, and see to the fitting-up of the canoes, and we took our leave, very much gratified with his amiability, and with perfect trust in his ready promises.

The Red Sea.—I.

THE Red Sea, in its geographical form, may be termed an inlet of the Indian Ocean. It is a long and narrow gulf, stretching north-west from the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb (latitude 12° 40′ north), by which it communicates with the Gulf of Aden, to the Isthmus of Suez (latitude 30° north), which divides it from the Mediterranean. It separates Arabia, on the east, from Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia on the west, and varies considerably in width—from about 20 miles at the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb to about 240 at about latitude 16°. At Ras Mohammed the sea divides into two arms, which enclose between them the peninsula of Mount Sinai; that on the west, continuing the direction of the sea, is the Gulf of Suez, the length of which is about 180 miles, whilst its extreme breadth is about 30. The eastern arm, called the Gulf of Akabah is about 100 miles long and 15 broad. The depth of the Red Sea varies considerably, the deepest sounding being marked 1,054 fathoms. The shallowest part of the Red Sea is the Gulf of Suez, which decreases in depth from 40 or 50 fathoms, at the entrance, to three fathoms in Suez harbour at the north end, where the gulf, which is supposed in ancient times to have extended much further north, has apparently been filled by the sand washed up by the strong tides or drifted in by the winds.

The navigation of the Red Sea has been at all times considered difficult and dangerous, owing to the prevalence of violent winds and the number of islands, shoals, and coral reefs which line the shores. These coral reefs extend generally in parallel lines along the coast; they abound in all parts, but are especially frequent on the Arabian side, where the navigation, as a consequence, is extremely critical and intricate. The coral is held in high esteem, being extremely beautiful—often red, but more commonly white. The islands generally occur singly, but between the parallels of latitude 15° and 17°, they are found in two groups: the Farsan Islands on the eastern, and the Dhalac Islands on the western side. In mid-channel, south of Ras Mohammed, there is generally a width of 100 miles clear. Along this channel the winds are constant throughout the year in one of two directions: from May to October the north-west monsoon blows; for the rest of the year the south-east is the prevailing wind, and the water in the northern part of the sea is then raised to a higher level than the Mediterranean. It had been generally supposed that the level of the Red Sea was more than thirty feet higher than that of the Mediterranean; but it is now known, from careful observations, that the levels of the two seas are really the same. The ports on the Arabian side are, Mocha, Djiddah, (the port of Mecca), and Yembo (the port of Medinah); on the west, Suez, Kosseir, Suakin, and Massowah.

From the earliest period the Red Sea has been a great highway of commerce between India and the Mediterranean communities, and traversed successively by Egyptians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, and Arabs. It is first mentioned in the Book of Exodus, on the occasion of the passage of the Israelites, which is supposed to have taken place a little south of the present town of Suez. The first recorded navigation of the sea was in the time of Sesostris, in the fourteenth century before Christ. Three centuries later, Hebrew and Phœnician ships traversed the Red Sea on the voyage to Ophir, from the port of Ezion-geber, at the head of the Gulf of Akabah. The Gulf of Suez was for many centuries apparently the seat of the Egyptian trade in this sea and to India. After the foundation of Alexandria, and during the dynasty of the Ptolemies and the Roman dominion, the trade with India was carried on, though the chief seat of traffic was moved further southward to the towns of Berenice and Myos Hormos, which sent out annually large fleets to India. After the establishment of the Mohammedan empire in the seventh century, an important trade with India and China seems to have been carried on through the Red Sea; and through it, in the period between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries, the goods of the East passed to the Venetian factories in Alexandria, until the discovery of the route round



FOUNTAIN OF MOSES, NEAR SUEZ

the Cape of Good Hope diverted the traffic with India into a different channel, and put an end to the commerce in the Red Sea. Since, however, the establishment of the Overland Route to India, the Red Sea has more than regained its ancient importance as the highway of commerce between Europe and the East.

Suez, which is situated at the head of the gulf of that name, is the most northerly point of the Red Sea. It is in latitude 29° 57′ 30″ north, and longitude 32° 35′ east from Greenwich. Until a few years past it was a small, ill-built, wretched-looking place, but now it is much improved, and is almost daily improving. Its population may be estimated at from 6,000 to 8,000 souls, who are mainly dependent on passengers by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, *en route* for India or the remote East.

Suez is connected with Cairo by a railway, which is about 76 miles in length. The town is walled on three sides, that towards the sea being left open. The harbour at present is indifferent, although the quay is tolerably good, and will be soon better. English and French houses, offices, and warehouses have been erected in almost every direction, and the bazaars are gradually assuming an improved appearance. These bazaars are provided with clarified butter from Sinai; with fowls, grain, and vegetables from the Egyptian province of Sharkijeh; and with dates and cotton; while water, through the mechanical operations of M. Lesseps in the construction of his canal, comes fresh and pure from the Nile. Rain seldom falls in this locality, and all around stretches a burning waste of sands.

Suez, in an historical point of view, is by no means devoid of interest from the fact, as we have stated, of its being the spot near which the Israelites of old crossed the Red Sea, in their flight from Egypt, when on their way to the land of promise. Some writers surmise that the passage of the Red Sea, which the Israelites crossed, was a short distance to the east of the present town, at the spot where the camels ford it, on their way to the fountain of El Ghurkadah. The *Messageries Impériales* have recently constructed some large buildings at Suez, having a great number of hands employed, in one way or other, in connection with their overland travelling and navigation.

FROM SUEZ TO DJIDDAH.

The direct course from Suez to Djiddah is, perhaps, by a vessel belonging to the Egyptian Steamship Company, which puts in at Kosseir, Djiddah, and Suakin, and thence sails direct for Massowah, once every month. Arab boats, however, leave Suez almost daily for Djiddah; and there is a weekly communication between that city and the port of Massowah. The cabin of an Arab boat, capable of accommodating four persons, can be hired for about £8 sterling, for the passage between Suez and Djiddah, provided the *voyageur* has sufficient tact to manage the boat-owner, who is generally a shrewd, sharp, and sometimes cunning knave, and who is not over-scrupulous as to the liberties he takes with his passengers. The *voyageur*, however, who has no objections, and is fully prepared to "rough it" on deck, which, at times, is by no means uncomfortable or in any way unpleasant, can secure a passage for about 10s. But the traveller proceeding by the Arab boats should take care to furnish himself with provisions at Cairo, as Suez is too dear a place for commodities to be advantageously obtained.

The passage from Suez to Djiddah by an Arab boat generally takes seventeen days; but by following the course of the mail steamer it can be accomplished in much less time. We may, however, remark *en passant*, that the trade and navigation of the Red Sea are principally carried on by Arabs, the majority of whom are an active, subtle, and industrious body of men. From their long experience in navigating that dangerous sea, the Arabs are acquainted with every inlet, coral reef, and available bay or port to be found there, from the Gulf of Suez to the Gulf of Aden and the Indian Ocean. These people, however, as we have already remarked, have a rather knavish turn, and a hard bargain must be made with them, otherwise you will be cheated in more ways than one, and your property, little or much, will not remain long in your possession.

The first village or small station which shows signs of life after leaving Suez, is Toor. It is mostly inhabited by Christians. The village stands on the plain of Horeb, situated on the south-western shores of the peninsula of Sinai. It is about 120 miles from Suez, and was inhabited as late as 1860 by eighty-five Syrian Christians of the Greek Church, two Mohammedans, an Italian, and two Jews. Toor has acquired a reputation for the rich quality of its dates, its pure water, and its warm mineral springs, three things of inestimable value to the stranger in the land, be he Jew, Christian, Turk, or Arab. The villagers live by farm-gardening, by fishing, and by diving for sponges along the Arabian shore, which, as far as Ras Mohammed, are there found, of excellent quality and in comparative abundance. These sponges are sought after in almost all parts of the East, and in Europe likewise, and are mostly disposed of by Arab merchants who trade between Djiddah and Massowah. The women and grown-up children of Toor are generally occupied in carrying water from the wells to the interior of the country, the plains of Horeb. This water is mostly used for drinking purposes, being too costly for irrigation; although the land is as thirsty as pilgrims on their way to Mecca, yet the produce would not pay for the outlay of using it as an irrigating agent. The water is sold to pilgrims and others who may be *en route* for the holy city, or elsewhere in the neighbourhood, at twopence per bag, which contains about two gallons of water, The two Mohammedans at Toor were managers of the public *café* of the village, the proprietor of which, strange to remark, was the Christian priest of the village, and his jurisdiction extended to the neighbouring plains. He was a venerable patriarch, a Russian by birth, and was upwards of ninety years of age. A multitude of Mohammedans, and even the haughty, unbending, and prejudiced Turks, on their way to Mecca, seek this venerable patriarch's blessing, and have an impression, when thus blessed, that they will be better enabled to reach the tomb of their prophet—the all-absorbing aspiration of a Mohammedan's soul.

The Arabs of Toor are called Towara; but, although they hail from the village, few of them reside even in the neighbourhood of it. The following are denominated the tribes of the peninsula of Sinai:—

The Sotwolha, who live west of Mount Sinai. These are divided into—1. The Welad Sáeed; 2. Korashee; 3. Owaremeh; 4. Beni Moshen; 5. Rahameeh.

There are likewise the Elegat, who are united to the small Nubian tribe, Mezayneh. These Nubians have, however, been settled on the peninsula of Sinai from time immemorial.

The El Mezayneh are sometimes found apart from the Elegat on the east side of Sinai, where they are often encamped with a portion of the Welad Soolaman, who come from the plains of Toor. A black tribe of Bedouins, the Bene Wasel, residing on the eastern side of Mount Sinai, are said to be originally from Barbary, yet their habits and customs are the same as the other roving tribes of the peninsula. These Bedouins are very friendly with the Arabs of the tribe of Mezayneh and Elegat. The tribes of Heywaat, at Teaha and Tarabeen, are generally found on the north of the peninsula of Sinai. The Elegat are a branch of the great tribe of the same name who are found along the Wadee-el-Arab, near Saboorah, in Nubia.

The grandson of Mohammed Ali, Abbas Pasha, raised an elegant structure over the mineral springs of Toor; but, being neglected and unoccupied for some years, and no one charged with keeping it in a state of preservation, it is little better than a pile of ruins.

The sailors, as well as all other classes along the shores of the Red Sea, work between sunrise and sunset, except when crossing from Djiddah to Kosseir, or Suakin, and from Coomfidah to Massowah. Should the *voyageur* go along the Arabian coast, the following are the places where the boats are ordinarily put in for the night :—

1. Moila, a small village close to the shore, where fish, dates, and good water are easily purchasable.

2. Seima, a small camp of Arabs, who get their supplies from Moila, except water, which is brought from a distance of three miles north-east of the camp.

3. Ras Maharash, an Arab camp, who have numerous flocks of sheep and goats. Close to the camp is a well of pure water, which is purchased by pilgrims and others who put into port.

4. Sehina, a small village, containing twelve huts, whose inhabitants are shepherds, fishermen, and divers. There is a well of good water about a mile from the village.

5. Sherim Demerah, a small fort in ruins, around which there are several Arab families, the greater portion of whom are fishermen and pearl-divers.

6. El Astabel, a small camp of Arabs, who live by fishing and diving. There is a well of good water south-south-east of the little harbour, which is one of the softest in the Red Sea.

7. Kolat El Wodjeh, a camp of Arab fishermen, who now and then go as far as the islands of Dhalae, close to the shores of Abyssinia. These people fish on rafts, and take their fish alive to market. Their method of fishing is simple and singular. They fix a basket to the raft, in which they place their fish, and as the basket is submerged the fish are preserved alive till sold. While the men are out fishing the women and children attend to the little farm, the sheep, the goats, and the fishing close at home.

8. El Hank is a few huts scattered over the plain. The people possess a few camels, sheep, and goats; they also, like their neighbours at Kolat El Wodjeh, fish and deal in mother-of-pearl. From El Hank to El Hanra it is considered dangerous, and the latter should not be approached after dark, as there are both visible and sunken rocks, besides the coral islands Oumuroomah and Mushabeah.

9. Ekre, a small village, whose inhabitants came from the interior of Arabia some twenty years ago. They have a few camels, sheep, goats, and donkeys. The entrance to the harbour is rather dangerous, the rock of Shaybarah and some smaller rocks being close by.

10. El Hanra, a small village, where water, fish, and dates are easily purchasable.

11. Kasr El Bait, a miserable place, where there is scarcely anything purchasable except water and camel dung, the latter being the local substitute for charcoal.

12. Nabte, a few huts, inhabited by shepherds, fishermen, and Medina guides.

13. Hazira, a large village, situated on the extremity of a bay of the same name. It contains a population of about five hundred persons, all of whom are bigoted and fanatic Mohammedans. Water, provisions, and even ready-made Arab shirts are, however, presented for sale, and at very moderate prices. This place is to the Mohammedan pilgrims bound to Medina *viâ* Yamboo, what Sherm Oabhoor is to those who go to Mecca *viâ* Djiddah. The moment the pilgrims land at either of these places, they throw off their old rags, and attire themselves in new and clean Manchester suits; and as there is a large quantity of left-off clothing strewn about, the Jews find their way to the place, and are always ready to purchase it.

14. Yamboo, the port of Medina. It lies 95 miles north-north-east from the principal mosque of the town of Medina; it is 200 miles by land and 180 by water from Djiddah, 450 miles from Suez, and 240 from Kosseir. Yamboo has a population of about 5,000 people, who are extremely bigoted, and hate the appearance of a Christian. The market is well supplied with fruits, vegetables, meat, and fish; and leather shoes and cotton shifts are manufactured in the town.

15. Sherm Braickhah, a safe anchorage. Water and dates can be purchased. The people are poor, and the men fish for pearls and sponges, while the women and children look after the cultivation of the gardens.

16. Sherm Bhabue has a safe harbour, but neither water nor firewood can be obtained unless the roving Arabs are encamped in the neighbourhood.

17. Sherm Oabhoor is a large village, where the pilgrims bound for Mecca change their clothes and cleanse their bodies, preparatory to setting out for the holy city.

18. From Sherm Oabhoor to Djiddah is about a day's sail; and from the latter we get the first glimpse of the distant hills and plains of Yemen.

DJIDDAH.

The trade of Djiddah, which is by far the largest of any port in the Red Sea, is chiefly carried on with square-rigged British vessels, the Méjidié Steam Company, and native boats, which answer to what is termed the coasting trade. These boats, however, go occasionally to Bombay, Muscat, and the Persian Gulf, and the trade they do is estimated at three times the value of that carried on in square-rigged vessels; though the tonnage of these boats is only double that of the larger vessels, the articles they carry are of more value, being chiefly coffee, gum, spices, ivory, mother-of-pearl, pearls, ostrich feathers, and other articles, of great value as compared to their bulk. These articles go from the south, and the cotton and silk goods from the north; whereas the principal cargo of the ships from India is rice, sugar, and timber. Some of the ships have but little cargo, in order to have room for pilgrims.

The import trade of Djiddah, in 1859, was the largest on record. The Customs' officer gave the return of it to the French Consul, who stated it to be £992,441. This must have been a mistake, inasmuch as the trade done with square-rigged vessels alone amounted, in 1865, to £672,657. Estimating,

therefore, the amount conveyed in native boats at three times the value of that carried in square-rigged vessels, the total value of the imports in 1865 would be £2,017,971, or more than the whole of the imports in the years 1856, 1857, and 1859. The trade, moreover, of 1859 was given at its value at Djiddah, whereas we have estimated the trade of 1865 at its value at the port of shipment. But, supposing that an excessive estimate has been taken of the value of the trade carried in native boats, and placing it at only twice the value of that carried by larger vessels, there would still remain for 1865 an enormous increase on the trade of former years; and one the more extraordinary, as the merchants do not consider that the imports of 1865 exceeded those of previous years. The Customs' officer deceives the consuls, under an apprehension that Djiddah would be injured by a true statement being given.

Several reasons may be stated for this feeling of distrust on the part of the Djiddaheens; first, their hatred to the Christians, and their desire to exclude them from what they consider the Holy Land; secondly, their jealousy of all foreigners, and their fear, as we have said, that any information sought for is intended to be used to their detriment and disadvantage. The Indians are hated by the Djiddaheens, on account of their greater success in commercial matters, and, if it could be done with impunity, they would be sorely oppressed by the latter. The supreme Government, moreover, never receives anything like the real sum produced by the Customs, so that it is the interest of those in authority to practise concealment as much as possible, and to place the revenue of the Customs at as low a sum as possible.

The number of ships, and the value of their cargoes, which entered the port of Djiddah in 1865 were as follows:—

	Number.	Value of Cargo.
British	42	£389,953
Egyptian	13	141,600
Turkish	9	93,656
Dutch	3	30,429
French	1	4,789
Muscat	1	12,230
Total	69	£672,657

We have no correct data as to the number of native boats, but we may roughly estimate them at 600 as having entered the port, and it is probable that the same number cleared out; the whole averaging eighty tons' burden each.

The ports on the same side of the sea are:—Tor, in the Gulf of Suez; Moilah and Wejh, under the Egyptian Government; Yambo, where the Turkish territory begins; Rabogh, Reis, Djiddah, Liht, Loheia, Coomfida, Hodeida, and Mocha, at all of which places provisions can be obtained, and which are the only places where it is safe for Arabs to land. The ports under the Egyptian Government are much more under control than the Turkish ports. Indeed, a European can travel with safety through the greater part of the Viceroy's territory; whereas the Turks can with difficulty maintain the garrisons in the seaports, which, with the exception of Djiddah, are frequently besieged by the Bedouins. At Yambo, Rabogh, and Reis, it would be dangerous for a European to land. The harbours of Tor, Moilah, and Wejh are good, but small. Hodeida is sheltered from the north, but exposed to the south wind. Mocha is sheltered from the south, but exposed to the north wind.



DJIDDAH.

Djiddah is much the best harbour in the Red Sea. It is, however, difficult of entrance, and is rarely attempted without a pilot, though the dangers are all visible. Once in, ships can lie in perfect safety in any weather, the harbour being sheltered on all sides by ranges of reefs, the principal being five miles long, lying parallel to the shore, at a distance of a mile and a half, and having but two narrow entrances in it, one about the centre, by which square-rigged ships and buglas from the south enter, the other near the north end, which is continued to the shore, and, turning to the north-west, forms a bay, by which buglas from the north enter. The portion of the harbour occupied by the vessels is two miles in length, half a mile in its greatest breadth, and narrowing at certain places to about 300 yards. The actual roadstead is much larger, there being good anchorage for five miles in length; but, for convenience, the vessels anchor as near the town as possible. They can also anchor with safety outside the long reef, there being ranges of reefs extending for ten miles. The harbour lies nearly parallel to the town north and south, and has a depth of from three to seventeen fathoms. It is not, however, good holding ground, being coral; but, as there is never any swell, there is no danger of a ship dragging her anchors.



VIEW NEAR MOILAH. RED SEA.

The great disadvantage of the harbour is its distance from the quay, for though not more than a mile and a quarter long in a straight line, the intervening space is so intersected with reefs as to render it, almost in all winds, equal to at least four miles, in addition to which, at times, there is so little water that the cargo-boats frequently stick, and the goods have to be dispersed over several boats. There is one place, about one-third of the distance from the town, where in the middle of summer, after a long prevalence of north winds, boats cannot pass, and the merchandise has to be carried for about sixty yards by porters through the mud, causing a most offensive stench, and when the wind comes from the west, which fortunately is of rare occurrence, this is almost unbearable. A very little expenditure would remedy this. A tramway might be made on almost dry ground by taking a slight circuit to about one hundred yards from the centre of the harbour, for a very small sum. This would well pay any person or company enterprising enough to make it.

The ports on the western side are Kosseir, under the Viceroy of Egypt, difficult of approach, and not very safe, there being in north-west winds a heavy swell; Suakin, difficult of approach, but perfectly safe when entered, being also land-locked; and Massowah, besides a few other places, where water and provisions can be obtained by remaining a few days. There are also numerous places under the reefs where ships can anchor, and, indeed, the ships from India, with Indian or Arab masters, frequently anchor at night. There is, however, an admirable and elaborately minute chart of the Red Sea, by Captain Moresby and Lieutenant Carless, of the Indian Navy, and no English captain would think of entering the Red Sea unprovided with it, and with Horsburgh's directions. There are four lighthouses, two nearly finished, and two finished: one at Cape Zafarana, in the Gulf of Suez; one on the dangerous Dædalus shoal, about 200 miles north of Djiddah; and one at Perim, at the entrance to the sea from the south. Those at Zafarana Point and Perim are lighted.

The navigation is easy for steamers, which have but to steer a straight course up or down the sea, avoiding certain well-known shoals or reefs; but for ships beating up against the wind, it is certainly a dangerous sea. It is almost impossible for a sailing ship to reach Suez between May and November, Since 1859 ten steamers and ships have been lost in the Red Sea — namely, the Peninsular and Oriental steamer, *Alma*, near Mocha; the Méjidié steamer, *Marint;* the Peninsular and Oriental steamer, *Carnatic;* two English ships, laden with coal, in the Gulf of Suez; the British ship, *Hyderabad*, entering the harbour of Djiddah; the British ship, *Julindur*, thirty-five miles north of Djiddah; the British ship, *Batavia*, fifty miles south of Djiddah; and the British ships, *Blanche* and *Faltay Islam Fazalla Allaki*, both about one hundred miles south of Djiddah, and with all hands on board, besides several hundred pilgrims.

Many ships also strike reefs, but manage to get off without material damage. Every year also, some of the pilgrim ships remain at Hodeida, or Leet, being unable to beat up, and forward their passengers by land, or by native boats. A great number of native boats are annually lost, being driven on the reefs, owing to their practice of hugging the shore. They anchor every night, and when the wind is from the north, which, between Suez and Coomfida, is the almost universal wind from April to October, they perform the voyage from Djiddah to Suez in from one to two months, returning in from eight to sixteen days. When they go to any place on the other side, they either go immediately across, and then beat up or run down within the reefs to their destination, or they beat within the reefs on this side until they arrive at a point from which they can make a straight run across to their port; and even if the wind is favourable, they never shape a course direct from Djiddah to their destination, unless it happen to be Suakin, when, with a north wind, they know that by running free, they can about make it. These boats have compasses on board, but they are stowed away in what serves as a cabin, and are never looked at. They are built at Loheia, Hodeida, Djiddah, and Suez; formerly they used to be built of wood from Trieste, but are now all built of Malabar teak. The greatest number were formerly built at Mocha, once the most important town on the Red Sea; it has, however, ceased to be of any importance, either for trade or otherwise. The Loheia boats, of which about fifteen are built annually, are considered the best, as are the Loheia seamen. At each of the other places about six are built annually. They are from thirty to 250 tons, have two masts, the foremost nearly in the centre, and raking considerably towards the bows. On this is a large lateen sail, with a yard much longer than the mast or boat. Aft, on the small poop, is a similar mast and sail, but much smaller. The poop only is decked, and the cargo is exposed to the water, and is damaged by the first sea that breaks over it. This is the principal reason why the captains are so desirous of keeping in smooth water. The larger ones are steered by wheel, the smaller by tiller. They sail well free and before the wind, or in smooth water on any tack; but in rough weather, on a wind, they make little way.

The Island of Formosa.

It is surprising that so little is yet known of the large, and from its position and products important, island of Formosa, situated as it is on the margin of the northern tropic, on the great highway of vessels to Japan, either from Europe or the southern part of China, and producing large quantities of rice, camphor, sulphur, sugar, tobacco, cotton, hemp, coal, petroleum, and a great variety of spices, fruits, and medicinal herbs. Its dense forests teem with tigers, leopards, monkeys; large herds of deer wander over the island; and its rivers abound with fish.

There can be no doubt that the paucity of good harbours and the national jealousy of the Chinese, who possess the northern and western parts of the island, tend to this ignorance, and prevent the proper development of a country teeming with such natural riches. Although 200 miles long by from fifty to seventy broad—not more than the northern

quarter and the fringe of the west coast can be said to be known, and that but partially.

The island is called by the Chinese Tai-Wan, but it is better known as Formosa ("beautiful") to Europeans, so named by the Portuguese from the beauty of the scenery. Although professedly a Chinese Foo, or district, of Fokien, in China proper, the interior and east coast are still in the possession of numerous distinct tribes of aborigines, who live in a state of chronic war amongst themselves and with all mankind; and this state of things is rather encouraged than otherwise by the Chinese, in order to keep the Europeans out.

The most magnificent scenery is on the extreme eastern coast, where mountains, 5,000 to 7,000 feet in height, rise abruptly from the water's edge, wooded to the summit with trees presenting the most gorgeous foliage, and forming deep gorges of great beauty, which, from the contrasts of their dark shadows, form a most attractive picture.

The range which runs north and south, through the centre of the island, can be seen from a vessel off either side, but the outlines are most picturesque and the effect most beautiful when viewed from the west at sunrise. The deep and varying neutral-tinted shades of the peaks (Mount Morrison, nearly 13,000 feet, being the highest), which stand out in sharp relief against a chrome and crimson sky, then form a scene which, once beheld, is not easily forgotten.

The middle portion of the west coast is very sandy, and so flat that the high and low tide in some places causes a difference of five or six miles in the breadth of the beach. The Chinese who inhabit this coast occupy themselves chiefly with agriculture and fishing, and are described as dirty in the extreme. The mode of tilling the ground is the same as in China, as well as the fishing, by means of catamarans, or rafts, composed of about twenty bamboos lashed together, and tapering at the end. The catamarans are propelled by oars, the rowers standing behind or abaft them. Fishermen, too, may be often seen working with a long shrimp net at low water, generally standing up to the waist in water, and raising or depressing the net by means of a long bamboo pole.

The Chinese settled on the island come principally from the province of Fokien. The mode of dealing with the emigrants as they arrive is novel and ingenious, and may be commended to the notice of some of our own colonies. The settlers, on arrival, are located by the principal mandarin of the district beyond the last interior settlement, and are there permitted to acquire the particular portion allotted to them by fighting for it against the wild aborigines; this generally takes three or four months to accomplish, by which time their numbers have been considerably thinned, and those who do survive receive, therefore, a larger portion of land, so that the more that are killed the better for those who are not. Many of the officials are degraded mandarins from the mainland, condemned to exile for a period, which they serve out in a capacity similar to that which they filled in their own country.

To Europeans the produce of the greatest importance is coal, which is found on the northern coast, near Keelung, (the only harbour suitable for large ships), and but twenty miles from the bar harbour of Tamsui. Although coal was known to exist here, it did not attract much notice until lately. The American, Commodore Perry, caused the seams to be examined, by extending the working deeper into them, and at present an English company has obtained permission to work these mines. If the quality of the coal is found suitable for furnaces, there can be little doubt that by the introduction of machinery, and a systematic mode of working, this port would be of vast importance to navigation, as a coaling station for vessels proceeding to or coming from Japan. Sandstone is generally indicative of the presence of coal, and some curious effects of the action of water are to be seen, in pillars of sandstone supporting erratic boulders, the columns having been washed out of the continuous rock.

In the interior of the island camphor is produced in large quantities from trees (the *Laurus camphora*), and until lately was a Chinese monopoly—a mandarin paying a large sum for this exclusive right; but now English merchants have broken ground, and have already sent several ship-loads off. Sulphur springs are numerous, but the usual jealousy of the Chinese Government prevents their being worked. The natives are forbidden to collect sulphur crystals—some fine specimens are seen near Tamsui, where in one place there are about ten jets, the largest having an aperture of nearly a foot in diameter, from which the fluid issues with a noise like the roar of a bull. Notwithstanding the official prohibition, traces of very recent bakings were found by a recent English visitor in the shape of broken pans. The usual mode of extracting the sulphur is by crushing the stones, placing them in stone pans with a little water, over a fierce fire, when the sulphur rises to the surface, and as it cools forms a cake, which is broken and removed.

On the north-west coast, near the village of Teukcham, petroleum has been found; but the Chinese keep the locality of the springs a secret.

Another natural production is the cactus-like plant (*Aralia papyrifera*) from which the misnamed rice-paper is made. It grows in large quantities at the northern end of the island, and, when cut, and the outer covering removed, a white pith is found, which is dried, and from which the well-known article called rice-paper is cut. The process of manufacturing it involves considerable manual dexterity, the pith being rolled over the edge of a large flat knife and cut, then flattened and packed for exportation. The larger pieces of pith are exported uncut to Amoy, but the smaller pieces are cut on the island.

The aborigines in the north are of the Malay type of feature—short, stoutly-built, with a clear olive complexion, and altogether a finer race than the Chinese. They are not of a hostile disposition, and those Europeans who have visited them have been permitted to return in safety. Indeed, about Kaleewan and Sawo, where the extensive plain is richly cultivated, many of these aborigines are domesticated, and live in perfect harmony with the Chinese, and intermarry with them, and both have the same dread of the savages of the mountains, who are known as the "Chinkwau." These Chinkwau are very different, and a finer race of men. One of the idiosyncrasies of these southern savages is a strong taste for collecting skulls of human beings, a taste that may be a very pleasant one for the collectors, but, as others have to supply the skulls, it cannot be so agreeable to them. Fortunately they carry their taste to such a degree of refinement as to show a preference for a peculiar skull, that of a Chinaman being preferable; and it is considered even necessary that a man should at least possess one such skull to be eligible for marriage; and, with a young woman in his eye and Chinamen in the vicinity, the result is readily imagined. The bride won, ambition fires the

noble savage, who then collects heads, not for love but for glory, importance in his tribe being measured by the number he possesses.

The dress of these interesting natives is very simple. A coat made of native flax well spun, ornamented with wool evidently culled from Chinese blankets, covers the shoulders, and at times a kind of jockey-cap, made of wicker-work, to protect the head from the sun, completes the costume. Their natural weapons are the bow and arrow and javelin, with which they are very expert, while civilisation furnishes them with the Chinese knife, and in the south with ginjals, which are supplied by outcast Chinamen, who exist in a kind of no man's land between the limits of the Chinese settlements and the savage tribes, with the latter of whom they are ready to join in a murderous onslaught on any boat that dares approach their shores. Of late years such attacks have become very frequent, from the increase of navigation along the shores. The massacre of the whole crew of the wrecked American vessel *Rover* caused the American admiral (Bell) to repair to the neighbourhood of the wreck to punish the murderers, and after an indecisive action, in which he lost a lieutenant, he withdrew his forces to await a more favourable opportunity for punishing them. But the American consul at Amoy took the matter up, and, by dint of great perseverance, induced the Chinese Government to despatch a military expedition, and, to make sure of its action, resolved—much to the chagrin of the Chinese—to accompany it himself. For this determination all Europeans, as well as Americans, are deeply indebted to General Le Gendre. By his instrumentality a road was cut for a distance of fifty-five miles across mountains hitherto deemed inaccessible. This road connected the coast and capital with Leang-kiow, the last town which in any way acknowledges the Chinese authority, and enabled the force, by a sudden march, to reach the very stronghold of the Coalut tribe, to which the murderers belonged. The exhibition of such a force spread terror and consternation among the tribe, and they sent a deputation to express their repentance for the past, and promises of better behaviour in future. It is due to the wise forbearance of the American consul to relate that he listened to the overtures; but he demanded that the supreme chief, Toketok by name, and also the chiefs of the eighteen tribes, should present themselves in person, and an interview was arranged, to which the consul repaired without an escort.

At the appointed time Toketok put in an appearance, surrounded by chiefs, and some savages of both sexes. Nothing daunted, Toketok told the consul that if it was intended to fight with him, he would also fight and bind himself to nothing; but that if, on the other hand, leniency was shown with regard to the past, he promised that in future no stranger should be murdered, and also that if any came on the coast in want, they should be permitted to land and procure water and other necessaries in a friendly manner, and, if any harm came to the visitors, they themselves would find out and punish the offender. A signal was arranged upon by which it could be known if a vessel required anything, or had any intention of landing. Thus, by the firmness and humanity of the American consul, the southern end of Formosa, which has never been thought of by mariners without a shudder, is rendered safe to those who may be driven by distress on its coast.

It is greatly to be regretted that no ardent traveller was at hand to take advantage of the rare opportunity thus offered to obtain a safe conduct through this *terra incognita*, and enlighten us on all its beauties and riches; but probably, had such an one been present, he might have felt a curious sensation in the neck at the thought of trusting himself amongst a race in which such a peculiar collecting mania raged; and, much as he felt himself inclined to enlighten the general public, he might prefer not doing so at the risk of his head becoming a marriage jointure for a lady savage, however beautiful and interesting she might be.

An Icelander's Notes on Iceland.—I.

BY JÓN A. HJATTALIN.

The modern Icelanders are descendants of the Norwegians who, in the reign of Harald the Fairhaired, King of Norway, left their estates and native country for Iceland. This was in the time of Ethelred and Alfred the Great, Kings of England. Some of the settlers did not come direct from Norway, but from the Orkney and Shetland Isles, whither they had fled from Norway; but not being there out of the reach of the Norwegian sovereign, they went to Iceland. A few came from Ireland, as the names Njáll (O'Neill), Konáll (O'Connell), Kórmakur (Cormack), and Kjallakur (Callaghan) indicate. These emigrants were no mean or poor people, for Iceland is, perhaps, the only country, except New England, to which emigrants have removed without the motive of gain. Before the reign of Harald the Fairhaired, Norway was divided among several petty kings and chiefs, independent of each other. It was the aim of King Harald to obtain the sole monarchy of Norway, and subdue all these petty kings and chiefs, or drive them away, and possess himself of their domains. In some places his sovereignty was acknowledged without resistance, but in others the kings and chiefs united themselves against Harald. But he vanquished every obstacle, and by the victory in Hafursfjörd he became the sole King of Norway. Still there were many malcontents, who had up to this time been their own masters, and who preferred to undergo any hardships rather than submit to the king.

Thus the first settlers in Iceland were high-born chiefs and barons, brothers and relations to the former Earls of Norway, who chose to live in remote Iceland, rather than be subject to the tyranny of another in their native country. They brought their servants, movables, and cattle with them to Iceland; had they been poor, they would not have had the expensive outfit they brought with them—for instance, all

the principal settlers had vessels of their own. At the same time they brought with them, to their new homes, the culture of their native country, for they themselves belonged to the most educated class of their community; and thus we can account for the fact that so short a time elapsed before they had settled government—viz., about fifty years from the discovery of Iceland. We have good reason to suppose that the climate was much better at that time than it is now; for it is narrated in the Sagas that the sheep could shift for themselves in winter. Thus it is expressed in one of the Sagas:—"Many a nobleman is now satisfied in going to Iceland; the country is good, every river is full of salmon, there are large forests, and one can live there undisturbed by kings and mischief makers."



THE FJORD OF REYKJAVIK.

Once a single pair of cattle strayed to an uninhabited valley, and when they were found their number had increased to forty. At the present time such animals would perish, if they were left to themselves for a single winter. Moreover, it can be proved from the Sagas that corn ripened in those early times.

One of our noblest settlers was not compelled to go to Iceland by necessity, or by his hatred to the new Norwegian sovereign, but, according to the narrative of the Sagas, by fate. As this instance illustrates not only the belief of the early Scandinavians in an inexorable fate, but also their method of obtaining the knowledge of futurity, I will relate it. The story is this:—

"A man of repute, named Ingjaldur, prepared a feast, and invited a number of his friends. According to the ancient custom, he entertained his guests with fortune-telling, in order that they might inquire about their own destinies, if they chose. To accomplish this, a witch was present from Finland. She was seated on an elevated throne, and treated with great reverence—every one went from his own seat to her, to learn his future fate. She prophesied to every one, as it afterwards came to pass, but all were not equally satisfied. The foster-brothers, Ingimundur and Grimur, did not stir from their seats, and made no inquiries. The witch said, 'Why do these young men not inquire about their destinies, for I regard them as the greatest persons of the whole assembly.' Ingimundur answered, 'It is not important to me to know my fate before it comes to pass, and I think my destiny does not lie underneath the roots of your tongue.' The witch replied, 'Then I shall tell you without your asking. You will settle in a country called Iceland, which is still uninhabited in many places; there you will enjoy honour and a long life.' Then Ingimundur said, 'This is fine prophesying, for I have determined never to visit that place; and I should indeed be a foolish manager were I to sell my numerous fertile estates here, and remove to those deserts.' The witch answered him, however, that what she had foretold would come to pass; and, in order to prove it, she said, 'I tell you further, that the present which you got from King Harald, in Hafursfjörd, is gone from your purse.' In the morning, Ingimundur looked for the present, but could not find it. In the spring he asked his foster-brothers what they intended to do. Grimur said, 'I think it useless to strive against fate, so both my brother and I intend going to Iceland.' Ingimundur remarked, 'I shall never go thither.' 'It may be,' said Grimur; 'but I shall not be surprised if we meet in Iceland; for it is a difficult task to escape one's fate.' Some years afterwards, Ingimundur went to Iceland and settled there, for he thought it would be impossible for him to stay in Norway, on account of the prophecy of the Finland witch.

Most of the settlers in Iceland were heathens, yet a few, who did not come direct from Norway, but from the Shetland Isles, were Christians, and remained so to their death; their sons, however, forgot Christianity, and performed the rites of heathen worship, like their neighbours. At the end of the tenth century the King of Norway sent a priest to Iceland, who behaved more like a stout heathen warrior than a gentle preacher of the Gospel, and even put to death several persons. About the same time, Christianity was preached by a German bishop, and by a native, but with comparatively little success. Several noble Icelanders were then at the court of the Norwegian king, and promised him to further the progress of Christianity among their countrymen; so that after a good deal of contention, Christianity was at last sanctioned by the Parliament, or Althing, in the year 1000. Although Christianity became established by law, many remains of heathenism continued till about fifty years afterwards.

From the middle of the eleventh to the end of the twelfth century is reckoned the golden age of Iceland, for during this period the Icelanders enjoyed lasting peace and seasons of abundance. When any quarrels arose, they were amicably settled by the chiefs, and in this period the ancient literature of this remote land began to flourish. But as power became more vested in single chiefs than formerly, the rest of the population were their dependants. As time rolled on to the thirteenth century, these things were the source of many unfortunate family feuds, in which, sometimes, a great part of the people were engaged; and, through the intrigues of the Norwegian kings, these contentions ended in the loss of the independence of the country. About the year 1264, in the reign of Henry III., King of England, the Icelandic Republic was no more.

This civil war ended when the Icelanders submitted to the Norwegian kings; yet there arose many quarrels and contentions between the feudal chiefs and the Catholic bishops of the country—the latter assuming the right of deciding all cases, whereby they seized the opportunity of dispossessing many persons of their estates in favour of the Church—the old story of hierarchal domination. From this time, also, dates the decline of literature; Saga-writing was now succeeded by the production of superstitious legends, tending to strengthen the power of the clergy.

From the beginning of the fourteenth century, the history of Iceland presents a long series of distresses of every kind—such as earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, severe winters, inclement summers, invasions of polar ice, &c. At the beginning of the fifteenth century almost one half of the population was swept away by a disease called "black death," which had raged in the rest of Europe fifty years previously.

Thus matters went on, without any remarkable incidents, until the introduction of the Reformation, which took place in the year 1551, but not without the vigorous resistance of one of the Catholic bishops of the island—Jón Arason. Not being a learned man—for he did not understand Latin—he could not attempt to refute Protestantism by learned discourses; but what he was wanting in literature, he made up by an extraordinary energy and activity in advancing and supporting his ambitious purposes. He did not refrain from using the sword against his opponents, towards whom he exercised great violence, and even cruelty. At last he was vanquished by his enemies, and beheaded, with two of his sons, without any trial, or, as the Icelandic expresses it, without judgment and without law; for his enemies dared not wait for the order of the King of Denmark, lest his adherents should release him. The Catholics in Iceland regarded him and his sons as martyrs; and the tradition says that the large bell in the Cathedral of Holum rung of itself till it broke in pieces, when the corpses of the three ecclesiastics were buried. After this, the king secularised—that is to say, took from the Church and appropriated to lay purposes—large estates belonging to the monasteries and convents; his agents stripped these institutions, and the episcopal sees, of everything worth having. Some time afterwards, the estates belonging to the two episcopal sees were sold by public auction, and the proceeds went to Denmark.

But the inhabitants of Iceland had a still greater cause of complaint—viz., the unjust trade monopoly, which lasted from the beginning of the 16th to the end of the 18th century. When Norway was united to Denmark, Iceland was also incorporated. Christian IV., King of Denmark and Norway, made the trade of Iceland a royal monopoly, and it was rented out to certain merchants. Districts were allotted to each trading-place, and no person living within the boundaries of the one was allowed to sell or buy anything, ever so small, at a trading-place other than that to which he belonged. If he transgressed he was fined heavily, or in default of payment sentenced to flogging. Up to the beginning of the 16th century the English, Dutch, and the natives of Hamburg carried on a valuable trade with Iceland, but the Danes did all in their power to drive them away, and sometimes there were serious disturbances between the contending parties, until at last all but Danish traders were totally excluded. During this period of oppression and tyranny, the Icelanders retrograded very much in every respect. They were quite unacquainted with what was going on in the world, and were never visited except by haughty Danish shopkeepers, who behaved like lords towards the inhabitants. The Danes put their own prices on the products of the island and on the goods which they imported; a short-sighted policy, for instead of encouraging the activity and industry of the people, they checked trade; they would not buy all the goods which were offered them for sale, and thus of course the people did not produce more than they could dispose of. At the end of the 18th century the trade was thrown open to all Danish subjects, and even from this measure we derived great advantage; but in the year 1854 trade with Iceland was made free to all nations, and the inhabitants already felt the blessing which every country must derive from unfettered and free commerce.

When the Icelanders acknowledged the sovereignty of the Kings of Norway, it was done by a sort of treaty; and by one of these articles it was understood that no law should be valid for Iceland without the consent of the Parliament, or Althing, held in Iceland. Although few of the stipulated conditions were observed by the Norwegian and afterwards the Danish kings, yet the Althing continued in existence, at least nominally, till the beginning of the present century, when it was suspended for forty-five years. It was restored again by Christian VIII. in 1845, for which the Icelanders will ever honour his memory. It is not denied that some of the Danish kings have earnestly wished to do well by Iceland; but as they are so far distant from us, and communication so unfrequent, it is difficult for them to know our real wants. The following is a curious

instance of the ignorance of the Danish Government in the last century: one of the Danish ministers, writing to the authorities in Iceland, asked the question whether the drift or Polar ice could not be used as fuel. We might reply, that the heat it would produce would be cold comfort. I am also sorry to say that we have had, and still have, very indifferent representatives in some of our countrymen, who are in charge of the highest offices in the land.

At the present time Icelanders are most interested in the question of the separation of the finances of Iceland, and also in demanding that our Althing should obtain legislative power and self-government in financial matters. This is our Reform Bill. But the Danish Government will have to furnish us with a little money to begin our own housekeeping, for they have taken all our public funds. In the year 1783 a most destructive volcanic eruption took place in Iceland, which caused great distress and even famine. On this occasion subscriptions were raised in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark in aid of the distressed people, and a considerable sum was handed over to the Danish Government, to be sent and distributed in Iceland, but the Icelanders received only one-fourth of it; the rest still remains in the Danish treasury. This sum we demand, and further we think it equitable to have some redress for the long trade monopoly, which caused such a great loss to Iceland, quite impossible to state in numbers. At a session of the Althing held in 1865, which assembles every other year, the Government brought forward a bill in this direction, but the propositions and offers therein were so mean that we could not accept it, and the bill was unanimously rejected, as all sham reform bills ought to be.

From the beginning of the 14th century dates the decline of our ancient literature, and in the 15th and 16th centuries very little attention was paid to our ancient Sagas. In the 17th century a few literary men began to collect manuscripts, of which there existed a great many; the most celebrated of these collectors was Bishop Brinjólfur Sveinsson, whose collection Arm Magnússon brought with him to Copenhagen. In the 17th and 18th centuries the Icelandic language became much corrupted, chiefly by the educated class; for they thought it a sign of learning to make use of foreign words, which common people could not understand. The officials, moreover, who had studied in Copenhagen, thought it more convenient and elegant to correspond in Danish, not only between themselves, but also with their surbordinates, who did not understand Danish. In the present century, however, a change for the better has taken place. The taste for the ancient literature of the land has been revived by the publication of the Sagas; nevertheless we have still a number of valuable manuscripts that have not yet been published, and in this respect, as in many others, the want of money is the insurmountable barrier which meets us. At present the King of Denmark signs the laws in the Icelandic text, and it is an established rule that all public correspondence must be in Icelandic.

The chief means of support of the inhabitants are the rearing of live stock—sheep, cows, and horses—and the sea fisheries. The sheep of the whole island number about 500,000, the cows 27,000, the horses 45,000. In the summer time the greater part of the people are engaged in haymaking, and scarcely any fishing goes on during the months of July, August, and September; for the farmers in the country hire the fishing people during the haymaking season. The cows must be kept in stalls, and fed on hay for eight months in the year, and the sheep and horses for three to four months. There is, however, great difference in this respect in the different parts of the island; for in some places even the horses are out all the winter. Nevertheless, the fortune of the farmer depends entirely upon the success of the haymaking during the summer months; for if there is not a sufficient quantity of hay, the farmers are perhaps forced to slaughter half of their stock, or what is still worse, if they risk keeping their stock alive, often more than half of them perish for want of food. It is accordingly not to be wondered at that they employ as many people as they can afford to engage during the haymaking season.

During the other months of the year the fisheries are carried on, not only by the fishermen on the coast, but the farmers in the country send their servants to the sea-shore to engage in fishing. This fishing in Iceland is carried on in small open boats, their aggregate being 4,000 for the entire island; it is a very dangerous and difficult pursuit, and sometimes for weeks together they are unable to go out at all. We have, indeed, a few decked vessels, which answer much better than the open boats, but these number only fifty in the whole island. There are, however, more than 300 French fishing-vessels round our coasts every summer, who carry away several million francs' worth of codfish.

It is very difficult to get even a small loan, for most of our funds are rented in Denmark, and when we ask for any assistance from the Government, a year or two sometimes passes before we have a reply. But it may be said, by joining together a small capital might be raised. This is certainly possible, but there are difficulties in the way which are quite unknown to more fortunate nations farther south. We have scarcely any communication with each other, for the mail does not go more than four times round the island in a year. Meetings are also very difficult, as it is scarcely possible to travel except during the summer months, when every one is obliged to give his sole attention to the haymaking. Of late there has been a proposition advanced for regular steam navigation round the coast, which is very desirable. This would be of great use for the communication between one part of the country and the other.

By some travellers we are charged with indolence, and as being the laziest fellows in the world, doing nothing but drinking brandy. So readily as I acknowledge that we do not do all we could do—but who does?—and much might be carried on with greater activity and energy than we put forth, so positively do I deny that we are the laziest fellows under the sun. There is no need of many arguments in order to refute this assertion, for nobody considers Iceland such a Goshen as to feed its inhabitants without any exertions of their own. I think it must be plain to every one, that it is impossible to live in a poor, barren country without working very hard. It is quite true that our land stands very much in need of improvements, and I am glad to say that in later years considerable progress has taken place, though, of course, it may seem very insignificant in the eyes of foreigners. Till lately we have, also, been totally excluded from any intercourse with foreign countries, so that we have remained quite unacquainted with the progress of other nations; and though we sometimes get a short and imperfect account of what they are doing, it is not to be expected that we should immediately put in practice what they find beneficial to themselves. But of this

I am convinced, that if any man having some capital, were to begin farming in Iceland, and applying all the modern improvements which the soil and country required, it would not only pay him well, but his neighbours would soon try to adopt the same improvements. If we had such a person in every district, who practically showed us what could be done, there is no doubt we should soon be better off.

It is true that Icelanders generally are of a sullen disposition, and slow in their movements, for they are accustomed to see everything about them going on slowly. For instance, in the department of Government, cases of any importance are never terminated until many years have elapsed. If the Government intends making any improvements, it requires a decennium, and this is the case with so many things. The enthusiasm which caused the beginning of some important enterprise, quite subsides before the matter is brought to an end. The Icelanders are persevering and truly courageous in encountering all hardships and dangers; they often go out fishing in almost all weathers—not less cheerful than if they were going to a play; yet this fishing in open boats is scarcely less hazardous than a battle; and in the year 1864 as many persons, in proportion, perished by drowning in Iceland as were killed in the Danish war.

The Icelanders are proud of their ancestors, and of their ancient literature, which, at this time, is almost the sole remnant of their former glory; and some are even so entirely lost in the admiration of the past, that they have no hope left for the future—though this is not a common state of mind. There are again, very few Icelanders, if any at all, who consider Iceland the best country under the sun, as some travellers say they do. I am afraid you would find more who think the opposite way. Generally speaking, we are all well aware that we are, in many respects, inferior to other nations, and it is our ardent desire to make all the progress we can; for, as a rule, the Icelanders are not at all tenacious of old customs, except their language and nationality, and would gladly accept such alterations as they find useful and beneficial.

I am sorry to say that the dwellings of the Icelanders are still, in some places, in the most miserable condition. The farmhouses are built of turf and stones. Looking at the front of an ordinary Icelandic farmhouse, we observe five or more gables, made of wood, painted red or black. The turf walls are from four to six feet thick, the summit of the gables is seldom above fourteen feet from the ground—generally only ten, and is adorned with wooden horns and weathercocks. Under the central gable is the door, passing through which, one enters a long, dark passage, sometimes too low for a person to stand upright in, leading to a room called "badstofa," which serves both as sittingroom and bedroom for all the members of the family. There never is any fire in these "badstofas." The walls around are lined with beds, which during the day are used as sofas. Nearer to the entrance, on each side of the passage, there are two rooms facing each other—one is the kitchen, the other is the dairy. On each side of the central gable is a smithy, and a storehouse. The atmosphere in these turf buildings is often very bad, for the windows are seldom opened, and fresh air is as much as possible prevented from coming in, so as to keep out the cold, since the rooms have no fire to warm them. But I am glad to say that both the buildings of the Icelanders, and their habits of cleanliness are greatly improving.

An account of the games, amusements, and curious customs of the people, together with a description of the volcanic phenomena of the island, must be reserved for a second chapter.



ICELANDIC COSTUMES.



ICELANDERS.



BEDOUIN OF SINAI.

The Red Sea.—II.

BY JAMES WARD.

Of the articles imported into Djiddah, about one-fifth are sent by sea to Suez, Hodeida, Abyssinia, and the ports on both sides of the sea; the rest are sent inland from Djiddah, and dispersed over the peninsula. Barley, which is imported from Egypt, is cheaper in Djiddah than it is in Egypt. No private persons import it, but the Government sends it for the troops, who are allowed to sell it. The principal season for trade is during the four months beginning with Ramazan and ending Zulhijje—from March to July. Most of the pilgrims arrive in or before the month of Ramazan, partly for the sake of trade, and partly from a desire to pass the month of fasting in the "holy land;" and Ramazan with its night trade is perhaps the busiest month in the year. After Zulhijje, when the ships and the pilgrims have left, there is little but retail trade, the goods brought by the ships having all been disposed of to the merchants. There is no fixed tariff for goods. They are opened at the Custom-house, and are there valued at such sum as the official thinks fit to demand, and the merchant to pay. The amount is rarely settled without a dispute. Turkish subjects pay more duty on their merchandise than foreigners, because they have no means of redress.

The pilgrims for convenience bring gold, which is bought by the merchants, and is exported by them to Egypt or Constantinople, receiving in return silver dollars, which are preferred to any coin by the Arabs and Abyssinians. The latter, indeed, will accept no coin but the Maria Theresa dollar, and even not that if one of the eight small points on the band of the head-dress has been obliterated. The value of coin at Djiddah is as follows:—

	Piastres.
The English sovereign	145
The Turkish gold medjidie	130
The French Napoleon	115
Dollar (Maria Theresa)	30
Five franc pieces	28½ to 29

	Piastres.
Rupee	13½ to 14
Half-crown	13½ to 14
Shilling	5½ to 6
Spanish dol. (not accepted)	30 to 32
Dollar (Dutch)	29 to 30½

No copper coin is current but the piastre. The Austrian quarter-florin is the principal small silver coin, and is taken at three and a half piastres. The Government pay the troops in this coin. Towards the end of the pilgrimage fourteen and a half piastres can be obtained for a rupee, as the Indian pilgrims buying it at that rate can make a profit on it in India, whereas they would lose were they to take dollars with them. There are no banks. Those who save money usually conceal it in some secret place, and it occasionally happens that the owner dies without having disclosed the place.

The only weights in use are:—The cantar, of from 97 to 101¾ lbs.; the rotoli, a little less than 1 lb. The weight of the cantar varies for different articles, thus: coffee is sold by the cantar of 113 rotolis, equal to 100 lbs.; gum by the cantar of 115 rotolis; wax, pepper, sugar, rice, and most articles by the cantar of 110 rotolis. The oke is not used at Djiddah. The measures are kiles and ardebs—100 ardebs = 63 English quarters; 54 kiles = 1 ardeb.

There is no agriculture nearer than Taïf, thirty miles east of Mecca, where a little corn is grown. It has also extensive gardens, which supply Mecca and Djiddah with delicious grapes, bananas, pomegranates, peaches, apricots, melons, the vegetable called badanjan (egg plant), turnips, radishes, and cucumbers. Potatoes are never grown; they come from Bombay and Egypt, but are not held in high estimation by the Arabs. The Yemen produces sufficient corn for its own use, but none for exportation. It exports, however, in large quantities a grain called *doora*, a small species of Indian corn with which the poorer classes make bread. Almost all the corn, barley, and provisions generally, go from Egypt. A little corn, however, is sent from Bushire, the sheep are sent from Abyssinia; and beef, being rarely eaten, is cheaper than mutton.

There are but few inhabited districts which are so completely dependent on other countries for their existence as the population of the Nedgid. The whole district, with the exception of the mountain on which Taïf is situated, produces nothing. In the Nedgid corn is said to grow; but there cannot be much, as the Arabs come down to the coast to purchase their supplies, which is re-sold to the Arabs in the interior. The coffee-growing country is in the Yemen, which is about 300 miles south of Djiddah, being the districts near Loheia, Hodeida, and Tanau. Of these districts the Turks have but limited command, as their authority only extends over the narrow slip called the Tehama, in which little coffee is cultivated. They had, however, till lately, the export dues of all the coffee grown in Western Arabia; but they have lost a large portion of these dues through the coffee being sent to Aden for exportation. Mocha, the ancient port and capital, has completely fallen into ruin and decay. Its place is taken by Hodeida, which is the seat of government of the Yemen, and a pashalic under Djiddah.

As regards the quantity of coffee exported from these districts, which principally finds its way to the Egyptian markets, we have no precise account. Captain Playfair, Assistant Political Resident at Aden, reported that in the years 1858-1860 coffee to the value of £14,268 was imported into Aden by sea; that £55,710 was imported by land; and that £45,344 was exported. M. Dasoy, late agent at Suez of the Méjidié Company, states that 29,496 cantars of coffee, valued at £80,000, were imported into Suez from the Red Sea during the first six months of the year 1859. This was exclusive of what might have been brought from Aden by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers. Besides the coffee exported, an enormous quantity is consumed in Arabia. There is very little genuine Yemen coffee, however, to be found in Europe, it being difficult even to buy it there. It is first mixed in the Yemen with inferior Abyssinian coffee; it undergoes a similar operation at Djiddah with damaged coffee; and, in all probability, is again mixed in Egypt; for Alexandria and Cairo have a reputation for bad coffee. English merchants, wishing to obtain the genuine Arabian coffee, which is unrivalled for its peculiar aroma, should have an agent who is not a native, at Hodeida.

The slave-market of Djiddah is generally full, and as brisk a trade as ever is carried on in "human chattels." This trade was prohibited by the Turkish Government; but the prohibition has been of little or no avail. There is no official record kept of the number of slaves imported, as was the case formerly, so that we are left to conjecture, which is not a very safe guide in matters of this kind. The slaves, however, are sold publicly every morning, and the price is a little lower than it was prior to the prohibition of sales. This may be accounted for by the duty of 25 per cent. being taken off, which was levied when the traffic was permitted, and also by the fact that a large portion of the slaves cannot speak a word of Arabic, which proves that they have been recently imported. These slaves do not arrive openly in the market of Djiddah, but are landed at night along the shore, and enter Djiddah in the morning, passing through gates which are guarded by Turkish soldiers, who must know that they are slaves. The Turkish Government, we believe, has not the slightest desire that this abominable and degrading traffic should be put an end to; otherwise the importation into Djiddah, and the exportation from the other side of the Red Sea, could be easily prevented. A simple order to the sentinels at the gates to examine all who had the appearance of being slaves, of which there were unmistakable signs, would suffice to suppress it in Djiddah; and a few cruisers, or only a small steamer, would prevent a single boat from starting from the opposite side. During the ten years or so that have passed since the importation of slaves was forbidden, not one person has been punished, or even accused, at the instance of the Turkish Government; and it is permitted to sell those slaves who were in the country prior to the reading of the firman prohibiting the entrance of fresh slaves. This firman, however, is a dead letter; and, without considerable pressure from without and some assistance within, the Turks will never be able to suppress slavery in Arabia. The most revolting part, however, of the affair in Djiddah, and generally throughout Mussulman countries, is that most of the slaves on arrival are at least professing Christians.

The town of Djiddah—variously spelt Jiddah, Joddah, Juddah, and Jaddah—has many significations: viz., "bordering on the sea," "new," "mother," "happy." The first needs no explanation certainly; "new" hardly appears applicable, but it is so applied in ancient books; "mother" is given to it from the supposed tomb of Eve, which is close to the town; and "happy," from its proximity to Mecca. The town is built on the edge of the sea, in a sterile, desolate desert. There are no trees, verdure, or vegetation. For a few days after the December rains, when they do occur, a little grass springs up, but is almost immediately burnt by the sun. A few melons are also grown in the beds formed by the torrents, which, coming from the mountains, and depositing a certain amount of fertile soil, favour their growth. Occasionally, however, several years pass without any fall of rain; and the Djiddah people have a saying, that no rain fell during the three years preceding the massacre of the Christians, and that immediately after the assassins were executed rain fell abundantly. The Arabs killed the Turks at Mecca who read the Sultan's firman abolishing slavery; and, as no one was punished for that grievous outrage, they thought that the Christians could be killed with impunity. During 1858,

previous to the execution of the assassins, water was from two to three rupees a camel-load. This water is collected from a series of wells which belong to private individuals, and towards which courses are cut in all directions. A few hours of heavy rain suffice to furnish a whole year's provision.

The sea is gradually receding from the town and shore, owing to the coral reefs which are constantly forming; for, many years ago, large ships could approach close to the quay, which is not the case now. This receding of the water is visible in most of the bays; and at Suez the port has been changed on account of it. Yambo el Nakhal, formerly a port, is now several hours distant from the sea. The changes that have been wrought in the shores of the Red Sea are, doubtless, due to volcanic agencies, of which there are many signs—amongst others, the volcanic island of St. John; the rock oil of the island Jebel-geit, formerly very productive; the volcanic Harnish Islands; the ancient town of Hierapolis, of which no traces are now visible, and which, probably, has been absorbed in some convulsion of the earth; and, finally, the disastrous eruption in 1860 of Jebel Doubal, near Edd, south of Massowah, which has completely changed the face of the surrounding country. An English captain, who was, at the time of the eruption, at Hodeida, on the other side of the sea, told the writer of these lines that he thought a cannonade was going on somewhere, and that he had to sweep his ship every hour, which he could not account for, as the wind was not from the shore. The dust that fell upon the deck resembled powdered ashes.

Djiddah has a population of about 18,000, of whom 1,000 are British-Indian subjects. During the four months of the pilgrimage, this number is increased to 40,000, and at times to 60,000, of whom at least 12,000 are British subjects. At Mecca and Medina there are always about 2,000 British subjects. Most of these are miserably poor, being pilgrims who have spent all their money, and unable to return home. They live in the open air, or in huts which they build, and support life by begging. Their quarters are filthy in the extreme, and in summer the mortality amongst them is terrible. Djiddah is in the form of a trapezium. Its length from north to south, parallel with the sea, is about 1,400 yards; its breadth, from the Custom-house to the Mecca Gate, about 890 yards; and its length, from the north-east to the south-east angle, also about 800 yards. It is surrounded by walls pierced for musketry, with fortified towers at intervals. Besides these towers are batteries inside the town. The port, shore, and walls are all protected by guns, but of miserable calibre. The walls and fortifications were constructed by Mohammed Ali, on the ruins of the old ones, which were built at the beginning of the seventeenth century. There are nine gates: six facing the sea, the Mecca Gate to the east, the Medina Gate to the north, and the Yemen Gate to the south. These are all shut at sunset, with the exception of the Customs' Gate, shut one hour, and the Mecca Gate, shut two hours after. On Fridays they are shut for half an hour, during mid-day prayer. The origin of this custom is from a tradition that the Christians would take advantage of the men being in the mosques to seize the town. During the month of Ramazan, when all business is transacted at night, the Mecca and Customs' Gates are open till midnight; but for five days during the pilgrimage, all the gates, except these two, are kept closed day and night.

At Djiddah and Mecca there are about one hundred respectable and wealthy British-Indian merchants, besides several hundred small shopkeepers. These Indians are the doctors, tailors, and cooks of the country. The latter occupation is, however, partly shared by the Egyptians. The rest of the Indians have no occupation but begging, or catching a few fish. The European population consists of the members of the British and French Consulates; one respectable house, which carries on business both with Manchester and Cairo, and has agents at the different ports of the Red Sea; and a few Ionians and Greeks, who are tavern-keepers.

Djiddah is trying to Europeans from its excessive heat; and intermittent fevers are the prevalent disease. They usually attack a European on his first arrival, and they are difficult to get rid of, occasionally terminating fatally. The average day temperature in the shade is, from December to March, 76° Fahrenheit, at night, 70°; from March to the end of May, 87°; during June, 93°; in July, August, and September, 100°, at night, 95°; during October and November, 85°. When the south wind blows during June, July, August, and September—which, fortunately, it rarely does for more than fifteen days together—the temperature is 107°. During the simoom, which blows from north-east and east-north-east, and which only lasts a few hours, it rises to 132°. In 1859, the highest temperature was 132° in a simoom in June, during which many camels died close to Djiddah. The lowest was 58° in December, early in the morning. In 1860, the greatest heat was 121°, the lowest, 59°. There was in August a continuation of south wind for a fortnight, when the temperature was, day and night, from 100° to 110°. This was the most oppressive period known at Djiddah.

The industry of the people consists of dyeing English cotton manufactures, fishing, diving for black coral, and fashioning it into beads and mouth-pieces for cigars. It is only found fifty miles to the north and south of Djiddah, and it takes a very fine polish. There is, likewise, a white species, which is not quite so hard. The black is sold at about 2s. 6d. a pound weight; the white a little cheaper, from its not taking quite so fine a polish.

There are no roads other than what are made by the constant track of camels. The road to Mecca—along which, on an average, three hundred camels pass daily—is, however, a good one, and a carriage can go the whole distance. The more advanced Mussulmans venture to talk of a railway from Djiddah to Mecca; and some of them have been heard to say that, were the Turkish Government powerful enough to protect the line, they would engage the greater part of their fortune in it. The great opposition would be from the Bedouin camel-men. It might be made a cheap line, as the road to Mecca is quite flat. At all events it would be to the advantage of this country, and of Europe at large, were the telegraph from Suez to Aden to touch at Djiddah, Yambo, and Hodeida. The local traffic which it would occasion would more than repay the cost of the communication, and the Turkish Government would benefit in many ways by its being constructed; while the material obstacles to be overcome present but little difficulties.

MASSOWAH.

From Djiddah to Massowah is an easy sail, and as trading to a considerable extent is carried on between the two places, there is no difficulty in reaching either place. Massowah is a small island, formed of a coral bank, thrown up at some time to the surface of the water by the effect of the general

upheaving which may be observed in many portions of the Arabian Gulf. It is about 1,200 yards long from east to west, and 500 broad from south to north. Its highest point is scarcely more than fifteen feet above the level of the sea. Massowah is a barren rock, without water, grass, or even a shrub upon it; everywhere is bare rock and stone. It is separated from the mainland of Abyssinia by a small portion of the sea, which forms the port of Massowah. There is not a single spring on the island, and the water which the populace drink is obtained from the brackish springs of the continent—from Arkiko and Moukoullen; but when the vessels are frequently found in her harbour. The Arabs take in articles which are easily disposed of in the Abyssinian markets, and receive in exchange slaves and provisions. A small trade is carried on with Bombay, which sends to Massowah a cargo of wood, sugar, tobacco, and rice, receiving in return ivory, coffee, musk, and gum. The ports of Yemen also send dried fruits to Massowah, and Suakin supplies maize and salt. The vessels laden with ivory, ostrich feathers, and other costly articles, destined for Mocha, generally stop at Massowah.

At present Massowah is politically connected with Nubia rather than with Abyssinia, being in the possession of the



YOUNG ARAB OF DJIDDAH.

Massowahns are hardly pressed by the Abyssinians—which has frequently been the case—the former are under the necessity of sending boats for a supply of water to the island of Dhalac, a distance of thirty-six hours from Massowah. The heat on the island is excessive, the latter being only open to the sea on one side, while the other is enclosed by an amphitheatre of hills, sufficiently near to prevent the island receiving a breath of air, or a slight breeze from the sea. Massowah contains a mixed population of Arabs, Abyssinians, Negroes, Turks, Egyptians, and Indians, the whole numbering about 8,000; and the island is mostly used as a place of refuge by the Mohammedans when they are no longer able to keep their ground on the mainland against the Abyssinians.

Massowah is the principal port of Abyssinia, and carries on a considerable trade, especially with Djiddah, whose small Viceroy of Egypt, and ruled by a governor appointed by him. The Abyssinian coast is very destitute of harbours, and Massowah is, therefore, of great importance as a seat of commerce. Caravans start thence at all seasons, for Cairo on the one hand, and for the interior of Abyssinia on the other, but most numerously in January, at the end of the rains, and in June, before the swelling of the waters. From Abyssinia and the coasts of the Red Sea, Massowah receives and exports ivory, rhinoceros' horns, wax, ostrich feathers, tortoise-shell, myrrh, senna, pearls, &c. It has all the worst characteristics of an Oriental town. Its streets are mere lanes, and are choked up with dirt and filth. It was originally chosen as the place of debarkation of the British expedition to Abyssinia in 1867, but it was soon found unsuitable, and Annesley Bay, some fifteen miles further to the south was chosen for that purpose instead.



CAMEL DRIVER.

Russian Photographs.

A DAY AT THE TURKISTAN MUSEUM IN ST. PETERSBURG.

In Russia at the present day, as in the England of a hundred and fifty years ago, the great place for picking up news of every kind is the coffeehouse; and in St. Petersburg, as in Moscow, Nijni-Novgorod, and, indeed, every great Russian city that I have visited, it is part of the business of life to drop into a "Trakteer" (as these houses of refreshment are called), in order to glance through the daily papers, and, it may be, to indulge in a chat with some friend who has come thither on the same errand. At all such places the programme is much the same. You push open a heavy swing-door (always strengthened in winter by a second or supplementary door about two feet behind the first, thickly edged with baize at the top and bottom), and find yourself in a large low-roofed room, heated by an immense stove, and furnished with a number of small tables, at one of which you seat yourself, and call out authoritatively, "Stakân tchaioo!" (a glass of tea). In a twinkling there starts up at your elbow, as if he had risen through a trap-door, a dwarfish creature in a very shabby pinafore (who may be any age from twelve to twenty), with a broad, sallow face and small, cunning eyes, and hair cropped as close as if he had just come out of prison or bedlam. He answers your call with the Russian shibboleth "Sei-tchass!"* (directly), and, gliding away, returns speedily with a small tray bearing a saucer with four lumps of sugar, a fresh roll about the size of a crown-piece, and a *tumbler* of magnificent amber-coloured tea, wherein floats a thin slice of lemon; for which refreshment you pay fifteen kopecks (5d. English).† While sipping your tea, you glance over the pile of newspapers on the central table, and select your favourite—the *Voice*, if you are a free-spoken politician; the *Russian Invalid*, if you are an adherent of the Government; the *Bourse Gazette*, if you happen to be a speculator, interested in the rate of exchange and the condition of the share-market; the *Moscow News*, if you have a taste for daring criticism and revolutionary ideas; the *Spark*, or the *Alarm-Bell*, if you are of a cynical turn, and wish to divert yourself by seeing how little fun a comic paper can contain. And it is probable enough, that, while you are thus busied, some ten or a dozen bearded natives in various parts of the room are similarly employed, dispatching tea and politics with the solid, business-like air of men discharging a great public duty.

Thus it is that, one morning in April, in the course of my usual reading, I lighted upon the following advertisement:—

"The Exhibition of curiosities from Turkistan (including the trophies captured by General Kaufmann, and all the objects of interest collected by our enterprising travellers, Messrs. Semenoff, Severtzeff, and Vereschaguine) is now opened in the great hall between the corner of the Grand Morskoi and the Moika Canal. Entrance free."

Having recently finished the journal of a Russian tourist who had crossed the conquered region from Tashkend to Samarcand, I am just in the humour for a spectacle of this kind; and, moreover, this is just the day for show-rooms, picture-galleries, or indoor diversion of any sort. It is one of those dull, drizzling mornings when St. Petersburg is at its worst; when every part of the great city wears a forlorn, slatternly appearance, as if Dame Nature had had a general floor-washing, and then forgotten to "tidy-up" afterwards. Every roof is a shower-bath; every crossing a breakwater; foot passengers wade about like storks in a morass, while the droskies* in the Admiralty Plain look like a second-hand engraving of Pharaoh's chariots in the Red Sea. The great squares exhibit every gradation of neutral tint, from the dull white of the half-thawed snow, and the sickly brown of the newly-stirred mud, to the open, unredeemed beastliness of the vast pools of dirty water (sometimes nearly a foot deep) into which the passing carriages plunge with the rush of a diver. The broad shining cuirass of the frozen river begins to look spotted and faulty, while here and there the tell-tale water bubbles through, like blood oozing from a wound; but, nevertheless, the ice still holds its own, and the crowd of idlers, who daily line the iron balustrades of the Nikolaievski Bridge in the hope of seeing it begin to break up, as yet watch and wait in vain. Matters being thus unpromising out-of-doors, I decide for the Museum; and, emerging from my "Trakteer," plash along the entrance of the Voznesenski Prospect,† pass under the mighty shadow of the Isaac Church, whose vast golden dome and giant columns of polished granite look strangely dim and funereal beneath the cheerless sky, and enter a large stone building on the left side of the Isâkevski Square, usually serving as a Government office, but for the present devoted to the interests of the Bokharian collection. I am admitted by a tall, soldierly-looking fellow in a dark-green uniform and brass buttons, who stops me as I am about to proceed up-stairs, and intimates, in a genial, "quite welcome" kind of tone, as if he were doing me a disinterested service, that all greatcoats, sticks, &c., must be left below, and their safe keeping insured at the rate of ten kopecks per article; a regulation which practically makes the exhibition as remunerative as if the "entrance free" had been omitted. I comply, and, thus denuded, mount the stairs with my black sheepskin cap under my arm, pass between two colossal men in moustaches, who seem to support the doorway like black marble Caryatides, and find myself in the Museum.

And a rare sight it is. On a raised platform beside the door (where he is kept in countenance by two smaller specimens of the same breed) figures an enormous mountain-sheep, of the argali or "big horn" species, with the short greyish hair of a chamois, and vast curled horns, more than two feet long and as thick as a man's leg. This distinguished foreigner, however, though ranking first in the collection, is not from Turkistan, but from Siberia; as it were a true-born Russian

* Literally, "this hour;" hence the rhyming proverb on Russian sluggishness, "Sei-tchass, sei-tchass, bivaiet tchass!" (This hour, this hour, will last an hour!)

† A kopeck is nominally ½ of a penny, but in the present state of the currency somewhat less; 100 kopecks = 1 rouble.

* "Drosky" (or, more correctly, "drojka") is a Russian cab, of the simplest construction; the best way to represent it is to put wheels to two low-backed chairs, and set them one behind the other.

† "Prospect" is the name given in Russia to any long, straight, wide street, such as Oxford Street, or Piccadilly; an ordinary street is called "Ulitza;" a lane, "Pereulok."

subject placed as a sentinel over the foreign intruders. Farther on, appear two wide-winged vultures, lean and loathsome as the worst of their kind, fighting over the torn remnants of a hare—a group which might suggest to the historian a struggle yet to be between Russia and Afghanistan over the carcass of prostrate Bokhara. Around the walls are ranged skulls and bones of strange animals hitherto unknown to Russia; tawny skins of the tiger and ocelot hanging peacefully beside those of the mountain goat and deer; fish from the waters of the Tchirtchik, and birds from the slopes of the Thian-Shan. On the more distant tables appear bright-hued lizards and curious insects, minerals dug from the hills of Khodjend, and fossil shells entombed before the name of Russia was known; over which the majority of visitors skim very lightly, though one may perchance notice a grey-haired man in blue spectacles peering intently at some of the smaller specimens, as if labouring to identify a favourite species.

Just as I am taking my third or fourth peep at a truculent-looking beetle, something like a twelve-bladed knife with all its blades open at once, a burst of admiring exclamations from the second room attracts my attention, and I walk in. Here I find myself amid the trophies of native art; silks* of the finest quality, such as would command fabulous prices in Paris or Vienna; cloths of Kashgar, and parchments from Bokhara; gems cut by the artificers of Tashkend, and skins dressed in the workshops of Samarcand; while from above, out of the frames of numerous pictures, look down upon the relics of their departed glory the faces of the conquered natives. There stand the round-faced Tartar, and the mean-looking Sart, and the shaggy-haired, gipsy-like Douwana; there towers the tall, wiry Turkoman, whose latent vigour betrays itself in every line of his long, gaunt limbs. Beside him grins the gnome-like Bashkir, hirsute and untamable as the four-footed ancestor assigned him by tradition; and the thievish Kirghiz, with his coarse, matted hair and glittering, rat-like eyes; and the stately, black-bearded Bokharian, erect and defiant as in the days when European conquest was a thing unknown to him. There, too, a little apart from the rest, as not yet sharing their subjection, appears the lean, leathery visage of the Kashgarian, with his huge, bat-like ears projecting from under the little saucer-shaped cap which crowns his narrow forehead. And there, conspicuous above all, shines the swarthy, tiger-like beauty of the Afghan, with his fierce black eyes gleaming from beneath his green turban, and the shining hilt of his yataghan standing out against the spotless whiteness of his long hanging robe.

Even finer than these are the two companion pictures, Victory and Defeat, which tell at one glance the whole story of Eastern conquest. Victory represents a vast desolate plain, on the verge of which the ramparts of Samarcand loom dimly through the purple shadows of evening. Here and there, the sameness of the tawny sand is broken by a long greyish-white streak—the corpse of a Russian soldier, above which the darkening sky is already spotted with the black wings of birds of prey; while in the foreground stand two stalwart Bokharians, one brandishing a bloody yataghan, the other holding aloft, with a grin of triumph, a severed head, with features stern and defiant even in death. The scene of Defeat is a large open square within the walls of the town, where lie strewn, rank on rank, the bodies of the slaughtered defenders, their gay dresses all dabbled with blood, and, here and there, in forehead or in breast, the small round hole that shows where ball or bayonet has gone home; while, amid the carnage, the grey-coated Russians are lighting their pipes with cool satisfaction, like men who have done a good day's work, and are now at liberty to enjoy themselves.

Apart from all these, as if surrounded by an atmosphere of its own, appears the shadowy interior of an ancient mosque, through the narrow window of which a single ray of light falls upon the kneeling form of an old mollah (priest) in his high white turban and long dark dress. Motionless as marble is the grand, solemn face, shaded by its long white hair and beard; motionless are the shadows on the wall, motionless the rich carpets upon the tesselated floor. Over the whole scene broods a dreamy stillness, a strange supernatural repose, as of some enchanted palace within whose walls Time has no power; and we might imagine that stately figure to have been kneeling there for centuries, unchanged and unchangeable since the day when Bajazet was thundering at the gates of Constantinople, and Tamerlane rearing his pyramid of ninety thousand skulls on the sunny banks of the Amu-Daria.*

The photographs, which fill the third compartment of the great collection, might have been selected by the adventurous traveller whose journal I have just finished reading, so exactly do they reproduce the principal features of his description; clumsy native carts, with heavy shafts and gigantic wheels; bold ridges of naked rock; colossal mounds reared centuries ago; snug little towns, hiding themselves, like shy children, in the arms of encircling forests; shadowy mosques, and little dumpling-shaped hovels with the single opening which serves both for door and window. All varieties of scenery are here to be met with; vast glaciers, and lance-like pinnacles of ice—green waving woods—shady dells murmuring with slender rivulets—dark gorges, which the White Demon of Persian poetry would have loved to haunt—boundless stretches of level prairie, only to be conceived by multiplying a billiard-board by five million, and subtracting the cushions—and lonely lakes, whose grey, unending desolation weighs upon the eye like a nightmare. Here, too, are cities whose names will long be remembered in Russian history: Tashkend, with its spacious market-place, its low, massive walls, and stately mosque, which (sad to relate) the irreverent Russians have turned into a powder magazine! Khodjend, the city of gardens, overshadowing with its leafy woods the swift, dark stream of the Syr-Daria; ancient Samarcand, that strange mixture of splendour and misery, looking down from its noble citadel upon whole acres of worse than Asiatic filth and desolation; and, midway between the two last-named places, the little town of Oura-Toubeh, still seamed with the scars of Russian artillery—at present the farthest point to which the postal communication with Europe has been completed.

Last in the series comes a range of precipitous heights overhanging a wide stretch of level ground—the ridge of Tchepan-Atin, in front of Samarcand, on which the Bokharians made their last stand for the defence of the city, and where General Kaufmann's soldiers signalised themselves by an exploit which

* Russian silk factories have been established both at Khodjend and Samarcand; and the traffic, when fully developed, bids fair to be as lucrative as any in the empire.

* The remains of this singular monument (though much defaced and overgrown with turf) are still to be seen on the high road between Khodjend and Samarcand; and the spot is still called by the Russians "Tamerlanskiya Vorota," or the Gates of Tamerlane.

their countrymen will not quickly forget. At the time of the battle, a sudden overflow of the river Zariafshan had flooded the whole plain; and the defenders of the height, commanding every approach with their artillery, considered their position impregnable. General Kaufmann, however, ordered an immediate attack on the right flank, where the ridge was less precipitous; and the officer who led the assault addressed his men as follows:—"Children, our father the General has ordered us to storm that position, *and therefore it must be possible to do it.* Forward!" Like one man, the brave fellows threw themselves into the foaming current (already breast-high) under a heavy fire of artillery, dashed through it, and began to force their way up the heights beyond; when, just at the crisis of the battle, while a vigorous charge on the part of the enemy might still have ruined the whole attack, the Bokharians, seized with one of those strange panics to which Asiatic soldiery are always liable, abandoned their guns and fled in confusion, leaving the victory with a handful of men barely one-third of their own number.

These warlike reminiscences harmonise well with the trophies which adorn the walls of the fourth chamber—cone-shaped helmets, curiously carved, and damascened with gold; richly inlaid axes and yataghans, whose notched edges show what good service they have wrought; tasteful little poniards, which would gladden the eyes of an Italian bravo; light lances of cane, such as Eastern marauders may have wielded in the days of Abraham; and shining cuirasses, with here and there a tiny bullet-hole, telling only too plainly the fate of the brave heart that once beat within. Not less curious are the articles of feminine manufacture on the central table, displaying to the full that skill in embroidery which seems inherent in all Oriental races; though it must be admitted that the works of the Turkistan ladies are more ornamental than themselves—to judge by the few feminine portraits in the collection, which represent what poor Artemus Ward would have styled "perfectly orful-lookin' females," upon whom no passer-by would be apt to bestow a second glance..

Altogether, this Eastern collection is a goodly and pleasant sight—a sight to gladden the fierce spirit of the Emperor Nicholas, erect on his bronze war-horse before the windows of the Museum, a silent spectator of the trophies of a Russian conquest, achieved long after the bitter end of his glorious career.



HOSPITALITY IN ICELAND.

An Icelander's Notes on Iceland.—II.

BY JÓN A. HJALTALÍN.

THERE are but very few games or amusements handed down from ancient times. Many of the old ones passed away in the last century, except wrestling, in which the two combatants are closely grappled by each other; and the point is, who can throw the other down, by tripping or lifting up the feet in various ways. We have no original dance, and original music is very scarce; all that we have is from modern Danish. I think we are not a musical race. We have only one Icelandic musical instrument, called "langspil," in shape not unlike a guitar, and is with metal strings; now it is almost out of use. In the last century, when people assembled in the winter, at Christmas and at other great festivals, they amused themselves by a kind of dance, and songs were often made on these occasions, to the tune of which the people danced. We have but imperfect knowledge of these amusements, which were called "Vikivakar;" but we know it was the custom in one of these dances, that all the gentlemen assembled in one room and the ladies in another. Then the representative of the gentlemen would step forward and address the representative of the ladies thus, saying:—

"Here rides Hoffinn,
Here rides Alfinn,
Here ride all the men of Hoffinn."

Then the representative of the ladies replied:—



COAST VIEW OF ICELAND.

"What wants Hoffinn?
What wants Alfinn?
What want all the men of Hoffinn?"

Then he answered:—

"A maid wants Hoffinn,
A maid wants Alfinn,
A maid want all the men of Hoffinn."

After which every one took his partner, gave her a kiss, and the dancing commenced. These assemblies were at last forbidden by the authorities.

I must mention another custom still existing. When you arrive at a farm in the evening after dark, or during the night, it is not customary to knock at the door. You must go up to one of the windows, and call out loudly, "Hér sé Gud!" (God be with you here!) to which the first person who awakens replies, "Gud blessi thig!" (God bless you!) Then the traveller is generally asked his name, where he comes from, and what he wants; after which the door of the house is opened, and the guest is treated with all the hospitality so common in Iceland.

When people address each other they say, "Saell vertu!" (blessed be thou!), but not "good day!" or "good morning!" When taking leave, "Vertu saell!" (be thou blessed!) This greeting in the country is always accompanied by kissing, so much spoken of by English travellers. Even a perfect stranger is obliged to kiss the father and mother of the family, along with their children, on arriving and departing.

In the country, clocks and watches are very scarce, therefore the farmers mark the time by the sun, and say when he is above this or that mountain, it is such and such an hour. When telling the time they do not, for instance, say that it is three o'clock, but that the sun is in the place of three o'clock. When they do not see the sun, they mark the time by the ebb and flow of the tide, and in the winter evenings the Pleiades are their timekeepers. Time is not divided into hours, but into spaces of three hours. Thus, *ótta*, three o'clock a.m.; *midurmorgun* (middle morning), six o'clock; *dagmál* (day's beginning), nine o'clock; *hádegi* (high day), twelve o'clock; *nón*, three o'clock p.m.; *midaptan* (middle evening), six o'clock; *náttmál* (night's beginning), nine o'clock; *midnætti* (middle night), twelve o'clock.

Weddings and funerals are great feasts among the Icelanders, for they are nearly the only festive gatherings they have. Those feasts are conducted with great merriment, the funerals quite as much as the weddings, and often with great expense, considering the means of the entertainer. Preparations are made for weddings several months beforehand. According to the circumstances of the parties concerned, from twenty or thirty to a couple of hundred people are invited to weddings and funerals. Relatives and intimate friends, of course, must be invited, then those persons of the parish, or the next parishes, by the company of whom the parties consider themselves honoured, either on account of their wealth or distinction in other respects, although they are not intimately acquainted with them. It would scarcely be considered an honourable wedding dinner if the clergyman of the parish and his wife were not present, and if there be a couple of clergymen from other parishes it is all the better. The company of a sheriff or other person in the employment of the crown is even better, for it is not so usual to see them at weddings as clergymen, because there is only one to every nine or ten parishes. It is, however, not considered as any condescension on their part to be present on such occasions, as, perhaps, might be the case at Reykjavík.

On the morning of the wedding-day the wedding party assembles at the house of the bride or bridegroom, and then all go to the church together where the marriage ceremony is to be performed; sometimes also they first come together at the church. From the house next to the church the wedding party forms a procession in the following way:—The bride is supported on both sides by bride's-maids, and the bridegroom by bridegroom's-men, followed by the rest of their relations; the clergyman is generally in the middle. The procession moves on very slowly, and this walking is called *Brúdargangur* (bride's walk). Therefore, it is a saying in Iceland, when a person walks very slowly, that he is going the bride's walk. Until recently, this custom has been observed at every wedding in Iceland, but it is dying out now. The marriage ceremony is performed according to the rites of the Lutheran Church, for the Icelanders are Lutherans, without exception. When the ceremony is finished, the newly-married couple and all their guests return to the wedding dinner, which takes place at the house of the bride or the bridegroom; but if they have not rooms spacious enough for all their guests, the wedding dinner takes place at the most considerable farm in the parish, or at the clergyman's residence; sometimes also they pitch large tents in the open air for the purpose. At the wedding dinner the newly-married couple occupies the seat of honour at the head of the table, which reaches from one end of the room or tent, as the case may be, to the other. Next to the newly-married couple are placed the clergyman and other distinguished guests, and then the rest of the guests on both sides, and sometimes it may prove a difficult task to provide everyone with the seat he thinks himself entitled to, and Mrs. N. may wonder why her neighbour has been seated next to the clergyman's wife, and not herself. When the first dish is brought in, and before partaking of it, all the guests stand up and sing a hymn appointed on such occasions, after which the clergyman asks a blessing, and the "governour" of the feast, in the name of the bridegroom and the bride, bids all the guests welcome. The dinner usually consists of rice-gruel, with cream, sugar, and cinnamon, roast mutton and potatoes; and pancakes serve as dessert; it goes off very quietly, as the company have got a pretty good appetite after several hours' hard riding in the morning. After the dinner the guests stand up again and sing another hymn, and the clergyman returns thanks. When the dinner is finished the merry time begins—drinking and singing, but no dancing. The newly-married couple usually retire early, and leave the guests to amuse themselves with their punch and brandy, and they generally sit up the whole night, as they do not wish to go away without taking leave of their host; and when he appears again in the morning many are so delighted with his company that they do not like to say farewell until they are quite sure that the stores procured for the entertainment will not become any trouble to him; thus, the whole entertainment may last for a couple of days. Before leaving, the wedding-guests, at least those of them that are in better circumstances than the newly-married couple, are expected to give them wedding-gifts, either in money or in other valuable things—for instance, cattle, sheep, or horses.

Funerals are conducted in exactly the same manner as weddings, no less gaiety or merry-making being exhibited on these occasions than on the former. The deceased has scarcely breathed his last, when his relatives, inheritors, executors, or whatever they may be, prepare their dinner, and kill their oxen

and fatlings, and dispatch their servants to the next trading-place to buy everything that can be procured for the purpose of making their guests merry, lest they should be blamed for not paying due honour to the departed, by a proper entertainment at his funeral, and in case they should have different views from the public in this respect, they would certainly not escape from censure. There is even many a servant whose greatest pride it is to be able to leave so much behind that those present at his funeral may be liberally entertained. This custom has prevailed in Iceland ever since the heathen times, and has been looked upon as a religious duty to the memory of the departed. At Reykjavík, however, these funeral entertainments have passed out of use. In the conducting of funerals at this place there is nothing remarkable, except that the coffin is borne by six or eight men, followed by the clergyman and the relatives and friends of the deceased, from his house to the church, where a funeral sermon is preached, and when it is finished the coffin is carried in the same way from the church to the churchyard, which is about a couple of hundred yards distant from it. The deceased is generally carried to his last resting-place by his friends, or by those that belong to the same class; thus, a literary man is carried to the grave by literary men, a carpenter by carpenters, and a fisherman by fishermen, and so forth. In the country, where they have to go perhaps thirty or forty miles to the next church, and to cross rapid rivers and rough mountain paths, they place the coffin, with the corpse in it, across the back of a strong pony, and having made it fast with ropes, they proceed on their way to the nearest church.

In a country of 37,000 square miles, with a population of about 70,000, one cannot expect to find towns or even villages. There are, however, a few trading-places, the largest of these being Reykjavík, with about 2,000 inhabitants; although in very diminutive proportions, this place has all appearances of an embryo town. In describing the social condition of the population of Iceland, distinction must be drawn between the society of Reykjavík and the other trading-places on one hand, and that of the country on the other—between town and country, as one would say in England, although it may seem ridiculous that these extremely small places should have any of the peculiarities of a town. Reykjavík is considered the capital of Iceland, as it is the residence of the highest authorities; viz., the principal governor of the island, a bishop, a dean, a chief justice, a general physician, and professors attached to the college and the pastoral seminary; the rest of the population are merchants, tradesmen, and fishermen. The houses are built of wood, with the exception of two or three which are of stone, and some belonging to the fishermen, which are built of earth and stones. As the houses are built each for one family only, they are not large, and consist of but one floor; drawing-rooms, parlours, and dining-rooms communicating. The bedrooms are generally up-stairs. The interior arrangement of the houses is exactly the same as that of the houses in Copenhagen; they are heated with stoves, the fuel being coals and peat. When inside these snug and comfortable dwellings, a foreigner will hardly imagine himself to be beyond the reach of civilisation. His host may entertain him with wines and fruits of Southern Europe. He has piano and music, and besides the classics he has books in English, French, German, and the Scandinavian languages.

Public amusements there are none, except a few balls, to which the members of the literary and mercantile class are admitted. They are not held regularly, but three or four persons form themselves into a committee and send round a list, on which those who wish to become participators write down their names, and the number of ladies they are going to take with them. Only three or four public balls take place during the winter season. In a place like Reykjavík, a theatre could not be supported, but students sometimes have amateur performances, to which the public are admitted. The plays performed are both original Icelandic plays, and translations from Danish dramatic authors. These performances are highly appreciated by all classes, and the people walk even long distances from the country to see them. In the summer, picnic parties are very frequent to the country round Reykjavík; these excursions are made on horseback, and in fine weather they are very agreeable and healthy amusements; but too often the party is overtaken by rain, and wet clothes and cold are the sad remembrances of the pleasure trip. A cab for a couple of sovereigns a mile is not to be obtained, such luxuries as carriages and roads not being known in this primitive country. In spite of these drawbacks all classes are very fond of these excursions, the ladies not the least.

Foreigners might think that the Icelanders were not so far advanced as to have any distinction of classes; but such is, however, not the case in Reykjavík, where the Government officials, the literary class, and the merchants alone mix together; all being personally acquainted, and the distances easy—as it is not much more than five minutes' walk between the most distant houses—the inhabitants of the town have frequent parties, to make the long winter nights pass more quickly. Supper parties, or evening parties, are more frequent than dinner parties. Six o'clock is the usual hour for supper parties or balls. Immediately on the guest's arrival he takes tea, and a substantial supper appears between nine and ten. The gentlemen amuse themselves with a game at cards, and a glass of toddy after supper. The ladies are for the most part allowed to shift for themselves, and they contrive to while away the time by performances on the piano, singing, and playing at forfeits. As everybody knows everybody and everybody's affairs, there is no end of topics for conversation, in which all present show a great interest, and perhaps more so than the persons might care to know who are made the object of the company's remarks. Occasional calls are very frequent; and there are a great many calls which must not be neglected, if one is at all acquainted with the parties concerned; such are birthday calls, wedding calls, and confirmation calls. Every one belonging to the two first classes considers it his duty to call on the authorities, his colleagues, and acquaintances, on such occasions as above mentioned, and congratulate them, lest his neglect in doing so might be considered as a want of respect for the person concerned. Thus, one may judge of a person's position in society from the number of visitors on his birthday, when he or she has been engaged or married, or when he has a son or a daughter lately confirmed. These calls are made from twelve to two o'clock, and from four to six o'clock. The days for family feasts and presents are Christmas Day and New Year's Day, and the first day of summer, which occurs on the first Thursday between the 19th and 25th of April, according to the calendar, but seldom according to the season. Easter and Whitsuntide have only a religious significance.

In the country there is only one class; viz., farmers who are either tenants or proprietors, which makes no difference in their mode of living or circumstances; they do their farmwork and attend to their cattle with their servants; and they employ only their servants in working the farms, except during the hay-making season, when in some places the farmers employ fishermen for several weeks. The clergymen in the country live very much on the same footing with the farmers, for their salary is very small; part of it consisting in the free use of a farm, which they manage themselves, and not unfrequently they are obliged to go into the fields with their servants like the farmers, for if they did not they might not be able to keep body and soul together, or prevent their families from starving. In the country the people cannot easily call on their friends for their amusement only, as the farms are few and far between, compared to the area of land over which they are scattered; therefore it is only on special occasions that they come together in great numbers; and the time for such meetings is limited to three or four months during the summer; as travelling in winter is scarcely possible except on foot, at that season invitations are not practicable. But although not invited, a traveller is sure to meet with a kind reception and hospitality everywhere, let him be rich or poor, a friend or a stranger, a native or a foreigner, that does not make any difference; no sooner are the wants of the traveller known than they are supplied as far as possible. The host may be a magistrate, a clergyman, or a peasant, there is the same desire to make every one that finds temporary shelter under his roof as comfortable as possible; it is his pride to be able to entertain his guests properly, and the best things are kept for that purpose. He is not prompted to do so by hope of remuneration, for the poor meet with the same hospitality as the rich; and although his hospitality often exceeds his means, he is not willing to accept any remuneration. When you offer him payment, he says, "I expect the same hospitality of you if I happen to come to your place; that is the only reward I like to accept." The most frequent meetings are at the parish churches on Sundays, during the summer months, which is the most busy time of the year, and consequently, the time when the people most require recreation; it is also the only time when you can get from one place to another without walking. On these occasions, not only inhabitants of the same parish come together, but also from different parishes thirty to forty miles around. To the country people it is like going abroad, and seeing something of the world to go to another parish, and to hear any other clergyman than their own preach. This may also be the only occasion during a whole year when the farmers can see their friends, if they have any out of their own parish. On the way home—which may be a distance of thirty miles—they call round at their friends', and it is not seldom that they are rather less ready for work than usual the Monday after, the cause of which may be a too liberal hospitality on the part of their friends.



THE INNER PART OF A FIRTH.

One more gathering of the people I may mention, namely, the *Réttir* (sheep-pen gatherings). In the spring, about the middle of June, the farmers drive their lambs and all their sheep, except the ewes which are kept at home for milking, on the mountains, having previously made certain marks or slits in their ears and branded their horns so that they may be able to recognise them in the autumn. The sheep are allowed to roam about the mountains during the summer as they like, and there is no shepherd to look after them. In the middle of September all the farmers of one district send some two, some

one of their servants to gather their sheep from the mountains, and to drive them all to one place, where there is a large sheep-pen. Here the farmers meet those who have been to the mountains, and claim their sheep by the marks on their ears and horns. Those are perhaps the most numerous meetings in the country, as they are frequented by not only the inhabitants of one district, but also by many persons from the adjacent districts, who come to claim any sheep that might have strayed from their own district. The overseers of the parishes and those best acquainted with the marks of the several farmers stand in the entrance to the large sheep-pen, and look at the marks on the ears of every sheep that is taken out.



A TEAM OF PONIES.



DRIVING PONIES.

The proceedings of those gatherings have become proverbial for their noise and confusion; and it is said of every riotous and noisy meeting, "It was just like a sheep-gathering."

The dress of the male population of Iceland is not much different from that to be met with in the towns of Europe, but the women have preserved the national dress, illustrated in a former number. It consists of a high white cap, stuffed with wadding, a silk band studded with golden stars round the head, and a thin veil covering the cap, and falling down on the back between the shoulder-blades. Further, it consists of a tight-fitting jacket of cloth, the front and the sleeves embroidered with gold or silver thread. The skirt is of the same material, and at the bottom it is trimmed with velvet cut out in leaves, or embroidered with floss silk or Berlin wool. Around the waist they wear a belt embroidered in the same way as the front of the jacket, or else it is adorned with silver plates of filigree-work. When out of doors, they wear over this a half-moon-shaped mantle, lined with fur. The colour of the jacket and the skirt is commonly black, sometimes also blue of various shades. For home dress, or everyday dress, they wear a black cap with a silk tassel, something like a gentleman's smoking-cap, instead of the white cap; and the jacket and skirt are without ornaments of any kind. With this dress the women also wear a wide apron of silk or prints.

For the full-dress we claim a very high antiquity. By our antiquarians it is supposed to have been brought to the North by our Scandinavian forefathers, when they migrated from the East. The white cap is mentioned several times in our old mythological songs. And it is a remarkable coincidence, if our white cap is not derived from the East, that the women of Caucasus wear a white cap of a shape very similar to that of ours.

In every kind of material progress we Icelanders are indeed far behind the rest of Europe. But with our intellectual progress the case is quite different, especially as regards the education and knowledge of that class of our population which corresponds to peasants and labouring men of other countries. By going to Iceland, a traveller from Europe may indeed succeed in getting beyond the reach of those gigantic abettors of civilisation—telegraphs, railways, and daily posts—such things being unknown on the battle-field of fire and frost, except from hearsay or books. On landing at Reykjavík, many foreigners have been agreeably surprised by the intelligence of the educated class, many of whom, both gentlemen and ladies, are able to carry on a conversation in English, French, German, besides Danish, which is spoken by all educated Icelanders just as well as their native tongue. Even a good scholar in the classic literature of Greece and Rome may find in many Icelanders "foemen worthy of his steel," if he should like to engage in a friendly contest about those matters. The knowledge of the country population—farmers, peasants, and servants—has, however, been more surprising to foreigners visiting Iceland. I never met with a boy or a girl of twelve years who was not able to read well, and I doubt very much if such an one can be found. The greater part of the male population are able to write and cipher. Not a few farmers understand Danish, and some even English and German. With the literature of their own country they are better acquainted than the same class of people in any other country. I can affirm, without any exaggeration, that I have myself been acquainted with peasants and even their servants that were better acquainted with the general history and geography of the world and the present political state of Europe than many educated gentlemen I have met with both in England and on the Continent. Considering the means the Icelandic peasant has of educating himself, we may indeed wonder at the result. There are but two schools for children in the whole island, and when we remember that the population is scattered over a country of 37,000 square miles, and without any but the most primitive means of communication, we may easily imagine how much those two schools can do for the education of the country at large. How is it then that the Icelanders manage to educate their children as they do? It is a common desire of parents in Iceland, almost without exception, that their children should obtain as much knowledge as possible; and, therefore, they not only only teach them all they know themselves, but in many cases they send them to a more erudite neighbour to acquire what knowledge he may be in possession of. This, with the eager thirst of the Icelanders for every knowledge for the sake of knowledge itself, enables them to attain a higher degree of education than is commonly found among the same class of people in other countries.

There are two newspapers, *Thjódólfr* and *Nordanfari*, published in Iceland once a week, or once a fortnight, containing the general news of the world brought by the last mail, the news from several parts of the island itself, and several articles on farming, fishing, and on the local government of the island. A pamphlet is also published every spring containing a summary account of what has been going on in the world during the past year, and also some statistics from different countries. Works on geography, history, and others of miscellaneous information are also published now and then. These, with the ancient songs and Sagas—religious works—of which we have a great many, and the transactions of our Diet (*Althing*), form the staple reading of the population.

In the long winter evenings, when the male population have finished their out-door work for the day, which is to drive sheep and horses to the pasture in the morning and bring them home and give them some additional food in the evening, and also to feed the cows, which are kept in the stable during the whole of the winter, they assemble with the rest of the family in one room, which is at once a bed-chamber and sitting-room, the beds serving for chairs and sofas. In the middle of the room an oil lamp is hanging, which spreads rather a faint light over the room. Now all set to work to busy themselves with spinning, carding, knitting, weaving, preparing hides for shoes and fishing dresses, or twisting ropes of horsehair.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—VIII.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER XI.

WE EMBARK ON THE NIGER—SHALLOWNESS OF THE RIVER—VILLAGES ON THE BANKS—SHOALS—WE APPROACH SÉGOU.

When the 26th came, nothing was done, so Fahmahra and I went with Serinté to make our own arrangements. We chose two of the least patched and leaky canoes we could find, and one of those was made of no less than nine pieces of wood, nailed clumsily one over the other; but I felt that I would rather entrust myself to the most rickety craft, for the sake of seeing the river thoroughly well, than undertake another march such as the last had been, the fatigue and discomfort of which were still so fresh in my memory. Fahmahra went to the chief and got from him, more by force than by entreaty, two particularly well-made awnings, different from any I had yet seen. I bought two earthen bowls in which the natives make their fires; and also some wood, with which we made a rough flooring in the canoes, and put over that a thick layer of straw. Whilst some of our men put our baggage on board, the others got our animals which were to follow by land across the river. We spent altogether 2,000 cowries and an endless amount of time in preparations to start; at last, at half-past two, everything was ready, and we began our voyage, dropping slowly down with the current. The river is in most parts so shallow that boats can be propelled with a pole, and it is only occasionally and for short distances that a greater depth is found, and we have to use paddles. These are made

of cailcedra wood; the flat part is oval, about fourteen inches long, and eight or nine wide. We got along very slowly; where the bed is narrow and the current consequently swifter, one may easily make two knots an hour, but our boatmen equalled the blacks in laziness, working five minutes and resting fifteen. We started from Yamina with six hands for each canoe, and got a fresh relay at every station we came to, for there is a regular system of river navigation, said to have been organised by El Hadj for his special convenience, but really, as I afterwards heard, of much older date. The plan was good in theory only, for the service was in every way defective, and we fared very ill, getting either weak old men or young children without experience, who were of little use. Besides this, we lost so much time at every station changing hands, particularly at night, when we had to find out the dwellings of the boatmen attached to the service, and rouse them up, generally very much against their will, as they are badly paid by the state, and find fishing a much more profitable occupation. However, I tried to make the best of everything; and floating down the stream, however slowly, and with any number of delays and stoppages, was delightful. After toiling wearily on for so many days on land, I fixed my compass on one of our canteens, made myself as comfortable as I could, and began to take the bearings of the coast.

Dietebabougou, Mamanabougou, and Boko, villages on the right bank, were pointed out to me by our boatmen, but they were too far inland to be distinctly seen from the river. We passed Falena on the left bank, and then an island, and ran aground on a sand-bank opposite Fogni, a large village where we intended to stop for the night. I am sure we were not in the deepest channel of the river, for later on I often had occasion to ford it, and never found it less than about twelve to fourteen feet at the shallowest places, and certainly our canoe did not draw so much as that. Any way, we were dreadfully disappointed to find that this part of the river from the 26th of February would be unnavigable, even for the smallest steamer. However, I ascertained, by making the most particular inquiries, that the canoes go backwards and forwards between Mamanabougou and Timbuctu the whole year round; and as some of the larger ones draw quite as much as a barge of twenty tons, coasting in a barge would be the best possible mode of seeing the river at all times of the year.

I awoke at four in the morning, and felt annoyed that we had not got under weigh sooner, so as to make use of the moonlight, which would have supplied the place of my broken lantern, and would have enabled me to go on with my notes of the route. I awakened our men, and hurried our preparations for departure, which took some time, as we had landed all our baggage the night before to lighten the boats, for I was afraid of their filling with water whilst we slept. And most undoubtedly they would have sunk had I not taken this precaution, for, as it was, they were more than half full in the morning, and the baling out took some time. We got away at half-past five, and continued our course throughout the day. In places the river was choked with immense sand-banks; in others it was intersected by islands, and here the channel was narrower and deeper in consequence. Some of the islands were high enough to be always above water, even at the time of the floods, and those were green and well-wooded. The left bank was thickly dotted with villages, standing quite close to the water's edge, and apparently largely populated. The villages on the right bank were much fewer in number, and stood far inland, as it is subject to periodical inundations.

We passed Tamani Mignon, and the ruins of Say—which were visited by Mungo Park—and spent the night at Sama, a village consisting of three hamlets, the names of which, Sama-Soninké, Sama-Bambara, and Sama-Somonos, indicate the different populations there. Sama-Soninké had been destroyed six months ago by Ahmadou, and the other two we were told were ripe for revolt. In spite of this, we slept quietly until midnight, whilst Bakary Guèye mounted guard, and then were afloat and off again before three. Even at that early hour the banks presented a scene of great animation. Shepherds—tall black fellows, who stood out in bold relief against the clear morning sky—were crossing the river with their flocks, leading them out to pasture; numbers of men and women with calabashes on their heads, and here and there some horsemen, were to be seen going to and fro on the banks, which everywhere were full of life. Yesterday we had travelled through barren and solitary country, seeing scarcely any human creatures, and the contrast was very striking. At twenty minutes after seven we passed Faracco, a large village on the left bank, peopled by Ahmadou's Sofas, and came shortly after to Ségou-Coro (the ancient Ségou), situated on the right bank with a background of beautiful trees. The chief feature which attracts the eye among the deserted and ruined habitations is a palace in pisa-work, the richly-ornamented façade of which is still in very good preservation, though the rest of the building is falling into decay. We landed there for a few minutes, and bought a provision of milk and butter, and wood for our fire, at a little market established under a tree near the shore. At a quarter past nine we came to Ségou-Bougou or "village of the gardens of Ségou," lying on the right bank, with Kalabougou nearly opposite it on the left bank. This was a canoe station, and we stopped to change boatmen. The shore became more crowded as we continued our course, for the news of our coming preceded us, and the people gathered to see us. We met a chief with a body of horsemen going to Nioro by the Yamina road, to get reinforcements for Ahmadou's army.

CHAPTER XII.

SÉGOU-SIKORO—ASPECT OF THE TOWN—OUR ENTRY—AHMADOU'S DWELLING—AHMADOU—FIRST PALAVER—WE TRAVERSE THE TOWN—THE HOUSE OF SAMBA N'DIAYE—AFRICAN HOSPITALITY AND DIPLOMACY.

At ten o'clock we reached Ségou-Coura (the new Ségou) and at half-past we put Fahmahra ashore in the village of straw-built dwellings which is the suburb of Ségou-Sikoro. I was much surprised at seeing no trace of any town on the opposite bank, for in all the translations of Mungo Park's Travels four Ségous are mentioned, two on each side of the river. The probability is that when he was at Faracco or Kalabougou, he supposed that Ségou-Bougou and Ségou-Coro opposite had but one name, and formed but one place. That he made this mistake seems the more likely as he speaks of the high towers of the king's palace, the ruins of which I saw at Ségou-Sikoro, which according to him, was the only two-storied building in existence there at the time of the conquest, and belonged to Ali.

At Ségou-Coro there must have been two palaces, as the ruins of them are still to be seen; and some portions of the high wall which have remained standing show that they were

not ordinary dwelling-houses. I tried to reconcile Mungo Park's description of the towns as they were in his time with what I saw, but, as the result was scarcely satisfactory to myself, I will speak only of the present aspect of Ségou-Sikoro, and my own experiences there. The usual indispensable crowd collected rapidly about us, and was most troublesome. We were not to enter the town until Fahmahra, who had gone to Ahmadou, to announce us, and to receive his orders, came back, so we rowed over to the other side to get out of the way, and I took a bath to pass the time. We had a splendid view of the town opposite. Beneath its grey walls was the rocky beach, which literally swarmed with people. I had not seen such animation since we left St. Louis.



TRAVELLING DOWN THE NIGER.

The quay at North Point, when the women come down in crowds to wash, was quiet compared to the beach at Ségou-Sikoro, as I first saw it, thronged with people washing and bathing, and fetching and carrying water. Now and then a string of captives, under charge of a guard, passed in or out of the gates of the town, and all was noise and bustle. The buzz and hum of voices that reached me across the water astonished me more than anything. Fahmahra was away a long while. At last we descried him making signs to us from the opposite shore; we crossed directly, and landed on a rocky bank near the middle of the town. Fahmahra was accompanied by a black, who saluted us in very good French. He was an intelligent-looking fellow, and though he was dressed as a Mussulman, his name and appearance made me think he must be from St. Louis. He was called Samba N'diaye, and the N'diayes are Yoloffs. He told us that we were to lodge in his house, and I begged him to take us there at once, promising to go afterwards and pay my respects to Ahmadou. But he and Fahmahra would not hear of this; I must go at once to the king, for he was expecting us, and his majesty must not be kept waiting. So we struggled up the steep bank, pushing our way through the jostling crowd, which kicked up a choking dust about us, and entered the town through one of the chief gateways, which I shall call Soukoutou, after an important personage living just inside it. Each entrance is guarded by strong double gates, made of cailcedra wood, each door made out of one solid piece. They are high enough to admit horsemen, and between them is a strongly-fortified guard-house, with loopholes and machicolations. The door-frames and the locks and keys are all of cailcedra wood, which is wonderfully hard and durable, almost like iron. There are seven gateways, and all but one are shut every evening at sunset. This one is left open for the convenience of the country-people who come in late at night, with milk and other provisions for the market. We wound our way through the narrow crooked streets, and everywhere was the irrepressible tormenting crowd, who treated the stout leather whips and the formidable-looking arms of the guard who escorted us with supreme indifference. We emerged at last into an open square, and faced Ahmadou's palace, consisting of a large fort, nineteen feet high, with towers and fronts, and an ornamented house on the left of it. The crowd did not leave us any time for making observations, for it literally drove us up to the door, and there, I am happy say, their attentions ceased; for the sentinels within the royal precincts showed that they were not to be trifled with; they barred the way, and we passed in alone. It is strange the authority these fellows exercise, though many of them are mere boys. Even the proud Toucouleurs will submit to a Bambara slave, if he is in the service of the king, and treat him and make others treat him with the greatest deference. We went



KING AHMADOU PRESIDING AT A "PALAVER."

in through a second door, into a dimly-lighted ante-chamber, very large and lofty. The walls were at least ten feet thick at the base, and the roof was supported on pillars of earth-work or cailcedra-wood. The room was filled with sentinels, standing about or lying in the corners on bamboo couches, and was hung with arms of every description. Two steps led up from here into the court of the tata. Ahmadou's private dwelling-house is completely hidden from view; some straw roofs above a low grey wall are all that can be seen from the outside court, which was very dirty and untidy. The wall was pierced with loopholes, at an elevation of about fifteen feet, well and regularly made, just like those in our forts. Those which were exposed to the east wind and to the violent rain of the tornadoes were protected by straw mats. Two thousand defenders might be disposed round the four sides in time of siege. The roof of a gallery which runs all round the enclosure forms the bank, and is high enough to command an enemy within and without the walls. The access to this gallery is from the guard-room, and from the four corner-towers. The place is altogether so constructed that I think it would be very difficult for an enemy to effect an entrance without sappers and miners.

All these investigations were made afterwards, for we were conducted at once into Ahmadou's presence, and could only take a hasty glance at everything. He was sitting in the inner court of the tata, under a straw verandah, with a small number of the most influential people of the place around him. A guard of fifty armed slaves stood ranged on either side, in the shape of a fan. They were dressed in the most varied costumes, and held their guns in every imaginable position. I went forward, saluting him in French, and holding out my hand. Dr. Quintin and Samba-Yoro, my interpreter, did the same; then a "tara" or bamboo couch, covered with a white cotton cloth, called "dampé," was brought in for us to sit upon. Ahmadou sat on a goatskin spread on the sand. He inquired in Peuhl after my health, and bade me welcome to his capital. I replied in few words, and complained that I not been able to take the Béledougou route. I asked after El Hadj, and whether he were still at Hamdallahi. Having been informed that he was well, and that he was still there, I asked if I might go and see him. To this Ahmadou answered, "Perhaps, when we have talked together." I handed him the governor's letter, which was written in Arabic and French. As he opened it and glanced over it, I thought I detected a shade of embarrassment on his face, and guessing that he could not read it, I offered to have it translated to him. He seemed relieved, and eagerly accepted my offer. I read out the French, Samba-Yoro repeating phrase after phrase in Yoloff, and Samba N'diaye in Toucouleur. My suggestion after this that we should proceed at once to business brought our interview to an abrupt termination; Ahmadou expressed his conviction that we must be very much in need of rest, and desired our guide to conduct us to our lodging. Before I follow him I must give a slight sketch of the king's appearance. At the first glance he appeared to be about nineteen or twenty years old, but I was told that his real age was thirty. In figure he was tall and well-made, though he looked small sitting. He has large eyes, a straight well-shaped nose, with rather strongly developed nostrils, and a broad high forehead. His face is intelligent-looking, and might have been handsome were it not for the thick lips and receding chin peculiar to the negro type, but he has a gentle, calm expression, and, though he stammers a little, he has a soft, low voice, very pleasant to listen to. His skin is of a reddish-bronze colour. He was dressed in a long floating boubou of blue "roum" (a kind of cotton stuff) over a "turkey" of the finest white cotton. In the front of his boubou he had a vast pocket or "guiba" as it is called there. He wore a cap of blue "roum," and held a rosary in his hand telling his beads in a low voice in the intervals of conversation. He had an Arabic book open before him, and his sandals and sword lay beside him on the goat-skin.

We were the only people at this palaver who did not take off their shoes.

We left the tata by the same way we had come, and went to our lodging with an armed escort of Ahmadou's Sofas, who carried whips with long leather thongs to keep the crowd off. They evidently enjoyed making vigorous use of them, and could not refrain from displaying their zeal so far as to strike the women, who merely came to their doors to see us pass, and were no inconvenience to any one. We passed the mosque, and the tata of El Hadj, the walls of which bristle in every direction with sharp spikes of hardened wood, as our walls bristle with broken bottles, to keep away intruders.

Samba N'diaye informed me with conscious pride, as we passed these aggressive looking walls, that he was the guardian of the place, and the only person besides Ahmadou who had free access to the women's court. A little way beyond was the market, held under the shade of one of the finest doubalel trees I have ever seen. It would have been an inviting spot had there not been close by one of those immense holes out of which the earth for building had been taken, and which in the rainy reason, and at the time of the inundations, become deep and most pestilential bogs, and in the dry season are receptacles for all that is offensive in the place. The road grew narrower as we reached the western extremity of the town, where in a small winding street stood Samba N'diaye's house.

It was made up of a number of single-storied huts about ten feet high, built of earth, with rough wooden frameworks. The doors, excepting those by which one enters from the street, were scarcely three feet high. They were of wood, and had iron fastenings, like those in the warehouses in St. Louis. We passed through a small shed or porch into a court destined for our use, from which a "bilour" or passage communicated with the women's apartment on the right. A covered gallery on the left, running the whole length of the court, led to our sleeping-place, which measured ten feet by thirteen. There we found beds of millet-straw prepared, and in one corner rather a primitive kind of fire-place. A low door led into another court beyond, with a store-house adjoining, which was also given up to our use for cooking and other household purposes, and for storing away our baggage. My men lost no time in establishing themselves in the outer court and under the verandah, and Samba N'diaye was even obliging enough to turn out his horse who generally had his quarters there. A terrace ran round the house, and on this Samba N'diaye had built a wooden erection with a roof of straw matting over it, which made a delightfully cool place to sleep in, free from exposure to dew or rain. He had a ladder to get in by, the rounds of which were of untanned leather. Everything about the place was very roughly constructed and imperfectly

executed, but an amount of intelligence and ingenuity were displayed in all the arrangements which evidently could only have been acquired by contact with more civilised races. I may as well relate our host's history at once, though it was only after a considerable lapse of time that I myself heard it. He was a Bakiri of Tuabo, a province of Guoy on the Senegal. At the time I met him first he might have been from forty to fifty years of age. He had been in St. Louis as hostage for twenty years, and had left it when M. de Grammont, whom he admired and respected very much, was the governor there. He became a merchant on his return to his own country, and remained at Tuabo until El Hadj invaded the country; then he went over to the Mohammedan religion, and two years later, when El Hadj came with victorious arms to Farabanna, Samba N'diaye gave up his business, and joined the ranks of the conqueror, taking one of his wives, who was willing to go, and his slaves with him. Then all his knowledge and experience acquired in St. Louis brought him to great honour. He was appointed engineer-in-chief to the army, with special charge of the guns, and El Hadj would probably never have pushed his conquests to the banks of the Niger, had Samba N'diaye not been always at hand with ingenious devices to repair the broken gun-carriages, and supply all deficiencies, for shot and shell played an all-important part in these battles. Finally, when El Hadj had made himself master of Ségou, and set out to subdue Macina, he left Samba N'diaye behind in command of the fortifications, and entrusted him with the sole guardianship of his domestic establishment.

When the news of our intended visit reached Ségou, Samba N'diaye had solicited from Ahmadou the honour of receiving and entertaining us during our stay, pleading his knowledge of the language and customs of the white men as a reason why he should be thus favoured, and saying that if his father had been there he would most certainly have granted his request. Though Ahmadou had not the same profound consideration and regard for Samba N'diaye that El Hadj had, he turned a deaf ear to all his own chiefs and favourites who, purely from interested motives, were disputing who should have the privilege of lodging the strangers under his roof, and gave the preference to him.

The reason why every one was so anxious to have us was because he hoped to get his share of the presents of all kinds which it was expected Ahmadou would be sure to lavish upon us during our stay in his capital.

I will not say that Samba N'diaye, in his character of a Bakiri, was less calculating than his rivals, but he had learnt a certain amount of self-respect and respect for the human race in St. Louis, and was not quite so much of a beggar as the majority of his brothers and cousins, who regard white men as so many sponges, always waiting and ready to be squeezed. The hateful practice which had been so long in use of giving presents before entering on any commercial treaty or making any business transaction is, I am convinced, the root of the evil, and has done much towards making the blacks on the shores of the Senegal the grasping, greedy fellows I always found them to be.

No sooner was I settled in my new quarters than visitors came to call; Seïdou and Ibrahim, the two messengers dispatched by the governor to prepare Ahmadou for my arrival, and who had reached Ségou five months ago, were among the first. They had had an easy and quick journey, by way of Médina, Koniakary, and Dianghirté, as they had taken the direct route through Bélédougou before the revolt began. Ahmadou had given them a good reception, but contrived to keep them at Ségou on pretext that they must not return without El Hadj's answer to the governor, and that as long as the war continued he could not allow them to go to Macina to seek an interview with El Hadj.

They had had lodgings assigned them in the house of a Toucouleur griot—Samba Farba or San Farba by name, of whom they spoke in terms of the highest praise. I soon made his acquaintance, and I think, of all the Africans with whom I came in contact during my travels, he is the one whom I remember with the greatest pleasure. He had been at St. Louis, at Bakel, and at most of the river-stations, and knew a great many old traders. He was a fine honest fellow, and possessed an amount of delicacy and good feeling which I had never met with before in one of his class. The griots are renowned for their begging propensities, but he never asked me for anything, and if I gave him the smallest present he expressed his gratitude in the most energetic terms. Seïdou and Ibrahim had had plenty of time and opportunities for getting up the politics of the country, and might have been of the greatest use to me; but, unfortunately, then I could scarcely speak any Yoloff, and not one word of Toucouleur, so that nothing was to be done without an interpreter, and they did not dare to confide to one of my laptots Ahmadou's true position. They were afraid of getting into disgrace with him; having learnt that his displeasure was not a thing to be lightly incurred. So I got very little information out of them, though chance words which Seïdou now and then let fall, and which I happened to understand, gave me some insight into the real state of things.

The true condition of the country, Ahmadou's politics, and El Hadj's history during the last few years; all this I was to learn at my own cost, and after, alas! a too long sojourn there.

Ahmadou began by showing us hospitality on a grand scale. He sent a sheep to Samba N'diaye's house for us on the day of our arrival, really remarkable for size and fatness. I had never seen such an enormous creature, even among those fattened on the Upper Senegal for the great Moslem feast of Tabaski, when every head of a family who has the means kills a sheep.

This one, which must have been worth from fifty to sixty francs at least, was followed by two great "couffes" (measures) of rice and a slab of salt, then valued at 10,000 cowries, and which would have fetched not long after no less than 60,000 —that is to say, about 180 francs of our money. The next present which arrived was an ox, in such a maimed condition, however, that I had it killed at once; for the men had cut its hocks on the way, finding it so fierce and unmanageable. Unfortunately a great deal of meat was wasted, for we had such an immense quantity on our hands all at once, and it would not keep.

Milk was brought us in abundance morning and evening, and Samba N'diaye received 5,000 cowries to spend on fowls, eggs, fish, &c., for our consumption, and he was never tired of impressing upon me that nothing could more seriously displease Ahmadou than the discovery that his guests were in want of anything, that he had vast resources, and a purse that could not easily be drained, and that therefore we were to stint ourselves in nothing.

He concluded this little speech by presenting us with a magnificent sheep, which he himself had been rearing for the feast of Tabaski. Dr. Quintin made solemn representations to me that, in accepting the king's presents and living at his expense, we were taking part in and countenancing all the tyrannical imposts, the pillaging and wicked transactions of an unprincipled conqueror, who committed every possible and conceivable crime, and all in the name of God. I could not, of course, deny the truth of what he said; but once having consented to come to Ahmadou as an ambassador from my country, there was but one course open to me—I must play my part to the end, and accept all his favours. As it was, he was not particularly well-disposed towards us, and it would have been madness in me to reject his presents, and the very last way to attain the object of my coming.

So I turned a deaf ear to all my doctor's remonstrances, and was glad to get a chance of restoring my wasted strength and weakened health by means of abundant and substantial food, which we had been long deprived of.

One of Samba N'diaye's female slaves, called Maïram, or Marianne, was appointed to superintend our cooking department, and our horses, mules, and asses were given over to the care of Samba Naé, a Bakiri and a friend of our host, who lived in the goupouilli. Finally, a band of Sofas, under the command of Karounka Djawara was appointed to guard our door, with strict orders to let no one enter without my permission. They performed their duty admirably, and kept away all intruders, using force if necessary, quite regardless of rank and position. This contributed immensely to our comfort.

My laptots went the next day to salute Ahmadou, and met with a very good reception. He gave them an ox and 40,000 cowries to be divided amongst them. I received a princely gift that day—a basket containing 500 gourous or Kolat nuts. Fahmahra, who had been with Ahmadou, had mentioned in the course of conversation that white men had a very great liking for these nuts. He hoped, I believe, that I should deliver over the whole 500 to him at once; but, knowing the value of such a present, I only distributed a few, and put the rest away in reserve.



AHMADOU, KING OF SÉGOU.

I made use of every moment at my disposal to write up my journal and fill out the notes I had made by the way, but I was constantly interrupted by visitors, whom I could not send away; and to put down a detailed account of everything I had seen and done, I ought to have written ten hours a day.

On the first of March I sent to ask Ahmadou for an audience. It was then two o'clock in the afternoon, the hour of the Salma; he put me off until later. At four I sent Samba N'diaye again to him, who brought back word that I should be received at five.

I found him surrounded by a crowd of people, and as soon as the necessary forms of politeness had been observed, I said, in a very decided way, that I wished to speak with him on business; whereupon he dismissed all but his most intimate associates, among whom were Sody Abdallah, Mohammed Bobo, Oulibo, and Tierno Abdou, also Samba N'diaye and Samba Yoro, our host and interpreter. I addressed Ahmadou then as follows:—

"Since Guémou there has been peace between us, and though we knew there were Talibés in Koniakary and Koundian, and it would have been easy for us to go and take them prisoners, yet we left them unmolested, because the governor had been told that El Hadj had declared he would not again make war against the white men. Our governor wished to send ambassadors to thy father, to treat with him and establish an alliance between us, but El Hadj was at a great distance, the roads were unsafe, and we were often without news of him, so that no communication was possible. However, on his return from France, the governor learned that thou wast King of Ségou, and that thy father was master of Macina, and immediately sent me to confer with thee. Now, I ask, canst thou let me go to thy father, or shall I tell thee what I have to say to him? and wilt thou give me a reply?"

Ahmadou answered with great readiness, and without compromising himself, in the following words.

"Since the world has existed, nations have first gone to war with each other, and then made peace. Chaikhou (El Hadj) works for the glory of God alone; if he desired riches and power, he would have but to sit down and enjoy all that he has

acquired; but he has other aims, he wishes to drive out from his country all the Kaffirs and bad people, and establish order and prosperity—this can only be done by fighting. Wicked men came between you and us, making enmity and disturbance, but thy coming hither from France is a cause of great rejoicing to us, and if I myself could give thee an answer to-night, everything should be arranged according to thy wishes, but it does not rest with me; thou knowest thyself that old people must be treated with consideration. Chaikhou is still alive, and I cannot take affairs into my own hands; I have to consult him and to submit to him. Though he gave me full power, I dare not use it; and, moreover, not long ago he said to me, 'The white men will be coming to treat with us, and I shall have occasion to speak with them myself.'"



AHMADOU'S PALACE AT SÉGOU.

Ahmadou's words did not impress me favourably, and his plausible arguments and reticence did not augur well for us. He added that he could not fix the time for my departure, that he would do what was possible to hasten it as soon as the roads were more secure. I thought well to tell him in plain terms that I must go to Hamdallahi before the 20th of May, or not at all, as I had to be back in St. Louis before the rains set in. Finally, I asked him to send off the two couriers at once to Ségou, to announce my coming. He promised me an answer on the morrow. The next morning he received me in the inner court where I had seen him the first time; he promised to send off the couriers, but not at once, and told me to prepare my despatches. Then he entered into conversation, asking endless questions about our manners and customs, about the different European nations, their size and strength, government, and religion, about the Crimean war, Stamboul, the railways, the telegraph, and the army. Subjects of interest were not wanting, and I tried to impress upon him what an advantage it would be to his country if it were intersected by good wide roads on which carriages and carts could travel. Then he asked me to show him my drawings; he did not care at all about the landscapes, but was immensely struck by the figures and representations of the different types of faces I had met with on my way. A present of a sheep and an ox was the immediate result of this interview, but I did not see Ahmadou again until the 6th of March. Dr. Quintin had been laid up with fever, the unavoidable consequence of the great fatigues we had undergone, and a penalty which we found we always had to pay for over-exerting ourselves. I was most fortunate this time to escape. Ahmadou noticed his altered looks, and I was more urgent than ever in pressing our departure, but I only got the vaguest answers. "Directly—Ché Allaho—very soon." African diplomatists have from time immemorial known how to drive even the most patient of Europeans to exasperation by their slow and evasive replies and underhand dealings. I asked if we might hope to be off in a week. "Perhaps," was again the aggravating answer. I was simple and credulous then, I not knowing how little or rather how much that "perhaps" meant, and went away, believing that all hindrances would soon be removed. Alas! I still had to learn by long and painful experience what such words as "patience" and "immediately" mean in the language of African diplomacy. The heat grew more intense every day, and the suspense and annoyance told upon my health. For a time I was seriously ill; our sleeping apartment was unbearably close and hot, and I was compelled to seek the comparative coolness of the verandah in the outer court.

The Regions of the Cazembe, and Dr. Livingstone's Recent Explorations.—V.

BY CHARLES T. BEKE, PH.D., F.S.A., ETC.

From the respect in which the Muata Cazembe is held, both at home and abroad, he had no need of a standing army. In his capital, Lunda, on state occasions, some four or five thousand armed men are collected together, but without any attempt at military discipline, who line the place of assembly in a tumultuous manner, and form a sort of guard during the ceremony, dispersing in like disorder as soon as it is over.

In case of war, all the males able to serve are called out, without any exception. They are divided into *mangas*, or companies, each under the command of its own feudal chief, who acts independently or in concert with some other chief or chiefs, according to circumstances. When several of these act conjointly, they are placed under the command of the *muanempanda*, or commander-in-chief, or of some other noble of high rank; but this is only in the event of national wars, of which there have not been any since the death of the Muata Lekéza. The petty wars that took place during the reign of his successor were, in fact, nothing more than incursions into the country of some of the surrounding tribes, or against some refractory tributary.

The defensive arms of the Cazembes consist solely of a quadrangular shield, rather longer than it is broad, made of a white wood, very light, and as porous as cork, which is worked all over with strips of a cane called *mâma*, that grows in the marshes of the country. When the bearer of this shield is about to go to battle, he soaks it in water, and the swelling of its materials renders it impervious to the weapons of the enemy. The offensive arms are bow and arrows, spear, battle-axe, and the formidable *poucué*, or two-edged sword, already described.* The Muata also supplies his soldiers with a few muskets; but as these are only charged with powder, they scarcely serve to intimidate the foe.

From the moment of taking the field, the troops receive no supplies of any kind, being left to obtain everything by pillage. Their mode of warfare is peculiar. They always endeavour to take the enemy by surprise. If they cannot manage to do this, they fall suddenly on their opponents, whom, if successful, they put to flight; but if they meet with any effectual resistance, they themselves retire in disorder. And this they repeat, until they either conquer or lose all hope of doing so.

In the preceding article it has been mentioned† that the officers of the second Portuguese Mission were present at a review of some troops on their return from one of their expeditions. They went at the special invitation of the Mambo, who, at the same time, desired that the soldiers should come prepared to fire salutes. The ceremony took place in the great square in front of the palace, and on their reaching the spot they found the Muata seated in great state, as on the occasion of the reception of the Mission on its arrival,‡ with the difference only that the mitre on his head, instead of being of red feathers, was composed of white ones. It is when the sovereign intends to shed human blood that he wears feathers of this colour; on all other state occasions scarlet feathers are used. As on the former occasion, all the *kilólos*, or nobles, were present, only they were seated on the ground at a greater distance from the Muata, before whom there were a much larger number of images, with horns and other objects of enchantment, extending further from him, with censers or fumigators also in greater number. From Captain Gamitto's description of those objects, it was impossible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion respecting their precise character and use; but I have lighted on a passage in Father Pinto's journal which completely explains the matter. Every new moon, he says, a man is sent to the doctor—by which expression must be understood the chief of the *gangas*, or sorcerers, described in the preceding article*—to be killed, and, with his blood, heart, and some of his entrails a medicine is compounded, of which oil always forms an ingredient. These medicines, when prepared, are put into the horns of animals, or sometimes into small elephants' tusks, which are closed with stoppers of wood or cloth, and are then placed in various parts of the palace and about the great square, hung at the doors, &c.; and the Mambo never communicates with any one without having one or more of these horns placed at his feet, for fear of being bewitched. It is only as long as his enchantments, or "medicines," are more potent than those of others, that it is believed he can preserve his throne and life in safety.

At the review I am describing, the troops were drawn up in front of the Muata, but at a considerable distance from him. When all was in order, he made a sign, and one of the leaders, carrying a skull in his hand, advanced as far as the first of the images, when he stopped, and smeared his face with red earth, and thus painted he approached the Mambo. At a distance of about twenty paces he again stopped, and, after holding the skull out as if offering it to the prince, he threw it on the ground and began speaking. When he had finished, he extended both his hands towards the Muata, as if supplicating him, to which the latter responded by stretching out one of his hands. On this the warrior knelt down on both knees, exclaiming repeatedly, "Averie! averie!" and smearing all his face, arms, and chest with earth; and then, still remaining in the same position, he drew his poucué, or sword, and all the kilólos, in like manner drawing theirs, came one after the other and crossed them with his; those who had no swords using sticks instead.

When this ceremony, which for the warrior was one of honour and distinction, was over, he rose from his knees, and, still holding his drawn sword in his right hand, began dancing to the sound of the music of the band, which till then had not played, from time to time raising both hands together, as if praying, first towards heaven and then in the direction of the Cazembe, but still continuing to dance. And when he had repeated this several times he returned to his place. His raising his joined hands in the manner described was understood to signify that the Pambi (god) and the Mambo (king) had no equals.

A second warrior then came forward, and did as the

* See page 116, *ante*. † See page 182, *ante*. ‡ See page 116, *ante*.

* See page 182, *ante*.

former one had done. And he was followed by as many as twenty others, all bringing skulls, which were placed in regular order by the side of the figures in front of the censers.

All the skulls thus presented to the Muata were black instead of white, which is thus accounted for:—As it would not be practicable to carry to any great distance the heads in their natural state, the brains are extracted, and as much as possible of the flesh is removed, and then the skulls are placed over a fire of burning straw, till they are quite dry and clean, but at the same time become discoloured by the smoke.

When this presentation of the enemies' skulls was terminated, an unfortunate prisoner, with his hands tied and his neck fixed to the end of a long pole, was brought forward and conducted as far as where the skull-bearers had stood, in front of the Cazembe, where he was brutally thrown down on the ground. The soldier who brought the prisoner then began to dance and perform as the other warriors had done. After this, the Muata made a sign to the *câta-mata*, the chief of the executioners, who, thirty in number, were standing at the right hand of the Mambo, in readiness to execute his commands; and this officer, approaching the prisoner, ordered him to rise. Scarcely had he regained his feet, when the executioner, with the left hand seizing him by the hair of the head, gave him a violent kick behind the knee, thereby causing him to fall down again; but, before he reached the ground, he struck off his head with a single blow. This was done so instantaneously, that after the head was separated from the body the mouth and eyes continued to move, and the body itself was convulsed for some little time.

One of the kilólos of lower rank then went up to the câta-mata and took from him the head, and holding it by the ears, with the bleeding neck turned towards the Muata, he knelt down at the prince's feet. The latter then wetted his forefinger with the blood, and marked himself with it on the tongue, the forehead, the shoulders, the chest, and the insteps, dipping his finger in the blood each separate time that he so marked himself; and when he had done this he ordered the head to be placed by the dead body.

Another warrior now came forward, in like manner as the former ones; only this one brought a blackened skull in a *nyanda*, or waist-cloth, and, instead of casting it on the ground as the others had done, he deposited it very carefully at the feet of the Cazembe, who thereupon ordered a cow's tail and some horns of "medicine" to be put on it, and the whole to be placed near the images. This was the skull of the fumo, or chief, who had been attacked and conquered—if the dastardly way in which he had been overcome may be styled a conquest.

This chief had dwelt on the northern frontier of the dominions of the Cazembe, and for a long time had omitted to pay tribute to his sovereign. It was to punish him for this neglect that the expedition had been sent against him, the same having, however, approached him amicably and had been received as friends. The officer in command having announced that the Muata Cazembe had sent him to exact the tribute in arrear, the fumo replied that he had not paid it because the other fumos had not done so, and because the Mambo had never demanded it; and he begged him to wait whilst he got it ready. Although aware of the intentions of the fumo, the chief of the expedition waited till night, when all the inhabitants of the place were asleep and unprepared; and then, falling suddenly on them with his soldiers, he mercilessly put men, women, and children, all to death, reserving only a few prisoners, to be immolated in the presence of the Muata. Such was the triumph, in the celebration of which the officers of the Portuguese Mission were invited to take part.

After the poor fumo's skull had been disposed of as above mentioned, a second prisoner was brought forward, and was about to be executed in like manner as the former one, when Major Monteiro interceded for his life, which was nominally spared, though only that he might be sacrificed by the gangas, in the manner described in the preceding article.* Two victims were youths not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age.

The Cazembe Ampata, who was the commander of this glorious expedition, now presented himself with the bow that had belonged to the slaughtered fumo, which was placed with the skulls; and he, too, performed as the other "braves" had done. This was the termination of the ceremony; and, as a wind-up, the Mambo asked that a volley of musketry might be fired, which being done, he desired the detachment to march into the *chipango*, where he dismissed them, telling them, however, to wait till they received some provisions, an order they were not loth to obey.

All the occurrences that have been thus related took place at Lunda, which, at the time of the second Portuguese Mission, in 1831, was the residence of the Muata Cazembe. This place, however, had only become the capital in the time of the first Portuguese Mission; for Father Francisco Pinto, the successor to Dr. Lacerda, relates how he accompanied the Muata Lekéza, on his removal to his new capital in the beginning of July, 1798, in consequence of his former residence being considered unhealthy, and his doctors (the gangas or sorcerers) having recommended the change. The site of the former capital, called Pembué, which was visited by Captain Gamitto, is about a league and a half to the north-north-east of Lunda; and, like the latter, it lies on the eastern margin of the great lake or river Mofo, which was said to run to the north or north-west, it being there about four leagues in width, without any perceptible current, so that it seemed to be a large lake rather than a river.

The city of Lunda is described as being two miles long, with streets straight, wide, and very clean. Its inhabitants are called Lundas, Marundas, or Arundas; but this must not be imagined to be the designation of the inhabitants of the Cazembe's dominions generally, or to have any connection with the Ba-Lunda or Londa, as the Molúvas are called.†

The houses of Lunda, which stand within enclosures on each side of the streets, are constructed in the following manner. In the first place, a cylinder of plaited bamboo or basket-work is made, some seven feet or more in diameter and usually thrice as high, in which an opening is left as a door, but so small that no one can enter by it without stooping quite low. At a distance of six or seven feet round this are placed stakes four feet or more in length, eight or nine inches apart, the upper end of each being forked. A conical covering or roof of bamboo, very wide at the bottom, is then made separately; and this, when completed, is placed over the cylinder,

* See page 183, *ante*. † See page 86, *ante*.

a long pole fixed in the ground, and rising above the latter, serving to support the apex of the cone, whilst its sides rest on the forked stakes surrounding the cylinder. The roof is then thatched with straw from the very ground upwards, a space, rarely exceeding two feet in height and as much in width, being left in the thatch for the doorway. The room between the stakes and the cylinder serves as the usual residence, for receiving visitors, &c.; the ante-chamber being used as the sleeping apartment, store-room, and place of privacy.

As the houses in the town stand close together, and their enclosures, which are made of straw, touch one another, a fire, were it to break out, would most probably destroy the whole place. In order to avert such a calamity, every day towards nightfall, and during several hours afterwards, the inhabitants are warned to put out their fires and lights by the repeated cry of *mulilô*, of which the meaning is "fire."

Gamitto says that, of all the people of the interior of Africa known to him, those of the Cazembe are, without exception, the most industrious, both as regards the necessaries of life, as also what may be considered its superfluities. Their principal occupation is the cultivation of the soil, in which they are very skilful. Their labours are, however, almost exclusively confined to the growth of manioc, which they produce in great abundance. As they know that the fresh root is poisonous, they place it as soon as it is dug up in baskets, which they submerge in running water for a couple of days or more. The manioc is then taken out of the water and smoked, and when quite dry it is stored till wanted to be ground.

This manioc, as also the large and small millet, they reduce to flour in wooden mortars, and of the flour they make a paste called *buali*, which constitutes their principal food. From their mode of preparing the manioc, this buali acquires an acid flavour, which, though much liked by the Cazembes, was very disagreeable to the taste of the Portuguese, except when, as was only too often the case, they could get nothing else to eat, when it appeared to them delicious.

The Cazembes eat in private immediately after sunset, the meal consisting of buali, with the flesh of animals killed in hunting, and fish caught in their rivers and lakes, both smoked and dried and either boiled or roasted. Their ordinary drink is *pombé*, or beer made from fermented grain: of the manufacture and use of a better kind of pombé made from honey, called *casoulo*, the Muata reserves to himself the monopoly. This latter beverage has an agreeable flavour during the first twenty-four hours after it is made, and before fermentation has gone too far; but afterwards it acquires a disagreeable acid taste. Drunk in its first state, it is intoxicating. Drunkenness is, however, not so common among the Cazembes as among the other people of Southern Africa.

A Ramble in Peru.—I.

BY AUGUSTUS F. LINDLEY.

After loading with guano at those wretched Chincha Islands (as already related in the Illustrated Travels), our ship proceeded to Callao, in order to clear for England, obtain the necessary papers, and pass an official inspection by the Peruvian authorities.

Unfortunately (at least for our owners, as the whole ship's company were delighted at the change from those sterile islands and the prospect of frequent liberty ashore) our hitherto stanch and tight old bark had sprung a slight leak during the short passage from the Chinchas to Callao.

Despite the vigorous remonstrance of our commander, and his ominous threats of demurrage, the yellow-skinned officials compelled us to discharge a large portion of our cargo, and give the vessel a thorough overhaul, before allowing her to proceed to sea, although our pumps were powerful and in good order, and could easily have kept her clear of water.

Callao, which is the seaport of the capital, Lima, only a short distance inland, bore at this time an evil reputation. Its streets swarmed with native bravos, foreign rowdies of the seafaring class, and whole shoals of particularly unscrupulous crimps, who lived by, and preyed upon, the latter. Every nationality had its representative, from the flaxen-haired Scandinavian to the woolly-headed and very ill-favoured importation from Congo; whilst pure Indian races were seen in great variety amongst the labourers and soldiers. The bravos of Callao had a very unpleasant way of ripping open with a razor the stomach of any one unfortunate enough to differ from them. We had a melancholy illustration of this. The morning after our starboard watch had had its first day's liberty ashore, the body of one of our best men was found dead and cold in the street, literally disembowelled!

During a delay of over two months, whilst our ship was being slowly caulked and patched up in sundry places by the little-working and leisurely carpenters and shipwrights of the place, I enjoyed many opportunities of observing that part of Peru between the coast and the mountains, and noting the habits and appearance of its people.

We—known in London as the "young gentlemen," but on blue water more rudely addressed as the "boys" of that good ship—were pleasantly occupied as the crew of the captain's gig; and so, whilst avoiding the dirty work amongst the cargo, saw a good deal of the country, besides exercising our muscles.

The Bay of Callao is about the largest, finest, and calmest on the Pacific side of South America. One of its peculiarities is the high, sterile, and rocky island of San Lorenzo, which, at a distance of nearly two miles from the mainland, forms its south-west boundary. This strange bit of ground has evidently been thrown up by volcanic action, long subsequent to the formation of the coast. The best proof of this is the fact that, on a terrace of the island, eighty feet above the sea, there exist extensive deposits of shells of the very same species now living upon the neighbouring beaches. Amongst these deposits you



PASSAGE OF THE CORDILLERAS.

can also find much sea-rubbish, drift-wood, rushes, and even remnants of fabrics worked by human hands, which, in ages gone by, must have been washed upon the once level beach. A range of rugged, jagged, and contorted, igneous hills runs the whole length of the island, which is about five miles long by two broad. Its south-west side descends to the sea in a cavernous, perpendicular cliff, which forms the favourite haunt of numerous seals and sea-otters. Of late years, however, these creatures must be getting scarce, having been incessantly hunted for their beautiful and valuable skins.

Another very interesting sight in Callao Bay—though few have seen it, and many deem the story fabulous—is the ancient city, submerged by the sea in 1746. Several times, however, we went with our gig to the spot, called by the natives *Mar Brava*, and once, during a beautifully clear day, deep down in the blue, translucent waters, we all plainly saw, at a depth of over fifteen fathoms, the grey and angular forms of masonry. I am quite positive about the matter; and the belief of the Peruvians is really correct.

Of all places in the world to convince a person of the instability and insecurity of the earth's crust on which we live, Peru, or rather its coast, is the place. From the splendid fortress, known as the Castillo de la Independencia, stretches a long tongue of land westward towards San Lorenzo, and here are to be seen the crumbled ruins of the city of Callao, destroyed by the great earthquake of 1630. The beach, at this part, is covered with pebbles of *scoriæ* and lava, and I have yet specimens gathered there. Every year at least fifty slight shocks of earthquake are experienced, and once every fifty years a terrible convulsion of Nature takes place, spreading death and devastation around. After the earthquake of 1746, a great rising of portions of land took place, and tradition says that boys could throw stones from the mainland to San Lorenzo. Since then the coast has been sinking—for two miles of water now intervene—and north of the bay there exists a large shallow, where, fifty years ago, stood an extensive sugar plantation. Again, south of Callao there are the two rocky islets of Santo Domingo and Pachacamac, now two miles at sea, but once forming the headlands of promontories. In fact, the coast seems ever in a state of change, from subterranean and volcanic agitation. The population live in continual dread of sudden death by the most terrible of Nature's convulsions, yet show but little real concern for the future. It is true, so far as outward form and ceremony go, they are always indulging in religious performances, and the Church of Rome nowhere has such obedient children; but then their lives are very far indeed from showing any good effect of precept, for they are really about the most immoral people, called civilised, in the world.

The city is small and disagreeable; damp and dirty in winter, dusty and suffocating with sand in summer. Most of the houses are slightly built, and only one story high; though, nearest to the harbour, many tall, gaudy, and pretentious-looking buildings are possessed by European settlers.

Tired of cruising about the bay, our captain went upon an excursion inland, taking the writer as his companion.

Often, at evening, from high masthead, had I gazed towards the capital, and seen, gilded with the last rays of the setting sun, the domes and towers of Lima, with a background, in the far distance, of the lofty, cloud-capped Andes. Wistfully had I gazed upon the attractive scene, and joyfully did I prepare to visit it.

Engaging a couple of mules, we set out, one Sunday morning, for the capital of Peru. The road was simply a track through a desert of heavy sand, barren fields, and low, stunted brushwood, most of the way. At the straggling village of Bella Vista, however, we found a sort of oasis in the desert; plantations were seen in grateful greenness here and there, whilst a welcome half-way house or inn—the *tamba* of the vernacular—appeared for the delectation of the weary traveller, who could pay for it, that is to say, for the people of Peru do not seem to look with so much favour upon the alien *Gringo* as upon his money-bags. At this interesting halting-place the only refreshment to be obtained consisted of the fiery Pisco *aguardiente*, lemonade, and fruit. Half choked by our dusty journey, we partook largely of all three, greatly to the delight of mine host—a short, stumpy, crop-haired, swarthy mulatto, whose little black eyes twinkled with joy at the amount of our libations.

The distance from Callao to Lima is about fourteen miles, Bella Vista is about half way, and soon after leaving the latter place, we came upon a fine road—the Alameda del Callao—with villas and charming gardens on either side, from whence the air came laden with perfume from the luxuriant profusion of aromatic tropical fruit trees and gorgeous flowers, whilst comfortable resting-places and seats were found at frequent intervals.

Passing through the dilapidated city wall—twenty feet high, by nine wide on the summit—by the Callao gate, we entered the "City of the Kings" just as the people, or rather the ladies—for few, indeed, of the sterner sex had been to prayers—were returning from church.

The first idea that occurred to us was the extreme contrast between this return from a place of worship, and that one can always witness on a Sabbath in England. The ladies were alone, no husband, father, or brother, accompanied them, only, with the higher class, a little black slave to carry their books and cushion.

Taking our seats on the front benches before the Hôtel de l'Europe, after having dismissed our mules and their proprietors, we first agreed with Monsieur Jacques Bonhomme, the polite and vivacious landlord, to take up our quarters at his house, accepting the bundle of fragrant little cigars he tendered (as a gift in the innocence of our hearts we fondly imagined at the time, though disabused of the foolish thought when the bill came to be presented at our departure), and then, amongst numerous men of the place—mostly heavy swells—sat watching the fair donnas and siñoritas returning from their devotions.

The women were of every gradation of tint and colour, from the beautiful and delicately fair creole of pure European blood, to the jetty and genuine native of Congo. Besides the infinite variety of the mixed breeds between Caucasian and negro, there were those between Indian and each of the others. It was, of course, the mulatto, quadroon, mestizo—half-caste of Indian blood—and the creole, to whom our attentions were principally directed. As a rule, the latter were dressed in French style, or in black silk, and wore the *manto*, that tantalising, Spanish, and becoming veil. Nearly all the ladies wore this long and graceful head-dress, so that nothing but one eye, or a half of it, could be seen; at least, such was the case when they came in proximity to the groups in our neighbourhood ready to ogle them. We were not a little flattered to

perceive that the glance of the ladies—the quick, flashing, momentary, but eloquent look they would dart from beneath the *manto*—was mostly directed upon us. It is well known that the beautiful creoles have a decided preference for foreigners, and their countrymen do not like it. "Some yellow-skinned fellow in our vicinity muttered something about *Gringos*, but very suddenly subsided into oblivion when the captain jumped up. twirling his big stick, and looked round to see who it was.

One fair Limeña, as she passed, coquettishly let fall an inch or two of her *manto*, and we were gratified by the momentary glimpse of one of the most beautiful faces I ever saw, experiencing at the same time the magnetic influence of her large, lustrous, and deep-black eyes.

The women of Lima are a proverb for beauty not only throughout South America, but also in their motherland in Europe. Perfect, indeed, are they, both in face and form. Of a pale, white, creamy complexion, with the blackest of black eyes—large, wonderfully lustrous, with long black lashes, now flashing with passion, anon melting with tenderness, orbs that thrill and speak with their unequalled power of expression; with glorious tresses of a blue, raven black, of a length and luxuriance I should be afraid to declare; with figure tall, slender, beautifully developed and graceful, and feet and ankles, *par excellence*, without doubt, in tiny, exquisite proportions the smallest and most shapely in the world; with these charms, and a captivating grace of manner and deportment, joined to an exceedingly feminine gentleness, affability, and lovableness, we have, indeed, an enchanting specimen of female loveliness.

The fair Limeña! never shall I forget her. Though years have passed since my visit, the attractive and distinguishing character of her beauty seems fresh before me. Well do I remember how, a few winters ago, I was button-holed, taken to a quiet room down-stairs, and there persistently detained during a merry Christmas party—the first I had spent in England for seven years—for one whole hour by the clock, talking about the ladies of Lima, by a gentleman who had lived amongst them, and who had, unfortunately, ascertained that I had visited their country also. The incident was certainly characteristic—no one could ever forget those brilliant brunette beauties.

One thing that cannot fail to strike an Englishman, or, in fact, European, is the whiteness and perfection of the fair Limeña's teeth. Like the Kaffirs and other cleanly people, she regularly cleans her teeth several times a day—after every meal—using a root called *Raiz de dientes*. This preserves the teeth from decay, by removing remnants of food, which would otherwise be acted upon by the gastric juice to the ultimate injury of the enamel, and keeps them also of a snowy whiteness, whilst the fortunate possessor of the sound masticating machine enjoys a sweet breath.

You may praise their "glorious eyes of fire," their handsome features, their splendid tresses, as much as you please, but do not, if you value their esteem, forget to say something in favour of their feet. The beauty of the foot is regarded before everything by the fair young Limeña. She is quite as proud of her naturally formed and tiny pedal extremities, as is the poor deluded Chinese woman of her horridly deformed and cramped "golden lilies." With both, the "small foot" is considered the very acme of human perfection and beauty. Certainly, it is indisputable that nowhere else out of Peru and Lima are such small and beautiful feet to be seen. It is very uncomplimentary to us, but, nevertheless, it is a hard fact, that these dusky belles term what we uninitiated would consider amongst ourselves a very small and pretty foot, "una pataza Inglesa"—an English paw!

Like their Chinese sisters, too, the ladies of Peru are nibbling and gnawing all day long. Sweetmeats and confectionery, *frijoles* and *tortillas*—sundry strange cakes of national singularity—with wonderful dishes of pork fat, peas, beans, maize, nuts, and other things, curiously mixed together and cunningly prepared, appear upon the table during the intervals between meals. No wonder these gormandising dames are frequently heard to complain of indigestion.

Although our stay in Peru did not extend to more than nine weeks (without counting our visit to the Chincha Islands), we did not go about with our eyes shut, and during that short period we saw a great deal.

It is the country of countries where the people pass their lives in enjoying the *dolce far niente*. Hard work is a thing they hate and carefully avoid like the plague. All able to afford it keep a host of lazy servants to do the work of a single good one. The lady of the house rises late in the day, takes breakfast, then lights a cigar, and lies in her hammock slung in the *patio*, or courtyard, if the day be hot; or in the *sala*, the first room or dining-hall, if cold. Here she dreams away of dress, jewels, her little feet, and her love intrigues; but never thinks of looking after the idle servants, or attending to such commonplace but very necessary things as household matters. When the cigar is finished, the confectionery, &c., comes in for its turn. Dinner appears late in the afternoon, the two main and inevitable features thereof being the wondrous *puchero*, a dish containing a little of almost every edible under the sun, and the *picante*, a combination in which Cayenne pepper is the only thing to be detected.

After this meal begins the important business of the day. Either dressed in French fashions and reclining in state within the *cuadro*, or drawing-room—often elegantly furnished, though straw matting forms the main feature of other apartments—she receives her visitors; or else, clad in the *manto y saya*, goes forth to make visits, or to keep assignations; unless, indeed, there be a bull-fight or a theatre in the place, when every Limeña flocks thereaway, as though dear life itself depended upon being present.

There is one very important part of the day's employment which must not be forgotten; it consists in sitting at the blind-shaded, railed, and narrow windows in the upper story of the house, and watching the passers-by in the dusty street below. The flash of many a bright eye from behind the witching fan often comes to reward the weary and bold wayfarer who may happen to be good-looking enough to find favour in the sight of the ladies posted at their coigne of vantage, and be venturesome enough to *reguardar la rega* (to look at the railings). The loungers of Lima saunter through the streets singly or in groups, smoking the inseparable cigarette, to ogle their fair countrywomen. As a rule, these gentry are clad in garb of Parisian style, their distinctive insignia being their long black hair, hanging straight down their shoulders, and the large national cloak or *sarape*.

In nine cases out of ten, we found these swells of Lima were a swarthy, cadaverous, shrunken, and truculent-looking

set. Just in inverse ratio, as their women are about the handsomest in the world, so are they the plainest, least attractive in appearance, of civilised men. It is a puzzle and a wonder, the fact that such very strikingly opposite members of either sex are really of the same race, family, and country. To see them side by side, no one would believe it without further evidence, and that, too, of the strongest and most irrefutable.

After we had spent a couple of weeks very pleasantly at the capital, the famed "City of the Kings," my companion and commander only having had to break the head of one native who contemptuously called him "Gringo," we went on an excursion to the mountains—the lofty, cloud-capped Cordilleras, towering up at a distance of some sixty or seventy miles inland.



A PERUVIAN BELLE.

These men are great gamblers, and the receipts from many a fine *hacienda* are squandered in a night. The passion for jewellery is so great, as a vice on the other side amongst the women, that, until Birmingham and *la belle France* came to the rescue, many a wealthy man was ruined by his wife's toilette. Now, however, real gems are scarce, and vast quantities of tawdry imitation, of trivial value, are to be seen, disfiguring with most extravagant profusion many a lovely being of this favoured clime. Vanity and the love of dress seem carried to their climax with the women of Peru. To them they will sacrifice anything and everything.

Hiring two fresh and sturdy mules, with a guide and driver named Pasco—a wild, uncouth-looking, half-bred Indian, with long, lank, jetty hair, oblique eyes like a Chinese, dirty-brown complexion, huge flap *sombrero*, and heavy, ornamented *zapateros*, or leggings of goatskin—we set forth from Lima by the east gate, or Portada de Maravillas.

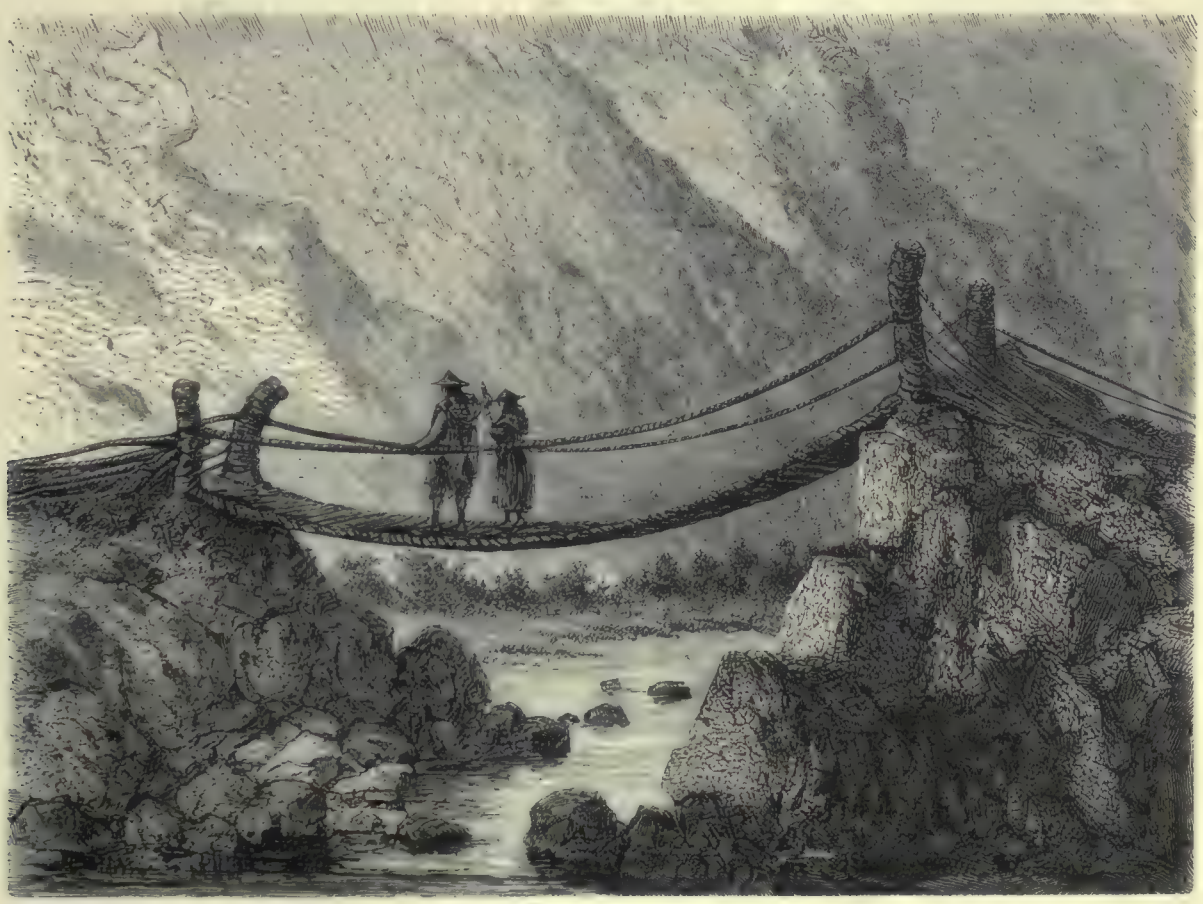
For five or six miles from the city the road was pretty good, but then we came to a little stone bridge, crossed it, and found ourselves in a wild and dreary valley, with frowning grey rocks encompassing it on every side, whilst but little verdure, and plenty of sand and gravel, existed underfoot.

In order to see as much of the country and its population as possible, we travelled very leisurely, to the huge satisfaction of Pasco, who became enthusiastic, and declared that we were the finest caballeros he had ever met—then he asked for a glass of aguardiente.

At the straggling village of Pariachi, twelve or fourteen miles from the capital, and where, by the valley or quebrada of Matucanas, the road branches off to the north-east, and forms the shortest route to the mountains, we halted for the night, finding quarters at a wretched little roadside inn or tamba, and never shall I forget the night we passed, or rather tried to pass, at this miserable place.

At last it grew so unbearable that we rushed out of the filthy den, and, despite vague visions of the deadly fever and ague which we knew prevailed in that climate, threw ourselves down upon the damp grass, with nothing but our rugs, to try and cool our heated blood and irritated skins, after brushing off, and dispersing to the best of our ability, the myriads of minute and closely-attached friends who clung to us with painful pertinacity.

Nothing but dread of the fever had induced us to accept that literal accommodation for man and beast; fortunately, though afterwards driven out to the heavy dew and long, dank grass, we never experienced any ill effect from it; perhaps,



BRIDGE OF SURCO.

There was nothing to be had for supper but a horrible compound called *chupe*, made of potatoes and rancid pork fat, so we were forced to attack the small supply of provisions in our knapsacks.

After producing and eating our supper, we went to bed—that is to say, lay down upon a thick rush mat spread on the floor. There was one hut, one room, one bed, and one rug, or covering, for the hostess, her daughter, grandchildren, our two selves, our guide, two dogs, and three small pigs! What with the vast legions of savage vermin, the suffocating smoke from the green wood fire in the middle of the hut—and which the saturnine and wrinkled old crone would not permit us to extinguish—combined with sundry and unsavoury mephitic exhalations, forming an abominable atmosphere over the strange bedfellows, sleep became a thing to be ardently desired, but utterly unattainable.

however, my commander's obese brandy-flask, to which frequent applications were made as a medical comfort, had something to do with the impunity enjoyed.

At daylight in the morning we started forward on our journey, and a few miles beyond the village halted at the fine plantation of Santa Iñes, and were entertained to cups of chocolate as thick as batter-pudding—a national beverage, served at all hours of the day, and which the unfortunate visitor is bound to eat, drink, or swallow, somehow, *bongré malgré;* the proprietor, whose name I forget—only remembering that it contained about fifteen y's—graciously informing us that he was a Spaniard of Spain. This seemed a thing that afforded him great gratification, though we did not experience any extreme delight or wonder at the startling announcement.

At the village of San Pedro we came to the junction of the

two mountain-streams, uniting there to form the babbling, eddying river Rimac, upon either bank of which is built the city of Lima. All this time the road had been regularly ascending, and we were now at a height of 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. From this place our way was through a valley, which the precipitous sides of the mountains hemmed in and darkly imprisoned with gigantic, almost wholly perpendicular, walls of solid rock. The scenery was upon a grand and massive scale, and every feature of it betokened some mighty terrestrial convulsion. We were surprised at the singular fact that innumerable flocks of parroquets—chattering and vociferating with a noise the most deafening—inhabited the holes and cracks upon the steep mountain sides. It was a strange place for birds to build their nests. We were among the first spurs of the Cordilleras, and the geological formation seemed to consist of porphyry in vast masses, granite (both of the darkest substance), slate, and limestone—an indication of the metamorphic and volcanic action by which the region had been disturbed in remote ages. A very remarkable proof of more modern upheaval came under our observation at several places where, in the midst of dry watercourses, right across the old river-beds, ridges of igneous rock existed, which in several cases made the channel a *descent* towards the source of the once-flowing stream, and in all must have stopped and turned aside the waters. Some of these rocky barriers had been thrown up to a height of over fifty feet above the river-beds.

As we advanced, the mountains became steeper and more lofty, the road in many places being a mere natural shelf or ledge of rock, with a wall of granite on one side—a rushing torrent, a steep precipice, or a deep and sombre *baranca* on the other. One false step would have hurled us to destruction, but both our guide and mules were sure-footed, and we went on in safety.

At the village of San Geronimo de Surco, 7,000 feet above the sea, we crossed one of the national swinging bridges—made of maguay poles, lashed together with hide ropes and overlaid with twisted branches—across the Rio de San Mateo, one of the Rimac's two main forks. It was a wild, picturesque spot; a narrow little valley, deep down between stupendous masses of mountain, through which the road passed by a transverse opening. These primitive suspension bridges are neither the safest nor most comfortable in the world, and, at some of the deeper and wider chasms which they span, the ropes become chafed, and there are frequently terrible accidents. This does not disturb the equanimity of the inhabitants, who carelessly patch up the rotten structure, and placidly wait for the next calamity. In crossing the longest of these man-traps a most sickly sensation is produced by the peculiar vibrating motion.

From the village of Surco we found about five miles of comparatively good and easy road, along the very verge of the Rio de San Mateo, and rejoiced accordingly; but our satisfaction soon came to an end, when the valley narrowed to a mere gorge between the towering hills, and we had to wind along a very narrow, shelving ledge, more like crawling, adventurous lizards than human beings travelling for pleasure. After creeping cautiously along the brink of this frightful ravine for more than an hour—and once meeting suddenly from round an abrupt angle of rock a descending convoy of laden mules, out of the way of which, at the imminent risk of our lives during the turning-round operation, we had to retreat for more than a hundred yards before there was room for it to pass—we came to the deep transverse valley, or Quebrada de Viso, and halted at a solitary tamba, at an elevation of 9,000 feet.

The rule of the road, Pasco diligently instructed us, at such dangerous passes as that we had lately left, was for the ascending party to give way to the descending. We were further edified in the evening with sundry horrible narrations of terrible accidents that had occurred by the sudden meeting of opposite parties in such awkward situations as that from which we had successfully escaped. What with the narrow ledges for road, the abrupt turnings, and the projections of rock hiding anything before you, even at the distance of a few feet, we were perfectly able to realise them, and our dreams that night were not, it may safely be believed, of the most reassuring nature.

The tamba at which we slept was the best yet met with, and the hungry little nocturnal wild animals were not quite so numerous as usual. To compensate, however, for any deficiency in this respect, we enjoyed the spectacle of many gigantic spiders, almost three inches long in the body, and of a particularly venomous and disagreeable — not to say objectionable—appearance.

We started early next morning, after a by no means pleasant night, and, five miles or so farther on, halted for breakfast at the village of San Mateo—the largest we had yet seen, with a population of about a thousand souls, mostly Indians and half-breeds, with one or two white Peruvians. At this place we saw potatoes in the scanty fields for the first time, as they cannot be grown in the lower and tropical country nearer the sea.

After leaving San Mateo, our way led through the roughest and most broken ground that we had yet encountered. Passing through a long gloomy ravine, we came to a steep ascent over jagged rocks and erratic boulders, with mountain springs and torrents dashing over the road in many places, and deluging the traveller with snowy spray.

Hot and tired with the journey, we halted at a cold, plashing, and inviting-looking little spring, and dismounted for the purpose of enjoying a cooling draught. Pasco was walking a little in advance, and looked round for us, just as the captain had raised the cup of his flask filled with water.

"Madre de Dios!" he yelled, in startled accents. "Stop! Hold on den, capitano mio! Der *veruga* agua—wartare!"

At the same instant, hurling his heavy staff, he struck the cup from my commander's hand, almost breaking his arm.

The assault was forgiven, when he explained that we were about to drink of one of the poisonous, or *veruga* springs of that part of the country, the water of which, it is well known, produces the most horrible ulcerous diseases, often ending in death. Pasco now kept a sharp watch upon us, and would not allow us to drink any water by the roadside without his knowledge and consent; not that we should have felt much inclination, after the above incident.

It is one of the peculiarities of Peru that nearly every valley has some local disease, produced, the best authorities declare, by mineral waters in conjunction with unascertained climatic causes.

After a tiring day's journey from San Mateo, we came to the main chain of the Cordilleras. Painfully and with extreme difficulty crossing a huge mass of mountain called *Piedra*

Paruda, we fell in with some other travellers, and ascended the pass of that name in company. The summit of the pass was marked by two huge mounds formed by the natives, and consisting entirely of the bones of sheep, dogs, horses, oxen, and other animals, which had perished in attaining these heights, either of hunger, or during the almost ceaseless snow-storms of the winter season, which render the Cordilleras impassable. Two large iron crosses, which the travellers we had met informed us once decorated the chapel lying in ruins at the commencement of the pass, and which had been destroyed by lightning, were planted upon the tops of the ghastly white mounds, and served a double purpose—not only to point out the way, but to inspire the wanderer in those gloomy wilds with holy thoughts.

The scenery was of a wild and rugged grandeur, to which pen of mine cannot do justice. Chaotic, tossed, and indescribably gloomy, the bare and frowning mountains stood as they were left when the Great Creator, by some stupendous convulsion of Nature, saw fit to hurl and dash them forth in a mighty confusion. Clouds hovered around their lofty, jagged summits, gleaming in a clothing of perpetual snow. Whirlwinds rushed and hurtled, whilst vivid lightning flashed and darted amongst those wild, fantastic, and contorted peaks. No signs of animal or vegetable life, save a faint trace of lichen, were visible about that sterile, awful wilderness, so depressing with its utter desolation, and so awe-inspiring with its stupendous massiveness and gloomy grandeur.

Unpleasantly affected with feelings of sickness, vertigo, and difficulty of breathing at a height of over 16,000 feet, it was with feelings of pleasure that we descended the opposite side of the pass, and at a much less elevation put up at the large village of Yauli.

New Guinea.

A FEW months ago a letter appeared in a German periodical, from a correspondent in Australia, calling attention to the great island of New Guinea, as an open and desirable field for German settlement and enterprise. A proposition of this kind would be sure to excite our Australian colonists, who look upon the magnificent and mysterious land lying to the north of their own domain as a natural appendage to their own possessions, and as a mine to be in future worked by them alone. It has been said, with justice, by one of the most distinguished Australians, Sir Charles Nicholson, that, physically, New Guinea forms part of the Australian continent, being connected by a line of islands and coral banks which stretches from Cape York to the southern coast of the great island, and by the similarity of the mountain chains of the two lands, of which the islands in the straits are the submerged peaks. The result of the renewed attention called to this almost unknown land will doubtless be projects for its exploration—and no expedition of discovery in modern times would excite greater curiosity than a well-organised attempt to penetrate New Guinea, from the grandeur of the physical features of the country, its extraordinary animal productions, and the active, warlike character of its inhabitants.

The island extends in a direction from north-west to south-east, nearly in the centre of the intertropical zone, to a length of 1,030 miles, having for a great part of that distance a mean breadth of about 300 miles. It is, therefore, about three times the size of Great Britain. As the mariner sails along its coasts, his view inland is bounded by chains of mountains wooded to the summit with the gorgeous arboreal vegetation of the tropics. The loftiest mountain chain yet seen extends parallel to the south-eastern coast, and culminates in peaks more than 13,000 feet high. Further west, near the isthmus which separates a western peninsula from the main body of the island, early navigators reported they saw still loftier peaks rising into the zone of perpetual snow, which in this latitude and climate would imply an elevation of at least 16,000 feet, but modern Dutch travellers believe this was an illusion due to the capping of mists and light fleecy clouds which the mountain summits present in certain seasons. On a nearer approach, the view is said to be enchanting. From the narrow strip of low coast wooded with plumy palm-trees, the country slopes upwards to the mountain-tops, like a vast amphitheatre, richly timbered throughout, with the smoke of scattered native settlements rising here and there among the scenery. The hilly coast country, however, does not extend round the whole island; it is interrupted by wide stretches of alluvial plain, and in two places, as far as at present known, are the deltas of great rivers, where by many branches a flood of fresh water is poured forth, tinging the blue waters of the ocean for many miles out, and affording ground for the belief that navigable streams may exist far into the heart of the land.

With regard to its natural productions, it may be assumed, in the first place, that if the mountain system of the southern coast be really a continuation, geologically speaking, of the eastern coast chain of Australia, it will probably be rich in gold and other minerals. The flora and fauna are known to be of the highest interest. As far as animals are concerned, the land is entirely severed from the other great islands of the Indo-Australian Archipelago. The rhinoceros, elephant, and other pachyderms of Sumatra, Java, and Borneo, which these islands possess in common with the Asiatic mainland, are wholly unknown, together with the ourang-outang and all the rest of the quadrumanous or monkey tribe, and whole families of other mammals, as well as birds. In their place there are tree-climbing kangaroos, and other marsupial animals, showing a close connection of the island with the Australian continent; and in birds the gorgeous family of the Paradiseæ, or birds of paradise, which are found only in New Guinea and its satellite islands, distinguish the region from all other lands of the earth. These productions, however, have been obtained only by the chance visits of European naturalists attached to French and other expeditions of discovery, and by the well-known

English naturalist Wallace, who spent a few weeks at Dorey, on the northern coast of the western peninsula; what treasures of strange and unknown forms of animal and vegetable life the great unexplored interior of the land may contain, hidden in its dense forests and Alpine valleys, it is left to the imagination of the naturalist to conceive.

The natives of New Guinea are known as Papuans, or Papuan negroes. They differ entirely, in race, from the Malays of the western islands of the Archipelago, and from the Australians. The difference affects the mental as well as the physical character of the population. They are a robust, stalwart race, of a dark colour, with a profusion of bushy, frizzly hair, and their disposition is energetic, lively, demonstrative, eager, and warlike; while the Malays have perfectly straight hair, and are phlegmatic, quiet, and ceremonious in their character and manners. The Australians are always spoken of by voyagers who have had dealings with both peoples, to be quite a distinct race, inferior in *physique* and feebler in character. Concerning the social or political organisation of the Papuans, almost nothing is known. Some tribes in the north-west have an evil reputation for their savagery and aggressive, sanguinary habits; but in the south and west, although apparently untamably hostile to all comers, they seem to live in tolerably populous communities, or large villages, consisting of well-built houses, each capable of containing many families, and, as we have presently to relate, are not so hopelessly ferocious and hostile as the tribes of the north-western coast.

All previous accounts of attempts made to land on the coast of the larger eastern part of New Guinea, or enter into communication with the inhabitants, have presented a similar story. The boats of a vessel of discovery approach the reef-bound shore or ascend the mouth of some promising river, and find the habitations deserted, and an appearance of treacherous quiet along the deserted banks; they pursue their explorations, and in the end find the forest-clothed banks swarming with armed savages and war-canoes well-manned, pushed out into mid-stream in the rear to intercept the retreat of the invaders. It is only by an inevitable battle and slaughter of the courageous defenders of their soil, that the explorers are able to make good their retreat. With such uniformity of experience, all attempts to become better acquainted with this strange land have been considered a hopeless enterprise. It appears, however, that here, as in other parts of the world, there are two ways of approaching the savage inhabitants of a country, and that a sudden invasion by an armed party from a ship, without previous parley, is not the one most likely to succeed. An account of a peaceful reception of the crew of an English vessel by the natives of New Guinea was sent by Mr. Chester, police magistrate of the new settlement of Somerset, at Cape York, to one of the Queensland newspapers, which is full of promise with regard to the prospect of further examination of the island.

Mr. Chester relates (writing from Somerset on the 30th of November, 1869) that a boat's crew belonging to the *Active*, a schooner engaged in the *bêche de mer* fishery, having gone adrift from Warrior Island, in Torres Straits, about the middle of August, Captain Delargy, the commander of the *Active*, started in search of them with three large whale-boats, manned with thirty South Sea Islanders well-armed with double-barrelled guns. Having searched among the islands to leeward without success, he made the south-east coast of New Guinea about the 18th of August, at a place called by the natives Sybee. Here he fell in with the missing boat, with the crew in a state of exhaustion from want of food; for they had not ventured to land, for fear of the natives.

Captain Delargy resolved to attempt to enter into friendly negotiation with the natives, with the view apparently of obtaining fresh food. On nearing the shore he observed a large village, and about 100 men collected on the bank, armed with bows and having thick bundles of arrows slung round their waists, some of whom came out to the boats to trade. On the *Active's* men landing, however, a sudden distrust seemed to animate the Papuans; they sent, in great haste, their women and children inland, drew off in good order, and forming a sort of square on a rising ground a short distance off, challenged the intruders to fight. At this critical moment, when an accident might have brought on a fierce encounter, Captain Delargy advanced towards the warriors, who stood with arrows fitted to their bows, and ordering his own men to ground their arms, succeeded in making peace. The Papuans then laid aside their bows, and vied with each other in showing hospitality to the strangers.

They prepared a sumptuous feast of pigs, yams, taro, and a kind of jungle fowl, and sent a portion on board the boats for those who remained in them. After dinner, one of the chiefs conducted Captain Delargy through his village, which consisted of about twelve or fourteen two-storied houses, neatly built of rough timber, and roofed with bamboo and palm-leaves. Each house had a double verandah about twelve feet wide all around it. The chief's house contained two rooms in each storey, access being had to the upper rooms by means of a neat ladder. The apartments on the ground floor were furnished with seats and tables, and the upper ones had sleeping berths, raised about eighteen inches above the floor, all around them. Each room was covered with grass and cane matting, and all were scrupulously neat and clean. A large rod of bamboo, ten or twelve feet long and eighteen inches in circumference, for holding water, appeared to be the only domestic utensil in use among them. The captain describes the natives as exceedingly intelligent, fine men, about five feet ten inches in height, of an olive complexion, with woolly hair, stained of a brickdust colour. They did not appear to have any apparatus for smoking, indeed they placed little value on tobacco; but were very eager for the smallest strip of red calico, in exchange for which they loaded the boats with taro and yams. The men go entirely naked, but appeared to take great care of themselves—keeping in the verandahs out of the sun as much as possible, and avoiding getting wet. The ornaments worn by them were few and simple, and gave no indication of their neighbourhood being a gold-producing country.

The coast-land about Sybee, Captain Delargy adds, is low, and the country magnificent; rich, well-grassed plains, watered by numerous small streams, extend for some distance inland, while in the vicinity of the village are large fields of taro and yams in a high state of cultivation. The coast is lined with dense groves of cocoa-nut palms.

Before the boats left, the Papuans painted and decorated themselves with leaves, and executed a sort of war-dance in honour of their guests, keeping excellent time upon a large drum; they then marched in procession down to the water-side, singing and beating the drum, and finally took leave by shaking hands all round.



VIEW IN THE SUBURBS OF BATAVIA.

From Sydney to Singapore.

BY DR. A. RATTRAY, R.N.

THE chief practical result of modern research into the physical geography of the air and ocean has been to facilitate commerce and travel, and raise the art of voyaging almost to a science, so that ships no longer proceed to distant places by devious, uncertain, and separate routes, but along shortened, well-defined, and almost identical tracks.

The voyage between England and Australia, one of the longest and most frequently undertaken, has been materially influenced thereby. Still, the present routes, both by sail and steam, are monotonous—often boisterous. Wide oceans are crossed, and land seldom seen. Hence, a new one by Torres Strait and Batavia, in Java, which lessens these drawbacks, promises to be a favourite, as it is far preferable to the voyage from Point Galle round the south-western coast of Australia. The telegraph connecting our southern colonies with Asia and Europe is likely to follow partly the same route, the wire having already reached Cleveland Bay, to be soon recommenced by the united colonies, which are well able to bear the burden conjointly. The main features of that part of this route lying between Singapore and Sydney and within the great barrier reef of Australia may not prove uninteresting.

During one of those gorgeous sunsets for which Australia is famous we bade farewell to Sydney and the lovely "coves" of Port Jackson, one of the finest harbours in the world; and passing the "heads"—a huge gap in lofty sandstone cliffs—we are suddenly transported from smooth water into the long heaving swell of the Pacific, seldom absent, even in fine weather. After a two days' run, past the busy coal-exporting Newcastle and the fertile country watered by the Manning, Clarence, and Richmond rivers, we entered Moreton Bay, and running fifteen miles up a narrow river, land at Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, from whence the steamer for Batavia starts. Half an hour later we retrace our way through the intricate entrance of Moreton Bay, passing on the left the so-called "glass-houses"—huge, isolated, conical, and dome-shaped masses of rock, rising from the centre of a wide plain. Skirting the long, surf-defined, rocky point, stretching out from Sandy Cape, we are next off, though out of sight of, Cape Capricorn, suggestive of the latitude; and towards night, near the Capricorn group, a cluster of coral islets, and soon enter the smooth water of the inner barrier-reef route, warmer weather and a fair wind indicating that we are fairly in the tropics and in the region of the trades.

The steep submarine coral wall, forming the great barrier-reef—certainly the most wonderful sight of the voyage—appears to the eye as a long series of round or oval patches on the surface of the Pacific, stretching for 1,200 miles in length, and lying ten to fifty miles distance from the north-east coast of Australia; forming a natural breakwater, inside of which is the navigable passage we have now entered. Many, however, braving the danger of passing through the "inlets" or openings near Torres Strait, still prefer the open sea outside the line of reefs. Dry at ebb, the position of the reef is indicated at high tide by light-green water and a white surf line. But, the course being in mid-channel, we see little of it, or of the mainland yet. Still, there is much to interest; low, tree-clad, coral islets, necessitating careful navigation; on the left, High Peak and Pine Peak, lofty, tree-capped, rocky islands, and good landmarks; further on, the Percy group; then the lovely scenery of the Cumberland and Northumberland Islands; till, rounding the picturesque Gloucester Island, we enter Port Denison, in which is situated the seaport town of Bowen. This recent township of 1,000 inhabitants is the outlet for an extensive squatting district, and the nearest port to the well-known Peakdown gold, silver, copper, and lead mines. Townsville, on Cleveland Bay, and Cardwell, on Rockingham Bay, are at present too insignificant to merit a call. With Bowen, however, and Gladstone and Rockhampton further south, they may yet, as busy seaports and stations for exporting the wool, cotton, coffee, sugar, indigo, rice, and other tropical productions now under trial in northern Queensland, enjoy the success which industry and enterprise merit.

Thence to Cape York, a distance of 600 miles, there is no settlement; but, as we near land, in the rapidly-narrowing passage, the scenery becomes bolder. Opposite the curious peak of Peter Botte, huge tree-clad hills, of more than 3,000 feet elevation, and well-timbered gorges, cast deep shadows in the calm, lake-like water; while in mid-channel lie the picturesque Frankland Islands, and on the near horizon the endless white line of reef surf—the whole forming a scene of most picturesque beauty. Beyond is Mount Cook, named after the celebrated navigator, the "Columbus" of Australia; and near it the Endeavour river, where his ship, so-called, was careened, and where a sailor, on seeing a flying fox—a large species of bat—fancied he had seen the devil. Then come Weary Bay, Cape Tribulation, and other spots, with names reminiscent of the great voyager's perils and perplexities.

Further on, the scenery is characteristic; the barrier-reef is closer to the land and better seen; the passage is shallower, of a lighter green, and more thickly studded with single and grouped mangrove-clad coral islets; the mainland less lofty and fertile. There are few signs of life, except at long intervals some small craft, bound for the Gulf of Carpentaria, busily engaged in trepang-fishing, or wrecking; or an occasional canoeful of natives too timid to venture near; and, except during the seasons, when the Torres Strait pigeon and the greenback or edible turtle abound, only a solitary tern or gannet is seen. But there is much to charm—beautiful and ever-changing scenery on mainland, reef, and islet, doubly enjoyable in such perpetual summer weather as is here experienced, with the gentle cooling breeze and smooth sea. When opportunity offers, a trip in the boat to the outer edge of the reef well repays the trouble. Mollusca, crustaceans, and especially fishes, teem, whose splendid colouring, intensified by the tropical sun and beautifully transparent water, rivals that of the ledges and grottoes of many-hued coral amid which they sport, forming a fairy-like scene, surpassing all that the imagination can conceive. The active may enjoy a turtle-hunt on the gently-sloping sides of a coral islet; the sportsman may bag a few savoury cockatoos, parroquets, brush-turkey, or wallaby; nor could the artist find a finer field for his brush, or the lover of the *dolce far niente* enjoy life under more favourable circumstances.

With a strengthening, and now monsoon wind, we approach Cape York, and enter the narrow but picturesque Albany. Pass—carefully on account of its tide—and anchor off the new port of Somerset. But landing dispels much of the apparent

beauty. So bad is the soil, that not more than two or three small, profitless gardens have been formed. No provision-store exists. The water is indifferent and scarce. The entire settlement comprises only a dozen or eighteen individuals, and eight or nine wooden houses erected by Government for the local officials, marines, and police, who protect it. Still, it has well fulfilled the object for which it was principally established in 1864, having already proved a port of refuge for forty men from three ships wrecked on the adjacent reef, who would probably have been starved, or massacred by the treacherous and sometimes cannibal natives. As a coal depôt it may be useful; and it will, perhaps, rise to commercial importance at some, apparently distant, day—when New Guinea is opened up to the enterprise of Europeans. But at present we gladly return to our comfortable steamer. The "black fellows," few in number, nude, indolent, of low type, and at first inclined to give trouble, are now inured to the presence of the "white fellow," peaceably disposed, and ready to barter fish or tortoise-shell for "bissicar and tabac" (biscuits and tobacco).

Quitting Somerset, a few hours' steaming carries us through Torres Strait, past Booby Island, whose cave, prior to the establishment of Somerset, formed a convenient post-office for ships from the southern ports, and a provision depôt for shipwrecked crews. Being a favourite haunt for tern and other birds, it is covered with a thin layer of guano. We are now in the tranquil Arafura sea, and bidding adieu to Australia, soon lose sight of land. New Guinea, still unexplored and a land of mystery, is just too far off on the right to gratify us with a sight of its lofty mountains; and the Papuans, and even hybrid natives of the small intermediate islands, are seldom seen by mere passers-by. Again freshening, the monsoon carries us westward into Dutch ground and the Flores Sea, past Timor-laut, barely seen in the distance, then Timor and the Sandalwood Islands. Further on, we just see the cloud-capped peak of the well-known volcano, Sumbawa, and enter the narrow strait of Baly—between fertile, terrace-cultivated islands, studded with farms and small villages, with the cone-shaped Peak of Baly, towering 12,000 feet into the air at the northern outlet of the strait.

Passing along the calm shallow Java Sea, encircled by huge islands, with a sultrier moisture, more weakening climate, and close enough to the north coast of Java to observe its fertility and value, anchor is soon cast in the busy roadstead of Batavia. The cool sea-breeze of the early forenoon not having yet set in, the sun is scorching, the air oppressive, and of a sickly odour, from the mangrove-fringed bay and adjacent country. In landing to find some cool, sheltered spot, the boat passes up the centre of a double pier, projecting well into the mud-margined harbour, to prevent the silting-up of the shallow stream, lined for some distance on either side by Dutch galeots, Chinese and Siamese junks and sanpans, Malay prahus, and a medley of mongrel small craft. A tiny curricle, with diminutive Javanese ponies, driven by a Chinaman, rapidly whirls us through the native town to the Belgravia of Batavia, two miles inland, where are the hotels, public buildings, and residences of the wealthier European and foreign merchants. A visit to the barracks, well-kept botanic and zoological gardens, a rapid drive in the cool of the evening through the fine avenues of the suburbs, and a ball given by the cavalry officers, furnish a glimpse of social life in the capital of the Dutch East Indies. The foreign language, sallow hue, and attenuated frames of many, and the heat, mosquitoes, and the open buildings, were strange to us; but the dresses, dances, music, and manners, were all familiar.

Next morning, glad to quit the ague-laden atmosphere, we leave, a few days' pleasant passage carrying us to Singapore, where we meet the steamer for Galle—or, it may be, China and Japan—almost sorry that the trip from Sydney has come to an end. The southward voyage, against the monsoon, is necessarily longer, though not less pleasant; while during the fitful north-west or rainy monsoon, which, however, seldom lasts more than three months, the route either way is less agreeable. Still, at all times, it is decidedly preferable to the rough weather often met with in the route at present followed, by Cape Leuwin at the south-western extremity of Australia.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—IX.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER XIII.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR—WE JOIN THE ARMY OF AHMADOU—MARCH—BATTLE OF TOGHOU—DEFEAT OF THE BAMBARAS—AGAIN ON THE MARCH—STORMING OF DINA.

As soon as I could move, I got Samba N'diaye to lend me his horse to ride, and went out every day, enjoying more than anything the pleasure of being quite alone. All my efforts to obtain another interview with the king proved unavailing. He appointed a day, and when the day came would send me a present and put me off. I tried to provide for our departure, and made inquiries on all sides for horses, but without success; whether there were really none to be had, or whether Ahmadou had secretly ordered that none should be sold to me I could not make out. I tried to gain some information about the state of the country and the roads, and the position of the rebel army, and questioned everybody I met; but though I paid for my answers beforehand, I never could place any reliance on what I heard, as the people are, most of them, confirmed liars. Thus much I gathered, that it would be madness to attempt to pursue our journey to El Hadj without an official guide and without horses, for rumours of the disturbances going on everywhere, and of the armed rebels to be met with on the roads, reached Ségou from every quarter. Our position became more and more serious, for though the king showed us great hospitality, our housekeeping was costing us more than a thousand cowries a day; and I watched with dismay the dwindling down of our store of merchandise, our only means of livelihood. Ahmadou spent the first days of April holding

palavers under the trees in front of his father's house, at which he made numerous appeals to the devotion of his faithful

though he had more than a thousand in his magazines, and insisted on their buying them for themselves. He added,



WOMEN POUNDING MILLET.



VIEW IN SÉGOU.

Sofas and of the Talibés trained in his father's service; but there seemed to be no enthusiasm for the war, and Samba N'diaye told me that a feeling of discontent prevailed among them because the king refused to supply them with guns,

"With one of the tons of treasure stored up in El Hadj's magazines, Ahmadou could maintain his whole army for ten years; but he gives them a small present every six months, and lets them starve all the rest of the time. What can he



AHMADOU'S ARMY CROSSING THE NIGER.

expect of them? With El Hadj it was different, I assure you."

About the middle of July we heard that the army, raised with the greatest trouble by the king, was to set out on its march. On the 24th it crossed the river at Ségou Koro, and I rode thither to witness the transport. It was just after the rainy season, and the country was dazzlingly green—one fancied that one could see the millet growing. I never saw military movements so utterly devoid of organisation and order. The troops were transported in canoes, and the river and its banks were a scene of wild confusion. The boats were so overladen that numbers were wrecked and swamped, and a great many horses and men drowned.

After the departure of the army, Ahmadou shut himself up with his wives to await the result of the expedition, and refused to see any one. It marched towards Yamina, and attacked a village called Tocoroba, in which the rebel Bambaras had entrenched themselves, and from whence they made sallies, pillaging all the villages of Fadougou. The army was repulsed, and in the beginning of August numbers of wounded and dying were brought to Ségou. Dr. Quintin's services were in great requisition, but hundreds died, and the town resounded with the cries of the widows and children. Fahmahra, who had joined the army, was killed; the news of his death, and his horse and accoutrements, were brought to us by his friend Niansa.

Affairs grew worse and worse; the revolt was spreading from the mountains of Djalonkadou in the south-east, to Lake Débou in the north-east, and encircling Ahmadou and El Hadj.

It was impossible to continue our journey eastward; and even our return to Senegal was becoming more difficult every day. The next news we heard was that El Hadj, the prophet, had been beaten by the Kountahs of Timbuctu, had been deserted by his adherents in Macina, had been obliged to fly from Hamd-Allahi, and take refuge in the wild regions to the south of the capital; that Mari, the representative of the ancient royal line of Ségou, had crossed the Bakhoï, or White River, with an army of Bambaras from the south. On the 25th Ahmadou's army was defeated in open country. This roused him from his inaction, and he prepared to take the field in person, and strike one last desperate blow. He sent out in all directions for reinforcements, and Oulibo and Turno Abdoul, his most trusted lieutenants, preceded him to the army. I decided immediately on asking leave to accompany him. There was no other course left open for us. Should he be defeated, he would certainly not return to Ségou, and we must then fall into the hands of the rebel Bambaras, from whom we could expect no mercy. Ahmadou appeared much flattered by my request, which he immediately acceded to. We lost no time in preparing for all eventualities, repaired our arms and harness, and made our baggage as portable as we could. Ahmadou told Samba N'diaye to lend me his horse, and another was procured for Dr. Quintin. On the 26th and 27th of January, the Sofas from Yamina, and the Peuhls from the suburbs of Ségou, whom the king had summoned to accompany him, arrived, and on the 28th the march began.

The army covered an immense expanse, and looked most picturesque in the rays of the setting sun. The ammunition was carried on the heads of more than three hundred negroes, who bent under the weight. A dozen enormous calabashes contained the baggage and provisions of the king, and were placed on the backs of asses. We had with us a supply of couscous and bourakié, a bag of salt, and several bottles made of goat-skin to carry water. We passed the villages of Soninkoura, Koghou, Mbébala, Banancoro, Nérecoro, Dialocoro, Bafou, and Bougou. Then we left the bank of the river and struck into the interior, and reached the camp of Turno Alassanne's army at Marcadougouba, where we remained until the 31st. The doctor and I bivouacked under a tree by the roadside; the nights were cold, and fires were lit everywhere; our laptots found a heap of millet-canes in the village, and took possession of them, without further ceremony, for fuel.

The following day was spent by Ahmadou in preparations for the coming battle, in holding palavers, and haranguing his men. First, he addressed the Talibés, reproaching them for their inactivity and want of spirit, and reminding them how much they owed to El Hadj and to him; that whereas the Sofas and Toubourous were always ready to fight, they thought only of their ease and how they could best enrich themselves. Then he demanded the restitution of the "Kouloulous" (spoil secreted by the soldiers in time of war, and not brought to the common store for equal distribution), saying that one must be prepared to appear before God with empty hands. A curious scene followed, which I watched with interest. One by one came forward, and gave up whatever he had taken, a comb, a goat-skin, a knife, and so on; one confessed to having sold a gun for five hundred cowries, saying that if he were killed he had a slave worth more than that sum. After that Ahmadou counted the men, and assigned to each company its position in the next day's attack. To the Sofas he spoke only a few words, saying that he could count on their fidelity and courage; he charged them not to stop to plunder, but to fight until the victory was complete, to advance until within ten steps of the enemy, to put a quantity of powder and ten balls into their guns and—never to retreat!

A fierce hatred existed between the Sofas and the Talibés, and Ahmadou spent several hours in listening to the recriminations and complaints made to him by their respective chiefs, and trying to smooth down their jealousies.

For us much depended on the event of the coming engagement. If the Bambaras under Mari, awaiting us at Toghou, were to be victorious, or have even a partial success, the whole country would join them; even Ahmadou's faithful Sofas would most likely desert him. The Nioro road, which was already intercepted, would be effectually closed against us, and we should be driven back into Ségou, whose walls could not long hold out against a combined attack.

Under these circumstances, we were determined to make common cause with Ahmadou, forgetting former grievances, and, with our seven attendants, fight for our lives to the last.

Six hours' march the next morning brought us in sight of Toghou, lying in the middle of a large plain, with the enemy drawn up outside the walls. Ahmadou formed his men into five columns, and advanced to the attack, the Talibés singing in measured cadence, "Lahilahi Allah, Mohammed raçould y Allah!"* The engagement was very fierce; the Bambaras made a valiant defence; knowing that they could expect no quarter, they fought with the energy of despair, but they were completely defeated. The slaughter was terrible. Ninety-seven men who were taken prisoners were all beheaded the

* A Mussulman ejaculation, "God is great, Mahomet is his prophet!"

next day before Ahmadou, who kindly sent to invite me to enjoy the spectacle with him; but I had seen enough butchery, and chose rather to go with Dr. Quintin, and do what I could for the relief of the wounded, who lay about in and outside the town. We extracted many balls, and performed a number of successful amputations, though, for want of a proper supply of surgical instruments and bandages, we could do little in the worst cases.

I here again had occasion to notice how little developed the nervous system of the blacks is, and how much less sensitive they are to pain. The climate also is peculiarly favourable to quick recovery and to the healing of wounds.

At least 2,500 Bambaras had been killed, whilst Ahmadou's loss scarcely amounted to 300. Had he led his army, animated by victory and filled with enthusiasm as it then was, to Sansandig, the centre of the insurrection, he might almost without another struggle have made himself master of the country; but he weakly yielded to the entreaties of his favourites and chiefs, who were longing to divide the spoil, and returned to Ségou. Once there, Ahmadou again became invisible, and pertinaciously refused to grant me an audience, excusing himself on the plea that he was engaged in the distribution of the booty, which certainly could have been no easy matter, as he had to resort to the most stringent measures to get his men to give up what they had taken. Meanwhile, the doctor fell ill of a low fever, and I also suffered greatly in consequence of the fatigues and scenes we had gone through, and the daily increasing heat of the weather. Milk, our chief and best article of food, became more and more difficult to get, and we felt the want of it very much. During the last weeks of February, rain fell in large quantities, and refreshed the air, making it so cool that we had to take to warmer clothing. It was not a soft fine rain, such as we had had on our journey at the same time last year, but great heavy showers, which had the disagreeable effect of putting to flight all the dealers in the market-place, so that we did not know where to go to buy provisions, and must have nearly starved if Ahmadou had not sent us a sheep from time to time. The moist atmosphere seemed to exercise a kind of paralysing effect on the people, for the butchers killed nothing, and the somonos did not go out fishing. The rain lasted until the 28th of February, which is the religious feast of the Cowry. It was celebrated by a grand review of the troops, and reciting of prayers and the Koran by Ahmadou. He wound up by again demanding a restitution of the booty, as he was going to collect his army and lead them out to battle. After which he passed to very different subjects, enjoined them not to tattoo the faces of the new-born children as the Kaffirs did; and told them that it was a most unbecoming thing for the women to stuff and pad out their hair by means of rags; that married women should not be allowed to go out into the streets or to market; and, finally, that the Talibés should not forsake the mosque, as they were in the habit of doing, but should perform their devotions there instead of at home.

A whole year had passed since we came first to Ségou, and Ahmadou seemed less disposed than ever to let us go. He had no ultimate designs on our liberty, neither did he look upon us as valuable auxiliaries in the field, but he did wish that we should be kept in ignorance of the miserable condition of the country which he governed, and the disastrous termination of his father's adventurous career; and this was why he would neither assist us in continuing our journey to the east, nor in returning to the Senegal. For the same reason he did all he could to intercept the return of the messengers I had sent at different times in the course of the year to St. Louis, and to prevent me from sending others. The Toghou campaign, destructive as it had been to the Bambaras, had, nevertheless, not reduced them to submission, and almost immediately after the feast of the Cowry a new expedition was rumoured, to be directed against the south-west provinces. I sent word to Ahmadou that I wished again to accompany the army, for I foresaw that this would be my only chance of visiting that part of the country. He raised objections at first, saying that in the last campaign I had lost one of my men, that I must not make any more such sacrifices; but a very little insistance made him yield, showing that he had objected merely for form's sake. He told me to prepare a large supply of couscous; and as I anticipated very long marches, I decided to take with me a mule to carry our baggage.

On the 25th of March the tabala was beaten at the door of the mosque, and the different army corps assembled and encamped for the night at Segou-Koro. Every evening the griots ran about the camp, shouting, "Hé conou outambo dali diango khoy!" which means literally, "Ho, the army; let no man go out! above all to-morrow!" and then on the following day Ahmadou would hold a palaver like the one he had held at Toghou, at which he began by reading the history of the wars of Mahomet, and ended by demanding the restitution of all the booty made in the last campaign. I saw two very considerable restitutions made on this occasion, one by a Talibé, who came forward and gave up a sum of 30,000 cowries taken at Toghou; and the other by a Peuhl, who brought the king 200 balls of amber.

A quarrel between Ahmadou and some of the most influential of his Talibés, which lasted several days, retarded the departure of the army. He wanted to exact from them a promise that they would dismount from their horses and advance on foot to the assault of those villages which in the ensuing expedition the army might receive orders to attack. This dispute was finally settled through the mediation of Tierno Abdoul Kadi, one of the leading men in the kingdom, who had been appointed chief justice; and on the 3rd of April the army began its march, and ascended the valley of the Niger, leaving the river on the right. We passed through a fertile and cultivated tract of country colonised from time immemorial by Peuhls, who have kept distinct from the neighbouring tribes, and have preserved the characteristic type of their race. They are shepherds and agriculturists, and find a ready market in the capital for the milk of their flocks and the produce of their fields.

We made our first halt near Fogni, a Bambara village, deserted and in ruins. It had been the centre of a recent insurrection, and all around the ground was strewn with skeletons, which lay bleaching in the sun, and crackled under our horses' feet. Fogni stands in a large plain, bounded on the south by a chain of hills, which seemed to rise in elevation as we advanced towards the west. It is a fine country, with a rich soil, full of promise for the cultivator and the shepherd when war shall have ceased to devastate it. Some spots here and there were planted with shéa trees, many of which measured as much as a foot and a half in diameter below

the branches. In the immediate neighbourhood of the village, I noticed, as usual, a good many khads, the pods of which are used for fattening cattle. In the low brushwood we discovered fruits and berries of different kinds, not particularly palatable, but with a pleasant acidity, which were eagerly devoured by us all. We found also a great abundance of game, and as the army in marching covered a very wide extent of country, the partridges and pintadoes, or Guinea-fowl, were driven before us, surrounded, and taken alive in the underwood. The hares, owing to some Mussulman prejudice, were respected, or, rather, I should say, despised. The sight of numerous antelopes roused the sportsman within me, and led me completely away. First I thought, prudently, I would spare my horse, and tried to look calmly on whilst these swift agile creatures were started and hunted down; but before long reason was conquered, and I dashed off in pursuit of a gazelle, which had jumped up within a few steps of me. Some Sofas followed, and I gave myself up unrestrainedly to the pleasures of the chase—bringing down in the course of the day two fine antelopes. I had never hunted before; the sensation and excitement were delightful; and I confess that the recollection of that day is one of the most agreeable of my journey. The active exercise in the open air gave me new energy and life, and I felt better than I had done for a long while past. That languid indifference towards everything which I experienced at Ségou had vanished, the smallest objects attracted my attention, and, notwithstanding the fatigues of the road, I found time to note down facts and impressions.



TALIBÉ EQUIPPED FOR FIGHTING.

On the 7th of April we came in sight of Dina, our destination. It is a village on the right bank of the Niger, built on the top of the steep, which is washed by the water at the time of the inundations. It was surrounded by an earth wall, pierced with innumerable loopholes. The rampart and the terraces of the houses were bristling with Bambaras, who, from their menacing attitude, and the arms with which they seemed well supplied, were evidently prepared to make a desperate stand, and defend the place to the last. The columns of assault were immediately organised. On the left were ranged the Talibés with their black flag; in the centre the victorious army of Ségou (the Toros), with a red and white flag; on the right, the Sofas and the Toubourous grouped around their red flag. Ahmadou took up his position at the rear, in the centre, with his guard, and the captives, who held the horses of those who were to scale the walls—but I will not inflict on my readers a detailed account of the attack and defence. I saw the same scenes I had witnessed at Toghou—the same bravery and want of skill and organisation on the part of the assailed; the same undisciplined impetuosity and ardour on the part of the assailants; and, after the defeat, desperate resignation among the conquered and unpitying ferocity among the conquerors. As before, the victory was followed by pillage and cold-blooded massacre, and the women and children became the prey of the soldiers. War was here, indeed, ten times more horrible than in more civilised countries, and I sickened at the sights all around me.

After the taking and sacking of Dina, Ahmadou led his army two days' march up the left bank of the Niger, ravaging and burning all the villages in the valley, which was enclosed between two ranges of mountains, and narrowed as we advanced.

At Manabougou we found a practicable ford, and crossed to the other side, taking the direct road to Yamina. Along this very same road, sixty-seven years ago, Mungo Park had toiled, returning from Ségou worn out with fatigue and hardship, without resources of any kind, begging his way from village to village. I was more fortunate, for though my companions were a horde of cruel barbarians, yet I was safe under their protection; and, as the guest and ally of their sovereign, met with respect and good treatment at their hands. With them I travelled more than sixty leagues on the shores of the great

river of Soudan, and by taking with great exactness the bearings of its course, I was able to trace the first correct map of that section of its basin.

The road to Yamina led through wide and lovely plains, bounded only by the horizon. Notwithstanding the long drought and burning heat, they were covered with fresh green grass; but these fine pasture-lands, where thousands of cattle might have grazed and grown fat, were completely deserted. All the villages we came to were destroyed and abandoned, and nowhere was there a living creature to be seen. On the second day we passed a number of ponds or small lakes, which in the rainy season are all connected, and form a second river, parallel to the Niger. The largest of these is called the lake of Mira.

The end of May was at hand, and with it the rainy season; and as soon as I was able to get about again, I made another attempt to despatch a messenger to St. Louis, but without success, Ahmadou contrived to frustrate it.

Continual raids were made by small detachments of troops into the eastern territory and into the environs of Sansandig, the men coming back laden with spoil; everywhere the country was completely demoralised, and it would have been easy for Ahmadou to regain all the land he had lost, had he been prepared to strike a desperate blow; but, as usual, there was dissension between king, chiefs, and people. He called together the army, but the army did not seem inclined to obey. They were cultivating their millet-fields; the last crops had failed, millet had risen to an exorbitant price, and consequently there was a great deal of distress amongst the people.



SOLDIER LED TO EXECUTION.

Ahmadou's first act on reaching Yamina was to exact a heavy war-tax from the inhabitants. I found my way to my old quarters, the house of Serinté, but the kind old chief was no longer there. He had been accused of plotting, and had several months ago been summoned to Ségou, with strict orders not to leave it again. His son, grown almost into a man, and his wives, who had remained at Yamina, gave me a most hearty and hospitable reception, and thanked me for coming to see them. We marched on to Ségou, making scarcely any halt by the way; Ahmadou was impatient to reach it, and urged on his army, regardless of the excessive heat and fatigue we had to endure.

Many men fell down from exhaustion, and were left behind to die. I felt, several times, as if I must follow their example, and reached Ségou more dead than alive. As I had done on former similar occasions, I subsisted for many days exclusively on milk, to which means I fully believe I owed my recovery.

On the 6th of June Ahmadou called a palaver, and the chiefs came to lay their grievances before him and seek redress. First, they demanded that he should never again exclude the Talibés from his presence, and that the Sofas should be prohibited from arresting them on any pretext whatsoever; secondly, that he should take care of and maintain those soldiers who were wounded and disabled in his service, instead of leaving them to beg or die of starvation as he had done hitherto; thirdly, that he should provide for the widows and children of those Talibés who were killed in war.

Ahmadou seemed to feel the justice of these two latter demands, for he replied immediately, as if he must excuse himself, that whenever a wounded Talibé had applied to him for assistance, it had been granted; but that he could not be expected to give help unasked, as he did not know all those

who were wounded. This answer was incorrect and evasive, but was received without any further remark. Nothing that he said was ever questioned.

This palaver was followed by three weeks of delay and hesitation, until, on the 21st, the tabala was beaten, and the griots ran about the streets, calling the men to arm and prepare for an expedition against Sansandig. Ahmadou went to Bafou-Bougou, a village some miles up the river, where the army was to cross. I joined him there, and pitching my tent in a sheltered place on the banks, watched with great interest the transport of the men and horses. It was a long and difficult undertaking (the river at that part was no less than 2,000 yards wide), taking three whole days, and a good many lives were lost both of men and horses. On the 7th of July, Ahmadou and I crossed over amongst the last, and that evening at ten o'clock we were overtaken by a violent tornado. I had noticed clouds gathering in the east which bore a threatening aspect, and had taken the precaution of encamping on the highest part of the river-bank, so that the water might run down from, and not into, our tents. When the storm burst and the rain came down in torrents, we were besieged by numbers of streaming, half-drowned creatures begging for shelter: we were already pretty tightly packed; in one of the tents—we had but two—were our fifteen laptots, in the other the doctor and myself with eight men, besides two canteens, six guns, and I do not know how many flasks of gunpowder, several bags of millet, and three saddles of native manufacture besides my own; but how could one turn away a poor wretch who came, as my friend San Farba and several others did, with his only set of garments tightly rolled up under his arm to keep them dry, his saddle on his head, entreating shelter for his naked body? I could only request them to put on their boubous, and bid them welcome as long as there was an inch of room left. It was a source of intense astonishment to them that such a thin texture as that of which my tents were made should so effectually keep out the rain, and in the morning everybody crowded around them to feel and examine.

The Regions of the Cazembe, and Dr. Livingstone's Recent Explorations.—VI.

BY CHARLES T. BEKE, PH.D., F.S.A., ETC.

The clothing of the people consists generally of the skins of animals. The women wear the *nyanda*, or waist-cloth, or sometimes only a much more scanty covering. The sovereign is dressed in woollen or printed cotton cloths; and the kilólos, or nobles, follow his example, only in a lower degree. Both sexes wear their hair a palm (eight inches) or more in length, arranged in one, two, or three tresses, or tied in a single knot. They do not tattoo their skin, nor make incisions on the face or other parts of the body; neither do they pierce the lips, or nose, or even the ears, for the insertion of ornaments — in all these respects acting in nowise contrary to Nature.

Their mechanical industry is not of delicate perfection, but it completely fulfils the purposes for which it is intended, as is, indeed, shown in the construction of their houses. It is, however, in the use they make of wood that they are especially distinguished. Not to speak of their boats and other articles usually made of this material, their dishes and vessels for containing liquids, with various other implements, are all made of wood, the several articles being finished with the greatest neatness.

As an instance of this may be mentioned the instrument called *mombo*, which consists of a thin hollow cylinder, formed of a single piece of hard wood, having only one orifice lengthways of about an inch in width, the two extremities of such opening being square about two inches each way. This instrument is hung from a man's neck by a leather thong, being kept from touching his body by a bent cane, and it is beaten along the sides of the opening with two little rods of caoutchouc. The mombo may be heard at a considerable distance; and by means of it, through a combination of sounds, the Muata Cazembe transmits all his orders, in a manner perfectly intelligible, but only to those who know the Kampokólo language: indeed, it is used for no other purpose.

The making of their kitchen and domestic vessels of wood may be thus accounted for. The Hungarian traveller, Ladislaus Magyar, to whom allusion was made in a former article,* informs us that the country of Lu-embi, on the eastern side of the Kuanza, lying between that river and the primeval forests of Olo-Vihenda and Kibokoe, in which I place the head of the Nile,† is by the inhabitants of the countries situate further in the interior designated Kim-bandi, or Djim-bandi, for which name he gives the following singular reason. As in those countries the soil is altogether sandy, more or less mixed with humus, which soil is quite unfit for the manufacture of earthenware, their inhabitants have to obtain from the regions on the Kuanza their earthenware vessels, or, at all events, the large ones used for the preparation of their native beverage, called *ovâlua*. Hence, he tells us, they call these regions Kim-bandi, which name he says, is composed of two A-bunda words, signifying "man" and "pot," and may be understood to mean "the pot country," like our English "Potteries." Under such circumstances, it is perfectly intelligible that the people of the Cazembe's country, with their industrious habits, should prefer manufacturing their domestic vessels of wood at home to importing earthenware from the distant pot country.

Gamitto says, however, in another place, rather inconsistently, that the Cazembe's people know how to make use of clay for the manufacture of kitchen utensils, vessels for water, pombé, &c.; from which it must be inferred that his previous statement respecting their manufacturing those articles of wood is not to be understood so absolutely as it is expressed. Nevertheless, it is quite certain that they make extensive use of wood for the construction of articles that in other countries are made of very different materials.

* See page 87, *ante*. † See pages 54, 56, *ante*.

These people also largely turn to account various other productions of the vegetable kingdom. From the fibres of numerous plants in which Eastern Africa abounds they manufacture flax; and from this, as well as from cotton—of which, however, they have but little—they weave coarse cloths, make ropes, nets, fishing-lines, sewing thread, &c. Elastic gum is plentiful, but they make no use of it except for their musical instruments. Oil is extracted by them from various fruits, grains, and seeds. For culinary purposes they employ palm-oil, which they call *coma;* and for giving light they make use of the kernels of the *Jatropha curcas* and other seeds. Gamitto remarks that they are the only nation of that part of Africa who thus make use of artificial lights. They do not know how to prepare any vegetable dyes; but they have many vegetable medicines, the principal one being a sort of *quina*, with which they perform wonderful cures.

The *Gangas* seem, indeed, to be not unskilled in the art of healing. After Captain Gamitto had been some time in the country, he had an attack of scurvy so severe that his gums became quite black, his teeth loose, and he suffered such excruciating pain that he could obtain no rest. When he had been several days in this state, the Muata sent to him one of his gangas, who, after making himself well acquainted with the complaint, told the patient in a magisterial and emphatic tone that he would return at sunset with the remedy, and that he should have a good night's rest. When he came he brought with him some pieces of fungus and of the fine bark of a tree, very much like that of the plum-tree, on which the fungus appeared to have grown. The fungus he burnt to a coal, and then, adding one-third part of salt, he ground it to a very fine powder. With this he rubbed the gums, and though they were so tender that they would not bear touching with the tongue, they supported the friction perfectly well. After this he made the patient rinse his mouth, and then gargle with a decoction of the bark. Though Gamitto had placed no faith in his doctor's prediction, he passed the night in a profound and tranquil sleep, and woke very much relieved on the following morning, when, on repeating the medicine, he was completely cured.

Tobacco is cultivated without any trouble, beyond sowing the seed and gathering the leaves when ripe. These are put away without any preparation, and the tobacco is, of course, weak and without flavour. When smoked in a pipe, as is the practice, it decrepitates as if it had been salted. What little is used as snuff is prepared by heating a potsherd in the fire, and then placing the tobacco-leaves on it; and, when they are sufficiently toasted, they are reduced to powder by rubbing them on the same piece of earthenware with a small smooth stone.

They extract salt from the ashes of certain plants by infusion and evaporation. Besides this vegetable salt, they obtain another kind from an earth, on which the salt shows itself like saltpetre, by putting it into pans filled with water, which they then filter and place in the sun to evaporate, when the salt remains.

Iron is made use of by them for the manufacture of their weapons of war and implements of husbandry. Antimony is extracted from the ore by rubbing it with oil, whereby they obtain a red pigment, with which the Cazembian belles anoint themselves. Of copper they possess very rich mines, in which is found a profusion of malachite, in pieces of all sizes; only the same are but little worked, owing to the greediness of the Muata Cazembe. In fact, the sovereign monopolises not only these mines, but the whole of the commerce of the country, both with the traders who come to his dominions, and also by sending the produce of his country for sale, on his own account, to places where he knows it will find purchasers. The only people, however, from the eastern parts of Africa who visit the Cazembe are the Muizas and the Impóanes—that is to say, the Mohammedans of the Zanzibar coast, who have to deal with him on his own terms.

The object of both the Portuguese Missions of 1798 and 1831 was twofold—first, to establish direct commercial relations between their possessions on the east coast of Africa and the dominions of the Muata Cazembe; and, secondly, to obtain a free passage through those dominions to their possessions on the west coast. Had Dr. Lacerda lived, it is most probable he would have been able to come to some understanding on the former point with so intelligent and well-intentioned a prince as Lekéza. As regards, however, the passage across his dominions, it was hardly to be expected that he would grant it; inasmuch as by so doing he must have brought the Portuguese of the east coast into communication with his powerful neighbour and suzerain the Muatianfa (Matiamvo), which would have been in direct contravention of the policy of the Cazembian dynasty; namely, to extend their conquests and relations towards the east, as the means of strengthening themselves against aggression from the west. Still, Lekéza was careful not to offend the Portuguese by positively refusing to comply with their desire in this respect; and, therefore, after a variety of excuses, he allowed Father Pinto, when he returned to Tete, to leave behind him two native soldiers, who were to be sent forward to the west coast whenever a suitable opportunity should present itself, which, as a matter of course, was never found.

From Lekéza's unworthy successor, Kanyembo V., to whom the second Portuguese Mission was sent, no good of any kind was to be expected. So far from desiring to treat his visitors on friendly terms, his sole object was to obtain everything they possessed; and this he pretty well succeeded in doing, either by fair means or by foul. The result, to repeat the words of Captain Gamitto,* was that, "Taking into consideration all that had occurred with the Muata, and the treatment the expedition had experienced from him, as also the great distance and the desert country that had to be traversed, and the various other circumstances recorded in his journal, they all agreed, with one accord, that, as a great service to their sovereign, to their nation, and to humanity, they should not insist on entering into any treaty of commerce with that barbarian, both because he was incapable of observing it, and also in order not to excite in any future governor of the Rios de Sena, who might be blinded by ambition, the desire to send another mission to this country."

It was, however, no easy matter for the Portuguese to obtain permission to leave the Cazembe's dominions. It has been seen how the superstitious fears of the Muata were by some means excited by the spirit of his father Lekéza.† The calamitous visitations of small-pox and famine during the stay of the strangers in the country were even more effective. But, strange to say, the most powerful mediator with the Muata—far more so than his father's ghost—was the donkey on which

* "O Muata Cazembe," *p.* 337. † See page 181, *ante.*

Captain Gamitto had made his solemn entry into Lunda, as has been related.

This animal had been permitted to pasture with the herds of the Mambo, and had always lived in good fellowship and perfect harmony with them, enjoying all the honours, prerogatives, and privileges possessed by them, the chief of which was the helping themselves to food wherever they happened to meet with it without any one daring to gainsay them, so that the donkey was the only member of the mission that obtained full and regular rations. In the end, however, it happened—whether as the result of his good living, the effect of the climate, or his having nothing better to do, cannot be said—this favoured animal became the tyrant of the herd, incessantly biting and tormenting his companions. In fact, his ill-behaviour attained such a pitch, that the Muata made a formal complaint respecting it to the chief of the mission. Availing himself of the superstitious feelings of the people, Major Monteiro replied that the chimancáta—for so they had named the donkey—had frequently expressed a desire to return to Tete, and having learned that the Muata would not let the mission depart, he had thought fit to avenge himself on the monarch's cows. This answer satisfied the Mambo, who appeared to believe it. But about a fortnight before the mission really did leave, the jackass, when running, as usual, after the herd, which fled before him, jumped upon a bull and tore a piece out of his neck with his teeth. This gave occasion to a fresh complaint, and the same excuse for his ill-conduct having been made, the Cazembe laughingly replied that they might tell the chimancáta to leave off persecuting the herd, for he was going to depart very shortly.

This is not the only adventure of the marvellous donkey of the Portuguese mission. Shortly after they had quitted the territories of the Cazembe, on their way back to Tete, they came to a village of the Muembas, the fumo or chief of which desired to see "the mozungo that carried people." The jackass was accordingly brought from the camp, and the people making a great noise with laughing and clapping of hands, the animal began to bray. This the interpreter told the fumo was his way of asking for something to eat, whereupon he was ordered to be given some millet, which he speedily devoured. When he had done eating, the fumo expressed a wish to hear the chimancáta speak again; and as they did not exactly know how to make the animal comply with his request, they let him loose, in the expectation that he would run off to the camp, and in so doing would charm the natives with the music of his voice. But the sagacious beast did far better than that. In front of the fumo there happened to be a heap of ashes, on which the donkey rolled himself over and over, and then, rising and shaking himself, he started off at full gallop for the camp. On seeing this the fumo and his people began clapping their hands in a state of the greatest excitement. And not without reason; for among them, when an inferior salutes a mambo or a fumo, he throws himself on his back and rolls from side to side, and while he does this the person saluted and his suite clap their hands in acknowledgement; and the interpreter having given the fumo and his people to understand that the animal, in thus rolling himself in the dust, was returning thanks for the food he had received, they, wondering at his sagacity, returned the compliment enthusiastically.

The second Portuguese mission left Lunda on May 20th, 1832, arriving at Tete on October 15th following, after a very disastrous journey. Since that period the court and country of the Muata Cazembe had remained unvisited by any European, till our adventurous countryman, Dr. Livingstone, found his way thither in 1867. From the total absence of information from him on the subject, we have no means whatever of knowing or even surmising what occurred to him while there. All we can say is, that as he reached so he quitted that country in safety, and that at the end of May, 1869, he was at Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, on his way northwards, along the eastern side of that lake, to "Baker's turning-point" on the Albert Nyanza; unless, indeed, as he seems to hint when speaking of the "unvisited lake" on the western side of Tanganyika, into which the "western and central lines of drainage converge," he should "go there first," and so "down Tanganyika," along its western instead of its eastern side.

Although as yet unacquainted with the particulars of Dr. Livingstone's adventures in the regions of the Cazembe, we know that his stay there must have been long enough to have enabled him to collect much valuable information respecting that potentate and his people, which the little knowledge on this interesting subject that I have been the means of imparting will only make the public more eager to learn. It is, however, not improbable that a more thorough acquaintance with this most imperfectly known portion of the interior of the African continent may be derived from another and totally distinct source.

Sir Samuel Baker, as is well known, is on his way to the Albert Nyanza, which he is about to navigate and explore, by means of steam-vessels taken out from Egypt, in the name and under the authority of the viceroy of that country. From that traveller's former explorations in 1864, this great expanse of water is known to extend to the west of Karagwé, as far as about 1° 30′ S. latitude, where "*it turns suddenly to the west*, in which direction its extent is unknown;" and as this point may seemingly be placed as far west as about the twenty-eighth meridian east of Greenwich, the south-western extremity of the Albert Nyanza is thus carried beyond the north end of Lake Tanganyika, though without preventing this latter lake from communicating with it, as Livingstone says it does, by means of the river Loanda. If there be really a direct communication between the Albert Nyanza and the system of the Chambeze, then, as the elevation of the latter (about 3,000 feet) is little above that of the former (2,720 feet), there is reason for believing in the possibility of Baker's penetrating by water into the very heart of the Cazembe's country. And not merely so; for, if I am right in my opinion* that the great river Kassávi, or Kasái, is the continuation of the Albert Nyanza and Chowambe—that is to say, the upper course of the Nile, as is shown in my "Sketch Map of the Upper Nile Basin," given on page 89 of the present volume—then it follows, further, that the Egyptian Expedition will, at the same time, gain access to the unknown territories of the Muatianfa (Muata-Yanvo or Matiamvo). Altogether, we may now confidently look forward to our speedily becoming acquainted with what is unquestionably the most interesting, as it is probably the most important, portion of Southern Central Africa; and witnessing, at the same time, the final revelation of the mystery of the Source of the Nile.

* See page 56, *ante*. The reference made there, in the foot note, to the *Athenæum* should be to the number of February 5th, 1870, instead of January, 1869.



THE GREAT GEYSER.

An Icelander's Notes on Iceland.—III.

BY JÓN A. HJALTALÍN.

One member of an Icelandic household is engaged in quite a different way from those mentioned in the preceding chapter, and has a more arduous task, perhaps, than all the others. He has to read aloud to all the rest one of the old Sagas, the publications of the day, or any other book, printed or in manuscript, which they may have caught hold of; and a hard task it is sometimes, as I can tell from my own experience, to overcome the deafening sounds of the spinning-wheels, and of the weaving and carding, so that those farthest away may be able to hear; or by the lurid glare of the lamp to decipher the well-thumbed manuscripts, most of which are written with abbreviations, giving only one or two letters for a whole word. The reader has also to reply to many interpellations and questions during the recital, as to the nature and truth of the information he is conveying to them; and the exclamation, "I don't believe this even though it be printed," is frequently heard from the auditors. The advantage of this reciting is, however, obvious. In this manner every member of the household has the opportunity of becoming acquainted with every book that comes to the house, and further, by asking questions, he may obtain all that information which any other member of the household may be able to give, and he who knows more than the rest is very glad to be thus called upon to show forth his abilities; besides, this reading aloud excites the desire for information in the audience. When a peasant has exhausted his stock of books in this way, he exchanges books and manuscripts with his neighbour, if he has any work not possessed by himself, and thus there is not a book or manuscript of any kind within fifty miles' distance that has not been read over and over again by every household.

This will, I think, account for the education of the country population of Iceland. But if this should fail, of which, however, I know no instance except in some of the fishing-places on the coast, there is a law which enables the clergyman and overseer of the parish to remove the children of those parents who do not teach them from their home, and board them with others who are willing to teach them their catechism and to read, and the parents of those children have to bear the expense for their board and instruction, unless they are paupers; but in that case it is defrayed by the parish. There is also an old law still in force, I believe, although it is never heard of at the present day, which enacted that no couple should be allowed to marry unless the bride at least was able to read.

For higher education we have a college at Reykjavík, with six professors. The branches of study are Latin, Greek, Icelandic, Danish, and German; history, geography, natural history, mathematics, and the rudiments of theology. English and French are optional. For those who propose to enter the church, there is a higher institution, with three professors. The general physician of Iceland, assisted by another medical man, keeps a school for those who are going to adopt the medical profession; but intending lawyers and philologists have to go to the university of Copenhagen to finish their education.

On approaching Iceland one is struck by the grandeur of the scenery that everywhere is presented to the eye of the stranger. At one place there is nothing to be seen but gigantic peaks of ice of dazzling whiteness, but they look so cold, that the mere aspect almost makes one's eyes freeze; at the same time, however, there is such a majesty about them that you cannot turn your eyes away. At another, immense piles of black rocks rise immediately out of the sea, and look like towers and castles built by some Titanic giants. Their spirit seems to hover about the spires and battlements of those lofty structures, and to impart a sort of gloominess to the surrounding air which strikes the beholder with awe and even fear; but if he is struck by awe and fear at beholding those monuments of Nature in their majestic calmness, what would be his amazement if he saw those powers at work that have made and are making those monuments? What a sight to see the flames raging perhaps a mile high above the top of the mountain, a rapid stream of boiling water sweeping down tremendous ice-blocks side by side with a red-hot current of molten lava miles and miles in length and breadth! Now and then this awful scene is hidden from view by clouds of smoke and ashes, so thick that the brightest noonday is turned into the darkest night scores of miles around the erupting volcano. On a fine summer's day our ice mountains (*jökull*) afford the most grand and brilliant view, and on account of the clearness of the atmosphere, they can be seen at a distance of even 100 miles. Their tops, even in fine weather, are very often covered by light fleecy clouds. Seaward, the view is limited, as it were, by a wall of white clouds; to the eye they present an appearance as if they were heaps of cotton or white wool piled upon each other, and so solid do they look that we may fancy we might sit upon them if we were able to get there. In a calm and clear sky the brilliancy of the scene is even painful to the eye; but the clouds may soon grow dark, the clear sky become overcast, and the hoary rime giants may assume frowning looks. All at once the scene is changed. The majestic serenity of the former scene has disappeared, and the sea, the sky, and the ice mountains seem to have formed a triple alliance for the purpose of destroying our frail barque.

To judge from the population of Iceland, which does not exceed 70,000, one might think it a small island, covering a few square miles, therefore I have no doubt many will be surprised to hear that it is larger than Ireland; it is about 37,000 square miles. It is situated between 63° 24′ and 66° 30′ of north latitude, and its north coast touches the Polar circle. Its geographical features are very singular, and such as are not to be found in many other places on our globe. One of the modern poets of Iceland has described it in the following stanza:—

> "In wondrous union here combined
> Extremes of heat and cold we find,
> Frozen lakes, and boiling fountains,
> Icy valleys, burning mountains—
> An awful though mysterious blending
> Of frost and snow with fire contending."

This is, I think, a true and graphic description of my native land. This constitution or nature of the country is the reason why so small a space is inhabited. The very name—Iceland—is very well founded, as almost one-sixth of its area is covered with everlasting snow in the shape of ice mountains,

which are scattered over the whole island. But the most remarkable of the ice mountains are situated in the middle of Iceland, from east to west, near the south coast, and some of them come down close to the shore. The largest of the Icelandic ice mountains is called "Vatnajökull," which is, however, more a collection of ice mountains than a single one; it covers an area of 3,000 square miles, or about the half-part of Yorkshire. The highest of its peaks, called "Öraefajökull," attains a height of 6,300 feet.

Iceland is often visited by the polar ice, sometimes every year for many years running; thus we have had it every year these last twelve or thirteen years. At other times we do not see anything of it for a number of years. On the whole, I think I may safely state that it visits Iceland, on an average, every second year, or at least every third year. It seems to come from north-west, and surrounds the north-western, the northern, and a part of the eastern coasts of the island from three to five months—from February to June, and sometimes even into July. This Polar ice consists of vast masses of floating icebergs, one-third of which project out of the sea, and enormous pieces of field-ice, one-tenth of which only rises above the surface. I feel convinced that the masses sometimes surrounding Iceland would cover the whole German Ocean, from the coast of Jutland to that of England. These vast masses of ice are moved by the currents of the sea only, and the winds have little or no effect upon them. When the Polar ice reaches to Iceland in January or February, it generally goes away again in March or April; and in that case it does no harm. On the contrary, it may bring us some advantage, for whales are sometimes obliged to go into the firths to get away from the ice, and as the ice presses upon them, they are impelled farther into the bays, until at last they are driven on shore or killed between the icebergs. White bears also occasionally make a trip to Iceland on the Polar ice. As soon as they come on shore, the farmers assemble to attack them. Only last winter several polar bears were killed in Iceland. Those, however, that are not killed, go back with the ice when it leaves us. When the ice has left suddenly, and the bears are still on shore, they ascend a high mountain to look for it; and if they can see it, they run down to the sea, plunge into it, and swim out to the ice—the distance sometimes being no less than thirty to forty miles. If, however, the ice comes in April or May, which is often the case, it remains generally till the end of July. In this case it is the bane of Iceland; for while it surrounds the coasts the sharp and piercing cold checks all vegetation. So long as it is drifting about near the coasts, the weather is very unsettled, sharp winds blowing from all directions, with sleet and snow; but as soon as it has become stationary, and has frozen together with the land ice, the weather becomes calm and settled, and dry frosty weather sets in. To judge from the movements of the ice, a current seems to be running, at least at certain seasons of the year, from north-west along the northern coast; then it sweeps round the eastern coast, and runs westward along the southern side of the island, and then again north, past the western coast, thus preventing the ice from passing southward along the western side. When the polar ice leaves Iceland, the largest mass of it seems to drift away to the north by the same way as it came.

I may mention one more circumstance in connection with the Polar ice. In a bay of the north of Iceland, a large iceberg grounded at a depth of twenty fathoms, about ten fathoms rising out of the sea; it remained standing there the greatest part of the summer, and the fishermen always found great abundance of codfish around the iceberg; but there was this peculiarity about the fish that all of them were blind in one eye, which the fisherman said was the eye turned towards the iceberg.

One would think, from the vast masses of ice in Iceland and around its coasts, that the climate must be very severe. Such is, however, not the case, considering the high latitude of the country. Thus, upon inquiring into facts, we find that the average winter cold of Reykjavík is less than that of Aberdeen, in Scotland. At Reykjavík the average temperature during the summer is 53° Fahrenheit; the whole year 40°, and during the winter 29°—at Aberdeen 26°. In the north of Iceland it is considerably colder, namely, 45° during the summer, the whole year, 32°, and during the winter, 20°.

This comparative mildness of the climate is owing to a branch of the Gulf Stream which sweeps round the south and south-western coasts of our island. Great quantities of rain fall in the south part of the island, both during the winter and the summer, and sharp winds are frequent. It is a curious phenomenon in Iceland that thunder scarcely ever occurs except in the winter. The climate of the north of Iceland is much more dry and regular than that of the south.

If it is true that our island may justly be called an island of ice, as I have mentioned above, it is no less true that it might also be called an island of fire. Even if we had not in our annals an account of scores of volcanic eruptions; even if we did not know of our twenty-five volcanoes, several of which are still occasionally in a state of activity, the aspect of every mountain, every lava tract, forcibly reminds us of the volcanic origin of our island. In many ways does the subterranean heat indicate its presence; not the least interesting of these are the hot springs, which are to be found in great numbers in several parts of the island. These hot springs are not only interesting, but they might also be of great advantage to the inhabitants, if they had the skill to use them; this may be seen from the following fact:—Near a certain farm in the district of Eyjafjördur, in the north of Iceland, there are several hot springs, and the farmer's potato field is near one of them. One autumn he had left some potatoes unawares in the field, and, to his astonishment, he saw them sprouting forth at Christmas time, and since this discovery he has actually had two crops of potatoes every year. Here is a hothouse bed of Nature's own making, no fuel, nor artificial heating apparatus is required; it is ready-made, and all we have to do is to erect the glass-house, and we might in Iceland—strange to say—grow grapes and the fruits of the tropics.

The waters of all these hot springs have a petrifying quality, that is to say, the particles they throw up strike against the rocks and stones above the water, attach to them, and form a kind of white and hard crust, very similar to gypsum. This crust is composed of small worm-like particles, generated by the drops of water that separate from each other after the rocks in question have been moistened, and thus they deposit the sediment they contain.

The king of all these boiling fountains is the far-famed Geyser—which means the "raging, the violent," from the Icelandic verb *geysa*, to rage—and from this principal fountain travellers have incorrectly termed all hot springs Geysers, which sound to Icelanders just as it would sound to Englishmen if a

foreigner said, "There are many Thameses in England." The Geyser is about fifty miles north-east of Reykjavík. When the stranger approaches it within two miles, he sees a considerable column of smoke arise both from the Geyser itself and from the other hot springs around. It is situated at the side of a hill called Laugarfell. The soil about the springs is not very



TRAVELLING IN ICELAND.

remarkable; it consists of reddish and greyish sand, and one scarcely dares to tread on it in some parts lest the boiling abysses beneath should swallow one up. Indeed, a horse was once actually lost through the soil where it appeared to be solid ground. There are about ten or twelve hot springs round the Geyser. Round the deep aperture or tube, there is a basin formed by the incrustations of the water; its shape is just like that of a bowl with a hole in the bottom, a large shallow funnel with a deep pipe. The diameter of this basin is about fifty-six feet, and the depth four feet. The diameter of the opening of the pipe is about thirteen feet, but a little way down it is only seven feet and a half. The basin is filled with hot water between the eruptions, and at one side a small brook flows from it. Between the eruptions the water of the Geyser is not boiling, although scalding hot; a coming eruption is announced by a rumbling sound, similar to the firing of a cannon at a distance, or underground. Yet visitors are very often disappointed by this sound being heard without any outburst following it; but when an eruption takes place, the whole mass of the water contained in the basin rises into one column—at the bottom its circumference is nearly equal to that of the basin, but at the top it is much smaller, and thus the water column has a conical appearance. There is no continual playing of the water like fountains, but it rises in jets in rapid succession, and sinks down into the basin alternately, without almost any interval; the height of the water column has, in later years, been estimated at about 100 feet, and when I saw it some years ago, I should say that this was the height it attained. Formerly it is said to have been much higher; and a scientific man who witnessed one of the eruptions of Geyser about 100 years ago, reckons the height of the column at 360 feet. During the eruption, which lasts about four to six minutes, the water flows with violence over the brim of the basin, and after the eruption, not only the basin is emptied but the tube also, almost as far down as can be seen; thus one can walk over and lie down in the basin as close to



DIFFICULTIES OF THE ROAD.

the mouth of the tube as one pleases. But soon the water begins to rise, and after an hour and a half, is again filled to the brim. The eruptions of the Geyser are not at all regular; sometimes two may be witnessed in a day; at other times one may have to wait three or four days, or even a week, before an eruption takes place.

Not more than about fifty paces from the Geyser, there is another hot spring called Strokkur (the churn), which is not much inferior to the Geyser, and is more polite to visitors, for it can be made to perform when one likes by throwing twenty or thirty sods into it, when after ten to fifteen minutes it will rise to about the same height as the Geyser. Strokkur has no basin, but only a tube of about ten yards circumference, and certain hot still pools, seldom noticed in books, but which afford the traveller very remarkable sensations. Four of such may be visited within a ten minutes' stroll. Of these the nearest to the place where visitors generally pitch their tent, and within two minutes' walk of the basin of the Geyser, is Blesi. I remember this spring very well, and the impression it made upon me. My friend, Dr. Garth Wilkinson, who was there some years ago, once described it to me, and as I know that my description of it would not in any way equal his, I have no hesitation in substituting it for my own. He describes it thus:—

"I saw before me a hot, slightly steaming pool, slightly raised above the sandy, chalky-looking terrain around, and with a little rivulet running and steaming out of the western



RECEPTION OF A GUEST IN AN ICELANDIC FAMILY.

the water is constantly boiling and roaring about four yards down the tube. When a sufficient quantity of sods has been thrown into it, after a while the water-column rises straight up and falls straight down again, so that one can stand without any danger within two yards of the column itself. The difference from the Geyser is that the water is muddy on account of the dirt thrown into it, and the mass of the water-column is not so large, and therefore it has not so majestic an appearance as that of the Geyser. From the fact that a scientific man visiting the Geyser about the middle of the last century makes no mention of Strokkur, we may conclude that it did not exist at that time, or at least that its state of activity had not commenced. Singular as this may seem, it is a well-known fact in Iceland, that hot springs "move," as it is called, or disappear in one place and reappear at another; some hot springs are also known to increase in strength and activity, while others decrease.

On the same plateau with the Geyser and Strokkur there are

end of it. On approaching the pool, it was found to be divided into two by a white stripe of ground, a white ridge; the guide telling me that this white ridge was probably the origin of the name, Blesi, which means a horse with a white stripe down the face, in Yorkshire also called a "blaze." I looked horizontally at the pool as I walked up to it, and saw nothing remarkable; but when I looked vertically, or down into it, a startling sight presented itself. The pond is quiet, viewed superficially; but viewed more closely it is the top of an abyssal crater, and the ground on which you stand, at the sides, is the hollow dome of a boiling sea. The water looks clear as the sky, the lightest green colour, like the water in the funnel of the Geyser, and you seem to look into immeasurable depths. The divided pool becomes one under the frail bridge which marks them as two on the surface. The sides of Blesi, scooped away under you, are covered as far as the eye can follow them with stalactitic forms white as snow, tinged with the fine green hue I have mentioned. At once

beautiful and terrible is this quiet pool. I regard Blesi with its contents as itself worth a visit to Iceland."

At Mývatn, in the north of Iceland, in the neighbourhood of some hot springs, there is a natural grotto, that has been rendered more convenient by being fitted up with the lava found in its vicinity. Two apertures in the floor of the grotto exhale a very hot and moist vapour, which, however, is neither unhealthy nor of a disagreeable colour. The inhabitants make use of this vapour bath by sitting on the ground. A similar bath is to be found near the Geyser, the only difference being that the grotto is replaced by a mud hut.

At Reykir, in Ölves, there is a hot spring, also called Geyser, remarkable for the regularity of its eruptions, which take place every third hour, though in respect to grandeur they are not at all comparable to those of its namesake. In the neighbourhood of this Geyser there is also another very remarkable spring called Seydir. Its funnel does not contain any water, but a thick steam issues from it, the heat of which is so great, that the inhabitants can easily cook in it their milk, fish, and meat. They say that their victuals are dressed by it as quickly as in the water of the boiling springs, and that they receive no peculiar taste or smell from the steam, which itself has no sulphurous odour, though some sulphur vapour issues with it.

The use which my countrymen make of these hot springs is limited to cooking their food and washing their clothes. In some places, also, where these springs are only lukewarm, or where they can conveniently be mixed with cold water, they are used for bathing. I have no doubt that they might be turned to some more profitable use. I know, for instance, that some hot springs near the sea in the west of Iceland were used for making sea-salt, which I believe answered very well; and I think it was owing merely to the want of energy on the part of those who had to manage the salt making that it was discontinued after some time.

Two-thirds of Iceland—namely, the interior of the island—is not inhabited, except by foxes and reindeer, for it is either covered with everlasting snow and so-called ice mountains, or with immense lava tracts and volcanoes, some parts of which never, perhaps, have been penetrated by any human being. The largest of these deserts is Odádahraun (the lava of evil-doers). As yet this extensive lava tract has been very little explored, and therefore it has been a common belief, even to this day, that it is inhabited by the progeny of criminals who had made their escape into the deserts, and held no intercourse with the rest of the inhabitants of the island—hence the name, "the lava of evil-doers."

One-third part of Iceland is reckoned to be inhabited—viz., all around the coast. This part consists of plains covered with fine and luxuriant grass, which supplies excellent food for sheep, cows, and horses, either as pasture or hay; also of some tracts of heather, and moors. All around the coast, except on the south side, there are a great number of bays and firths running into the interior, many of which afford a good shelter and safe harbour for vessels. Most of these firths, especially in the north-western and eastern parts of the island, are surrounded by high and rocky mountains, which at a distance look like gigantic towers; the peaks of some are so sharp that there is scarcely room to stand upon them, and the ridges of the mountains dividing the firths are in several places so narrow that one can actually stride across them. From the end of the firths and bays there are generally inhabited valleys going up the country, watered by rivers rich in salmon and trout. Some of these rivers are 100 miles long. There are also several fresh-water lakes in Iceland rich in salmon and trout. The best known of these lakes are Thingvallavatn and Mývatn.

The Red Sea.—III.

BY JAMES WARD.

FROM BOMBAY TO KOSSEIR.

We left Bombay in an Arab vessel which hoisted a single broad sail, and, after a little time, we got fairly out to sea. The trading vessels of the Arabs on the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea are, for the most part, rude in construction and antique in appearance. The Arab dislikes change, and rigidly adheres to the rules of navigation which his ancestor observed two thousand years ago. We can imagine that the vessels which carried the rich freights of India for the Ptolemies, the Roman prefects, and the Arabian caliphs of Egypt, were the same in structure as those which are to be met with at the present day at any considerable port of the Red Sea. Most of these craft have a lofty, broad stern, which is unmanageable in wearing; an enormous sail, on a heavy yard of immense length, which is tardily hoisted by the efforts of some fifty men on a stout mast, placed a little before midships, and raking forwards; a head bow, without any bowsprit; and, on the poop, a mizen uselessly small, with hardly canvas enough for a fishing-boat.

A vessel of this kind may frequently be seen sailing up the Red Sea, sometimes laden with cotton, the bales of which are piled on her decks to a height at once awkward and unsafe. Providence, however, in whom all Mahommedans have implicit confidence, as being the especial protector of the merchant—the friend of mankind—is exclusively relied upon; and thus, from year to year and from age to age, with favourable and gentle gales, over a sometimes serene and pleasant sea, these Arab traders sail, as their forefathers have done before them, with a peaceful feeling of security, which, however, frequently proves a delusion and a snare.

The interior arrangements, and the scene on board, when these vessels are actively employed, are deserving of a passing sketch, as they throw a peculiar and indirect light upon the Arab character. Under the poop deck is one cabin aft, with stern windows, and one forwards, with two ports of a side; this last is open to the front. The after-cabin, in the vessel to which our description applies, was the harem; the starboard side of

the larger was occupied by a son of the owner, a young Arab of Mocha, a Persian gentleman, and his son—a boy; the larboard side, with no other separation than some trunks abaft, and the wheel forward (the steering being below), was our pleasant berth. The poop presented a livelier scene; on the after-part were four Hindoo traders bound to Aden; on the starboard side forward sat our grave captain, and behind him a Turkish merchant from Mosul. On the other side were four Persians—two from the north of Persia, one from Cabul, and the other from Cashmir. The crew lay scattered over the bales in front, all boasting themselves Arabs, but differing greatly in features and complexion—the coarse gathering of such mariners of Africa and Arabia as settle at the ports, and man the vessels of either shore of the Red Sea. Four Siddi men and two boys, black as polished ebony, were the cooks and musicians. Two servants and two slave boys of the Persian gentleman, and an Indian pilgrim from beyond the Ganges, made up in all about seventy souls. These were mostly pilgrims bound for Mecca.

On the twelfth day we came in sight of the high land of Arabia, which was nearly shrouded from our view. The rising sun, however, soon showed the desolate coast—

"Barren and bare; unsightly, unadorned;"

no grass upon the rocks, no flowers on the heath, no shrub, no bird, no look of life. Cape Morebat was the point we first made, and we coasted it then to the Bay of Aden, making, in succession, the land of Fartakh, Siout, Bogashoua, and Makallah. Near the last spot we did see a boat or so stealing along the shore; but the main features of the coast were uniformly dark, waste, and wild. The rocks are not very lofty, but black, and scorched at their summits; here, craggy and broken with the waves dashing at their base; there, smoother, with brown and arid sides, and with beds and belts of yellow sand below. Such is the aspect, from the sea, of Arabia; and for 1,800 miles, from the point we first sighted to the shores of Midian in the Gulf of Akaba, there is very little variety. Arabia, however, although externally unattractive, can justly pride itself upon Yemen and its sparkling springs; of her frankincense and precious gums, her spices and coffee berries, her luscious dates and her honey of the rock; but the streams which descend from those fertile regions never reach the sea—they are drunk up by the sands; and the long line of coast, with a few exceptional spots, where some pastoral tribes have dug a well, is but a burning solitude. We landed our Hindoo passengers at Aden, which presents a very different aspect now compared to what it did a quarter of a century ago; the scenery is of a wild, savage, and desolate character, the rocks being ragged in their outline, and sterile on their surface.

Before we took possession of Aden, in 1840, to make it an important link in our great chain of communication with India and our more remote possessions, it was a miserable place, consisting of a small number of mud huts covered with mats, and containing about 600 inhabitants. It is now a flourishing place of trade, containing upwards of 24,000 inhabitants, and surrounded with gardens and orchards. A few more years of security and commercial activity and enterprise will, in all probability, make Aden one of the great emporia of the East. Such is the constant cycle of events in that ancient quarter of the world. Empires come and go like shadows; cities disappear from the map; all but their tradition vanishes. The same spot of earth witnesses the waxing and waning of several successive births of human pride or industry, yet Man remains unchangeable all the while.

Aden is built at the eastern end of a mountain called Jebel Shamsan, which rises to 1,776 feet above the level of the sea, and is connected with the mainland in a similar manner to Gibraltar. The harbours of Aden are considered the best on the Arabian coast. The small harbour near the town is divided into two small bays by a rocky and fortified island called Sirah, which is about 430 feet high, and commands the harbours and town. Of late years, the small creek which used to separate the island from the mainland has been filled up, so that at low water it is now joined to the coast. The anchorage in the bay is very regular, and a vessel may choose her own position in from five to ten fathoms' water. The other harbour, which is called by seamen the "Back Bay," lies west of the peninsula, and has on the eastern side of its entrance another mass of rocks, called Jebel Hassan, which rises 1,237 feet above the sea. The entrance between these two masses is nearly four miles wide.

Aden has long been known as an *entrepôt* of commerce. It is mentioned in the "Periplus." It was eagerly struggled for by the Portuguese in the fifteenth, and by the Turks in the sixteenth centuries. During the eighteenth century it was mostly governed by native chiefs. In the hands of our countrymen it is yearly becoming more and more important. The Anglo-Indian mail makes Aden one of its chief coaling stations. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company convey the mails twice a month from Southampton to Alexandria; they are thence transmitted to Suez, from which place the East India Company's steamers convey them to Bombay, and the Oriental Steam Company to Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta, as also to Singapore, Hong Kong, and Batavia. The mails to Australia are likewise sent by the Oriental Company's vessels. We have therefore a large fleet of steamers, which keep up a continuous line of intercourse between ourselves and our Indian possessions, and thence with our rich and varied settlements in the eastern archipelago.

It was a bright and beautiful day when, with a fine fair breeze, we sailed through Bab-el-Mandeb, or the Gate of Tears, for thus the Arabs name those narrow straits at the mouth of the Red Sea, regarded by their early navigators as so perilous, and so often, indeed, fatal to their inexperience.

Passing the Perim Isles, we ran, with full sail, down upon Mocha. The seaport is strongly fortified. The town, at the first glance, looks clean and cheerful; the houses are lofty, and have a square, solid appearance. The roadstead is almost open, being only protected by two narrow spits of sand, on one of which is a castellated structure, and on the other an insignificant fort. A date grove adjoins the city, and extends nearly two miles along the southern beach—a pleasing object for the eye to repose upon, which is soon fatigued with gazing in any other direction by one unvarying picture of brown and desolate sterility, there being all round the shore a hot and sandy waste. The principal trade of the town is in coffee of the finest quality, which is rather largely exported to Djiddah, Suez, and Bombay. Other exports are dates, gums, balm, ivory, and senna.

The turban and the loose garment are as characteristic of the Arabian as they are of Indian cities. Yet Bombay and

Mocha vary both in fashion and in material. There are in both brown and black complexions—

"Dusk faces, with white silken turbans wreathed;"

but they differ both in feature, form, and gesture from each other. Under the coarse awnings of the narrow bazaars of Mocha you meet the well-dressed and well-to-do merchant, in a robe of woollen cloth, and from above the folds of the snow-white turban you see a red woollen cap, with a tassel of purple silk. At almost every step you meet the dark, half-naked Abyssinian, with a nose sufficiently prominent to give expression to his features, and having his curled woolly hair dyed with a reddish-yellow, the foppish fashion of his country. Then comes the Bedouin, the child of the desert, with his agile and sinewy limbs, his eye dark and fiery. His small turban, his close-bodied vest, and his coarse sash, are all of dull colours; his arms and legs are bare; his brown bosom is open to the sun and wind; sandals are on his feet; a broad two-edged sword is in his hand, and a long and ready poniard in his girdle. For the cold night wind he has a cloak of goats' hair, black or white, or made in long, broad stripes of both colours. He walks erect, and moves directly to his front, giving place to none. He looks, and he can fairly boast that he is personally free; and, although the happiness of Arab life is more ideal than real, it is impossible to look without a certain amount of admiring wonder on men who contentedly proclaim the sandy plain and naked rock their patrimony, having no dwelling but the tent, no intrenchment but the sword, no law but the traditionary song of their poets, and no government but the aged sheikh of their tribe.



PARSEE OF BOMBAY.

The bazaars in Arabian cities of note are always attractive; and all classes of people are drawn to them to supply their common necessaries, whether for food or for clothing. At Mocha we observed the long strings of camels and asses, the large coarse sheep of Abyssinia, the small thin species of Arabia, and the tall brown goats. The shops of the armourers, also, with their long, polished sword-blades, daggers, spears, and matchlocks, were equally attractive to the stranger. The cook-shops, with their hot cakes of bread, and their large coppers with portions of meat and fowl swimming in ghee, and ready for the traveller, were not to be passed by with indifference. Nor were the caravanseries and coffee-houses, with groups of townsmen and traders reclining on couches of the date leaf, smoking their small hookahs, sipping their kishu, and perpetually stroking their long beards, to be passed by without special notice. The houses are mostly built of coral stone, and of sun-baked brick, whitewashed; they have a central court, a terraced roof, and a divan window; that is, the recess filled by a low seat, which, covered with a carpet and provided with cushions, is the place of honour. All the houses, however, in the suburbs of Mocha are built of a matting or thatch of the strong leaves of the date tree, and they have a very neat and compact appearance, especially when new. They are all circular, with walls of a good height, and a conically rising top. There are three suburbs—one occupied by common Arab labourers, one by Abyssinian mariners and traders of the Mahommedan persuasion, and one—a small, separate, avoided cluster—by an oppressed and shrinking race, a remnant of the tribe of Jews.

It was a thirteen days' run from Mocha to Djiddah, the navigation being intricate, the shoals of coral numerous, but the waters as smooth and clear as pilot could desire. The sea at night-time was brilliant with coruscations, and by day we could clearly mark the coral—here in large masses of honeycombed rock, there in light branches of a pale red hue—and the beds of green sea-weed, and the golden sand, and the shells, and the fish sporting round the vessel and making colours to the eye of a beauty which is not their own.

Having run in at a point called Ras-el-Askar, we observed some slopes rising from the shore, and a plain spreading beyond, which was thinly covered with herbage that seemed to struggle for existence against the barren soil it broke from but did not make verdant. A camel or two, a few straggling cattle, some goats, and the form of a man apparently in charge of them, soon attracted our attention. On gaining the top of the

slopes we saw, about two miles off, a cluster of tents and huts, large herds of cattle, and many camels; within a few hundred yards of us, a flock of goats, a goatherd and child, a few stray camels, and a herdsman or two, advancing in other directions. We thought it prudent, however, to withdraw to our vessel, as the captain told us that the Arabs there encamped were a dangerous and treacherous race. We sauntered, however, on the yellow beach, where the large oyster-shells lay in numbers, or from the higher bank looked wistfully on the distant scene of life and habitation. The grazing camel, at that hour when the desert reddens with the setting sun, is a fine object to the eye which seeks and feeds on the picturesque—his tall, dark



ARABS FISHING.

form, his indolently leisure walk, his ostrich neck, now lifted to its full height, now bent slowly and far around, with a look of unalarmed enquiry. You cannot gaze upon him without, by the readiest and most natural suggestions, reverting in thought to the world's infancy—to the times and possessions of the shepherd-kings, their tents and raiment, their journeyings and settlings. The scene, too, in the distance, and the hour—eventide—and the singular majesty of that dark, lofty, and irregular range of rocky mountains, which ends in the black cape of Ras-el-Askar, formed a combination not easily forgotten.

We made the harbour of Djiddah easily, as we had a coasting pilot on board, who ran us directly in, though the approach for ordinary vessels is considered dangerous. The coral reefs are numerous and covered with water, the passages between them narrow, nor are these free from detached and sunken rocks. The aspect of the population at Djiddah differs much from that of Mocha; there are more well-dressed people, better shops; instead of the thin flat cakes there are small loaves of good wheaten bread; the coffee-houses are more numerous and of a better appearance. The buildings are in general of coral stone, and some are spacious and handsome; the latticed woodwork of the windows is ornamentally carved and has a pretty effect. Not a Bedouin was to be seen. This port is one of the principal points of disembarkation for pilgrims from Africa to the holy place—Mecca. On going out at the Medina Gate we found ourselves at once in the sandy and cheerless desert, dotted over with a small number of Arab tents, which are made of goats' hair, and have a most dreary effect. These few Arabs had come down from their tribe for the purposes of traffic. The camel and the goat were browsing near them. We walked back to the town, and entered it by the Egyptian Gate—a small, rude, and insignificant entrance.

On leaving Djiddah we had a narrow escape of being run upon a large and dangerous coral reef. The wind blew rather fresh, the men were slow and awkward in taking-in sail, and we ran past a little entrance in the reef so narrow that we had nothing to spare. We lay all night in a most insecure anchorage, very far out from the land, and closely surrounded on all sides by rock and shoal.

Having passed Moilah, and visited the Gulf of Akaba, where we lay at anchor for several hours, we stretched across the gulf and laid-to near an island called Tirahn. When the sun set we again weighed, and ran over to the Egyptian coast, passing the Straits of Tubal. It was late ere we lay down to

rest, and when the morning dawned we were close under the land, bearing up for Kosseir, in which harbour we soon came to anchor. This place is the port of Upper Egypt, a large grain depôt, and may be termed the Mark Lane of the Red Sea. It lies in 26° 20′ north lat. Kosseir is 260 miles from Suez, 525 miles from Souakim, the port of Nubia, 119 miles from Kenneh on the Nile, and 155 miles from the ancient city of Thebes.

Kosseir is a rather poor-looking place, but its markets are well supplied. You can drink the water of the Nile, which is highly esteemed from its peculiar and pleasant taste. The water at Cape Coast Castle is equally prized, but it is not so turbid as the Nile water is. The dress of the people is dull—the capuchin brown common to the Fellahs of Egypt—and almost every one carries a long pipe in his hand. A few merchants who frequent the port, and a sprinkling of the pasha's soldiers, enliven the bazaar, contribute to the support of a respectable coffee-house, and account for the existence of a commodious mosque built of stone.

The Caucasus.—VII.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, M.A., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS AND BASHAN."

ARARAT.

THE most important, and in fact indispensable excursion for any traveller who has vigour enough to penetrate thus far into Asia we have left to the last. Although in the clear Armenian atmosphere the hoary head of Ararat seems, from the streets of Erivan, almost close at hand, the base of the mountain is in reality twenty-five miles distant. The Cossack outpost of Aralykh, situated at the precise point at which the lower slopes merge in the plain, forms a convenient starting-point for those who wish to ascend or visit the world-famed summit. In ordinary seasons it is only necessary to drive to Kamirlu, the second station on the Nakhitchevan road, where the postmaster will provide horses to take the traveller to Aralykh. The passage of the Araxes, generally made easy by a ferry-boat, becomes in winter or after heavy rains a matter of difficulty, and communication between the two banks is sometimes entirely broken off. Such was the case at the time of our first visit to Erivan, and it was not until our return from Tabreez that the river, though still in flood, was considered passable.

A bare flat common separates Kamirlu from the Araxes, the principal body of which flows in a deep, steep-banked bed, which nothing but a boat could cross; now, however, the swollen waters had filled two smaller channels, each about the size and depth of the branch of the Thames so familiar to Etonians as "Cuckoo Weir." An English postboy would never dream of driving through such an obstacle, but telegas are in some sort amphibious animals, and not easily drowned; so if the traveller remains passive, the attempt will probably be made with success.

The ford of the Araxes beneath Ararat under such circumstances is a scene of picturesque confusion and uproar, such as no description can adequately represent, but which those who have seen will always recall as one of the most extraordinary reminiscences of their travels. The landscape which forms the background must first be pictured—a broad, brown, treeless plain, surrounded by barren ranges. In front towers the enormous bulk of Ararat, its head half hidden by the thunder-clouds which are wont to gather round it; in the northern distance the two sharp rock-peaks of Alagoz contrast with the more rounded outlines of the neighbouring summits. Despite its magnificence, the vast scale and barren character of the scenery produce a melancholy impression on the mind. The earth's surface seems bald, wrinkled, and venerable, the life of the land appears to have been exhausted in long-past ages, and we feel the absolute contrast with the idea of youthful vigour which a richly-wooded landscape carries with it.

But, if in the Armenian highlands the picturesque element is rarely found in Nature, it is abundantly supplied in man. Nowhere could wilder or more fantastic groups be found than those formed by the Kurdish families who, with their flocks and herds, are now detained at the ford. A second stream, too deep for even a telega to venture into, bars our progress. On either bank are collected a crowd of Kurds, some engaged in transporting their effects on a fragile raft, while others compel the flocks to swim the stream. Heaps of their household goods, such as gaudily-painted chests, mats of wicker work, and Persian carpets, are already piled on the shore under the guardianship of gigantic dogs. Each time the raft returns with a fresh lading, half a dozen bright-eyed Kurdish maidens, adorned with long elf locks, and dressed in round caps and loose jackets and trousers, plunge into the water, and pulling the frail craft to land, unload the cargo. The men—picturesque creatures, with red handkerchiefs on their heads and an armoury of old weapons in their waistbands—are, from the further bank, urging the sheep and lambs into the water with screams and pistol-shots. The flock at last forced to the brink, a strong sheep is thrown in as leader, and the rest follow. Meantime boys, stark naked, and supporting themselves on inflated skins, swim out to the rescue of the younger lambs, some of which have a hard struggle with the swift current, while the lithe-limbed girls, up to their knees in water, assist to land the little animals on the bank. Long-necked camels, indulging in ungainly repose, view the confusion around with an air of disgust, and with uneasy patience await their turn to cross. The raft to which we are expected to confide our fortunes is of the most primitive construction; a few feebly-fastened hurdles buoyed on skins form the fabric, which is propelled by a pole rudely flattened at the end. The passage—perilous chiefly in appearance—safely effected, we have only to carry our baggage to the regular ferry in charge of some Cossacks, who guard the passage, and will give what help they can to the traveller armed with an introduction to their colonel, to whose abode, already visible in the distance, some of them will gallop off to give notice of our approach.

Aralykh consists of a row of white cottages and one good house, which was tenanted in 1868 by a courteous and hospitable Cossack colonel—one of the pleasantest Russians we met with in Transcaucasia; for he did not reserve his hospitality for those of his own cloth, but proved ready to extend it to the uniformless and undecorated stranger.

At this point let us pause for a moment, and gather together what scraps of information we possess concerning the famous mountain we are about to visit. Every one has been familiar from childhood with the name of Ararat in connection with the Deluge and the history of Noah. It seems, however, by no means certain that "the mountains of Ararat," of which we read in Genesis, are the same as the volcanic peaks now before us. In early times Ararat was the name of a province, and the word is used in this sense (2 Kings xix. 37), where the sons of Sennacherib are stated to have fled "into Ararat," an expression, for which our translators have rather needlessly substituted "Armenia." The "kingdom of Ararat" is also one of those summoned by Jeremiah to the destruction of Babylon, and the name seems in the Bible to be applied generally to that portion of the Armenian highlands which borders on Mesopotamia. The weight of ancient traditions may perhaps be alleged in favour of the modern Ararat, but even this is more divided than is commonly supposed. Some ancient writers identify a comparatively low mountain on the banks of the Tigris as that on which the Ark rested, while others wander still further in their search. We will not enter into the arguments which have been brought forward to prove that in this case, as in so many others, tradition has done her best to find a scene worthy of the occasion; and that the same tendency, which has raised Prometheus from a crag overlooking the Euxine to the snows of Kazbek, has uplifted Noah's Ark to the summit of the only pedestal which the veneration of the surrounding nations deemed worthy to bear it.

The man, however, will be bold indeed, who at Erivan or Etschmiadzin ventures to suggest any such doubts as to the claims of the sacred mountain, which, as the centre and symbol of their native land, has always been an object of religious veneration to the Armenians. According to their chroniclers, the name Massis, which they substitute for Ararat, is derived from Amassis, sixth in descent from Japhet, and a former ruler of the surrounding regions; the loftier summit, on which the Ark still rests, is the centre of the world; Balaam was at first a dweller on the mountain; and on its lower peak twelve noble seers were keeping watch, when a wonderful star rose in the East, and conducted the three who followed it to Bethlehem of Judæa.

Since the days of Noah few human beings have gained the highest point of Ararat. Of one of the first modern ascents, Sir John Maundeville gives an amusing account:—

"And there is another mountain called Ararat, but the Jews call it Taneez, where Noah's ship rested, and still is upon the mountain, and men may see it afar in clear weather. That mountain is full seven miles high; and some men say, that they have seen and touched the ship, and put their fingers in the hole where the devil went out when Noah said, 'Benedicite!'* But they that say so speak without knowledge: for no one can go up the mountain for the great abundance of snow which is always on that mountain both summer and winter, so that no man ever went up since the time of Noah, except a monk, who by God's grace brought one of the planks down, which is yet in the monastery at the foot of the mountain. This monk had great desire to go up that mountain, and so, upon a day he went up; and when he had ascended the third part of the mountain he was so weary that he fell asleep, and when he awoke he found himself lying at the foot of the mountain. Then he prayed devoutly to God that he would suffer him to go up, and an angel came to him and said he should go up; and so he did. And since that time no one ever went up. Wherefore men should not believe such words."

* An allusion to a mediæval legend.

All doubts as to the accuracy of our fellow-countryman's information are happily set at rest by the fact of the identical "plank" or fragment of the Ark being still preserved among the treasures of Etschmiadzin. Since this monk's time no climber has been sufficiently fortunate to secure a similar relic, and but few have succeeded in conquering Ararat, although many attempts, some of them under official patronage, have been made. A Turkish pasha from Bayerzid once set to work, as seriously as a pasha could, to ascend the mountain, and even went so far as to offer a reward to any one who would accomplish the feat for him. The two best known, however, among the successful ascents, owing to the detailed accounts which have been published of them, are those of the German, Parrot, in 1829, and of the Russian general, Chodzko, who led a large expedition against Ararat in the autumn of 1850.

We may now return to our own experiences, and set forth the necessary preparations for a visit to Ararat at the present day. Our arrangements, thanks to the friendly offices of the Cossack colonel, did not prove as difficult as might have been expected. The number of attendants thought necessary was certainly alarming; our horses were hired from Persians who insisted on accompanying them, while the only people acquainted with the mountain, and supposed to be capable of acting as guides, were Kurds, a body of whom, headed by an old sheikh of noble manners, was placed at our disposal. We consequently set out with an imposing cavalcade. The lower slopes of Ararat are sterile and monotonous; their surface is covered with short coarse grass strewn with volcanic boulders. After a gradually steepening ascent of several thousand feet, the more broken ridges of the middle zone of the mountain are reached, and the ride becomes more interesting. This region is covered with luxuriant herbage, and watered by springs, in the neighbourhood of which numerous Kurdish families pitch their tents at the commencement of summer. The upper portion of the valley, or recess between the two Ararats, is frequently used as a camping-ground by a portion of the garrison of Erivan, to whom it affords a cool and healthy retreat from the burning sun of the Araxes valley. In past times it has been occupied by a more permanent population. During his ride the traveller may be puzzled by the references of his Kurdish companions to "the village." When the spot known to them by this name is reached, the eye at first fails to discover any trace of human habitation. Certain holes in the earth are presently discovered, and prove the entrances to a subterranean warren, similar in character to many of the modern mountain villages of Armenia. Who were the former inhabitants of these cheerless holes we failed to discover; but there was nothing to make us suppose them of any antiquity.

Arrived at this point—only five hours from Aralykh—the escort consider their first day's work completed, and propose to spend the night; the energetic traveller, knowing that he is still too far from the final peak to have much chance of reaching its summit next day, naturally wishes to push further; but a string of most excellent reasons will be urged against this course—one of the Kurds has gone off to a neighbouring encampment of his countrymen to buy a sheep, and the rest must wait to eat it; another has gone for a tent, without which the hardy natives refuse to sleep out on the mountain. However annoying, in fine weather, such a delay may be, it will probably be the best course to acquiesce in their plans; our experience illustrates the difficulties entailed by resisting them. Having bivouacked exactly at the snow level (at the time of our visit about 8,500 feet), we set out at midnight on the 8th June, 1868, a party of three, consisting of two Englishmen and a Chamouni guide, to make a dash at the 8,500 feet which still separated us from the wished-for summit.

A brilliant moon was shining on the surrounding snows, and faintly illuminating the depths of the valley beneath, as we clambered over the long and tolerably level ridge which offers an obvious route to any one approaching from the east the base of the Great Ararat. On our right lay a deep hollow, which seemed made for a glacier, but contained only deep beds of snow. The ridge led us to the foot of the huge cone at a point whence it was easy to climb by a bank of rocks to the rocky teeth, conspicuously seen against the sky line by any one looking at Ararat from Erivan or Kamirlu. It is, however, only when the snow is hard frozen that climbers should take to these rocks, which before long become so broken as to offer very difficult climbing, and cause considerable delay. While slowly scaling this part of the mountain, I yielded to sickness and fatigue.



ARMENIAN LADY.

and left my companion and the Chamouni guide to continue the ascent.

The scenery of the cone, seen from below, threatens to be somewhat monotonous; but crags, which from the valley are scarcely visible, are found on nearer approach to be rent into pinnacles and towers of the most fantastic forms. The ridge which the climbers were following soon became narrow and broken, the precipices on its left were now tremendous, and a rocky cock's-comb ridge, like that of Monte Rosa, had to be crossed to regain the upper snow-slopes. The top was still 3,000 feet distant—the height of Mont Blanc above the Grand Plateau—and all depended upon the state of the snow; under favourable circumstances, three hours might have sufficed to crown the enterprise. Unluckily, the slopes were too hard frozen to be climbed without the aid of steps cut with the axe, and the only rocks which protruded were jagged and disconnected crags. To complete the discomfiture, our Chamouniard's strength here failed him, and my friend was left to persist in the attempt unaided and alone. It is difficult to imagine a wilder situation than that of a solitary man laboriously engaged in working his way up the endless slopes of the great Armenian mountain; Balmat on Mont Blanc was scarcely in a position to feel so keenly his isolation. The work was severe, and the climber, from cutting at first fifty steps at a time, fell gradually into more frequent halts. During these his eyes ranged over nearly the whole extent of Transcaucasia and half Western Persia, while close at hand clustered the mountain-masses of Kurdistan—unfinished monuments thrown off by Nature in her most Michael Angelesque mood. But as fatigue began to tell, and the halts grew more and more frequent, the weather, hitherto fine, showed signs of change; dark mists hid the silver threads which had marked the course of the Araxes and the infant Euphrates, and ominous growls of thunder sounded amongst the mountains of Lake Van. No one not weary of life would wish for a solitary encounter with a thunder-cloud on the summit of Mount Ararat. Success had been at least richly deserved, it could not be commanded. At midday the summit was still out of reach, and the storm rapidly gathering round the mountain. After taking careful note of the contorted lava crags around him, by which to recognise from below the point he had reached, my friend turned his back on the summit, and descending swiftly in his old footsteps, and picking up the Chamouniard on the way, he rejoined me after about six hours' absence. The clouds had before this enveloped the cone, and we found our way to one another by shouting through the mists, which soon condensed and gave birth to a violent storm. There is nothing to tell in the remainder of the adventure, the renewal of which was prevented by my subsequent illness, and the continued bad weather of a spring pronounced by the universal consent of the oldest inhabitants the worst ever known in Armenia.



ARMENIAN BAGGAGE ANIMAL.

Every Swiss climber is aware that longer ascents than that which we attempted may be successfully accomplished in the day; our failure was owing to two reasons—the peculiar condition of the snow, and our own want of training. At the time of our visit, the snow level, after a winter of exceptional severity, was as low as 8,500 feet; in the autumn it is between 14,000 and 15,000 feet. The increased difficulty of the ascent is easily estimated. Still, even under such unfavourable circumstances, one of the party got within 1,000 feet of the top, and was stopped only by the accidental hardness of the snow; if two of us had been well, and able to relieve each other in the task of step-cutting, success would have been a certainty. Unfortunately, a previous drive of 800 miles in springless carts, and a series of nights spent on bare boards—about the worst training conceivable for a mountain climb—had produced their natural effect, and only one proved equal to the sudden strain set on our physical endurance.

If the mountain nearly fell before so hasty and ill-timed an attack, it is evident how easy a prey it must be to any determined attempt in the autumn months, when only 3,000 feet of snow rest upon its brow; the want of energy of the Russians, and the superstitious fears of the Kurds and Armenians, are the only reasons why the ascent is not repeated every season, as it would be if Ararat lay more within the beat of English vacation tourists. We will give, in conclusion, two words of advice to future travellers—sleep high; those who pass the night at a height of 11,000 to 12,000 feet—no great hardship in this latitude in the late summer—can scarcely fail to be rewarded by complete success. The class of climbers, however, who find the principal satisfaction of an ascent in boasting immediately afterwards of how they have "done the mountain," are warned to avoid Ararat; for so firm is the popular belief in the inviolability of the sacred summit that, even if they bring down the Ark itself to prove they have reached the top, they will not find a man in Armenia who will deign to listen to their story.

A Ramble in Peru.—II.

BY AUGUSTUS F. LINDLEY.

YAULI—the village at which we halted, after crossing the Cordilleras by the pass of Piedra Parada—we found to be a large, populous, and important place, though its situation was amongst the wildest and most sterile parts of the mountains looking down upon the *puna*, or table-land, which stretches between the two mighty ranges of the Cordilleras.

The cause that led to the establishment of Yauli at so elevated and singularly uninviting a position, was the discovery of argentiferous wealth in the whole region round about. The village consisted of some 400 or 500 huts and houses, many of which were literally crammed with people—containing a population of at least 10,000 or 15,000, most of whom were pure Indians, employed as miners in the extensive works stretching about in every direction.

Hundreds of shafts—many abandoned, and some few still being worked—penetrated to the bowels of the earth all over that uninviting and unutterably desolate region, even at the most unlikely and particularly out-of-the-way spots, so that walking became an undertaking of no slight danger at night to any one venturesome or insanely energetic enough to attempt it. Where the nature of the ground did not permit of shaft-sinking, tunnelling had been tried; in fact, the whole district was nothing more than a huge burrow, with thousands of wretched and forlorn human beings laboriously digging and delving, both day and night, in horrible subterranean cells and passages. In that region of perpetual snow, with its supremely bleak, desolate, and savage scenery, one could not but realise the Mohammedan's theory of Hades, and fancy those poor wretches the representatives of the lost souls, toiling away in an everlasting icy purgatory. The free miners were all Indians, but their stern taskmasters and overseers were of every mixed caste met with in that heterogeneously populated country, a large proportion of them being soldiers—a precaution very likely necessary, as great numbers of the labourers were convicts, doomed to toil in the mines for all sorts of periods, from one year to labour for life.

To live and work in deep and dismal caverns, excavated in the bowels of the earth, is a wretched and hard enough lot anywhere; but here, from the cold, the perpetual snow, the lifeless and depressing nature of the surrounding circumstances, the poor degraded miners do not live—they merely drag out with pain and toil a frightful and miserable existence.

The mines yield copper and lead ore, containing silver in varying quantity. Iron also exists in great profusion, but, from the want of fuel for smelting purposes, would not pay for the working. Gold has been found in some of the streams, but only in very small quantities. It is the copper and silver that constitute the great metalliferous wealth of Peru. Here and there, even at the highest altitudes amongst the mountains, the precious blue lodes of lead are to be seen cropping up in every direction, and at some places bright particles of blue silver are to be seen. If railways from the mines to the coast existed, and if coal could be discovered in their neighbourhood—the present great cost of smolting and transport being avoided—silver would soon decline in value, so inexhaustible are the deposits of it in the Cordilleras. Although many rich mines were being worked at the time of our "ramble," and richer have been discovered since, it is yet well known in the country that by far the richest veins are known only to the Indians, hardly one of whom in a generation ever betrays the secret. Fabulous and wonderful, reminding one of the hyperbolical rhapsodies of the early discoverers of the fondly-fancied El Dorado, seem the stories told of the hidden wealth. Its real existence has been proved, however, by the production at occasional intervals, under peculiar circumstances, during two centuries, of large masses of pure silver, by some Indian or another. Many of the richest mines now known have been revealed—either from motives of gratitude to some Spaniard who had rendered them a service, or from a desire to obtain the rewards always offered—by Indians of the Sierra. Still, it is a remarkable fact that, as a rule, the valuable secret is well kept, and nothing can tempt an aborigine to divulge his knowledge. The cause of this determined obstinacy and enduring secresy may be safely attributed to the frightful and inhuman barbarities the *conquistadores* practised upon the ancestors of these Indians, in order to compel their confession as to the locality of the rich silver deposits, which seem to have been known to them from time immemorial.

Amongst the stories we heard whilst staying at Yauli, was that of a poor Indian who lived by making rush mats, but who always paid the taxes levied upon him in masses of pure silver, obtained from some spot in the Sierra Nevada (an indefinite part of the Cordilleras) known only to himself. Time after time a watch was set upon him, and every expedient that ingenuity could invent was practised, but unavailingly; the Indian was too clever for his persecutors, and died without ever having given the slightest clue to his treasure-store. It is even declared that, in order to test the richness of his mine, a heavy fine was once imposed upon him. He disappeared for some days, and then came to pay the impost with a lump of silver weighing over fifty pounds! It is but a few years since this individual existed, so the story is not a mere tradition, many who knew him being yet alive.

One of the most singular tales among the many that were told us, was the following:—Some years ago, a young Spaniard adopted the scheme of trying to discover the silver secrets of the Indians by making love to one of their maidens. Without letting any one, except his family at Arequipa, know his plans, he set forth to the mountains. After wandering about for some time at various parts of the high table-land between the two mountain ranges, he fell in with an old Indian shepherd, who resided at a miserable little hut, his only companion being a beautiful young daughter. With them the cunning adventurer at once took up his abode, gaining their sympathies by a tale of woe as to fictitious persecutions he endured at the hands of their cruel masters, his own countrymen, the Spaniards, from whom he had fled. Of course the result was an attachment sprang up between the young people, and the Indian girl revealed to her lover the exact locality of a

rich silver mine, accompanying him to the spot, and assisting him to dig a hole, from which, at the depth of only a few feet, he took out several masses of the pure metal. Whilst they were so engaged, the girl's father made his appearance. Instead of appearing to be angered, he at once began to assist his false guest, even offering to point out still richer places. At length, heated with their work, they rested a moment; the old shepherd produced a bottle of water, offered a cupful to his companion, who eagerly swallowed it, and then left him under the pretence of going to obtain more. He had already sent his daughter away, and, as hour after hour fled without his return, the Spaniard, beginning to feel strange pains all over his body, felt that he had been poisoned. Hastily mounting his horse, and carrying some of the biggest lumps of silver that had been extracted, he galloped off to the nearest village, reaching it in time to narrate his story, and dying in great pain shortly afterwards. Nothing more was ever seen of either the old Indian or his daughter, and the search made for the place whence the silver had been obtained proved unavailing —not a trace of disturbance of the soil could anywhere be seen, neither could any ore be found by the numerous holes afterwards sunk in what, from the dying man's description, was supposed to be the locality.

Many large volumes could be filled with the wild, exciting, and extraordinary stories of mining adventure prevalent in Peru, where every one beyond the towns seems more or less affected with the mining and exploring mania. As before observed, the cruelties practised by the Spaniards excited a deadly and unforgiving hatred in the breasts of the poor Indians; but, at this day, they seem to keep their valuable secrets more from some superstitious and religious bond passed down from generation to generation, than from any present hatred of race, or fear of compulsory labour in the mines they might discover.

After remaining several days at Yauli, we moved off in the direction of Occobamba, a village on the eastern slope of the Cordilleras. Our object in this trip was the wish to reach a spot in the mountains, the watershed whence the rivers flowing opposite ways—those to the East and Atlantic, and those to the West and Pacific—could be seen at the same moment. Before starting, the Mayor of Yauli, who had kindly placed a comfortable hut at our disposal, warned us not to linger on the way, as a snow-storm was expected, in which it would be dangerous to be caught. As the excursion was expected to last from two to three days, and the way was over a desolate and uninhabited plateau, we took a good supply of provisions, a large waterproof sheet to form a tent at night, and a sufficient supply of charcoal for cooking purposes.

During the winter months we were told that rain, snow, and tempests were of daily occurrence; and as this not very agreeable period began in the month of November, whilst we were now in the middle of October, we did not loiter during our trip amongst those elevated mountain wilds. The first day passed off well enough, and early on the second we were gratified by the anticipated sight. Sure enough, from the summit of the lofty mountain we had climbed, waters flowing either way, to opposite sides of the continent, could be plainly discerned; and here, spread out before us in all the savage sublimity of that mighty mountain scenery, was the unmatched geographical problem of rivers from one mountain range flowing through a higher! Nearly all the rivers watering the eastern slope of South America take their rise in the western range, so having to pass through the still higher eastern chain, by various deep gaps and gorges, whilst no stream breaks the solid formation of the smaller range.

Clouds had been gathering since daylight, and the air had been getting colder; but we were quite unprepared for the startling suddenness with which, before we had proceeded half a mile on our return to Yauli, the storm burst forth. A peal of thunder, loud as all the artillery in the world, suddenly crashed above our heads with a deafening, almost stunning roar, rolling away in countless reverberations amongst the sombre mountains. With a power and fury inconceivable to any one who has not actually experienced it, the storm raged around us there, in the heart of the Cordilleras. That first mighty peal was the signal for the storm king to revel his wildest. Flash after flash of blue chain lightning darted and circled in every direction, rending the solid rocks, and ploughing up deep blackened furrows wherever it struck level ground. Meanwhile, the terrible awe-inspiring thunder rolled and rattled away in uninterrupted crashes. After the first large plashing drops of rain, the snow came down, lightly and tenderly at first—in striking contrast to the dreadful thunder and lightning with its quiet softness — but at length in a steady, heavy fall, quickly adding a ghastly whiteness to the other features of the storm, through which, on either hand, like great impending white phantoms, gleamed the mantled mountains. Startled from their most secret haunts, huge condors flew heavily past, glaring at us with their blood-red eyes, and imparting a weird, funereal influence to the already oppressive and alarming aspect of nature, by the slow and heavy flapping of their large wings—by their sudden spectre-like appearance from, and as abrupt disappearance into, the blinding clouds of snow.

Unable to travel on the way back to Yauli, even had it been possible to find it in the snow-storm, Pasco led us to a part of the plateau where, after a long search, which ended in the unpleasant knowledge that we had completely lost ourselves, and stood in no little danger of perishing in the snow—even supposing that we avoided destruction threatening us at every step in the shape of deep chasms and fissures—we accidentally came upon the object of his search. This proved to be one of those ancient and deeply interesting sepulchres of stone found at many places in the mountains; and which, besides having rendered some supposititious service to the dead, have not unfrequently been far more useful, as in our case, to the living. Many a belated traveller, caught in the furious storms of those inhospitable regions, has owed his life to the shelter afforded by these ancient tombs.

The building at which we had so providentially arrived was composed of large stones, the worn, weather-beaten, and honey-combed sides of which attested their great age, and stood about nine feet high by ten square, decreasing in size towards the top. Unpacking everything from the backs of our mules, whilst Pasco secured them behind the sheltered and leeward side of the sepulchre, we crawled within by the low door or opening, scarcely two feet high, on its northern side, and were soon followed by our guide, who quickly started a ruddy charcoal fire, and, despite the roaring of the tempest outside, in a snug, warm, and dry chamber about eight feet square, free from vermin, we were more comfortable than we had ever been since leaving Lima. We were safe enough apparently,

but, as the snow continued falling with unalterable determination, and gradually rose up higher and higher outside the low door, I began to fear that we might get blocked in, suffocated, buried alive, and so become very unwilling successors to the vanished mummies whose former home we occupied.

Unconcernedly Pasco resumed his occupation of stirring up the fire to make the kettle boil with a bone he had picked out of a corner, and which may once have been the *tibia* of some royal and prehistoric Peruvian, whose mummified remains had long since disappeared; the dried and royal head, perhaps, having experienced a like fate to that of many such antique human relics in those sepulchres, and gone as fuel to cook the victuals of some very unsentimental travellers, our predecessors. Looking at the window, I felt reassured with the thought that it would take a depth of at least seven feet of snow to cover it—a quantity very unlikely to fall in one night so early in the season, or to collect amidst the whirlwinds sweeping over the exposed plateau. It was, it is true, sepulchral entertainment; nevertheless, we made ourselves particularly jolly and comfortable that night—after a dinner of *tortillas*, jerked beef, potatoes, and wild pigeons, had been discussed—over our cigars, and cups of steaming coffee tinctured with a dash of *aguardiente*. Little did those who raised the singular structure in an unknown, distant, and mysterious age, ever imagine how the venerated tomb of their embalmed brethren would come to be desecrated by the impious presence of the strange, modern, Anglo-Saxon barbarians from afar! How sarcastical a moral did the very fact convey as to the vainness and utter impotency of the most cherished human ideas, and the most revered human works!

The very name of those who raised these sepulchres has been obliterated by the lapse of time. By some it is supposed that they were built by the Aymaras—Indian tribes believed to have peopled those parts before the time of the sun-worshippers; but there seems, to my mind, one fact which militates against the theory. The little square window found in each of these tombs invariably opens to the east, and the first beams of the rising sun always streamed through upon the faces of the mummy circle, all turned in that direction. This would appear to indicate either that the Aymaras were sun-worshippers, or that other people built the sepulchres. Everything connected with them is vague, uncertain, and indefinite. All that is known of their history is the undeniable fact that they were looked upon as extremely ancient even in the days of the Incas. At this time all are desecrated. Each once contained a dozen mummies, grouped together in a close death circle; but now, alas! these poor relics of humanity have either long since crumbled into dust, been turned into fuel by ruthless travellers in that woodless, coalless region, or carried off by impious *savans*, sit perched in sly corners of European museums to point a science and adorn a tale.



TRAVELLERS' SHELTER IN THE ANDES.

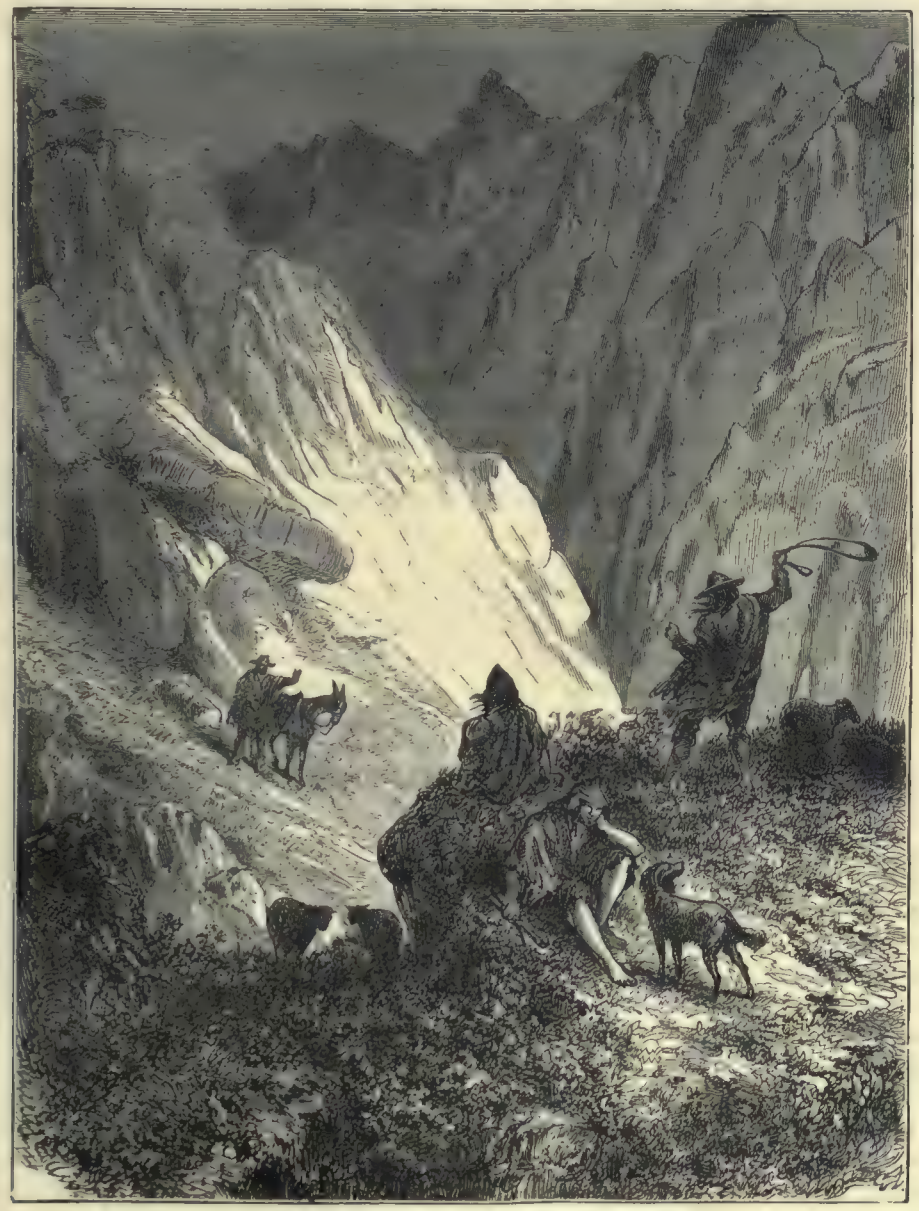
Long before morning the snow storm had ceased, and after breakfast we set forth upon our journey. Without experiencing any difficulty, except in descending to the table-land by a

rugged defile, we arrived at the village of Occobamba before noon. It was a wretched little place, containing about two hundred huts, some of wattle and mud, and a few of more respectable pretensions, being built with *adobe*, or sun-dried bricks. We hired and cleaned out one of the latter, and established ourselves therein.

The population of Occobamba consisted almost entirely of Cuzco Indians—a fine race of mountaineers, inhabiting the highest plateaux of Peru.

Our landlady was a buxom dame of thirty, rather tall, with plump, well-formed limbs, ruddy cheeks, a tawny complexion, luxuriant black tresses of the darkest hue, large, expressive, black eyes, and beautiful little feet, clad in small satin shoes, of which she seemed consciously proud, and took care to display most conspicuously. Her dress consisted of a white muslin jacket, which but faintly hid her exuberant charms, a huge padded petticoat of silk, and a long white muslin veil, descending from a comb at the back of her head, quite *à l'Espagnole*. In order to propitiate her, I began to praise her pretty little feet, having long since found out the weakest point of the women of Peru, but she received my flatteries with such evident goodwill and readiness as to alarm me, and cause my early subsidence into a discreet reticence.

The men were a tall, stalwart race, and both sexes presented not a little resemblance to the Mongolian type of face, with high cheek-bones long, lank hair, broadish noses, and rather oblique eyes; the men, too, had but scanty and straggling hair upon the face. Here is a problem for the ethnologists: Are the South American Indians descended from a distant immigration of Mongolian races? On being invited to partake of good cheer by the natives of Occobamba, they produced their national beverage, *chica*—beer made from maize, and which is nothing more nor less than the national drink of the Kaffirs, *jwarlar*, made of precisely similar mate-



PASS OVER THE CORDILLERA.

rial, having the same disagreeable yellow colour, thick consistency, and sharp, bitter taste. This *chica*, or, more properly, *kasava*, was the staple drink of the people even in the time of the Incas, and Captain Bedford Pim, R.N., has already, in one of his works, called attention to the probable philological connection between the American word and the Polynesian *kava*, supposed to be derived from the Sanscrit *kasya*—intoxicating beverages.

Most of the Cuzco and other Indian tribes now dress more or less as their conquerors, the Spaniards; but the *Indios bravos*, or wild Indians, retain their primitive garb, bunches of hair and feathers round their legs and arms and in their head-dresses, similar to the style of the Kaffirs. They also, in the same way, make their paths straightforward, in a direct line, over all sorts of obstacles, and never think to trace out as easy a road as possible.

Before returning towards Lima, we spent nearly a week in visiting different parts of the *puna*, or table-land, and not without experiencing several adventures with the wild denizens thereof. On one occasion, late in the evening, attracted by a tremendous screeching, croaking, and whistling sort of noise, proceeding from a secluded little gully between the hills, we cautiously approached the spot, and entered upon one of the strangest scenes it has ever been my lot to witness.

Around the bleeding carcase of a large sheep hundreds of birds of prey were furiously fighting. Some, in mid-air, were soaring up, suddenly swooping down, or gyrating on rapid pinion, keeping up a close combat, in short circles. Others—more especially the hideous, revolting turkey-vulture, with its red and warty bald head and throat, heavy, lazy, and bestial—hopping slowly along and helping themselves with their wings, were striking and tearing at each other with beak and claw, rolling over and over, now on the quivering prey, now upon the ground. Condors, hawks, kites, and the great black-headed vulture, with its hoarse doom-dooming cry, were congregated together, doing desperate combat, in incredible numbers. In fact, it was but seldom that we could catch a glimpse of their victim, in the centre of the confused whirling, tumbling, and rushing crowd, composed of the hundreds of birds of prey of every species peculiar to the country.

Venturing a little nearer, in order to obtain a better view of the extraordinary conflict, we were suddenly assailed by a couple of huge condors.

"Madre de Dios! look out, hombres! Take care your eyes!" roared Pasco, whirling his heavy staff in every direction round about his head.

It was well his warning came so promptly. In rapidly-narrowing circles, one of the great birds had suddenly approached me, and—even as he spoke, its blood-red eyes gleaming like fire, croaking savagely and hoarsely, and beating the air heavily with its huge wings—made a dash at my face, giving me but just time to raise my gun and pull the trigger. The next instant I was knocked down with the impetus and weight of the bird as it fell upon me, and rose up, covered from "clue to earing," as my captain nautically expressed it, with its warm blood. Having disposed of our other dangerous feathered assailant in an equally effective, though—to the writer—less unpleasant manner, the incredibly numerous collection of birds took to flight, frightened at the noise of our guns; though the hideous vultures did not go far, only shambling, hopping, and partly flying, with slow and heavy flaps of their sombre wings, to a short distance—hundreds of the revolting things remaining, black, forbidding, and anxious for our departure, in a dense and sinister array in every direction—the condors, and other flying monsters strong upon the wing, wheeling about safe and high overhead. The birds we had killed measured each about five feet from the tip of the beak to the end of the tail, and over twelve feet across their outstretched wings.

At the village of Allamo we heard that an *ounce*, or South American tiger, had been committing serious depredations amongst the flocks, and our proposal to hunt the brute was joyfully acceded to by the sufferers, whose courage rose at the sight of the sturdy, well-armed *gringos*. Accordingly, before daylight in the morning, the whole male population of the village, numbering nearly seventy lithe and active Indians, armed with bows and arrows, *machetes*, and long, quivering lances, with here and there a wonderful, almost pre-historic, flint-lock firearm of the blunderbuss or *trabuco* type, set out on foot, on muleback, and on horseback, for a strip of virgin forest descending a slope of the Andes, and which was known to be the haunt of the sanguinary monster we were after. I must not forget to mention that two or three of the Indians were armed with *lasso* and *bola*, although such strange weapons are not so general in Peru as in other South American States, the former of which came in very handy before the close of the day.

At the commencement of the expedition a very untoward incident occurred to throw a gloom over the whole party, and tended not a little to discourage our superstitious Indian companions, who we found were only too ready to accept any unpleasant event as a direct omen of ill.

We were skirting a marshy piece of ground, which the natives informed us was infested with a most deadly little viper, when one of the men suddenly rolled upon the ground, shrieking out that he had been bitten, and was a dead man. At the same instant the agile Pasco gave a crack with his long whip (which he always carried stuck in his belt, as the muleteers do), and stretched out dying, with a broken back, one of the very dangerous little snakes of which we had been warned, and out of whose way we had been trying to keep. Fortunately, both I and the captain carried a bottle of *eau de luce*, the strongest spirit of ammonia, in our pockets, and it was not the work of a moment to spring off the horses we were riding, and administer a powerful dose of the only certain antidote to the prostrate man. He had been bitten right on the instep, and the deadly nature of that small snake's poison may be guessed, when I say that even by the time we could get a tight bandage round his ankle, to stop the circulation of the blood and poison, his foot had turned almost black, and was already puffed up and swollen. In fact, we could actually see it swelling. The poor fellow, having seen the viper, gave himself up as dying, and could only mutter some indistinct messages for his wife and family, confused with a hasty Roman Catholic prayer in bad Spanish.

The viper was not more than ten inches long, with a flat, diamond-shaped, large head, a dirty brown in colour, with two rows of small black spots running along each side. I cannot now remember the local name by which it was known, but the Indians one and all positively declared that a man would die within two or three minutes after being bitten, unless the most powerful antidotes were instantaneously administered. This horrid little monster, it appeared, was also in the habit of

frequenting sugar plantations, where many deaths from its bite were of annual occurrence. The Indians informed us that they knew of but one antidote thoroughly efficacious, which was so difficult to obtain (being a very rare herb) as very seldom to be available. If a man happened to be bitten only on a finger or toe, and had the nerve, he instantly cut off the injured member, but even so vigorous a measure as this seldom saved his life.

Fortunately, our *eau de luce* took good effect, and the bitten man gradually became better in mind and body, so that, when half an hour had passed away in the most anxious suspense to himself, no doubt, most particularly, and to every one else generally, we were able to send him home on horseback, with two of his friends to attend him, and supply further doses of the strong ammonia according to our instructions. Then forward to the hunt we went; but it was long before our Indian companions shook off the gloom that had been cast upon them.

It was past midday when we arrived at the verge of the forest—a mighty, tangled mass of exuberant tropical vegetation. Just before reaching the low-lying valley clothed with this primeval forest, we came across some of the half-wild shepherds of the Sierra, as we passed through a rugged ravine cleaving asunder one of the towering spurs of the Titanic Andes. Wild, ferocious-looking, half-clad fellows were they; with ill-conditioned *serapes*, and battered, quite disreputable *sombreros*. I must confess that they strangely belied the rural felicity and gentle joys of Arcadia one is apt to associate with their class. I fear that the weary and belated solitary traveller who might chance to fall in with them would experience but villanous treatment. They are exceedingly skilful with the sling, which, besides the inseparable knife, or *machete*, forms their only weapon. With it they keep the formidable birds of prey, and the smaller wild animals, at a pretty respectful distance from their flocks, and even venture to repulse the *puma*, or South American lion; but when the fierce *ounce* puts in a hungry appearance, David's primitive weapon is abandoned, and it becomes a case of *sauve qui peut*. Three of these shepherds sat watching our approach, and one of them, funny fellow, amused himself by hurling stone after stone about our guide Pasco, who led the way, displaying his skill in something after the style of the Chinese knife-thrower, who sticks the keen blades round about some stolid human target, in the nearest proximity to that much-enduring companion's vitals, without actually touching him. Pasco did not like the fun, and yelled out savagely for his tormentor to desist; the latter, seeing our numerous calvacade appearing in the rear, and thinking, perhaps, that vengeance might be desired by his victim, bounded off up the hills to almost inaccessible crags, where goats could hardly have followed.

When we reached the forest, a portion of it was at once surrounded, and whilst half the party remained at the outskirts, watching the different glades and wild beast runs, or tracks, the others went into the dense bush as beaters.

Silent and watchful, we had been lying in close concealment for half an hour or so, when the beaters, having formed their cordon, began advancing towards our ambush, shouting and yelling at the top of their voices, and making the woods ring, echo, and resound with a most hideous din, to which the short, sharp, snappish bark of their numerous mongrel curs, hitherto restrained, contributed a fair share. Suddenly, as we crouched hidden by the long grass and thick bushes, gun in hand and finger on trigger, we heard the leaves rustling quickly and the twigs snapping in our front; the next moment, with a long, light, and graceful bound, a bare and clean-skinned *puma* made a leap into the open ground. Several arrows instantly struck him, but his appearance was so abrupt that I missed with both barrels, while my comrade only inflicted a slight wound upon the gaunt-looking, maneless lion. The poor brute proved to be a terrible coward. Howling and roaring with pain and fear, he turned tail without the slightest symptom of resistance, bounding back into the woods, and crashing away through the undergrowth as fast as ever he could go, with a whole pack of the yelping Indian curs at his heels.

Before we had reloaded our guns, a louder rustling was heard in the forest, and into the same glade sprang a huge and beautiful-coated *ounce*—the very monster, no doubt, of which we were in search. No sooner had the lithe and formidable king of feline brutes in South America alighted softly in our midst, and halted where he alighted, as though detecting our presence—lashing his sides with his long and tufted tail—than a volley of lances and arrows were hurled at him by the Indians, many taking effect, and impaling the savage animal.

With a succession of hoarse growls, the *ounce* dashed forward straight for where I and my commander were concealed.

"Steady, my boy, steady!" cried the captain, who had just reloaded, and stood up to take aim. "Let me fire first. Take your time; and, for God's sake, don't miss, or we're lost."

At the same instant crack, crack, went his double-barrel, and my sickly sensation of fear was relieved by the welcome sound, more especially when I saw the brute rolling over on the turf.

Getting a good aim, I fired at his belly, and the crimson gush that followed told I had succeeded.

The Indians sprang forth from the covert, shooting their arrows, and hurling their long spears. To our astonishment, however, the sorely-wounded beast suddenly got upon its feet, and before its swarming assailants, nimble and dexterous as they were, could get out of its way, two of them were dashed to the ground by its terrible paws, then, at a distance of less than ten paces, I sent my second ball into its head.

The jaguar, or *ounce*, was one of the largest that had ever been seen, its length, from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, being almost ten feet. Its tenacity of life was something wonderful; it was not fairly dead for more than half an hour, though literally riddled with wounds in every part of its body.

With strange, outlandish dances, the hunting expedition returned in triumph to the village, eight men bearing along the body of the prey, slung to a young sapling; whilst a more melancholy procession followed in the rear, carrying the two men wounded by the animals on hastily-constructed litters of cloaks and boughs.

We had attended to the injuries of the two unfortunates mangled by the *ounce;* one of them was not dangerously wounded, having only received a blow from the powerful brute's paw, which had cut open his shoulder to the bone. The other man was much more seriously injured, having been frightfully torn by the animal's teeth. I do not think it possible he can have lived more than a few days, though we never heard, having left the village on the morning subsequent to the hunt.

A Visit to Potsdam.

I LEFT Berlin for Potsdam at eight A.M. My guide round the palaces was a man who called himself the late king's barber, who had served him in that capacity for twenty-one years, and had from time to time shaved the chins of nearly all the sovereigns in Europe. He was at present, however, out of employ, and living on a pension, the insufficiency of which to support himself and family had driven him to the painful necessity of acting as *cicerone* to all the English *milords* and *miladies*, and he might have added, of fleecing them to the utmost extent of his abilities. Everybody is aware of the kind of understanding that exists between the guides and the servants one is obliged to fee; the palaces at Potsdam are but so many nests of them. But if you would avoid something of this, ascertain, before selecting from the host of guides that present themselves on your arrival at the railway station, which is the late royal barber, and then shun him. He is the most obsequious, honey-mouthed old time-server I ever had the misfortune to employ; and piece by piece, before you know what you are about, he has drawn all the loose cash out of your pockets for the benefit of himself, and the numerous gardeners and domestics with whom he is in league. To do him justice, however, he is a most entertaining old fellow, with a fund of anecdote in the day's round that would fill a volume; my caution, therefore, is only to those who do not care to throw away nearly a sovereign in petty fees.

The weather was lovely, and I announced my intention to his serene tonsorship of doing the whole round on foot; and it is just probable that his frequent demands on my purse were but a just retribution for my disregard of his poor old legs. Be that as it may, after escaping with some little difficulty from a troop of disappointed *droschky* men, we set forward briskly upon the long day's task before us—nine palaces to be seen in a circuit of fifteen or sixteen miles; it was really an awful undertaking; but of some of them I will content myself with a mere mention.

The Charlottenhof, the Neues Palais, the Marble Palace, and Sans Souci, all lie within the boundary of one enormous park. The first of these is a villa with summer-house, baths, and pretty gardens attached, all in the style of the Pompeian houses. In the baths are the king's billiard-table, a beautiful group in marble of Hermann and Dorothea, and Frederick the Great's wooden chair. The Neues Palais (now the summer residence of the Crown Prince—who has lately so grandly distinguished himself—and our Princess Royal) is a heavy brick building, erected by Frederick II., at the end of the Seven Years' War, "by way of bravado, to show his enemies that his finances were not exhausted." At least, so says "Murray;" but the royal barber, who seemed to take great pleasure in contradicting "Murray," declared it was out of spite to three ladies of the court, who taunted him with his empty purse, statues of whom, in revenge, he had placed in ridiculous attitudes on the top of the palace. The only attraction here is the monument of Queen Louisa, by Rauch, the result of fifteen years' labour at Berlin. It is far more highly finished than his other famous work on the same subject executed at Rome, and, if possible, the expression of the face is still more lovely. The artist repeated it for his own pleasure, without any command from his royal master; but when the King had seen it he seemed so overcome by its touching faithfulness that Rauch at once presented it to him.

At a very short distance from the Neues Palais, and connected with it by a long, broad avenue, is the famous palace of Sans Souci, that earthly paradise of the Great Frederick. It is a low and by no means handsome building, with a broad terrace stretched along the front; from this descends a flight of narrower terraces, reaching to the main level of the gardens. These last are laid out in the stiff French style—alleys bordered by tall, close-clipped hedges, statues, fountains, and several flower-beds of the most fantastic shapes. In fact, little has been altered from the condition in which the whimsical taste of Frederick left it. At one end of the upper terrace, beneath shady trees, are the graves of his favourite dogs. This, of all spots in his grounds, was the one he most loved; and here, of a summer's afternoon, he would sit for hours together in his arm-chair and play with his dogs. It was near here that the eccentric monarch desired to be buried, but his wishes in this respect were not complied with. In a small building detached from the palace is the picture gallery, which is not likely to detain a visitor many minutes, and then you pass on to the new orangery, a gigantic conservatory, built chiefly of stone, and capable of giving shelter to 800 orange-trees. Not far from this is a handsome Belvidere—there are many of them scattered about the park—from which a charming view is obtained of the surrounding country, and the numerous palaces, gardens, and ornamental waters of the immediate neighbourhood.

Another pretty feature in the landscape is the river Havel, which here grows very broad, and forms itself into several lakes, studded with charming little green islands, and alive with the sporting of a thousand swans. On the borders of one of these fairy-like sheets of water stands the Marble Palace, erected by the father of King Frederick William II. as a summer residence for himself and mistress. He died before its completion, and his son was so disgusted with his conduct that he would not finish it, but left it for a future monarch. I did not care to inspect it, but hastened on to the much more interesting palace of the present king, on the opposite side of the lake. As we entered, the King and the Crown Prince were just coming out. The situation, on the slope of a woody hill, and overlooking the prettiest part of the lake, is one of the most enchanting imaginable. The scenery reminded me of that about Virginia Water. The exterior of the building is in the irregular castellated style, and the interior corresponds to it in the simplicity of its decorations, and in the absence of all that glitter and superabundance of ornament which, in most royal palaces, more or less, only offend taste and fatigue the eye. The furniture, generally, is of various kinds of wood, richly carved; and everywhere a refined taste and great uniformity prevail. Prince Karl, a brother of the king, has also a palace near this, and we saw him and his son with some ladies of the court in the garden.

The great Schloss in the town, containing several interesting mementoes of Frederick the Great, yet remained to be visited, but, unfortunately, when we arrived there, it was too late to gain admittance, and, indeed, I was not sorry, for the loquacity of my cicerone was beginning to be insupportable; and this was a favourable opportunity for dismissing him. I went down and awaited at the station the arrival of the next train for Berlin.



ATTACK ON SANSANDIG BY AHMADOU'S ARMY.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—X.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WAR CONTINUED—SIEGE OF SANSANDIG—SUDDEN DEATH OF EL HADJ—TREATY CONCLUDED WITH AHMADOU—RETURN TO SENEGAL—CONCLUSION.

On the 8th of July Ahmadou received the submission of seven or eight villages of the interior, and, continuing our march, we doubled a great bend of the river to the north. The chief of Velentiguilla, a village of some importance, until then in alliance with Sansandig, came out with his men and joined the ranks of Ahmadou; and on the 9th, leaving Velentiguilla about two miles to the south-east, we came in sight of the enemy's town. It was situated on the Niger, and stretched 4,000 feet along the bank, covering a wide extent of ground. The northern extremity, called Somonos Point, after the fishermen, by whom it is exclusively inhabited, played an important part in the siege; it had in former times been cut off from the rest of the town by a road—this road was now closed at each end by a thick wall, with a sort of passage of communication in it leading to the chief *tata* or enclosure. The walls of the town rose to a height of sixteen feet above the level of the plain, and were furnished with bastions from which a cross-fire might be poured on all possible points of attack. A report of an intended surrender had reached Ahmadou, and he waited several hours before beginning the assault; but finding that the report was false, he ordered his men to advance, and nothing could have been more fierce and deadly than the conflict which waged on uninterruptedly through the night until the evening of the following day. Attack and defence were equally energetic and desperate. At last at ten o'clock, almost the whole of the Somonos' tata and one of the passages of communication where the fight had been the hottest were taken; terror seemed to have seized on the population, and several canoes pushed off for the opposite shore, laden with fugitives. One of these was taken, containing twelve women and four men, all of whom, of course, were immediately put to death. Had Ahmadou allowed his chiefs to renew the attack early next morning, the victory would have been theirs; but he told them to wait; that distribution of food should first be made; that the men must rest; &c. &c. From that moment until the final raising of the siege he committed a series of blunders; losing by his dilatoriness and irresolution the ground he had gained; and, by his implacable cruelty towards the prisoners, so increasing the fury and desperation of his adversaries, as to make them determined to shed their last drop of blood rather than yield. On the 14th oxen were distributed to the men, one to each fifty, but that could not last long, and soon the Sofas began to eat the dead horses, though they thereby violated the laws of their religion. Even the skins of the oxen were eaten, after they had been boiled to get rid of the hair. Many, particularly among the Talibés, ate raw millet, I tried it also, but found that it brought on violent colic. The want and suffering continued to increase within and without the walls; numbers died of hunger, and the river was full of bodies which came floating down from the town, partially

sewn up in mats. They infected the air, and, from whichever quarter the wind blew, it came to the camp laden with pestilential odours. This state of things continued for two months, and yet the army cherished the most sanguine hopes, and regarded Sansandig as already theirs, recapitulating all the riches it contained, which would so soon fall into their hands, and talking with delight of the immediate consequences of this brilliant victory—how Ahmadou would release all the contingents, and let them return to their own territories, and among them the Nioro troops—and as they talked my hopes of release also rose high, and, in imagination, I was on the Nioro road, travelling, with an armed escort, in the direction which my thoughts had already so often taken.

On the 11th of July the appearance of things changed; the garrison of the town again opened fire, and a horseman dashed into the camp with the news that ten thousand Bambaras had crossed the Bakhoï and the Niger below Sansandig, and were hastening to the assistance of the besieged.

It took Ahmadou an hour to mount and give his orders, and before he had formed his army into line the Bambaras were upon them. A fierce contest took place, which ended, wonderful to say, in our remaining masters of the ground, and driving the enemy back on to the town with great loss of life. We had a narrow escape, but fortunately the enemy committed as many blunders as Ahmadou and his men did, and lost the advantage they had had at the outset.

The five ensuing days were spent in trifling skirmishes, which did more harm to the besiegers than to the besieged, and there was a rumour in our camp, through a fugitive, that Boubou Cissy, the chief of Sansandig, was preparing to evacuate the town, under cover of his allies. On the night of the 17th affairs took a most unexpected turn. I had thrown myself in my clothes on to the ox-skin which served me as a bed, in the hopes of getting some rest. I felt very ill; the whole air of the place was poisoned and heavy with the most noisome odours. Since the rain, which had been falling for the last few days, the exhalations from the bodies in an advanced state of decomposition on the field of battle pervaded the camp; added to this, the smell of the damp untanned skin on which I lay was most offensive. I wrapped my head in my clothes, and after a time fell into a troubled feverish sleep, which had not lasted long when I was roused by the sound of hurried movements about me, and a sudden cry of "the army is decamping; every one is off to Ségou!" I started up and ran to Samba N'diaye, to hear what had happened. There I learned that in truth no time was to be lost; the ammunition and the wounded were already gone, and everybody was on the point of leaving. "Make haste! make haste!" was Samba N'diaye's urgent and oft-repeated injunction to me, as I hastened back to my tent through the now almost deserted camp.

Silently and stealthily all were departing; vague indistinct sounds as of great numbers of men in motion, and the bellowing of oxen as they were driven into the water, and swam across the river, reached me as I made my hasty preparations and struck our tents, with the help of Dr. Quintin and our men. Every one spoke in a low voice, and terror and alarm were imprinted on the faces of all. An unaccountable panic, the cause of which I never discovered, had suddenly arisen and spread through the whole camp, and if fifty horsemen had just then sallied forth from the gates of Sansandig, Ahmadou and his great army would have been powerless to resist them. Thus ended the siege of Sansandig.

I reached Ségou I scarcely know how, and very nearly fell a victim to a long and dangerous attack of marsh fever—one of the most distressing and dangerous symptoms of which is violent nose-bleeding. I owed my recovery to the unremitting and devoted care of Dr. Quintin, and also in great measure to the joy occasioned by the long-wished-for return of my messengers from St. Louis, with news from Europe, and letters from my family and friends. They brought me also exact instructions from the governor how to deal with Ahmadou, and a fresh supply of presents for him, by which means I succeeded at last in coming to some definite understanding with him, and in obtaining from him the ratification of the following treaty, consisting of seven articles:—

1. That peace be concluded between the two countries.

2. That the governor of Senegal's subjects be permitted to travel without let or hindrance, not only in all the countries then under Ahmadou's dominion, but also in those which he may hereafter acquire; that whether they visit the same either as traders, or missionaries, or whether from mere curiosity, they shall receive protection and good treatment from the inhabitants thereof.

3. That the Diulas, or traders of Senegal, having once paid the duty exacted from all caravans entering Ahmadou's territories, shall be subjected to no other tax or impost whatever as long as they remain there.

4. That Ahmadou should promise to throw open all the roads leading to our factories.

5. The governor of Senegal promises to throw open the road from Fouta to Ahmadou's dominions, and undertakes to provide that men and women shall travel thereon unmolested.

6. That men who are sent to St. Louis by Ahmadou, shall be allowed to buy there whatever they want, and shall be allowed to go and return in safety.

7. Traders from Senegal shall pay their right of entrance into Ahmadou's provinces, on arriving at that capital which is to be their ultimate destination—Dinguiray, Koundian, Mourgoula, Kouniakary, Nioro, Diala, Tambacara, Diangounté, Farabougou, or Ségou Sikoro, as the case may be.

This treaty was verbally concluded on the 26th of February, and a rough draught of it was made. I proposed to Ahmadou that clear copies of it should at once be made, one by him in Arabic, and another by me in French; but true to his character, he asked for a little delay, and I was again severely tried by his procrastination and indecision. Days, weeks, and months passed on, and found me still at Ségou.

The existence of El Hadj seemed to have become a mere myth. We had for some time past been receiving reliable information as to the state of affairs in Macina, through Dethié N'diaye, one of our most faithful attendants, who had married since we came to Ségou. In the same house with his wife was living a woman who had come to Sansandig some time ago from Macina with one of El Hadj's wives, and had with her been brought thence by water, and delivered up to Oulibo, at Soninkoura. Ahmadou, who was furious that the canoe which brought them and the men belonging to it had not been secured, ordered Oulibo to be put into irons for eight days, and refused to see his father's wife. The woman, her attendant, was shut up for a whole year, and then, on being liberated, received the strictest injunctions to make no

disclosures whatever as to what she had seen and heard at Macina. By degrees, however, everything came out, and, added to information gleaned by me from other quarters, gave me a pretty correct idea of events at Macina.

El Hadj had sent a great army to Timbuctoo, under command of Alpha Oumar. They found it deserted by the inhabitants, and came back laden with spoil without having struck a single blow. Meanwhile the people of Macina had risen in arms, and, led by Balobo and Sidy, son of Sidy Ahmed Backay, of Timbuctoo, who had revolted against El Hadj, attacked and surrounded the returning army, within a day's march of Hamdallahi. A desperate conflict ensued, which ended in the rebels remaining masters of the field, and only a few of El Hadj's men escaped to tell the tale.

El Hadj was powerless to encounter so large a force in the field, and entrenched himself within the walls of the town, which was soon surrounded and blockaded by the enemy.

Reduced to the greatest distress for want of provisions and ammunition, he saw the number of his followers daily diminishing around him. Many deserted, others died of starvation, and of eating dead horses and human bodies. He saw that it was madness to hold out any longer, and prepared for flight. A breach was made in the wall at night, and with those of his chiefs and adherents who still remained faithful to him, he left the town under cover of the darkness. But they had been betrayed, and were cut off from all hope of escape. As the wall fell, and they rode out through the breach, the whole plain was suddenly illumined by immense fires of straw which had been prepared beforehand, and the fugitives were pursued and overtaken. Though the woman who recounted all this to us, and who had been herself taken prisoner in the town on the following day with all the women, by Balobo and Sidy, assured us that El Hadj had got away in safety, we had no reason to believe a statement which seemed not only improbable, but beyond the bounds of possibility. This supposed escape of the king and the evacuation of Hamdallahi took place in the April of 1864, and had been reported to us in the month of May following as a triumphant and brilliant expedition made by him at the head of his army against the rebels. Soon after these disclosures made to us by Dethié N'diaye, and not long after the siege of Sansandig, one of El Hadj's men, who had served in his army, came to Ségou, and was assailed with the following questions by the first people he met, "Where is El Hadj?" "He is dead." "Where are his sons?" "Dead." "Where are Alpha Oumar, Alpha Ousman, and all the other chiefs?" "Dead, all dead!" More than this no one was permitted to hear, and the poor fellow paid dearly for his indiscretion: his head was chopped off by Ahmadou's orders.

Seven months after the affair at Sansandig, on the 2nd of May, Ahmadou summoned us to the palace for the signing of the treaty. I read it through to him from beginning to end, and he expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and translated to me his letter to the governor, which was written in Arabic, and contained exactly the same articles, only in a different order. The doctor and I then signed our copy of the treaty, and presented it to him, begging him to keep it and show it to any white men who might hereafter visit his country. But Bobo made objections to this, and addressed some words in Houssani, in a low voice, to Ahmadou, who, turning to me, said that it was quite useless for him to keep a paper which neither he nor any of his followers could either read or understand. Though Samba N'diaye was on my side, I did not insist, for I was so afraid of thereby perhaps retarding our departure. And it was really of no importance, for he had accepted and agreed to the treaty, and he had a copy made in Arabic of his letter to the governor, promising that he would put it in his "book" (the Koran), so that it should never be lost or destroyed. After which he said, "Now everything is settled, and thou mayest prepare for thy journey." I got up, thinking that I should have another interview with him before leaving, and should then receive the present which Samba N'diaye told me it was customary for a negro king to give his guest at parting. But Ahmadou addressed me again, and thanked me for the patience with which I had borne my long detention in his country, and wound up with numberless professions of friendship and esteem, saying that he knew that I also was much attached to him, and that no envoy could have done more than I had to establish satisfactory relations between my country and his. I answered that I had had a great deal to endure, but that all would be forgotten on the day of my leaving, that I had come charged with a serious mission, and with the desire to benefit thereby his country as well as my own; that now everything was arranged, I had no other demands to make, and my only wish was to start without any more delay. Then he said that he had something ready which he wished to give me as a token of friendship—that it was but a small present—too small and trifling; but he knew that white men did not value riches, and cared only for good intentions. I replied that he was right, that however small his present might be, I should be content with it, as a proof of his regard and of his satisfaction at the way I had behaved towards him; then I added that I had already received so much from him during my stay in Ségou, and should have wished to give him a handsome present before leaving, but that my resources were so small that I feared I could leave him but a very trifling remembrance of me.

He then produced two handsome gold bracelets of the country, which he handed to Samba N'diaye, saying, in an emphatic manner which struck every one, "These are for the commander," and added, "I should have sent a present to the governor, but as I have lately heard that Faidherbe, who sent thee, has left N'dar (St. Louis), and I know nothing whatever of the new governor—not even whether he will be favourably disposed towards me—I shall not send him any present until the return of the messenger who is to accompany you. Through him I shall know what to do." After this, we had some more general conversation, in the course of which Ahmadou said that he would never again detain any envoys sent by our government. I made him repeat this promise, and asked him whether he would allow a company of white men to come and explore the river in a barge. He was going to answer, when Bobo again whispered something in his ear, and he said, "When my envoys return from St. Louis I shall know what to do."

On the 4th I paid a round of farewell visits, and gave presents to all those from whom I had received any kindness. I was very well received, and as I was leaving many showed me great marks of confidence—Oulibo, among others, who told me that the great favour shown by Ahmadou to Bobo, and the way in which he consulted him and followed his advice in everything, was beginning to make the Talibés very discontented, and would end in having the most serious consequences.

Before our departure I gave our two female slaves the choice of remaining at Ségou in Ahmadou's service, or coming with us to Senegal, where I promised to provide them with a house and the means of livelihood in Bakel or Médina, and to give them their freedom. They preferred remaining behind; the word "freedom" seemed to have no charms for them—they were the children of slaves, and had always lived among slaves, and in Ségou they had all that they cared for, their relations and friends; so all that remained for us to do was to pay them handsomely for their services. On the 7th May, 1866, at half-past three in the morning, we left Ségou, never to return, taking, after we had left the banks of the Niger, very nearly the same road by which we had come. From Tomboula, with the Diangounté on the left, we went northward through the Bakhounou territory, and traversing more than once the road which Mungo Park had taken when he was escaping from the Ould-Imbariks, and came, quite without knowing it, to the shores of the Joliba. The chief of Ouasibougou (as Mungo Park calls it), a white-headed man of eighty, told me that he remembered when he was a child the visit of the white man who had passed through their country, poor miserable, and worn out with hardships, but still filled with indomitable resolution, on his way to the great river whence he never returned.



SAN-FARBA, A GRIOT OF SÉGOU.

At Tomboula, whilst we were resting from the fatigues of the preceding days, the place was suddenly attacked by a body of horsemen, and had it not been for the bravery and promptitude of our escort, headed by my faithful and courageous Dethié, who took six or seven of them prisoners, and succeeded in putting the others to flight, the poor villagers would have fared very badly. They turned out on examination to be Massassis from Guéméné, and were given up to the Talibés, who put them to death in a most horrible manner. I tried to reconcile myself to the thought of their cruel sufferings by remembering the words of Raffenel with regard to the district of Kaarta:—"This country will never prosper until the last of the Massassis has been exterminated."

At Nioro we found the whole staff of Mussulman troops who are employed in keeping Kaarta in subjection to Ségou.

At Koniakary I was advised on no account to ride in advance of my escort, as the bands of Moorish robbers made the road very dangerous for unprotected travellers; but my impatience made me press on, and I left Koniakary at six o'clock on the morning of the 28th of May, to visit Khartoum Sambala at Medina, and give him news of his daughter, who was Samba N'diaye's first wife at Ségou. He received me most courteously, and set fresh milk and couscous before me for my breakfast, of which I gladly partook; the more so, as I had asked in every place for cow's milk, and had invariably been told that all the cows were dead. I stayed there an hour, and then rejoined my companions. At half-past ten we came to Kana-Makounou; the bed of the tributary here was almost dry, but we refreshed our horses, who were by this time much jaded and worn, in some pools of water by the way, and rode on.

Soon I saw mountains rising in front of us, and recognised to the left the famous mountain of Dinguira. Dr. Quintin would not believe it, and Ali Abdoul, the chief of our escort, could not confirm me in my conviction that I was right, as he had never travelled on that road before. However, on we pressed as fast as we could, and suddenly I cried out, "There is the guard-house!"

We trotted up the bank facing the French station almost at the same spot, where in 1857, on the 18th of July, Colonel Faidherbe, then Governor of Senegal, had appeared to the garrison of Médina as its deliverer, and had completely routed El Hadj's army. There we found our guide, who had left Koniakary the evening before to announce our coming, and who, having slept too long on the road, arrived at the same time as we did.

I cannot describe the feelings with which we stooped down



THE BAMBARAS ATTACK THE BESIEGERS.

to drink of the clear water of the Senegal, and looked at the French flag floating above the white walls of the guard-house. Every danger was now behind us, and soon we should be in the midst of friends and countrymen. We fired our guns and called loudly to arouse some one on the opposite shore, and before long the boat of a revenue-collector named Clédor—one of the heroes of the defence of Médina—pushed off, and came to carry us across the river. The officer in command of the station received us as we landed on French ground with a hearty welcome

Nothing could equal the reception we met with at Médina, and Bakel, and every place we came to on our way to St. Louis; it was a series of ovations; and when we reached that town, we found that the news of our return had preceded us, for everywhere, on all the walls, the following announcement was posted up:—

"St. Louis, 15th June, 1866.

"M. Mage and Dr. Quintin have returned from the interior of Africa, and arrived at Médina on the 28th of May. The Governor has the greatest satisfaction in announcing the good intelligence to the colony, under the conviction that it will be received with that interest which every one must feel for men who have gone through such dangers and hardships with so much courage and perseverance, and have in the course of their travels made discoveries, and acquired new and valuable information, which cannot fail to be interesting to the world at large. (Signed) PINET LAPRADE,

Governor, and Colonel of Engineers."

A fête was given that evening at the club in our honour by the whole colony, at which the Governor presided.

There I was informed that eighteen months ago I had been made an officer of the Legion of Honour. That, and the many flattering marks of esteem I received from the colonists, will always make me remember the evening as one of the most gratifying of my life.

On the 28th of June I set sail for France, and in the joy of returning to my native country, and being restored to my family and friends, I soon forgot the anxieties and dangers which had made the two years since we parted seem so long.

At a meeting of the Geographical Society on the 12th of April, 1867, a gold medal was awarded to me for my "geographical discoveries in Africa."

CONCLUSION.

In 1863, when I set out on my journey into Western Soudan, all regular trade had been for a while interrupted between Kaarta and our stations at Médina and Bakel. Now it has been resumed.

At that time also nothing was known of El Hadj's position, nothing about his sons, their strength and resources, and nothing of the history and conquest of Ségou and Mauna, which are of such great political importance and interest to our colonists. Now we know that El Hadj is dead, and that his son Ahmadou, though he may hold out for a time against the rebels, who make his position so difficult, will probably never succeed in establishing his throne on a firm basis, nor in bringing so many hostile tribes into subjection under one head.

Although Ahmadou appeared willing and even desirous of establishing commercial relations with our factories, and sent one of his Talibés to treat with the governor for that purpose, I do not believe that they will ever attain any great importance. Great changes must take place in the government and interior organisation of Central Africa before it will be fit to carry on any active trade of its own.

The most important result of my mission will doubtless be the enabling the Diulas of Kaarta to come and buy merchandise in our settlements, and carry it in times of peace and tranquillity to Ségou in exchange for gold and slaves.

The only way for France to acquire any political influence or position in Soudan would be, I think, by sending an expedition up the Niger in boats, which might either be taken up the rapids at Boussa, or carried thither in pieces, and put together above them. Once in the district of the Upper Niger, with even a small number of well-manned gun-boats almost anything might be done. Dr. Barth, writing on the same subject, said—"I believe that the way to improve the condition of Africa would be to establish colonial settlements on the principal rivers, which would form so many centres of civilisation and industry, and by exercising a salutary influence on the country around them would in time become merged into each other." I will add but one word more: Islamism, with all its gross superstitions, is at the bottom of the weight of ills under which Africa is suffering, and must, for a long while to come, be her greatest and most invincible enemy and a stumbling-block in the way of her progress and prosperity.

The Caucasus.—VIII.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, M.A., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS AND BASHAN."

MINGRELIA.

HAVING, by an ascent of Ararat, set the crown on his Armenian expedition, the traveller will naturally be anxious to return to Tiflis, and seek a new base of operations, previous to the exploration of the western portion of Transcaucasia. No difficulty will be found in deciding upon the best and most central head-quarters from which to visit in detail the region, of which the rivers flow into the Black Sea. Kutais, the Russian capital of Mingrelia, is the residence of officials, whose aid will probably be found serviceable, and the place where a guide, horses, and provisions will be most easily obtained.

The new macadamised road over the Suram Pass is probably by this time completed, and the traveller, if only he is successful in finding horses at the post-stations, may reasonably hope to reach Kutais on the evening of the second day. The scenery during the first part of the drive is decidedly dull. The western provinces of Georgia consist of bare

plains surrounded by low ridges; and the villages—mere collections of underground huts—do nothing to diversify the monotony of the landscape. The town of Gori, with its castle perched on a lofty isolated rock, is one of the few picturesque objects that meet the eye before we reach the foot of the ridge which forms the watershed between the Kur and the Rion, and the political boundary of Georgia and Mingrelia.

From the station of Suram an interesting excursion may be made along the upper valley of the Kur to Borjom, the imperial watering-place, where a mineral spring, issuing in a shady nook of the hills, has gathered round it the summer villas of the official and aristocratic world of Tiflis. The same road, if pursued further, carries the traveller through pleasing scenery to Akhaltzik—a town and fortress on the Turkish frontier—once celebrated for the bravery of its inhabitants, but now chiefly known for the fineness of its silver filigree work, specimens of which may be bought at more reasonable prices than in the bazaars of the capital. The carriage road, which is eventually to be carried across the hills to Kutais, now terminates abruptly, a few miles beyond Akhaltzik, at Abastuman—another of the summer retreats—where Russian officers endeavour to reproduce in the far East the life and manners of a German spa. The horse path which connects it with Mingrelia is one of the most beautiful in Transcaucasia. From the top of the pass—which is within an easy day's excursion of Abastuman—a panorama is obtained of the whole southern face of the Caucasus, from Kazbek to Elbruz, and the descent on the northern side leads through some of the most exquisite of the woodland scenery for which the Rion basin is famous.

We must, however, retrace our steps to Suram. The high-road from Tiflis to the Black Sea traverses a pass insignificant both in height and scenery, and it is not until it begins to descend the valley of the tributary of the Rion, which it follows to the plain, that the country becomes interesting. For a long day's drive, vistas, combining every charm of rock, wood, and water, succeed one another in rapid succession, until at last, two stages before reaching Kutais, the traveller emerges from the hills and passes between undulating commons and oak copses, gorgeous in spring with the perfumed blossoms of the yellow azalea and the pink Pontic rhododendron.

Kutais, the modern capital of the Black Sea provinces of the Caucasus, claims to occupy the site of the ancient Cytæa, famed as the birthplace of Medea. The modern town stands on level ground, on both banks of the Rion, which here flows with a rapid current between low wooded hills. The buildings cover a considerable area, as, with the exception of the two or three streets of the commercial quarter, the houses all stand in their own gardens, surrounded by trees, vines, and lilac bushes. The place boasts more than one hotel, the best of which, overlooking the public garden, is kept by a Frenchwoman. Having been much frequented of late years by such of our fellow-countrymen as have been employed on the Transcaucasian railroad, it now offers not only ordinary European comforts, but even English "Bass" and beefsteaks. The centres of attraction for a stranger desirous of seeing as much as possible of the life of the place are the public garden and the bazaar. Here the marvellous costumes of the surrounding districts may be studied at leisure. The white caps of Russian officials mingle with the baschlik—the direct descendant of the old Phrygian bonnet—a hood with two long tails, often tied up round the head into the form of a turban. Extremes meet when a Tcherkess, or Lesghian, in his huge sheepskin hat, is met walking arm-in-arm with a tall Imeritian prince, whose only head-gear is a small piece of embroidered cloth about the size of an ordinary kettle-holder. But most superb of all are the mountaineers of the Guriel, with their belts full of silver-mounted weapons, their gold-embroidered tunics, and their baschliks drooping over their shoulders with studied negligence. Here, too, even better than at Tiflis, an opinion may be formed as to the charms of the far-famed beauties of the Caucasus. In Georgia, although handsome women abound, and regular features and dark eyes meet the gaze at every corner, it is rare to see a face which fixes itself in the memory by any peculiar charm of expression. The Mingrelian and Imeritian belles are brighter and more vivacious, while no less comely to look upon. We must confess, however, ungallant as it appears, never to have been able properly to appreciate their undoubted loveliness, principally on account of the very unbecoming costume in which they veil it. A hard velvet cap, worn on the back of the head, combined with two long corkscrew curls drooping on either side of the face, give a tragedy-queen air to all but the youngest girls; while, although retaining these unbecoming adjuncts of their national dress, they have of late years added to it the discarded crinolines of more western lands. Still, after all possible detractions have been made, the women of the Caucasian lowlands must be allowed to be, physically, some of the finest specimens of their race to be found in either hemisphere.

The bazaar is fairly supplied with European goods, and most of the requisites for a mountain journey may be laid in here without difficulty. The chief local manufacture seems to be sheepskin and felt hats of every possible shape, from a guardsman's bearskin to a nondescript orange-shaped globe with a round button atop and a drooping brim, which gives its wearer the appearance of a country bumpkin in a burlesque. All the traffic of the country being carried on on horseback, saddles are another general need. Those we saw were clumsy things to English eyes; supplied with cushions, but too short in the seat for any real comfort. On a market-day, creaking carts drawn by bullocks bring in great skins of wine, Kakhetie from Tiflis, or the rougher produce of the Mingrelian slopes; Russian officials bargain with obsequious peasants for poultry, fruit, or vegetables, while itinerant hawkers offer for sale long strings of native jet or steel-tipped sticks, the fork at the end of which is meant to serve as a rest for a gun—a significant indication of the old customs of the country.

The neighbourhood of Kutais offers some attractions to the lover of architecture. On the hill above the town are the ruins of a fine church, which dates from the eleventh century. At the distance of only a few miles is the convent of Gelathi, itself an interesting specimen of Byzantine architecture, and containing ecclesiastical treasures of inestimable value, amongst which the most precious is a portrait of the Virgin said to have been brought to the Caucasus by St. Andrew.

It is now time for us to leave Kutais, and to follow up the course of the Rion to its snowy cradle among the mountains. Between the flat alluvial lowlands of Mingrelia and the central

chain extends a wide tract of wooded ranges known as the Radscha. This district, in which the mountains correspond somewhat in character to those of the Italian lakes, offers special attractions for naturalists and lovers of woodland scenery. The list of plants collected by Herr Radde,* the German savant, previously mentioned as curator of the Museum at Tiflis, will partially inform the botanist of the prizes that await him, while entomologists will be excited to learn that a young Frenchman—known from his pursuit to the natives as the "Father of Flies"—has lately been successful in securing beetles valued at their weight in gold by Western connoisseurs. The beauty of the forests which shelter these treasures can scarcely be imagined by those who have not had the good fortune to ride for hours through their recesses. The primeval groves consist of beech, oak, lime, and elm—ash and walnut trees alternating with planes and silver poplars—amongst which are encountered the natives of more southern lands, the box, the fig, and the arbutus. From the upper branches hang festoons of ivy and long trailers of the vine, while between the stems flourishes a dense undergrowth of myrtles, wild roses, azaleas, and rhododendrons. Here and there the woods give place to sunny meadows and fields of Indian corn, or glades where the white blossoms of the laurel and the hawthorn contrast with pale yellow brooms and beds of the bluest forget-me-nots. We have brought under our eyes the most perfect forest scenery of the temperate zone; the tropics may show sights more fairy-like, but they can scarcely surpass the romantic beauty of a Mingrelian glade.

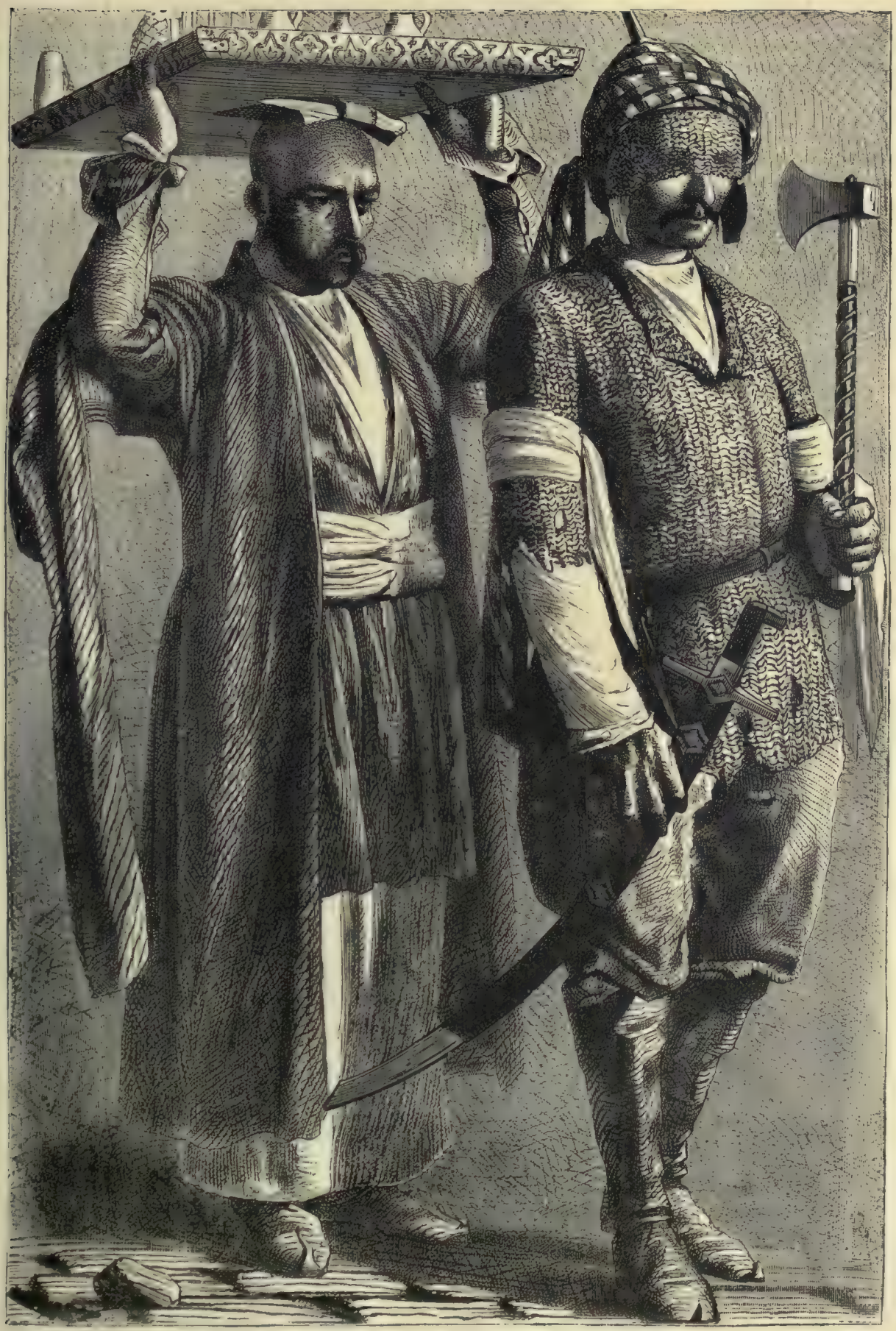


COSSACK OF THE LINE.

A ride of two or three days through landscapes such as we have endeavoured to shadow forth brings the explorer to Oni, the chief town on the upper Rion, where some Russian soldiers are stationed, and all the necessaries of life, combined with fairly good quarters, may be obtained. It is admirably situated as a base for visiting in detail the lovely scenery at the sources of the Rion, although to explore the glaciers, or cross any of the passes of the main chain, it is necessary to pass the night at one of the higher hamlets. The position of Oni will be most easily understood if we compare it to Sallenches, Gebi, the chief village on the western branch of the Rion, occupying the place of Chamonix. The comparison must not, however, be pushed too far, nor must the reader allow himself to imagine a long straight trench with featureless sides clad in a mantle of monotonous pine-wood, like that which lies at the northern base of Mont Blanc. About the knees of the hoary-headed giants of the Caucasian chain cling a number of green ridges, diversifying the landscape, and dividing the streams which feed the infant Rion; while the tower like summit of Tau Burdisula and the exquisitely sharp and thin ridges of Adai Khokh soar as defiantly into the air as any Alpine *aiguille.* The most characteristic beauty of the upper valley is, however, the perfection in which it presents the combination of woodland and mountain scenery, which has been eloquently pictured by Mr. Ruskin in words which, though originally applied to Swiss, seem doubly appropriate to Caucasian scenery, and may therefore well be quoted here. Amongst the sources of the Rion, even better than in the Alps, the lover of Nature may study "the various actions of trees, rooting themselves into inhospitable rocks, stooping to look into ravines, hiding from the search of glacier winds, reaching forth to the rays of rare sunshine, crowding down together to drink at sweetest streams, climbing hand-in-hand among the difficult slopes, opening in sudden dances round the mossy knolls, gathering into companies abreast among the fragrant fields, or gliding in grave procession over the heavenward ridges."

On the uplifted pasturages, when even the birch—which throughout the Caucasus climbs far higher than the pine—has been left below, we enter a region of wild flowers, where the cream-coloured rhododendron and the cowslip, the gentian and the snowdrop, and many other old Swiss and home favourites are strangely mingled together. Here no châlets greet the eyes of the weary traveller, returning to earth after a long day spent upon the snow and ice; the shepherds are content with the rude shelter afforded by an overhanging crag or a few branches hastily heaped together. Nor is this the extent of the hardship. The herds, whose appearance the thirsty milk lover has hailed with enthusiasm at a distance, are found on nearer approach to consist entirely of young heifers and

* See "Travels in the Central Caucasus," Appendix III.



CAUCASIAN PRINCE IN CHAIN ARMOUR, AND ATTENDANT

bullocks; these, in company with sheep and large droves of horses, wander in summer over the mountains, while the cows, unlike their more adventurous Swiss sisters, remain in the valley.

The villagers of the Upper Rion are for the most part needy and inoffensive peasants, whose appearance excites neither the alarm nor the admiration of the passer-by. Living on a much-used track between Kutais and Vladikafkaz, they are less barbarous, and more accustomed to visits from strangers, than the inhabitants of the other recesses of the range. The dress of the men is often in tatters; their dagger-handles and cartridge-boxes are of wood or horn, in the place of silver; while the women, accustomed from their earliest years to field labour, have no beauty either of face or figure.

At the eastern corner of the Rion valley, and immediately beneath the noble precipices of Adai Khokh, a deep depression occurs in the main chain, which is here traversed by the Mamisson road—the only passage between Mingrelia and Ciscaucasia capable of being converted into a military highway. The work has been long in progress, and the zigzags are already not only traced, but cut on both sides of the mountain, but the progress of any public work in Russia depends too much on the chances of official caprice and jobbery for us to look forward very hopefully to its completion. The other passes leading from the Rion to the north of the chain are glacier "cols," such as Swiss guides would consider "grandes courses," but which Caucasians succeed in traversing with their flocks—an encounter on a snow-field with one of these troops of fat-tailed sheep, guarded by huge dogs and sword-and-dagger equipped shepherds forms one of the most picturesque incidents of travel in this region. Between the valleys of the Rion and the Ingur, and separated from them by comparatively low ridges, respectively 9,600 and 8,800 feet in height, lies a labyrinth of glens containing the sources of the Rion's greatest affluent, the Zenes-Squali, or Horse river. Not only are permanent habitations unknown in this district, but not even a hut to mark a summer-station of the herds is met with within a day's march of the glaciers. Lentechi, the highest village, is situated at the lower end of a deep and narrow defile, which forms a barrier rarely passed, although not impassable, between the upper glens and the inhabited world. The traveller who wishes to force a way through this wilderness from the Rion to Suanetia must make up his mind to spend two nights in the forest without other shelter than he brings with him, and to pass his days in a constant and by no means easy struggle with untamed Nature. During this time he will be enabled to fully realise the roughness as well as the romance which accompanies travel in regions devoid alike of inhabitants and paths. Starting from his encampment after a night rendered sleepless by the incessant attacks of swarms of mosquitoes and myriads of small black flies, he will for some distance make use as a pathway of the rough boulders in the bed of a tributary torrent. After a steep-sided and lofty ridge has been crossed the difficulties are more than doubled; no friendly torrent is at hand, and it becomes necessary to plunge boldly into the heart of the primeval forest. For the remainder of the day the struggle is severe, and at times almost hopeless; path there is none, and, except where a broad trail shows that a bear has lately passed, a way has to be continuously forced through dense thickets, where the arms are occupied in pushing aside branches, whilst the legs scramble in and out of deep rivulet beds and over or under the trunks of partially-fallen or prostrate trees. At last the bottom of the glen is reached, and open glades, offering a welcome prospect of respite from toil, are seen through the foliage. But, alas! the smooth, flowery surface, which from a distance looked so delightful, is found on nearer approach to consist of a dense growth of hemlocks and nettles, burdocks and tiger-lilies, growing to an average height of about six feet above the ground. Slowly and laboriously the party wade in Indian file through the tangled mass of herbage. About midday the clouds collect, and heavy rain begins to fall. Presently a torrent is encountered, too deep to be forded, and an alder-tree has to be felled and thrown across it; tedious ravines have next to be surmounted; the porters lose their reckoning, and alternately mount and descend with obstinate vagueness of purpose, when evening draws on, and no level space six feet square can be found on the steep hill-side, on which to pitch a tent, until at last a grove of pines offers irresistible attractions to the porters, and they make a determined halt. After many struggles, with poles swollen by the wet, and soaked canvas, the tent is erected; and, beside a blazing camp-fire, each man, according to his disposition, laughs or grumbles over the events of the day, and trusts for better times on the morrow. Even despite miserable weather, the contrast between the stern cliffs and glaciers of the central chain and the marvellously rich and varied vegetation which runs up to their very base formed a scene, the remembrance of which will never be effaced from our minds; and future travellers, less unfortunate in their skies, may hope to carry away still more vivid impressions of this flowering wilderness. We are now on the threshold of a district which may in many respects be considered as the heart of the Caucasus. The rock-girdled basin of Suanetia combines within its limits the two most striking elements of Caucasian scenery—the height of mountain sublimity combined with a perfection of sylvan beauty almost inconceivable to those who have not visited these countries. The gigantic wall of the central chain towers above the sources of the Ingur in tiers of precipices which dwarf even those on the Italian side of Monte Rosa. Farther west, the two appalling peaks of Uschba, the twin spires of this cathedral of Nature, shoot with unrivalled boldness from their bases amidst the forest region to a height of fully 16,000 feet. Great glaciers pour in frozen cataracts from the yet untrodden snow-fields in which they find their sustenance; others, gliding more gently from the crest of the chain, afford passages to natives of the northern valleys desirous of bartering their sheepskins for the fruit of Suanetia. Opposite the great range, and dividing Suanetia from Mingrelia, rises the ice-clad crest of the Leila mountains, culminating in "three silent pinnacles of aged snow," from which long snake-like glaciers stretch their tongues out into the pine forests which clothe the lower slopes. But magnificent as is the mountain scenery, it is not on this account chiefly that we claim for the Caucasus a superiority over Switzerland. Painters are apt to complain of the monotony of Alpine grandeur, of the want of beauty in form or tenderness in colour of the pine-woods, or of the sombre hues of the châlets and villages. If they will come to Suanetia they will find foregrounds beautiful enough to win them even from Italy. The slopes of the comparatively low ridges which divide the tributaries of the Ingur are clothed in vegetation, of which a very faint idea is given by the comparison to the most lavishly cared-for portion of an English park. The paths connecting the villages wander beneath the shade of woods where the pine and the mountain-ash, the birch,

the hazel, and the fir, mingle their branches. The ground between their stems is adorned with dense coppices of the laurel and the box, relieved by the golden branches of the azalea and the creamy blossoms of the rhododendron, while tall, tawny tiger-lilies and lordly blue lupins queen it over their humbler cousins the campanulas, bluebells, and cowslips, which carpet the earth. As we descend lower we pass through beech and hazel groves, amongst which flourish the bay, the laburnum, and the wild honeysuckle, until at last the path emerges upon fields of the lustrous-green tobacco plant and Indian corn, growing on the level banks of the river.

The villages of Suanetia are as different from those of Switzerland as its vegetation. Castellated strongholds here take the place of the homely brown châlets; every hamlet is a group of white stone houses, surmounted by numerous towers—such as still exist in parts of the Apennines—relics of a day when feuds were as common and as bloody in Italy as they still are in Suanetia. We have only once seen an exact representation of one of these fortress-villages, and that where it might be last looked for—in the background of one of Perugino's pictures, in which the painter has introduced a sketch of his native city as it appeared at the close of the fifteenth century. The population of this valley are the most primitive of the Caucasus; the "Suani" have retained their name, and, it may be presumed, their manners, from the time of Strabo and Pliny to the present day. All their communities, however, are not equally barbarous; those hidden away in the almost inaccessible glens which contain the head-waters of the Ingur are, as might be expected, lower in the scale of civilisation than their neighbours of the western and more open portion of the valley. Among the former, who, from never having been subject to a native prince, are known as the Free or Independent Suanetians, might has been the only right; among the latter, robbery has been confined to a single family, that of a chief known by the high-sounding title of the Dadisch-Kilian. The last of these princes distinguished himself some ten years ago by resenting a peremptory invitation to visit St. Petersburgh, conveyed to him by the Governor of Mingrelia, by successfully stabbing the unfortunate official. The Dadisch-Kilian paid the penalty of this crime with his life. A garrison of ten Cossacks occupies his former residence—a village of the name of Pari—while the murderer's son has become a student at the university of Odessa.

The traveller bent on exploring this fascinating district must not, unless he is in Russian uniform, expect to meet with the slightest fear or respect from the barbarians amongst whom he will have to live. Englishmen in Suanetia at the present day are somewhat in the position in which a party of British mountaineers would have found themselves, who, in the time of Julius Cæsar, had set out to explore the valley of Aosta. Let the central chain represent the Pennines, the Leila group the Graians, the Koschtantau group Mont Blanc, and the Suani the Salassi, and the parallel will be complete. The story of our own narrow escape from being plundered, if not worse, by the ruffians of Jibiani has been told too often already; and we prefer, in support of the bad character we have elsewhere given its inhabitants, to reproduce the account given by Herr Radde, a Russian official and the director of the Government Museum at Tiflis, of his sojourn in the same village:—

"The impressions left by my residence at Jibiani cannot exactly be called peaceful. Constantly surrounded by from sixty to eighty Suanians, amongst whom were many children and even women, it was only by the greatest patience and forbearance that we could protect ourselves from their obtrusiveness. Presents, friendliness, and a scrupulous and often affected indifference to insolence, work the best with such a people; but it is sometimes necessary to draw a line, and to take decided steps to repress their excessive rudeness.

"During my stay two wounded men presented themselves, and I frequently heard gun-shots from an old castle called Lenqueri, which stands on the left bank of the Zurischi. In this castle lived eight robbers, natives of the neighbouring village of Murkmur, which, like Jibiani, belongs to the community of Uschkul. A quarrel about the pasture-grounds had involved the two villages in open war, and the bitterness of the dispute was such that the whole population took part in it with powder and shot, two-edged daggers and swords, while the robbers in their castle carried off, at every opportunity, the herds of the enemy, and spread murder and rapine through the valley." The Herr further states—"Amongst this people individuals are frequently met with who have committed ten or more murders, which their standard of morality not only permits, but in many cases commands."

Sufficient employment for a whole summer might be found in continuing the work commenced by Herr Radde, and compiling materials for a tolerably complete account and map of Suanetia; with the assistance of a Cossack escort, the work would not, we think, be found impracticable or dangerous.

We must not now, however, linger any longer over this attractive subject. The traveller who has found his way from Kutais to Pari over the mountains will do best to descend the gorge of the Ingur to Sugdedi, the ancient capital of Mingrelia, and residence of the Dadian family. Thence he may pursue a country road, often broken by ferries over the streams issuing from the mountains, which leads to Soukhoum-kalé, the best Russian roadstead at this end of the Black Sea. The little town is built on a strip of level ground at the foot of wooded hills, and its situation, though charming in appearance, is said to be unhealthy. On the promontory which forms the northern extremity of the bay is an old Turkish fortress, which has conferred the name "Kalé" on the place. During the last Abkhasian revolt it served as a refuge for the Russian troops, when the town was attacked in force by the mountaineers. The inhabitants of the neighbouring country have, since that outbreak, been exported by thousands, and landed in Turkey, so that Abkhasia is now almost entirely depopulated—a fact which must be borne in mind by those anxious to explore the Western Caucasus. The only frequented track across this portion of the main chain is the Nachar pass, scarcely practicable for horses, which leads to the sources of the Kuban, on the western flanks of Elbruz. An account of it will be found in Herr Radde's "Caucasus," a work—printed at first privately for the Russian government, but now to be obtained in London—which no one who thinks of visiting the country should fail to procure.

We must now return to Kutais, and thence proceed to the coast by the most frequented route. The navigation of the Rion commences two posts, or about thirty miles, from Kutais, at a village called Meran, believed by some to stand on or near the site of the ancient Æa, the city of the golden fleece. Meran is now a penal colony, to which detected

members of the religious association known as "Skoptzes" are banished. These unpleasant fanatics have been led, by a too literal interpretation of a text of Scripture, to mutilate themselves in a most horrible manner. Their personal appearance is very unprepossessing; clumsy, but strong in limb, their livid and unwholesome countenances express little beyond an obstinate and sullen stupidity. The chief part of the colony finds occupation in the navigation of the Rion, which is almost entirely in their hands; the remainder are employed as domestic servants, in which capacity they are said to be diligent and honest.



A TARTAR OF THE NORTHERN SLOPES OF THE CAUCASUS.

The border-land of the Guriel, which lies to the south of Meran, is one of the most attractive districts of the Caucasus. The inhabitants are famous, even in this land of picturesque costumes, for the beauty and costliness of their personal adornment; and the natural scenery is equally celebrated for its combination of softness and sublimity. Close at hand are gentle hills and verdant glades, watered by numerous streams, while from every rising ground the eye ranges over the plains of the Phasis to the snowy peaks of Suanetia and the still more distant cone of Elbruz. A post-road, the continuation of that from Kutais to Meran, leads through this country to the frontier fort of St. Nicholas—the southernmost point on the shores of the Black Sea over which the double-headed eagle now waves. From this perch the greedy bird hopes some day to swoop down on Batoum, the only safe harbour on this inhospitable coast, which has somehow remained as yet in Turkish hands.

The Rion, though joined just below Meran by the Zenes-Squali, is for many miles excessively shallow, and the steamers which mount it are obliged to be of the lightest draught. The immediate banks are covered with dense woods, giving place, at rare intervals, to a village surrounded by plots of Indian corn. As the sea is approached the forest grows thicker, the



A TARTAR SCHOOL.

country becomes absolutely flat, and the swampy soil is inhabited only by wild boars and pheasants. On a fine day in the late autumn, when the foliage glows in all the shades of brown and gold, and at the head of every bend in the stream some far-off snowy peak closes the vista, the voyage down the Rion forms a worthy conclusion to a Caucasian journey. But those who would enjoy it must lose no time, for a railroad is already nearly constructed from Poti to Kutais, and its opening will probably be the signal for the river steamboats to cease running.

Poti, "city and seaport by virtue of an imperial ukase" has been described with unkind sarcasm by almost every traveller who has visited it—by no one more graphically than Alexandre Dumas, who was forced to wait some days there in 1859. It has improved somewhat since his time, although its success is far more owing to imperial patronage than to any merits of its own. Situated on a fever-stricken mud-bank between the sea, the Rion, and a lagoon, it can never become an agreeable place of sojourn. Comfortable lodgings may, however, be found in an hotel kept by a worthy Frenchwoman, and a spare day can be spent in examining the works for a new port which are now being slowly carried on under the superintendence of Colonel Schauroff, a most intelligent and courteous officer of Engineers.

These attractions will, however, scarcely suffice to make us regret the arrival of the steamboat which is to carry us away; although, as we glide slowly from the quay of Poti, we know that we are finally leaving the Caucasus behind us. Farewell to the baschlik and the bourca, the tall sheepskin of the mountaineer, and the cloth bonnet of the Mingrelian! To-morrow we shall enter the every-day East, and be surrounded by common-place turbans and fezzes. We even feel a shade of regret for the last white-capped Russian official, who has just examined our passports and turned back the wretched peasant who was attempting, without duly signed orders, to escape from under the shadow of the double eagle.

We presently pass the clearly-defined line which marks the meeting between the brown flood of the Phasis and the blue breakers of the Euxine. As our steamer cuts rapidly through the waves the giants of the central Caucasus sink on the horizon until they are nothing more than "the dwindled edgings of its brim." Nineteenth century wanderers cannot hope, like the hero of old, to return home with a fair princess and a golden fleece; but it will be owing to some lack of capacity in our mental wallets if we do not come back from our summer holiday laden with a rich store of pleasant memories. Those who have once visited Caucasian shores will, long after they have quitted them, cherish as amongst the most welcome of their day-dreams visions of virgin forests redolent with the rich fragrance of the azalea blossom; of broad steppes golden with the fast-ripening grain; of pasturages where the snowdrops force their way through the half-melted drifts; of gorges where the path seems to struggle hopelessly for a footing amidst tremendous cliffs; of snow-capped precipices, crystal staircases of opalescent ice, and every form of dome, tower, spire, and pinnacle in which earth aspires heavenward.

Knowing well how imperfectly description can take the place of actual eyesight, our fear is lest our readers should be before this wearied of our endeavour to make them sharers in some of these memories, and lest they should dismiss us with an imprecation similar to that bestowed on our most famous forerunner:

Εἴθ' ὤφελ' Ἀργοῦς μὴ διαπτάσθαι σκάφος
Κόλχων ἐς αἶαν κυανέας Συμπληγάδας.

The River Basin of the Po, and the Lagoons of the Adriatic.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., ETC.

THE drainage of the southern slopes of the Alps into the great basin of the Mediterranean exhibits many features altogether distinct from those characterising the drainage systems of northern Europe. The rivers are fewer, shorter, and much more rapid and torrential in character. They are connected with a large number of smaller streams, in some cases expanding into lakes, before they leave the mountains. All run into the Adriatic, and, although they enter by different names into that sea, they are, in fact, all parts of one system, of which the Po is the grand trunk. Before entering the sea, they now cross a very wide tract of low ground, formed of their deposits in comparatively recent times and near the sea; they are shut off from direct communication with salt water by a series of lagoons reaching from Ravenna nearly to Trieste, a distance of about eighty miles.

The part of the east coast of Italy thus included may be divided into two portions, one reaching northward from Ravenna to a little beyond Venice, the other eastward from the mouth of the Piave (coming from the Val d'Agordo in the Tyrol) to the Gulf of Trieste. The former conveys almost the whole drainage of the Maritime Alps, besides that of the southern slopes of the Swiss Alps and the Tyrol, as far as the Piave. The northern slopes of the Alps supply the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube, the three principal rivers of Europe.

From this very brief outline, the reader interested in physical geography will perceive that there must be some very leading cause for the phenomenon so different and so strongly marked as the drainage of the northern and southern slopes of the Alps. He may, if accustomed to make comparisons of similar phenomena in different parts of the world, endeavour to find a parallel to this condition; and to do this effectually he has only to turn to the peninsula of India, which resembles in many points that of Italy. He will there find facts almost corresponding, but on a very much larger scale. The Himalayas there represent the Alps, and the valley of the Ganges the great valley of the Po. The northern slopes of the Himalayas, like those of the Alps, connect with plateaux, from the northern part of which some of the largest streams of the Old World run

towards the Arctic circle. The slopes on that side are comparatively gradual, and the valleys chiefly meridional. In the case of both mountain chains the southern slopes are much more rapid than the northern; and the chief river also, in both cases, runs towards the east across the foot of the mountain chain, and are generally rapid and irregular. There are marked differences, owing no doubt partly to the difference in the rocks, and partly to the greater geological age of the Alps, as a lofty chain, when compared with the Himalayas. The rain and the rivers have had time to act more freely and fully in the former, where they have scooped out lakes, having been probably assisted by the action of ice. The parallel between the two is, however, marked and suggestive, and serves as a fit introduction to an account of the physical geography of the valley of the Po.

The Po rises about 6,000 feet above the sea, at the foot of Monte Viso, the culminating point of the link that connects the Swiss Alps, with the Maritime Alps. Its course is in the main easterly, and for the first eighty miles of its course it receives a large number of tributaries, all coming in from the north. It is, however, also increased at various points by the drainage of the northern slopes of the Maritime Alps, which enters by two or three considerable streams.

A number of streams, of which the Ticino, the Adda, and the Oglio, are the largest, pour a vast volume of water into the Po during the season of rains and the melting of snow, passing in their course through the marvellously beautiful and picturesque Italian lakes. These lakes, the Lake of Como, the Lago Maggiore, the Lake of Lugano, and others, must be regarded as expansions of the beds of the streams passing through them; but they are in some cases deep, and store a large quantity of water. Below the Oglio is the Mincio, passing Mantua, and by this time the stream has already entered the low, flat lands, through which not only itself, but a number of other streams make their way, expanding finally into pools before reaching the coast. Through this flat land flows the Adige, inosculating with the Po, and still farther north is the Brenta, a part of the same system.

It is within this flat land—frequently unhealthy from summer malaria, but generally very richly cultivated, and often picturesque—that the great systems of lagoons are formed, of which the lagoon of Venice is the most familiar, though not the largest. The main stream is fed not only from the north by the streams already named, but by a large number of torrential rivers, bringing much water from the northern slopes of the Apennines. Numerous canals connect all the waters belonging to this complicated system, and remind the physical geographer of the somewhat similar condition near the mouth of the Ganges. The result in both cases is a district pestilential with malaria, but very favourable to vegetable life. Both are districts exceedingly interesting to the geologist and physical geographer, owing to the great variety of instructive details observable in reference to the action of water in rivers, canals, and pools. The Italian lowlands are also interesting to the hydraulic engineer, owing to the number of important works that have been constructed in reference to them through a long series of years and by some of the most eminent men of their profession. The object of these works has been to regulate and utilise the water supply, at once fertilising the land and providing against the great injury done by sudden and rapid floods.

The main stream of the Po has greatly changed its bed within the historic period. In the twelfth century it ran some distance south of Ferrara, and is now three miles to the north of that city. It is singular, on approaching the river, to see it apparently raised above the general level of the surrounding country; and the highly artificial character of the works by which it is kept in order, is strikingly shown in proceeding from Padua towards Ferrara. The river banks rise rather steeply from the old post-road from Polesella to the ferry at Santa Maria. The railway being now completed, it is not so easy for the traveller to recognise these details, but all the way to the sea below this part the ordinary level of the river is higher than that of the country near the banks. It is impossible not to be struck with the vast importance of keeping in order these artificial works, since their failure would involve an inundation of the wide rich tract of alluvial land over an area of many hundred square miles.

Below Ferrara the Po branches, and the joint delta of the Po and Adige is entered. It is a wide tract, pushing forward many miles into the sea, and forming a very marked projection observable on the map of Italy. Its width is about forty miles from north to south, and the extreme projection is about twelve miles. The width of the main stream of the Po, before bifurcating at the delta, is for a long distance about a quarter of a mile, and the depth of water varies from twelve to as much as thirty-six feet. It is thus able to convey down, during the heavy floods that are common at certain seasons, a vast body of water, which carries with it into the Adriatic an enormous amount of mud, only part of which is deposited before reaching the mouth of the delta. A large part must, therefore, be distributed in the Adriatic, and there are currents conveying it both northwards and southwards, as well as across the sea towards Dalmatia. The matter thus transported has, in former times, accumulated the long spits of sand and mud that enclose the great lagoons of the northern Adriatic. Of these the largest to the south of the delta is the Valle di Comacchio, and that to the north the celebrated lagoon of Venice.

The Valle di Comacchio, though comparatively little known, is, in its way, as a natural phenomenon characteristic of this part of Italy, very well worthy of careful study. It is very large, occupying an area of more than 115 square miles, and communicates with the sea only by one cut through the long, narrow, sandy spit that would completely enclose it but for this canal. The depth of water in the lagoon varies from three to six feet. A vast quantity of fish is retained in it, chiefly eels and grey mullet, and the great importance and value of the fishery renders it of vital importance to the people inhabiting the surrounding villages to preserve the lagoon, and prevent its being choked by the mud entering from the land. There is a constant tendency to this conclusion, and to avoid it, the course of the various streams that would naturally enter it have been diverted, and made to pass round by canals into the old and new channels of the principal stream. This filling up of the lagoons has been effectually carried out, a little to the south, in the lagoon within which Ravenna was formerly standing. The city is now between four and five miles from the sea, with no water between it and the coast.

The town of Comacchio is situated on one of the tongues or spits of land projecting from the *lido*, the name given in this part of Italy to the banks of sand that separate a lagoon from the sea. It was like a little Venice, as seen from the water, and

has only been retained in its present state by the never-ceasing care of the inhabitants to preserve the vast salt water marshes, of which the lagoon chiefly consists.

The whole of the rest of the coast, for a breadth of several miles, has been gradually filled up within the last thousand years, other *lidi*, consisting also of banks of mud and sand, first forming at a distance from the land, and then the interval sea. It is also known that the course of the Po, originally along the foot of the Apennines, has been gradually advancing northwards, first forming, and then filling up, or tending to fill up, the lagoon, at the same time advancing seawards with the delta of the river.

That there were formerly two Etruscan cities on the Italian coast north of Ravenna and at the mouth of the Po there can



VENETIAN HOUSES.

Becoming filled up. This breadth of modern land is in some places nearly twenty miles wide. In consequence of this change the river Adige, which is now a distinct stream, entering the sea at a considerable distance from the mouths of the Po, formerly mingled its waters with those of the main branch of the Po, in a large wide estuary, deeply indenting the shores of Northern Italy, between the Alps and the Apennines. So rapid at one time was the encroachment of the land on this bay that, during a period of two hundred years the mouths of the Po are known to have advanced more than nine miles towards the

be no doubt. Of these the remains of one are to be found in the ruins of Adria, and many fragments of the other exist in certain marshes, called by Pliny the "Seven Seas," and described by that naturalist as having, in his theory, been drained from time immemorial. They were called the Adrian marshes, but were faced by sand and mud banks, or *lidi*, enclosing, in all probability, a lagoon, such as that of Venice. The town and port of Adria gave its name to the Adriatic Sea, and its distance from the extremity of the present delta of the Po is now sixteen miles, but, as it was no doubt built on the lagoon, and not on



VIEW IN THE LAGOON OF VENICE.

the coast, the gain has not been so great as this. About 2,500 years have been required for this advance, which has averaged more than thirty-two feet per annum. There are few more remarkable or better authenticated cases of the growth of land at the mouth of a river on record. The storms of the Adriatic are seldom sufficient to break away and disperse the advancing delta, which is only removed slowly and steadily by currents. Some portions of the mud are carried completely across the Adriatic, and help to choke the harbours on the Istrian and Dalmatian coasts.

Crossing at right angles the direction of the course of the Po, and connecting the present banks, or *lidi*, of Comacchio with those of the lagoon of Venice, is a line of dunes, or sand-hills, only broken through at places where the various channels of the Po and Adige make their way to the sea. This line follows the easy curve of the coast, which would almost form a semi-circular bay, bounded by such sand-hills from below Ravenna nearly as far as Trieste, if it were not for the projecting tongue of the Po delta. This line is probably the remains of the actual shore, before the delta had advanced. The great body of the waters brought down by the rivers being now carried into the Adriatic, and the lagoons preserved by the labour of man with little change, the deposits now tend chiefly to advance the extremity of the delta and shallow the waters of the head of the Adriatic.

Such is the history of the lowlands south of the present course of the Po—lands very seldom visited, and little known to the general traveller, but not without considerable local importance, and exceedingly interesting to the historian of ancient Italy.

A little to the north of the delta of the Po is Chioggia, at the southern extremity of the lagoon of Venice. There is canal communication between the two, crossing the Po and the Adige, besides numerous streams; but the trip would take three days, and, though interesting, would be very tiresome, as the land is uniformly flat and swampy. The famous *Murazze*, or sea-wall of Venice, is seen on the way, and is very remarkable.

The lagoon of Venice, on the hundred islands of which the city is built, is a gulf of the Adriatic, separated from the open waters of that sea by a natural breakwater, extending for nearly eighty miles, from a little south of Chioggia to the mouth of the Piave. It is formed by the meeting of the mud brought down by the numerous streams that enter the gulf with the mud of the Po, drifted northwards from the delta of that stream. The accumulation has formed strong ramparts, against which the storm-waves of the Adriatic beat harmlessly; but between them are numerous channels, of various width and depth, some only admitting the smallest craft, others large enough and deep enough for ships of considerable burden. Their passages vary from time to time; but as they are many, and in various parts of the breakwater, the water in the lagoon is always salt. The ramparts are, in fact, islands, many of which are well known and often visited; others are small and unimportant.

The view of the lagoon in the annexed illustration will be recognised by those familiar with Venice, but will seem strange enough to those who only know it from description. The numerous posts projecting from the water, some terminating in shrines, with small lamps kept constantly burning, but most of them mere mooring stations for boats and gondolas, are eminently characteristic. The island and the hills of the mainland also are not exaggerated. Few things are more impressive to the traveller than his first visit to this remarkable city, especially if he reaches it by night, and obtains his first impressions when it is half lighted by a young moon, and with only a few gondolas lazily moving on its waters. This is quite sufficient of itself, and does not need the aid of the mysterious interment in the bosom of the water by the masked officers of the state, however much such an event might add its ghastly and painful revelation to assist the imagination, and refresh the memory in dwelling on the past history of the Queen of the Waters.

Venice without its lagoon would be indeed tame and uninteresting, and would hardly be recognised or thought much of. Probably the site was originally selected with a view to strength, just as, where there were no islands, the lake-cities of pre-historic Europe were built on piles; and at the present day the same kind of security is obtained in a similar manner by savages in some parts of the world. There can be little doubt that originally the Brenta and the Adige, besides smaller streams, debouched into the lagoon, which, like that of Comacchio, was formed by the meeting of detritus drifted from the mouth of the Po, with other detritus brought down by the streams. The effect of the continued influx of the waters of these streams, shut in partially by natural bars or *lidi* formed from without, could only have been to convert in time the whole lagoon into marshes, rendering the locality unhealthy, and the position of the city in every sense untenable.

The history of the lagoon of Venice has thus been one of these contests of man with Nature, successful in an important sense, but always requiring fresh ingenuity to meet unexpected difficulties, and it cannot but have very great interest to all who watch its progress and the results. The lagoon itself is about twenty-five miles long, by six or seven miles broad, and at an early period consisted of two parts, one entirely water, the other chiefly land, broken up by numerous channels (*canale*) into a very numerous group of islands. The former, the Laguna Viva, was used for navigation, and had in parts a depth of twenty feet; the latter, the Laguna Morte, was a great fishing ground. The object of the inhabitants of Venice, when the city first became important enough to pursue its material interests, was to prevent the mud and silt of the rivers from destroying the navigation and closing up the canals, and this could only be effected by diverting the rivers. On the other hand, there were opposing interests on the mainland, since the inhabitants of the wealthy town of Padua, and of the smaller towns and villages near, were not likely to permit the rivers passing through them to become stagnant and unnavigable without serious remonstrance and opposition. The Brenta, however, was diverted southwards about the middle of the fourteenth century, and though re-introduced for a time, on the plea that its scouring effect on the canals was desirable and useful, it was again and permanently removed. After much time and many alterations, the Venetians at last succeeded in carrying away from the lagoon not only the Brenta, but all the streams that had originally entered it, an operation that extended over several centuries, and involved engineering works of enormous magnitude and cost.

But although the lagoon was thus secured from the land side, and the openings from the sea and main channels kept in good order by other works of corresponding importance, there remained certain difficulties, the result of these works, which in a short time assumed proportions too large to be overlooked. The Brenta, turned away from its course, was expected to flow

through fifteen or sixteen miles of new channel having scarcely any slope, and carry its waters to the sea. This it might do on ordinary occasions, but when floods came there was found to be insufficient water-way, and heavy inundations resulted. No remedy was applied, and from time to time, and in the early part of the present century, damage was done in a single year to the estimated extent of half a million sterling. After a number of similar accidents, some of them very serious, a plan was adopted by which the course of the Brenta was shortened and improved, and the river re-admitted into the lagoon, but at the southern extremity. This operation dates, however, only from the last half century.

At the present time the principal openings from the lagoon into the sea are two—the one called the Port of the Lido, nearly opposite the city, available for vessels of small draught; the other the Port of Malamocco, a few miles to the southward, where there is deeper water. By this port vessels of large size are able to approach Venice. At its entrance are two break-waters, one of them a mile long, thrown out to seaward, and intended to deepen and straighten the entrance channel.

The reader will, perhaps, have already perceived that to the very peculiar physical position of Venice has been due all that is most remarkable in its history, both natural and political. Originally and for a long time isolated, dependent far more on the sea than on the land for its prosperity and material progress, but separated from the sea by a shallow piece of water, liable to be silted up, and exposed, till some change was made, to constant encroachment from the streams running into it, the city when founded could only exist for commerce, and its interests could hardly be identical with those of the main-land of Italy. As a commercial centre, it was well placed during the Middle Ages, when the chief traffic of Europe was carried on in the Mediterranean. It had convenient and safe shelter for the fleets of small ships that were then the fashion. It could select convenient moments for attacking the Greek islands, and could safely act as one of the chief bulwarks of Europe against the Ottoman power. Venice could then attract to itself the wealth of the East, and could well exercise the great power acquired by this wealth, and secured by its almost impregnable position. What remains of all this wealth—its numerous palaces, its rich but fantastic architecture, and the contents of its many churches and museums, is still sufficient to serve as a centre of attraction second only to that of Rome. It was in Venice that one of the greatest schools of Italian art originated—rich in colour, but not less remarkable for grandeur of expression and originality. This school was realistic, and included some of the greatest colourists who have ever lived. Venice also passed through the usual political changes. It was a democracy for two centuries and a half, a monarchy for six centuries, and finished as an oligarchy, which conducted it to ruin. It combined Italy and Greece in almost all respects, but with these it mixed up so much of the East as to give it a distinct and peculiar character. All this was more or less the result of its position. Venice, less than any other of the great cities of the Middle Ages, was able to endure the approach of free intercommunication by which Europe and civilisation generally have so much benefited. Improved roads could hardly better the condition of a state that had flourished most when most detached from the land, and was dependent only on the sea as a highway. It may almost be said to have had a language of its own, so peculiar is the Venetian dialect; and though not remarkable for its literature, it has not been without eminent men in all departments. Originality has been a feature in all that Venice has done, and since originality has ceased in the world Venice has declined.

Besides the group of about eighty islands on which the city of Venice proper is built, there are some other islands of considerable size dispersed over the lagoon, most of them towards the north. These are connected for the most part by canals cut in the shallow bottom. Some of them are little more than churches, with small convents attached, but others contain towns. Venice is the great centre of the northern group, and Chioggia in the south occupies a somewhat similar position. One principal canal, both wide and deep, divides Venice into two very unequal parts, the northern containing about the whole town, and the southern being called the Giudecca. The northern part is again intersected by a principal canal, called the Canal Grande.

Northwards, and at no great distance, the principal island is Murano, the largest and most flourishing of all. In it is a great manufactory of glass, for which Venice was exceedingly famous in the Middle Ages, and which is now being revived with great energy—indeed, this seems the only really successful manufacture admitting of large export for which the Venetian islands are adapted. The old Murano glass involved many peculiarities of make closely imitated at the present day; but the old specimens retain their value. There is a cathedral in this island, and close by a convent rich in architecture and of considerable interest. Murano, though comparatively small, and altogether subordinate to Venice, is built like towns on the mainland, and not with canals.

Torcello, one of the northernmost of the islands, is said to have been the first inhabited of the group, and enjoyed some importance up to the tenth or eleventh century; after that it decayed as Venice rose. Its church is interesting, and the place is worth a visit, as from it a good general view of almost the whole of the lagoon can be obtained. There is, however, nothing special in its position. Under the water near it can be discovered the ruins of an ancient city long since destroyed.

The two islands of Burano and Mazorbo are also among the northernmost group, and are inhabited by a rather numerous population, having a special dialect and a peculiar accent. They contain a good deal of garden-ground, cultivated for the supply of Venice.

Chioggia, quite at the southern extremity of the lagoon, is curious in itself, and of especial interest, as containing in its neighbourhood the great sea-walls called the Murazzi, recently restored. These Cyclopean works are on the grandest scale, and attest the importance attributed to them by the Venetians of the Middle Ages. The town connects with the mainland by a long bridge of forty-three arches. Its distance from Venice is about twenty miles, and it may be reached by a steamboat.

In the present state of the lagoon of Venice, the salt water being allowed free entrance at several points by good passages, and the fresh water for the most part kept out, the sanitary condition of the islands is very superior to what might be anticipated. There is little of the severe forms of malaria so common elsewhere in Italy, where the fresh and salt water are allowed to come in contact; and in most parts of the year the whole district may be safely visited, care being taken to avoid exposure after sunset without proper clothing, and especially without the mouth being covered.

Notes on Western Turkestan.—III.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

KHIVA—ITS PEOPLE—THE OZBEG, THE TURKOMAN, AND OTHER RACES OF KHIVA—ANIMAL LIFE OF KHIVA—PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF THE CAPITAL—GOVERNMENT OF KHIVA—CITIES AND PROVINCES OF KHIVA—AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE KHANATE.

THE population of the khanate of Khiva, which consists of a number of tribes of different origin, may be classified under the following heads:—The Ozbegs, the Turkomans, the Kara-kalpak, the Kasak (or Kirghiz), the Sarts, and the Persians.

The term Ozbeg, as in Khokand and Bokhara, is the designation of a people for the most part inhabiting settled abodes, and occupying themselves in agricultural pursuits. They extend, according to Vambéry, from the southern point of the Sea of Aral as far as Komul, distant forty days' journey from Kashgar; they are regarded as the most prominent, if not the paramount race in the three khanates, and are divided into thirty-two tribes. Besides his land, the Ozbeg's chief wealth consists of slaves. He has often several hundreds of these unhappy drudges, whom he can afford to purchase from the Turkomans with the proceeds amassed from his agricultural pursuits. Abbott speaks of him as a hard master, and, as a man, one of the most degraded of God's creatures, living a life of sullen and joyless apathy, chequered only by debauches of the grossest character, and indulgences too brutal to be named. When sufficiently wealthy to commit his affairs to the hand of a steward, he sits in his house from day to day without occupation, killing time as best he may. The only amusement of the Ozbeg is hawking, for which the country is well adapted, being open, and upon the banks of rivers abounding in hares, pheasants, and the red-legged partridge. He is well mounted, generally on a Turkoman horse, of the Tekke or Yohmoot breed, the two finest in the land; but is a wretched horseman, though a good seat is not of much consequence in a country so level, and upon a horse untrained to leap. His wealth or dignity may be measured by the trappings of his horse, which are always beautiful, and often costly, having scales of pure silver inlaid with gold. Turquoises, cornelians, and even rubies are often set in the harness; but the latter are always uncut, and seldom of great price.

The arms of the Ozbeg are the sabre, the matchlock, and the dagger. The pistol is too rare to be commonly used, and the country affords no wood fit for spear-shafts, although this weapon is much in request. The sabre used by men of rank is the Ispahaunee or Khorassaunee blade, and the rifled matchlock is manufactured in Herat, or in Persia. There is a fabric of sabres and daggers at Khiva, but they are of very inferior quality, and no present is so acceptable to the nobility of Khiva as foreign sabres, pistols, and rifles, provided that the blades are of fine temper, and the fire-arms not upon the detonating principle.



A BOKHARIAN BRIDE.

The Ozbeg of the present day is, as may be gathered from the preceding description, a very different creature from his robust and hardy ancestor, who, under Jenghis Khan, rode down the armies of the East, and subdued a quarter of the globe. Vambéry has a higher opinion of the Ozbeg of Khiva than Captain Abbott, and says:—"Even in the traits of his character, the Khiva Ozbeg is preferable to his relatives in the other races. He is honest and open-hearted, has the savage nature of the nomads that surround him, without the refined cunning of Oriental civilisation. He ranks next to the pure Osmanli of Turkey; and it may be said of both that something may still be made out of them." In appearance the

Ozbeg averages about five feet seven inches in height, and is stout and ungraceful. His countenance is broad and ruddy, the complexion being almost as fair as that of a European; his eyes long and dull of expression. The genuine Ozbeg has no beard, but the Khiva race betrays the mixture of blood with the Iran population by the possession of this manly peculiarity. The women are considered by Asiatics as beautiful, though this is doubtless to be attributed to the advantages of a fair and rosy skin and delicate brow. The male attire is a shirt of cotton, loose drawers of woollen cloth, and a succession of from two to six cloaks, generally of striped silk or cotton chintz, padded with raw cotton; but amongst nobility, of broadcloth (of which dark-green is preferred), lined with fur, and edged with the same. The head-dress of all males—excepting the priests, who wear turbans—is a cylindrical cap of black lambskin, large in proportion to the rank of the wearer.

the shore of the Caspian to Balkh, and from the Oxus to the south, as far as Herat and Astrabad. The territory comprised within these limits is a vast desert, where the traveller may wander about for weeks, without finding a drop of water or the shade of a solitary tree: over this howling wilderness sweep, in unrestricted freedom, the gales of winter, bringing in their train extreme cold, and thick, blinding showers of snow; and the no less fatal sand-storms of summer, accompanied by drought and scorching heat. But there is something more direful to the peaceful trader than even the terrors of the desert across which he tracks his way: it is the Turkoman, that most rapacious of brutal robbers, who has for centuries roamed unrestrained over this vast territory, enriching himself by despoiling the caravans, and tearing from husband and father the wife or child, to be the hopeless slave, or, infinitely worse—for there is a fate more degraded than this



TURKOMAN BURIAL.

The female attire differs from that of the male only in the head-dress, which is a white or coloured kerchief, rolled up like a rope, and wound around the head in a high cylindrical form. The end of this is often opened, and brought around the throat, which their notions of decency oblige them to conceal.

The next race of which we shall speak is the Turkoman. Little of a reliable character is known of their origin; there are fables and traditions in abundance, but the residuum of fact is small indeed. The Turkomans and Kasaks may be regarded as forming a portion of the race which peoples a large part of Russia and some of the provinces of the Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman empires. They themselves deduce their descent from two brothers—the one the father of the Kazaks, the other of the Turkomans, who, many thousand years ago, emigrated hither from the Don and Volga. They style themselves Turkmen—a word which is compounded of the proper name *Türk*, and the suffix *men*, corresponding with the English "ship" or "dom." The country inhabited by the different tribes into which they are divided extends from

most unhappy lot—the debased concubine of a brutal Ozbeg. It is the fashion to scout the idea of Russian aggression in these parts, and there are thousands of brave and honourable British officers in India and at home who would draw the sword, and throw themselves with enthusiasm into the perils of a struggle with Russia, rather than allow the Muscovite to annex these wilds, because it is said it would endanger our supremacy in the East; but could these military enthusiasts for a moment estimate the sum of human misery that cries to Heaven for redress, owing to the ascendancy of these nomad tribes of Central Asia, they would, as Christian gentlemen, welcome the despotic but just and beneficent rule of the Czar over countries that are disgraced by such crimes as are recognised by the public law of the States of Western Turkestan.

The dress of the Turkoman is much the same as that adopted by the Ozbeg. The most important part of the attire is the red silk shirt, forbidden by the ordinances of the Koran, but worn, nevertheless, by both sexes. The covering of the head adopted by the male portion of the community is a fur

cap, of slightly conical shape, lighter than the cap of the Ozbeg, or the larger, towering hat of the Persian, though sometimes a close skull cap of black lambskin is worn. They wear also an overdress resembling a dressing-gown, which comes from Khiva, and the proportions of which are curtailed when the wearer engages in a razzia—a species of warfare to which the martial races of Central Asia are peculiarly partial.

The women, when dressing themselves for high days and holidays, are accustomed to bind a shawl round the waist over the long shift; high-heeled boots, like those of belles nearer home, are also considered indispensable; and when she is decorated with trinkets and rings for the neck, ear, or nose, the Turkoman fair one considers herself as captivating as does her more happy sister, whose lot has placed her on the banks of the Thames or the Seine. The average height of the Turkoman is the same as the Ozbeg, but he is less heavily made than his neighbour, and with a complexion sometimes dark, sometimes florid, has almost always irregular features, and small, round, lively black eyes. The women are rarely beautiful.

The life of the Turkoman is of an active, predatory character, and differs entirely from that of the indolent, inert Ozbeg. Every third day or so, his tent is struck by the women, by them packed upon camels, and carried to a fresh spot, where the pasture has not been browsed. This tent, which is met with in the same form throughout all Central Asia, and as far as the remote parts of China, is very neatly constructed, and is most suitable for the life led by the nomads who make it their home. It consists of a framework of wood, cut very light, and lashed together, which is covered with pieces of felt, and fastened with cords passed over the top to pegs in the ground. With the exception of the wood-work, all its component parts are the product of the industry of the Turkoman woman, who busies herself also with its construction when the halt is ordered at the termination of the march. She also takes the tent to pieces, and packs it on the camel, when the wandering vagabond, her lord, has decided upon journeying elsewhere, and follows it on foot, trudging wearily at the tail of the quadruped, treated with as much consideration, and oftentimes valued more than herself. There is no external distinction between the tents of the rich and poor, the former being distinguished by the more costly character of the interior fittings. There are only two descriptions known—the one called *karay*, or "black tent," which is merely one whose external covering has grown black or brown with age, and the *akay*, or "white tent," which boasts felt of snowy whiteness, and is erected for newly-married couples, or for guests whom it delights the host to honour. These tents are described, by those who have used them, as cool in summer and warm in winter, when a fire is lit on the floor in the centre, and the smoke ascends through an aperture in the roof. The doorway is closed by a figured curtain, which is fastened at the top, and falls when unloosed.

The Turkoman—with the exception of some large bodies settled at Merv and in the plain of Khiva, where they are engaged in agriculture—lives chiefly by plundering the goods of caravans that come across his path; the unhappy merchants he sells at the slave markets of Merv or Khiva. If the victim happens to be a Mussulman of the Sheeah sect (in his eyes, therefore, being a heretic), there is no religious difficulty to be overcome in putting him up for sale; but should he unfortunately declare himself an orthodox soonnie, he is beaten or tortured until he admits his heterodoxy in the presence of witnesses—an acknowledgment that legalises any punishment, for, be it observed, the ignorant Turkoman is not a whit behind some Christians nearer home, who, if they cannot torture the body, as did their ancestors, heartily consign to the bottomless pit of perdition all those who differ from them in the tenets of their common religion. The number of slaves thus captured is sometimes very large. When Captain Abbott was on his mission to Khiva, there were not less than 12,000 Heratèes thus enslaved, and probably 30,000 Persians.

The Karakalpak are a race inhabiting that part of Khiva on the further bank of the Oxus, extending close up to Koongrat, in the vicinity of extensive forests, where they occupy themselves with the breeding of horned cattle. The Karakalpak pride themselves on the beauty of their women, but, on the other hand, they have the reputation among their neighbours of being of a low intellectual capacity. Their number is computed at 10,000 families. Though subject to Khiva from a remote period, they have at various times unsuccessfully revolted.

The Kasak, Kuzzauk, or Kirghiz, are found in greater numbers in the khanate of Khokand than in either Khiva or Bokhara. Numerically, they are first among the nomad races of Central Asia, and wander at will over the great desert that lies between Siberia and Eastern Turkestan and the Caspian. The word "Kirghiz" signifies, in Turkish, "a wanderer about the fields"—a nomad—and is used to denote all nations leading the pastoral life. In bravery the Kuzzauk is inferior to the Turkoman; in appearance he is more robust than the latter, and of more clumsy build. His complexion is fairer, his cheek-bones higher, and his features more irregular. The Kuzzauk's eyes have the true Mongol conformation, and are small and ill-opened.

"The Kuzzauk," says Abbott, "is the rudest of the people of Khaurism. He is free from the degrading habits and indulgences of the Ozbeg, and is less tempted to the predatory pursuits of the Turkoman. He moves, like the latter, from pasture to pasture, leaving, like him, all the onerous duties of existence to the female. His children tend his camels, horses, and sheep, and he himself chases the fox, the antelope, and the wild ass of the desert, or wanders from tent to tent, whiling the time away in conversation. As he inhabits a country exposed to great extremes of heat and cold, being for four months in the year covered with snow, and during an equal period burnt up with the rays of a blazing sun, he is obliged to suit his residence to the season, and is driven to expedients unknown to his brethren the Turkomans. In the summer he migrates to the valleys of the higher lands, where are wells scattered at long intervals, and known to all the wandering tribes. As the winter approaches he descends to more sheltered spots, still guided by the position of wells, for neither river nor stream is known in the land. When the winter has set in, he is no longer fettered by such local considerations, for the snow furnishes him with an abundant supply of water; but as the snow completely hides the pasture, it is necessary to migrate to the lowest lands, unless the fodder be such as will admit of stacking for the winter. Hitherto, he has lived almost solely upon the milk of his camels, mares, and sheep, which he eats in the form

of curds, without bread or vegetable, knowing only at long intervals the luxury of flesh. But as the winter pasture can furnish but a scanty supply of milk, he kills at the commencement of winter all his old camels, horses, and sheep, and salts them as a winter store. These are eaten without any accompaniment of bread or vegetable, and he knows but a single method of dressing the flesh—viz., that of boiling. His manners are rude and unpolished, but he is hospitable and kind-hearted, honest, and untainted by the vices of his neighbours. The few slaves possessed by the Kuzzauk are more gently and generously treated than those who serve the Ozbeg and Turkoman. He is more wealthy than the latter, but, being remote from the seat of government, is subject to the depredations of the Turkomans who dwell between him and Khiva. The Kuzzauk has few weapons at command. He is obliged to furnish his quota of armed horsemen for the service of the State, and these are mounted upon the sturdy galloways peculiar to this people, and wretchedly armed with a few long spears, sabres, and even matchlocks. The Kuzzauk is more superstitiously fearful of fire-arms than even the Turkoman. He professes the Mahometan religion, and to be a soonnie; but, although there be Kuzzauk mollahs so styled, he is profoundly ignorant of the faith he professes, and very rarely goes through the ceremony of worship."

The Kuzzauk is almost innocent of the use of linen, and instead of the woven cloak he wears a mantle of half-tanned sheep's or young camel's-skin, dressed with the wool inside, or a similarly-fashioned garment made from a horse, with the difference that the hair is worn outside. The Kuzzauk woman is fairer and redder than her lord, and an acute observer, in describing her as the ugliest female under the sun, says she always appears as if she had just had her ears boxed. In build she is robust, and performs all the laborious duties of a shepherd's life.

The Sarts, who are called "Tadjik" in Bokhara and Khokand, are the ancient Persian population of the kingdom of Khaurism, at a time when the sceptre of the Shah extended to the banks of the Oxus. These people, who have in turn yielded to the Ozbeg, the present lords of the soil, differ in no respect, excepting attire, from other inhabitants of Persia. Their number may be estimated at about 20,000 families. They have, by degrees, exchanged their mother tongue for the Turkish. The Sart of Khiva, like the Tadjik, is crafty and subtle, and nurses an hereditary antagonism against his despoilers, the Ozbeg.

The number of Persians settled in Khiva is small, and they call for no particular notice here.

Abbott estimated the population of Khiva, in 1841, at 2,460,000, which included the slaves, whose number he put down at no less than 700,000, though Vambéry placed it at 40,000.

The Turkoman horse is justly celebrated throughout all Central Asia, and the Tekke and Yohmoot breeds, in particular, are held in the highest esteem. The Kuzzauk horse is a robust and hardy galloway, which lives on the wormwood of the steppe; it thrives on this hard fare, and is proof against the cold of winter, thanks to the long and shaggy coat of hair with which a kind Nature has gifted it. These galloways are kept in large herds for the sake of their flesh, regarded as a delicacy, and milk, which, when half-fermented, is a favourite of all the natives of Turkestan; they are also in request throughout the cultivated tracts of Khiva as draught cattle for the two-wheeled carts with which every house is furnished. The camel of the Kuzzauk is the real or two-humped camel. It is, however, of far more delicate make than that of Arabia, and preferred for the saddle to the dromedary. It is the smallest of Asiatic camels, long in the back, very fine-limbed, and covered with hair upwards of a foot in length. The throat is supplied with a dense mane about a foot and a half long, which gives it a very singular appearance. It is a gentle and docile creature, better fitted for draught than the dromedary, owing to the greater length of its back; but, as a beast of burden, it is inferior in strength to the dromedary of Khiva and Bokhara, reared by the Turkomans and Ozbegs, which is a very noble creature.

Its strength is greater than that of the Indian dromedary, and this appearance of power is increased by huge tufts of curled hair, which grow upon the muscles of the legs and cover the neck. The intermediate breed is more powerful than either, and has generally two humps. The dromedary will carry a burden of 600 lbs., at the rate of thirty miles a day, for almost any distance, provided that it be supplied with a sufficiency of the oilcake, upon which alone it is fed, grain being considered too expensive. It walks under a burden about two and one-third miles an hour.

Oxen are confined to the cultivated districts and those bordering the Sea of Aral, and the wild ass wanders, in herds of two or three hundred, throughout the steppe intermediate between Khiva and the Caspian. He is not the animal described in Scripture, but a much tamer creature, differing indeed very little in appearance from the tame variety. Those which dwell alone amongst the mountains are fleet and wild, but when found in herds the wild ass exhibits little speed, and when pressed, stops and bites or kicks at the rider's horse. The flesh is eaten by Tartars and Persians, and is said to have been the favourite food of the Persian hero, Roostum.

There is a species of antelope in these deserts, called *kaigh*, almost as numerous as the wild ass. It is smaller than a sheep, which it resembles in body, neck, and head; while it possesses the delicate limbs, the hair, and horns of the antelope. The horn is white, and the head is extremely ugly. The wild sheep is a noble and beautiful creature, resembling the antelope in the form of its body and limbs, and even in the texture and colour of its fur. Its tail is unlike that of the sheep, and similar to that of the deer. It is only in the head and horns that the sheep is recognised, though it carries the head very high, like a goat. The male has a profuse white beard, extending from the chin to the chest, and upwards of a foot in length. This animal frequents craggy mountains, where it pastures in flocks, always furnished with sentinels; and its vigilance is such that it is approached with the utmost difficulty. It does not, however, haunt the highest and most precipitous peaks. On these the wild goat is found, an animal closely resembling the wild sheep. The flesh of these animals is equal to the finest venison.

The domesticated sheep of Khiva deserves some brief mention. It is as tall as the wild variety, but has smaller limbs and carcass. The tail is of great size, being a cleft sac of the most delicate fat, extending as far as the knees, and often weighing twelve or fourteen pounds. This fat resembles marrow in texture and taste, and takes the place of oil and butter in the domestic economy of the Kuzzauk. There are

other wild animals in Khiva, as the fox, wolf, lion, and leopard; besides game, such as the pheasant, partridge, quail, woodcock, and snipe.

Khiva, the capital, is a town about half a mile square, defended by a high mound, surmounted by a wall and bastions of clay. It is situated in a low plain, intersected on the east by the waters of the Oxus, and touching on the west the skirt of a sandy desert. This plain, of a clay soil, extends, at the present day, from Haggaresp (about forty miles south of the capital) to the Sea of Aral; its extent, however, in the days of Alexander, was nearly four times as great, skirting the Oxus throughout the whole of its ancient course from Khiva to the Caspian. The present length of this oasis being about 200 miles, with an average breadth of 60 miles, would give an area of 12,000 square miles, which is in general profusely watered by canals from the Oxus, and richly cultivated. The capital contains no monument of interest, and consists of about 3,000—or, according to the Russian traveller Kuhlewein, 1,500—houses, placed without any regard to regularity. There is a castle, constructed of masonry, which contains the khan's apartments, but the interior is little more comfortable or luxurious than the home of the poorest among his subjects, which, with its uneven and unwashed walls, is about as mean and wretched a habitation as that of any semi-civilised race of whom we have cognisance. The permanent population is about 12,000. The bazaars scarcely deserve the name; the chief one is called the *Tim*—a small, well-built building, with tolerably high vaulted ceilings, containing about 120 shops and a *karavanserai*. Around the Tim are all the markets for the sale of provisions and other necessaries, and luxuries also, I should say; for soap, which is vended in one of the markets, *must* be classed in the latter category, so few are the true believers who place sufficient credence in its cleansing qualities to have recourse to it in conjunction with water.

There is also the quarter where the barbers ply their trade; but as an instance of the wide divergence of the customs of the changeless East and the ever-progressing West—a divergence that may be said, without the perpetration of a pun, to be as wide as the poles—it may be stated that whereas the barber of Europe operates on the chin, his fellow-craftsman of Khiva and Mussulman Asia generally shaves the head, and would be horrified were he requested to remove the beard, which is regarded by every follower of Islam as sacred. Indeed, so far is this feeling carried in Khiva, that shaving the beard is, according to their laws, a crime punished with death.

Besides the Tim bazaar, there is the slave market, called the Kitchik Karavanserai, where the unhappy captives, brought by the Tekke and Yohmoot Turkomans, are exposed for sale. There are few mosques in Khiva of much antiquity or of architectural beauty. The *medresses* or colleges in Khiva are the most important of its public institutions, though they are neither so large nor so wealthy as those of Bokhara. The chief one is that called after the Khan Mahommed Emin, built in 1842 by a Persian architect, after the model of a Persian karavanserai of the first rank. On the right is a maconic tower, somewhat loftier than the two-storied medresse, but which, owing to the death of the builder, remains imperfect. This college has 130 cells, affording accommodation for 260 students. The courts of the medresses are for the most part kept clean, and are planted with trees or used as gardens. Instruction is conveyed in the cells of the professors, who lecture to groups of scholars ranged in classes, according to the degree of their intellectual capacity



PLOUGHING IN TURKESTAN.

The taxes levied in Khiva are of two kinds. The *talgit*, corresponding with the Indian land-tax, assessed on all cultivated land on a fixed scale, from the operations of which the warrior class, the Ulemas, and the Khodja, or descendants of the Prophet, are exempt; and the *yekiat*, or customs' dues, in accordance with which all imports are taxed 2½ per cent. on their value; and the possessors of camels, horses, oxen, and sheep pay yearly a sum on every head exceeding ten in number. The Khan of Khiva, like other rulers of Central

Asia, is a despot, whose will is law throughout his territories. Public opinion or the requirements of justice have no voice in the government, though occasionally the Ulemas have exercised a wholesome restraint over the sovereign.

According to Vambéry, next in rank to the throne stand the Inag (literally "younger brother"), four in number, of whom two are the nearest relatives of the king, and the others members of the same victorious tribe. Then comes the Nakib, or spiritual chief, who must always be of the family of the Prophet. The military forces of the khanate are computed at 20,000 men, though this number can be doubled in case of necessity.

town, not far from the banks of the river of this same name, is still next in consequence to Khiva, which it exceeds in size, being situated on the western bank of the Oxus, and visited by the Bokhara caravans on their passage through Khiva, and by those bound from Khokand. Its trade is also very considerable. Russian merchandise is taken direct to Khiva, but all purchases of native produce are made at Oorganj; all industrial pursuits, moreover, are centred here.

Koongrad is a town of considerable importance; it extends along the left side of the Khan canal and the river Oxus, not far from the Aral Sea. The town and neighbourhood fell



A TURKOMAN INTERIOR.

In each quarter of Khiva there is a functionary called a *mirab*, who is responsible by day for the public order of his district. The welfare of the lieges after sunset is committed to the charge of four *pasheh*, or chief watchmen, each of whom has under-watchmen subject to his orders, and who at the same time fulfils the functions of executioner—no sinecure in a country where life is held so cheap as in Khiva. All these—thirty-two in number—go about the city, and arrest every one who shows himself in the streets half an hour after midnight. Small as is the city proper, the suburbs are extensive, and the villages and estates of the proprietors, called Beg or Hadja, extend over the whole of the cultivable land; each allotment is marked off with earthen walls, and generally contains cornfields, gardens, cattle, and sometimes a little factory.

Oorganj, formerly the capital, is now in ruins, but a new

under the sway of its present rulers in 1814. It contains no building of note with the exception of the khan's palace. These are the chief towns of the plain of Khiva.

The province of Merv may be described as an oasis, about sixty miles in length by forty in breadth. Were it not for the fertilising effects of the Moorghaub, the plain would be a desert. The whole of the waters of this river are consumed in irrigating the province, which produces barley and a kind of grain called *jowarr* in abundance. The capital of the same name is a decayed town, and lies about 300 miles south-east of Khiva. It was once the seat of government of the Seljuks, and is supposed to occupy the site of Antiochia Margiana, founded by Alexander the Great Since 1786, when it was sacked by the Ozbegs, it has gradually dwindled, till its present population does not exceed 3,000.

Alsace and Lorraine.

Alsace and Lorraine formerly belonged to the German Empire, and German patriotism has never ceased to deplore the loss of these fine provinces—*dem Kaiser und dem Reich geraubt.* Late events have turned the minds of all men towards this part of France, and a brief sketch of its early history may prove acceptable to our readers.

Before the invasion of the Romans, Alsace and Lorraine were inhabited by the Belgæ, whom Cæsar calls "*Gallorum omnium fortissimi.*" After the Roman conquest, Argentoratum, which is mentioned by Ptolemy, appears to have been an important town. It is said to have been fortified by Drusus, to have been garrisoned by a legion, and to have contained a manufactory of arms; just as afterwards it was fortified by Vauban, garrisoned by French soldiers, and contained a cannon foundry. Under the Romans this town and the adjoining country enjoyed many years of prosperity and peace; and it was converted to Christianity by St. Materne. But the furious invasions of the barbarians could no longer be withstood. The town was pillaged by the Alemanni in 356; though Julian afterwards defeated them in a great battle under the walls of the town. In 451 Argentoratum was burnt by Attila, and rose again from its ashes under the name of Strasburg. It was strongly fortified by Clovis and his successors, and formed part of the kingdom of Austrasie. It was governed by a bishop, and in very early times enriched itself by commerce with the people of the sea-shore.

After the partition of the empire of Charlemagne, a long struggle ensued between the kings of France and the emperors of Germany for the possession of Alsace and Lorraine, and it was not till the tenth century that the contest was decided in favour of the Germans. But the emperors at first exercised little more than nominal sway over these provinces; bishops, dukes, and landgraves ruled in their name, checked only by certain laws concerning popular appeal; and the great towns in course of time became republican in their character and almost independent.

In the fourteenth century Strasburg contained three classes of inhabitants—the knights, the burgesses, and the artisans. The Senate was chosen from the knights and the burgesses; the Council, composed of twenty-four members, from the knights alone. As for the old episcopal tyranny, that had been swept away two hundred years before.

This was the period in which industry, having left the cloisters, raised recruits in every cottage, and when the working man first appeared in history. In 1332 a riot took place between two factions of the nobility, whereupon the people seized the great banner, the seal, and the keys of the town. A popular constitution was established. The Council was enlarged to forty-seven members, and of these twenty-five were working men.

During the next hundred and fifty years the history of Strasburg is gloomy enough. The Black Death desolates the town; the Free Companies pillage it; a French adventurer claims Alsace, and lays the whole country waste; after the battle of Poitiers a band of English soldiers repeat the process; the emperors deprive the town of its privileges, restore them, tease it with ever-changing laws; it is entangled in all the wars of the Empire, and on account of its frontier position always suffers. The lords of Alsace desire to crush the independence of the towns, and Strasburg suffers a long siege. The nobles of Strasburg ill-treat the citizens, and pillage their shops in open day. Another war is waged within the walls of the town. And yet, in spite of all these misfortunes and divisions, the noble city progresses in prosperity and power. It buys villages and manors. It enjoys a vote in the Diet, the power of contracting alliances, of stamping its own coin, and of levying its own taxes. Its schools are frequented from all parts of Germany and France. It raises a noble cathedral, invents printing, and completes in 1482 its popular constitution, the foundations of which had been laid a century and a half before.

In the days of Martin Luther the Alsatians showed themselves animated by the same spirit which their ancestors had displayed in rebelling against their bishop-king. Strasburg adopted the Reformation officially, joined the League of Smalkalde, and sent to the Protestant Confederation twelve cannons and 2,000 men. In return for this, Charles V. made them pay 30,000 florins; but after the peace of Augsburg (1555) the Protestant religion became dominant in Strasburg. This town had been in the Middle Ages a city of refuge to political fugitives, and had incurred more than one war by rendering hospitality and the rights of citizenship to the enemies of its neighbours. It now afforded an asylum to the persecuted Protestants of France, and among others to the celebrated Calvin. Unhappily, Alsace was not free from those social excesses which followed the Reformation; an insurrection of peasants broke out—called the League of the Shoe—with the motto on their banners—"*Rien que la justice de Dieu;*" and it was their ambition to destroy utterly the nobles and clergy, and to take possession of their worldly goods.

It happened in the Thirty Years' War that the Swedes occupied Alsace, and the inhabitants invited the French to rid them of these foreigners. The French came in with alacrity, and never went back. At the peace of Westphalia, Alsace was handed over to France; but it was stipulated that the old Imperial cities should reserve their privileges. However, Louis XIV. set to work to make Alsace French; and the Alsatians wished themselves once more under the mild rule of the German Empire. They even attempted to regain their liberty by an appeal to arms; but what could they do against Louis XIV., Louvois, Condé, and Turenne? Colmar, the principal town, was honoured with a visit from the king himself: he pulled down all the fortifications, converted them into pleasant promenades, and compelled the inhabitants to pay the expenses of these municipal improvements

Strasburg was not included in the cession of Alsace. The powers signing the Treaty of Westphalia agreed to leave it independent. But in June, 1681, an Imperial envoy visited Strasburg. Louis XIV. believed, or pretended to believe, that the Germans intended to occupy the town. In the September of the same year a French army suddenly invested the town,

the Empire invaded by 400,000 Turks was unable to interfere, and the inhabitants capitulated, under a guarantee that their religion and their municipal rights should be respected. During the next year Louis XIV. entered Strasburg, disarmed the people, and built the citadel. The possession of this city, illegally seized by Louis XIV., was legally confirmed by the Treaty of Ryswick, 1697.

The province of Alsace is one of the most fertile and picturesque in France. Arthur Young, the famous agricultural tourist, saw nothing to surpass the country near Strasburg in richness of soil and culture, except some parts of Flanders. If the traveller stands on the mountain called the Crow, near the village of Mollkirch, he beholds one of the loveliest landscapes in the world. Before him is stretched out a beautiful plain striped with blue streams which are flowing towards the Rhine, which can be seen like a silver arrow on the right; and farther still, on the right, in the Duchy of Baden, are the hazy summits of the hills of the Black Forest. In every direction are to be seen clustering groups of villages and towns. On the left are the Vosges mountains, which the Germans regard as the natural frontier of France; while the French persist in believing that Nature intended the Rhine to divide the two countries. Arthur Young's opinion upon this point is decided enough. "Looking," he writes, "at a map of France, and reading histories of Louis XIV., never threw his conquest or seizure of Alsace into the light which travelling into it did: to cross a range of mountains, to enter a level plain inhabited by a people totally distinct and different from France, with manners, language, ideas, prejudices, and habits all different, made an impression of the injustice and ambition of such a conduct much more forcible than ever reading had done; so much more powerful are things than words." Again, he says, that he crossed the Rhine and went "some little distance into Germany, but no new feature to mark a change; Alsace is Germany, and the change great on descending the mountains." And, again, "the moment you are out of a great town, all this country is German. The inns have one common large room with many tables. The dishes are German; *schnitz* is a dish of bacon and fried pears, and has the appearance of a mess for the devil," &c.

Alsace was celebrated for its fertility in the earliest times. A German writer calls it "the store-house, the wine-cellar, the granary of a great part of Germany;" and according to an ancient proverb you may see everywhere in Alsace three castle on one hill, three churches in one parish, and three towns in one valley:—

> "Drey Schlösser auff einem Berge,
> Drey Kirchen auff einem Kirchhoffe,
> Drey Städt in einem Thal,
> Ist das ganze Elsass überall."

The country may be divided into three regions—the mountains, the hills, which are usually covered with vineyards, and the plains.

The Vosges form a range of mountains about 120 miles long, running parallel to the Rhine, and separating its basin from that of the Moselle. They consist chiefly of rounded, dome-shaped hills covered with forests, and often turfed at the top. The name "ballon," applied to several of them, is doubtless derived from this swelling, rounded form. The highest of all is the Ballon of Guebwiller, 4,693 feet. The snow remaining on the mountains till June inflicts a cold spring and a sudden summer on the inhabitants of Alsace. There are many charming lakes in the bosom of the Vosges range, said to rival in beauty those of Cumberland. The timber consists chiefly of firs, oaks, beeches, and chestnuts, but the vine is cultivated to some distance up the hills. These mountains yield mineral springs of some reputation, especially Plombières, which has lately been much frequented by the *beau monde*. There are also many mines of great value in the Vosges yielding iron, coal, a little silver, copper, lead, asphalt, antimony; there are springs of petroleum, and quarries of marble, porphyry, and granite. Gold in small quantities is found in the Rhine, and is obtained in the winter when the waters are low; but the yield scarcely repays the labour, as is usually the case. The wines of Alsace are usually white; and some of them are in good repute in Germany and Switzerland, especially the *kitterle* of Guebwiller, the *brand* of Turckheim, and the *vins gentils* of Riguewihr and Ribeauvillé.

Tobacco (a Virginian variety) is largely cultivated in the plains; cabbages are grown by the field for the supply of sauerkraut, for which Strasburg is famous; the cereals, especially spelt, are largely grown.

This description will apply to Lorraine, which is also a land of corn and wine; and in both provinces the towns are seats of considerable industry and commerce. In Nancy, the ancient capital of Lorraine, the manufactory of cotton and of cloth is extensively carried on; but embroidery, of the kind called *plumetis*, upon cambric muslin and jaconet, employs the greatest number of hands—about 25,000 annually. Dreuze in Lorraine is the most extensive of the salt works in France, producing annually 145,000 quintals, supplied from brine springs as well as from rock-salt. Mühlhausen, in Alsace, is perhaps the most thriving town in the two provinces. Seven thousand workmen go to the town every day from the neighbouring communes; they are engaged in the manufacture of cotton prints and muslins. Cotton-printing was first introduced here in 1746, and the quantity made in this town probably exceeds that of any other place in the world. Mühlhausen has, however, to contend against two disadvantages. Its raw cotton must be brought a great distance, from Havre or Marseilles, and its coal from St. Étienne and Rive de Gier, through the Canal du Rhin et Rhone. We shall not trouble the reader with a long catalogue of all the busy manufactories which enrich and enliven Alsace and Lorraine; but simply observe, that in industry as in agriculture these provinces will scarcely yield to any section of France of similar extent.

In manners and in language Alsace has remained German to this day. French is taught in the school, but German is spoken in the home. The remarks which we have quoted from Arthur Young are as true in 1870 as they were in 1789. But with respect to Lorraine, it is altogether a different question. Some parts of the province are undoubtedly German, but other parts are as undoubtedly French; and this cannot be said of a single inch of Alsatian ground. We do not mean that some parts have been made French, but that they always were French, even while under the rule of the German Empire. In Metz, for instance, the tourist would be puzzled to detect any signs of German descent among the people; and no wonder, for in the depths of the Middle Ages Metz was certainly a French-speaking town. In the treaty which was concluded between the Protestant League of Germany and Henry II. of France, it was arranged that he should take the

four imperial towns which were not of the German speech (*qui ne sont pas de la langue teutonique*), viz., Cambrai, Metz, Toul, and Verdun. We are not aware that the Germans have ever claimed Joan of Arc as a compatriot, but she was certainly a Lorrainer, born and bred at Domremy (now called Domremy La Pucelle), a village on the Meuse, in the department of the Vosges (a part of Lorraine); and in her house, which has been purchased by Government, and which is carefully preserved, the arms of Lorraine decorate the chimney-piece. The great French family of the Guises were descended from a duke of Lorraine.



THE GERMANS' GATE, METZ.

In the scramble for provinces which followed the death of Charlemagne, Lorraine, like Alsace, undoubtedly became a possession of the German crown. Lothair, the last king but one of the dynasty of Charlemagne, was compelled to renounce all pretensions to Lotharingia or Lorraine, *ce qui contrista grandement*, as an old chronicler writes, *le cœur des seigneurs de France.*

But the German Empire was to Lorraine never more than a protectorate; and the dukes of Lorraine themselves ruled over a part only of their dukedom. Nancy was their usual residence; and we find in the thirteenth century the Duke of Lorraine in Nancy being besieged by the Bishop of Metz. The


BELGIUM
PRUSSIA
SWITZERLAND
LORRAINE
Moselle
Meurthe
Meuse
Vosges
Lower Rhine
Upper Rhine
Bingen
MAYENCE
Kreuznach
Oppenheim
Worms
Neustadt
Landau
Wissembourg
Rastadt
Baden
Offenburg
Lahr
Hausach
Freiburg
Mulheim
Schopfheim
BASLE
Neufchatel
Montbeliard
Baume les Dames
BESANCON
Vesoul
Lure
Combeaufontaine
Langres
La Ferte
Prauthoy
Chaumont
Joinville
Neufchateau
Mirecourt
Darney
Vittel
Contrexeville
Vittel
Epinal
Remiremont
Gerardmer
Munster
Colmar
Old Brisach
Schelestadt
Strasbourg
Kehl
Haguenau
Bitche
Sarreguemines
Saarbruck
Saarlouis
Merzig
Thionville
Metz
Verdun
Briey
Longuyon
Stenay
Montmedy
Sedan
Arlon
Treves
Esch
Wendel
Homburg
Kaiserslautern
Duttweiler
Landau
Wissembourg
Nancy
Toul
Void
Commercy
Pont a Mousson
Chateau Salins
Dieuze
Vic
Blamont
Badonviller
Raon
Schirmeck
Molsheim
Saverne
Phalsbourg
Bitche
Rohrbach
Niederbronn
Wasselonne
Barr
Obernai
Dambach
Ribeauville
Turkheim
Munster
Thann
Soultz
Ensisheim
Altkirch
Massevaux
Belfort
Lure
Vesoul
Gray
Montbeliard
Baume les Dames
Besancon
Neufchatel
MAP OF
LORRAINE & ALSACE.
Boundary of German Lorraine
Railways

bishops of Metz, however, were at that time no longer despots, but constitutional monarchs. A popular revolution had taken place in Lorraine similar to that of Strasburg, which has already been described. An archbishop of Rheims conferred many privileges upon a small town called Beaumont, in order to attract immigrants. This opened the eyes of the artisan class, and the "Law of Beaumont" was demanded from their rulers by all the great towns. But Metz went a step farther: the chief magistrate of the town was raised almost to a level with the bishop, and this magistrate was no longer appointed by the emperor, but by the people. In 1289 the Bishop of Metz went to war with the citizens and was defeated. In 1324 the Bishop of Metz, allied with the Duke of Lorraine, the King of Bohemia, the Archbishop of Trèves, and the Count de Bar, attempted to subdue the town; but though twice besieged, it could not be taken. From this time Metz became a free imperial town, that is to say, a republic, paying compliments to the German emperors in time of peace, and looking to them for protection in times of war. It sent deputies to the Diet, and envoys to the European courts. Its authority extended over 215 towns, villages, and hamlets. It began to rival in wealth and power the great towns of Frankfort, Augsburg, and Aix-la-Chapelle. Here the *mysteries* or religious plays were first celebrated; great fairs were held at Metz; and it became so notorious as a city of pleasure, that it was proverbially said, "If I had a Frankfort, I would spend it at Metz."

The Dukes of Lorraine did not suffer this republic to exist in the centre of their territory without making some efforts to subdue it. In 1444 the people of Metz having plundered the baggage of the Duchess of Lorraine in repayment for a debt, the duke called in the aid of Charles VII., King of France, and Metz was besieged by 10,000 men. But the citizens appointed as their commander one Jean Vitou, nicknamed *Fier-à-Bras*. He carried on war in a very determined manner, cutting the throats of all those who muttered the word "capitulation," and drowning his prisoners of war. He tied a bell to his horse's tail, the sound of which reminded every man of his duty. The siege was unsuccessful; the French king raised it on receiving a sum of money; but the independence of the town remained intact. In 1473 another duke attempted to take Metz by stratagem, and the command of the enterprise was given to a German adventurer named Krantz-with-the-long-beard. At daybreak, on the 9th of April, Krantz entered the town disguised as a merchant; he was followed by two wagons; one contained large casks which were full of soldiers; the other a load of wood, which was left under the gate to prevent the portcullis from being let down. At first the trick was successful; the guards at the gate were killed; Krantz and the soldiers were already in the town; but a baker, named Foral, contrived before the arrival of the army to move the wagon with the wood, and to let down the portcullis, which rang the alarm-bell; Krantz and his soldiers were killed; the Duke Nicholas went home; and the stout citizens of Metz built the Chapel of Victory, which existed till the middle of the last century.

When Charles V. became Emperor of Germany, he visited Metz several times, and was received by the magistrates with splendid hospitality. But it was the policy of this monarch to humble and to utilise these "free imperial towns," and he laid heavy charges on Metz. They addressed petitions and complaints to him without avail, and then sent a deputation to Henry II. of France, who was at war with the emperor. This deputation was graciously received by the king, and shortly afterwards Montmorency, at the head of a French army, appeared before the town. The magistrates now began to be alarmed; they offered to find provisions for the army, and to give to the king and the members of the royal family (but to them alone) the right of entering the town. They quoted the ancient charters of their town; neither imperialist troops nor any others could be received within the walls. Montmorency gave them a very rough reply; and at last it was arranged that he himself should be permitted to enter with an escort; but as soon as the gates were opened he brought in his army. A few days afterwards Henry ceremoniously entered the town, and made the magistrates take the oath of fidelity. The chief magistrate who refused to do this was deposed, and a royal governor was appointed.

In the meantime Charles V., having made peace with the Protestants in Germany, determined to win back Lorraine. Henry II. sent François de Guise (a Lorrainer by descent) to defend Metz. He found this town sufficiently protected on three sides by the rivers Moselle and Seille; but on the fourth side the fortifications were very weak, and commanded by the neighbouring heights. He made prodigious exertions to strengthen the town for a siege; not only the common soldiers, but their officers, and even princes, took the spade and trowel in their hands; among others the Prince of Roche-sur-Yon, a Bourbon; the Marquis d'Elbeuf, brother of the Duke de Guise; and the Duke de Nemours, a prince of Savoy.

He brought in immense quantities of provisions; and when the Duke of Alva approached the town, he drove out all the townsmen except those workmen who could be of assistance to his soldiers. The citizens took as much of their property with them as they could, and presented the duke with inventories of that which they were obliged to leave behind, the value of which he promised faithfully to restore.

Shortly afterwards, the emperor himself arrived with an immense army; but all in vain. The cannonade was so furious, that it was heard not only at Strasburg, but twelve miles beyond it across the Rhine; but in vain. In vain mines were sprung; in vain breaches were made; in vain the besieged were assured the emperor would take Metz, if he were obliged to use up three armies in the business. Behind the walls, which were destroyed by day, there sprung up by night new bulwarks of wood and earth; incessantly the gates were flung open, and furious sorties were made on the foe. In forty-five days the greatest man of the age had fired 15,000 cannon-shots, and had achieved nothing. He was compelled to raise the siege. "I see plainly," he said, "that Fortune is of the female sex: she prefers a young king to an old emperor."

The great army began to retreat. It was now January: there was a thaw—the roads were difficult, and the French were in pursuit. A writer of the time chronicles this dreadful scene: "Whichever way one looked, one saw nothing but soldiers, dead, or almost dead, lying in the mire by herds; others, seated on great stones with their legs in the mud, and not able to draw them out, being frozen up to their knees, called out to us to have pity on them, and kill them off. One could hear the groans of the sick in every cottage; in every direction were new graves; the roads were covered with dead horses, and tents, and weapons, and other furniture of war."

Metz had now fairly earned its right to be called La Pucelle

(*non polluta*). Though so often besieged, it had never been conquered; but its independence was at an end. In 1556, Vieilleville, the governor, deprived the inhabitants of the right of nominating their own citizens, and built a citadel to overawe the town. One of the elders of Metz, Androuin Roussell, killed himself in despair. During the persecution of the Huguenots under Louis XIV., Metz lost a great part of its working population, and since that time it has become merely a garrison, being, next to Strasburg, the most strongly fortified town in France.

The history of the republic of Metz is distinct from the history of the dukes of Lorraine, and we must return to the fifteenth century, in order to understand how Lorraine enters first into the history, and afterwards into the domain of France.

Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was ambitious of building up an empire between Germany and France, and part of this empire was to be the Duchy of Lorraine. He began by seizing the person of the young duke, René II., and compelling him to yield certain fortresses, and a free road through Lorraine for his troops. But Charles encountering a serious check at Heuss, near the Rhine, Louis XI. encouraged René to declare war, and at the battle of Nancy Charles the Bold lost his life. From René II. the Guises were descended: the ambition of this family was afterwards fatal, not only to themselves, but to the House of Lorraine. French uniforms became familiar to the eyes of the Lorrainers; French signatures appeared frequently in the State papers of the little palace at Nancy. Louis XIV. came to the throne with his eyes fixed on Lorraine, the possession of which had been gradually prepared for him by the policy of Richelieu and Mazarin. But there were no sudden aggressions, as in the case of Alsace. In 1662 the duke, Charles, who had no legitimate issue, arranged, in return for a ready-money payment, that Lorraine should go to the French crown after his death. Although this arrangement was not actually carried out, Lorraine was from that time completely cut off from the German Empire; it remained a dukedom only in name; and when, in 1736, King Stanislaus, the father-in-law of Louis XV., lost his crown, he received the Duchy of Lorraine on condition that after his death it should pass to the French crown, while the Duke of Lorraine received the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, which had fallen vacant through the extinction of the great family of the Medici.

What, then, is the real history of these two provinces before they became French? We find certain great towns which, like Frankfort, Hamburg, Bremen, &c., were really independent states; but the country was inhabited by a miserable peasantry, whose villages and fields were laid waste from all quarters, and who were at the mercy of the nearest castle. We find dukes, landgraves, counts, and bishops intriguing, turn by turn, with the French and German courts; fighting ferociously with one another; robbing the travelling merchants who passed through their lands, and grinding their people into dust.

Alsace and Lorraine were incorporated into the kingdom of France; and there can be no doubt that the towns lost much, and that the peasants at first gained little, by the change. The townsmen were accustomed to govern themselves; to elect their own officers; to levy their own taxes. They were now ruled over by functionaries; they were farmed out; they were taxed to death. There was a period of French history when the French people almost wished themselves under foreign rule. It is not strange, therefore, that the Alsatians and Lorrainers should long for the good old days—not of the German Empire—but of their own liberties—the days of their charters, their privileges, and their commerce. Yet, in spite of all their sufferings, Alsace and Lorraine enjoyed one blessing which was new to them—they were at peace. There were no longer any battles between the Bishop of Metz and the Duke of Lorraine; the Castles of Despair, on the summits of the Vosges, had fallen into ruins, and gloomy legends alone preserved the memory of those savage nobles who had treated their peasants as their slaves. Alsace and Lorraine suffered; but they suffered with all France.

Then came the Revolution, and this period dates a change in the history of the conquered provinces. Hitherto they had remained German in heart: only their pockets had been French. But if they had shared with France its misery, they now shared also its emancipation and its glory. They gained a freedom which at that time neither Prussia nor Austria bestowed upon its subjects; they won for themselves laurels which the genius of Napoleon alone could place within their reach. The Alsatians and Lorrainers have still the blood of the warlike *Belgæ* in their veins. In no part of France is military service so popular. The cavalry of the empire was chiefly recruited from these provinces, and the trade of plying as substitutes for the conscription was commonly pursued by Alsatians and Lorrainers. At the time of the Revolution, the two provinces were formed into six departments: Alsace became Haut Rhin and Bas Rhin; Lorraine became Meurthe, Meuse, Vosges, and Moselle. According to the tables published by the Minister of War, the largest number of volunteers for the army is to be found always in the department of Meurthe. Strasburg produced the celebrated Kleber, and Metz Kellerman. When the allies invaded France in 1814 and 1815, Strasburg each time won the admiration of France, by suffering a long and severe siege. When Napoleon returned from Elba, he alluded in his first proclamation to the gallant resistance which had been offered to the allies by the "brave peasants of Lorraine." The last cannon-shots which were fired after the battle of Waterloo, were fired in Alsace. Nor does this love of military service and of war proceed from ignorance, or from want, as is sometimes the case. Population increases more rapidly, and education is more general, in these six departments than in any other district of equal extent.

We have hitherto made no allusion to that page of Alsace and Lorraine history which is being written in blood before our eyes. We have impartially gathered and arranged the facts of the past, that the reader may compare them with those of the present. Yet we must point out that there is one important difference between the present struggle for the Rhine provinces and those, so similar to it in most respects, which took place between the French and German successors of Charlemagne, and afterwards between the Bourbons and the Hapsburghs. In those days, when kings fought for a territory, the inhabitants were impartially plundered by both armies, and were made over to the conqueror with as much consideration for their own preference as is now shown to partridges and pheasants when a landed estate changes hands. But we have, it is to be hoped, passed over this evil age of the treaties of Westphalia, Nimeguen, and Ryswick. Whatever German patriots may say, Alsatians and Lorrainers have become as French as the Parisians; and since the invasions of 1814 and 1815 they have learnt to love that cause for which they fought and suffered, and to hate those who speak the same language, but who destroyed their homes.

Progress of Sir Samuel Baker's Expedition.

A LETTER from Sir Samuel Baker to Sir Roderick Murchison, of which portions have been communicated to the newspapers, gives a most interesting account of the progress of the great expedition—half military, half geographical—which our celebrated English explorer is leading into the heart of Africa. When he left England—in the early summer of 1869—he expressed his intention, or rather his hope, of launching his steamers on Lake Albert Nyanza by Christmas of the same year. In this he has not succeeded; the opening of the Suez Canal in November, and the subsequent delays encountered on the way to Khartum, have thrown him backward more than a twelvemonth; but his letter shows that he is at last in the middle of his work, encamped far up the White Nile, with his force of 2,000 men and flotilla of 53 vessels, all well in hand and housed for the wet season, preparing for ascending to the great lakes at the opening of the fine season in November.

The station from which he writes is on the banks of the White Nile, near the lower mouth of the Giraffe River, and distant about 360 miles, in a straight line, from Khartum; it lies, in fact, about midway between Khartum and Lake Albert Nyanza. The geographical interest of the letter relates to the singular change which has come over the main river since Sir Samuel's last journey, in 1865. He says he received notice, before leaving Khartum, that the White Nile had ceased to be a navigable river; and on reaching the mouth of the Giraffe, he found, in fact, all passage up stream blocked by a dense impenetrable mass of aquatic or marsh vegetation, extending for many miles, and formed by the gradual accumulation of floating islands of grass and reeds, detached from the vast region of swamp which extends for 200 miles along the banks of the river and its tributaries above the obstruction. Formerly the passage was kept clear by cutting through the newly-formed masses, but since 1865 this had been neglected, until the obstruction had grown too great for the efforts of the traders who frequent the river. The latter, thus barred from the main stream, had found a road to the Upper Nile, above the obstruction, by a side-channel or arm of the river—the Bahr Giraffe—which thus proved not to be a tributary stream, as Speke and Grant supposed. Sir Samuel, on arriving at the impediment to his progress, on the 17th of February, attempted to turn it by this "flank movement" up the Giraffe. After ascending it for about 180 miles, his flotilla of thirty-four vessels arrived at a point where the waters were overgrown with a similar marsh vegetation to that of the main river. Through this they struggled for ninety-two miles further, and then the vessels "became fixed in a boundless sea of high grass." No sign of open water could be distinguished from the mast-head. The aquatic grasses "resembled sugar-cane in thickness and toughness, while the tangled confusion of decaying vegetation, for a depth of five or six feet, could only be compared to a mixture of fishing-nets, ropes, mud, sailors' swabs, spines, and canes, all compressed together in a firm mass, beneath which the water was from ten to twelve feet deep, while grass about nine feet high covered the surface to all points of the horizon."

With about 1,000 men, the undaunted traveller worked for thirty-two days to cut a passage through this wonderful growth of rank vegetation, the product of the wide extent of still water and the great heat and humidity of this part of the White Nile. The marshy growth was found to occupy the short stretches of river which connected together a chain of small lakes, so that by eight miles of cutting the flotilla was able to progress thirty miles. The sight of the open water of these lakes was cheering to the men, fatigued and sickened by labour in mud and stench. At length the river became clear; dry land appeared on either bank, and forests within two miles; herds of antelopes and buffaloes were on the plain. At length it seemed their labours would be rewarded by quickly reaching the White Nile. They sailed merrily on, when suddenly the steamers, one by one, grounded—there was no depth of water; further examination ahead established the conclusion that the channel was practicable only in the flood season, and there was no alternative but to return by the way they had come, and wait patiently on the banks of the Nile for the favourable season to cut a passage up the main stream *en route* for the equatorial lakes.

At his establishment he had erected large warehouses of galvanised iron, and set his Egyptians to work to plant grain, to increase his stores of food for future operations. His English engineers and mechanics and further troops had joined him there, and the general health of his men was good, although many had fallen ill of marsh fever during the attempt to force the swamps of the Giraffe. Meantime he had made his authority as Egyptian pasha and commander-in-chief felt in the most wholesome manner, by checking the slave-hunting propensities of some of the Egyptian authorities in this remote region.

The Turkish governor of a settlement on the Lower White Nile had made a raid on certain Shillook villages, and kidnapped slaves and cattle, under pretence of collecting taxes. Baker Pasha, having been informed of this, hastened to the spot with two steamers, and came suddenly upon the culprit, with his booty of 150 slaves (women and children), seventy of whom were crammed in one small vessel. Sir Samuel insisted on the immediate liberation of the slaves, and as the poor people were within sight of the village which had been recently pillaged, he had the satisfaction of returning them all to their homes, to their great astonishment, and to the con sion of the slave-hunting governor, who was obliged to submit, although he had 350 soldiers at his back. Some time afterwards, another vessel, densely packed with slaves, was intercepted and the captives set at liberty; and Sir Samuel adds that one of the first works of the English blacksmiths was to cut through the chains that secured the unfortunate children.

The country, thus being rescued from the confusion and anarchy wrought by the slave-hunters, is described as one of great fertility, and likely to become a valuable portion of Egyptian territory. The population is estimated at 1,000,000, and the natural productions are cotton, rice, excellent timber, and a vast variety of vegetable productions, the river being a fine navigable stream direct to Khartum. With fair dealing, and security of life and property, the entire Shillook country would become a vast cotton-field. Sir Samuel intended, during the rainy season, to distribute among the chiefs the cotton-seed he had brought from Lower Egypt; and he states that these men well understand the advantages they would reap by an exchange of their native productions for manufactures. Looking to the strong measures taken by our heroic countryman, it is gratifying to be informed by the British Consul-general of Egypt that the Khedive, on being informed of all he had done, expressed to our diplomatic representative his entire approval.

The Kingdom of Dahomey.

BY WINWOOD READE.

In Western Africa society is divided into two classes—the slaves and the free. It may be stated as a general rule, that the free men enjoy liberty and equality among themselves. The patriarchal system of government is the most common: at the head of each village is a sheik or chief, who holds the position of *primus inter pares* among the other elders. Sometimes the villages are completely independent, especially in the less civilised African tribes; but more frequently there is a capital of the country, ruled over by a nominal king, whose power among the village head men resembles, in its nature and extent, that of the head men among the elders. Such a constitution, though nominally monarchical, is in reality a federal union.

But it has frequently happened in Africa that some chieftain with a military genius has arisen, and has conquered neighbouring provinces, and has given to his new property a constitution of a different kind. Many such kingdoms have appeared, and as quickly disappeared—for the Africans appear averse to centralisation; and it requires a constant effort to maintain an empire in its integrity. The viceroys of a province yearn to be kings, the functionaries of a village to be head men. Africa is, in fact, republican. Divisions of caste are unknown; divisions of class, even such as prevail amongst us, are rare. The labourers who carry a traveller's hammock or his baggage, shake hands with the native gentleman who entertains their master; and I have seen a powerful chief dipping his hand into the same dish with his slaves—that is to say, his homeborn or domestic slaves, who enjoy the social privileges of free men.

African travellers frequently describe kingdoms which they have visited as absolute monarchies; and so they certainly appear, at first sight. But when we dissect such constitutions—as, for instance, that of Ashanti—we find around the king a council of nobles, who possess little less power than an English Cabinet, and who indirectly represent the nation. In Africa, moreover, the whole mass of the population is invariably armed. There is no standing army, and therefore a popular revolution has never failed.

But there is *one* kingdom in Western Africa which is not only a despotism, but a masterpiece of despotism; which has conquered not only the bodies, but the minds of its victims; which has rendered revolution so difficult, that the idea of resistance has perhaps never entered the minds of those who would profit by it most. Dahomey has chiefly attracted attention and investigation on account of its hecatombs and its Amazons; but the system of its government is that which renders it a complete anomaly in the Land of the Negroes, and which merits the serious attention of the philosopher and the statesman.

The early history of Dahomey is preserved in the songs of their bards, and was collected by certain slave-traders who visited that country in the last century. The Dahomans, they say, were originally called Foys. They possessed a small tract of country, about ninety miles distant from the sea, and near to Abomey, the present capital of Dahomey.

Early in the seventeenth century a chief of the Foys made war upon Abomey, and meeting with much resistance, vowed that, if successful, he would sacrifice Da, the King of Abomey, to the gods. Having taken the town, he built a large palace, ripped up the belly of his royal captive within it, and called the palace Da-homey (Da's belly). He assumed the title of King of Dahomey, and his people named themselves Dahomans; but the language is still called Foy, or, according to Burton, Ffon.

This happened in 1625, and nothing occurs in Dahoman history till the reign of Guadja Trudo, in 1708. This prince, at his accession, was nineteen years of age, and had already obtained a reputation as a general. It soon became the declared object of his life to gain a footing on the sea-coast. This is the ambition of every inland power, the reasons for which can easily be explained.

The European trade has long since become a necessity to the blacks. Our beads are their jewellery; our cotton goods are their ordinary garments; our rum is their national beverage; our tobacco is essential to their comfort; our crockeryware and brass pans are part of their household furniture. Those who desire to hoard invest their property in our coral, which they can hide in a small compass; those who are ostentatious order silks, carriages, mirrors, saddles with silver stirrups, and other gorgeous articles, to parade their riches and their taste; but with respect to a warrior-king, it is almost indispensable that he should be in direct communication with the white men. Guns and powder have superseded bows and spears; and to be dependent upon other tribes for munitions of war, would be to place himself within their power.

Along the western coast of Africa a struggle is continually going on between the coast and inland tribes. The inland tribes are usually the producers; the coast tribes are merely brokers or middle-men. It is therefore the policy of these go-betweens or stand-betweens, to prevent the people of the interior and the white men from coming into direct contact with each other. When the people of the interior bring down their gold, ivory, oil, or hides to trade, they are usually detained at some town at a little distance from the sea; and when a European desires to visit the interior, every possible obstacle is thrown in his way. The interior states are therefore commercially dependent on the maritime people, who make an immense profit on the European goods, which they pass inland, and who have it in their power to stop supplies altogether.

Whydah is now the appellation of a town—the seaport of Dahomey. In those days it was the name of a coast kingdom. The Whydahs gave the Europeans much trouble with their excessive imposts, but were considered the most polite and flourishing people in Africa. Bosman (an excellent observer) describes Whydah as so populous that one village contained as many inhabitants as a whole kingdom on the Gold Coast. More than 20,000 slaves were annually exported to the plantations; and it was reported that the Whydahs could bring into

the field 200,000 fighting men. It would therefore be a formidable undertaking to invade Whydah: to conquer it completely in the first instance, almost impossible; for near the coast there were many rivers and swamps in which the Whydahs could take refuge, and where they would be inaccessible, for the Dahomans were not acquainted with the use of canoes. Moreover, between the kingdom of Whydah and that of Dahomey lay the kingdom of Ardra, which it would be necessary to conquer first.

Trudo sent messengers to the Kings of Ardra and Whydah, asking for a "water-side," or free road to the beach, and expressing himself willing to pay liberally for the privilege. His request was refused; and shortly afterwards the brother of the King of Ardra, having been ill-treated by that monarch, offered a sum of money to Trudo to avenge him. Trudo accepted the invitation. Whydah, being jealous of Ardra, refused to render aid. There was a battle which lasted three days, and which ended in the conquest of Ardra.

In the capital at that time was a certain Mr. Bulfinch Lambe, who had been seized and kept prisoner by the King of Ardra, on account of a debt due to him from the African Company. This gentleman was nearly burnt alive in the house where he was enclosed; but a Dahoman hauled him over the wall, and he was carried to the king's quarters, to the general, who, though he was in a great hurry and much occupied, took him kindly by the hand, and gave him a dram, "which was some comfort to him." Mr. Lambe declared that when he went out, there was no stirring for bodies without heads, and had it rained blood, it could not have lain thicker on the ground. He did not gain much, however, by this change of affairs; for he was taken to Dahomey, and kept there as a curiosity by the king, who had previously purchased an old Portuguese mulatto for £500, and who never afterwards appeared in public without the attendance of these two distinguished foreigners. Lambe finally obtained his release by promising to go and fetch other white men. The king presented him with a number of slaves, and gave him as a companion a coast negro, named *Tom*, who had also been taken prisoner in war, who spoke good English, and who was commissioned by the king to observe whether Lambe told the truth about Dahomey. Lambe went to Barbadoes, sold the slaves there, and also sold Tom to a gentleman in Maryland. But having afterwards heard at Antigua that the King of Dahomey had declared he would give him a shipload of slaves if ever he came back, he repurchased Tom, and brought him to England in 1731. He considered it advisable not to return to Dahomey, but utilised Tom by creating him Prince *Adomo Oroonoko Tomo*, ambassador from the court of Dahomey, and presented a letter to George II., which he asserted to be written at the dictation of Trudo. Tom enjoyed the royal hospitality for some time, till the imposture was exposed by Captain Snelgrave, one of the old authors on Dahomey.

The African prince trick was frequently played in former days, and is not yet quite extinct. Mr. Dalzel, who relates the above anecdote, also alludes to a King of Assinea (ungeographically called in the *European Mercury*, King of Syria, on the Gold Coast), who was baptised by the Bishop of Meaux, at Paris, with great pomp, Louis XIV. himself standing godfather. He was conveyed back to the Gold Coast in a man-of-war, when it was discovered that he was a slave. Now-a-days the African is sufficiently civilised to do the business without an *entrepreneur*. Two years ago a young negro was taken up in London for having obtained furniture and other valuables, under the pretence that he was the son of Prince Manna, a wealthy trading chief of the Sherbro. But upholsterers and others should be careful in giving credit to African princes, even when their parentage can be satisfactorily proved. Kings in Africa are as plentiful as they were in England when there were seventeen in Kent; and these polygamous chieftains have such very large families, that princes and princesses are of small account. On the Gold Coast, indeed, and in some other parts of Africa, and also among the Red Indians, &c., sons do not inherit; inheritance is always on the female side, by way of precaution; for when the *mother* is of royal blood, some royal blood must flow in the veins of her children.

The king, having conquered Ardra, now turned his thoughts towards Whydah. Lambe had long dissuaded him from this enterprise, representing to him the numbers of the Whydahs and their skill in the use of firearms. But Whydah was governed by a fat boy, a vulgar Sardanapalus, who seldom went out of his seraglio; his ministers were divided; his people were demoralised by the ease with which they gained wealth and luxuries from Europeans.

In 1727 Trudo invaded Whydah, the frontier of which kingdom was guarded by a river difficult to ford. The Whydahs left this important position to the care of the Snake, which was the tutelary deity of the country. The vanguard of the Dahoman army—200 men—crossed the river, and marched on without orders to the capital, shouting and singing their war music all the way. The out-guards rushed into the town, crying out that the whole of the enemy's forces had crossed the river. There was a panic, and a general scramble for the sea-side. The king escaped to the swamps and lagoons, but 4,000 prisoners were taken, and all of them were sacrificed in honour of the happy event. Trudo paid, in cowries (a shell which forms the currency of the Slave Coast), twenty shillings for each live male prisoner, ten shillings for each woman or child, and bought heads at the rate of five shillings a-piece. The European factories were plundered, and forty white men taken prisoners; but they were afterwards liberated by the king, with many professions of regard. It was naturally the ambition of Trudo to form commercial connections with the principal slave-buying firms, and he shortly afterwards invited Captain Snelgrave, then on the coast, to come to the capital of Ardra, where at that time he was residing.

The King of Dahomey was now a coast king; it was in his power, for the first time in his life, to negotiate face to face with the white man, and the first business to be arranged was the rate of duties to be levied on European goods. The king, knowing nothing about trade, left this part of the debate to a chief who had some experience in such matters; but, finding that he and the white men could not agree, he said to Snelgrave that, "though as a conqueror he could establish what imposts he pleased, yet, as he was the first English captain with whom he had treated on affairs of commerce, he would indulge him like a young bride, who at first must be denied nothing." He then told Snelgrave to name what duties he considered reasonable; and the captain put them at the half of that which had been paid to the Whydahs. The duties in Dahomey are still nominally low; but compulsory presents, fines, and so on, raise them high enough; and, on account of the capricious, tyrannical

manner in which they are raised, are peculiarly irritating to Europeans.

The kings of Africa—at least those near to the coast—are always the chief traders in their own kingdoms, and their position naturally gives them a great advantage, even when they do not abuse it. But a despotism is not favourable to commerce, and the trade of Whydah declined after its conquest by Dahomey. To crown all, at the end of the last century, one king had the unfortunate idea of creating a monopoly in trade. He issued a proclamation that no trader should pay more than £16 for a man or £13 for a woman slave, the proper value of "a prime slave," according to Dalzel, being £30. He bought largely on his own account, and next ordered that all the Dahoman traders should sell him a large proportion of their own slaves at the above-mentioned prices, and ordered his wives, who paid out the cowries, to give false measure, of which the traders did not dare to complain. As a natural consequence, his wealthier subjects were ruined. The *caboceers*, or chiefs, having respectfully remonstrated in a body, were accused of a conspiracy against his life; and the Europeans, having also offered a remonstrance, received fair promises, which were not kept. At the present time, the King of Dahomey has progressed even further: he fixes himself the price which the European factor must pay him for his palm oil. There is the king's price, and the people's price. If Trudo began by treating the European like a young bride, the present monarch is treating him as if he wanted a divorce, and I certainly should not counsel any merchant to establish a factory at Whydah. I should be inclined, rather, to counsel those who have factories to abandon them, and to trade exclusively by means of ships.

The history of Dahomey can have no further interest for the reader. After the conquest of Whydah, the kingdom attained much the same dimensions which it holds at the present day. The Whydahs, lurking in the swamps and lagoons, made some gallant but ineffectual efforts to regain their country; while the aggressive wars waged by Dahomey upon Badagry, Porto Novo, &c., were attended with no permanent success.

The wars of Dahomey were at first inspired by pure ambition; but, when its kings became traders, they degenerated into slave hunts. Every year, about February, the king made a raid on some neighbouring petty tribe, and returned in two or three months with a crowd of prisoners. The European agents were then summoned up from Whydah, where their factories are established. Some of the captives were slaughtered publicly, for the amusement of the people—like the blood-sports of the amphitheatre—and for the glory of the monarch and the service of his ancestors, as will presently be explained; the rest were then sold to the European traders.

The slave trade is now extinct in West Africa; and palm oil is the export of Dahomey; but the evil habit of annual war is still kept up. In the summer of this year all the "king's friends," as the Europeans are technically called, were invited to the capital, to behold the fruits of an unusually successful raid. But, as these are now forbidden fruits to the factor, he invariably declines such invitations, sending to the king a present as his apology. But on this occasion the king declared he would take no excuse, and the agent of the celebrated Maison Régis, having once before enjoyed the royal hospitality, immediately fled on board a vessel in the roads, and made off to Marseilles without delay.

A visit to Abomey, the chief town, with its consequent expenditure of time and money, and perhaps of health, was part of the regular routine of business in the old slaving days. Abomey was the market; buyers were obliged to go there; and in 1793 it was written, "The short interval from Whydah beach to Abomey is, perhaps, the most beaten track by Europeans of any in Africa."

But now Whydah is the market for palm oil. The duties, regular and irregular, are levied by a viceroy, called the *Yavougah*, or captain of the white men, and by other officials, nominated by the king. A visit to the king cannot be accomplished under the sum of £200, and offers only a return cargo of pie-crust promises to the agent who makes the trip.

The professional traveller will be repaid by a visit to this curious court, although the rich stores of information accumulated by Forbes, Burton, and the old slavers, have left little for him to glean. It may, perhaps, be as well to observe that missions to Dahomey, for the purpose of inducing the king to abandon human sacrifices, are entirely useless. The sentiment which suggests such missions is a most respectable one; but a careful study of the works written about Dahomey would convince any reasonable person that success is out of the question. It is a wild-goose chase in morals. To abolish human sacrifices in Dahomey would be to abolish the Dahoman religion. To abolish the Dahoman religion would be to abolish the Dahoman constitution. To abolish the Dahoman constitution would be to abolish the king's life.

The traveller who wishes to visit Abomey will first go to Whydah, the handsomest native town which I have seen in Africa. It has broad streets, an excellent market, and the principal houses are enclosed by walls. In the midst of the town is a large tree, frequented by thousands of bats, which may be seen hanging from its boughs, even feeding on its fruits, in midday. But the chief curiosity of the town is the Snake House, where a number of snakes, of a large, harmless species, are kept. The Snake, as before mentioned, was the tutelary god of old Whydah; and it is the custom in Africa to adopt the gods of a conquered land. Often the lives of priests are spared, that they may acquaint the new-comers with the trees, rocks, and brooks which must be held sacred, and initiate them into the rites and ceremonies of the local deities.

The visitor sends up a message to the king, expressing his desire to visit Abomey, and if his arrival is opportune, speedily receives an invitation, for the distance between Whydah and Abomey is only sixty miles. But Mr. Tickell, the commandant of Badagry, happened to arrive at Whydah at the beginning of the war season, and he was detained in that town four months before he was allowed to begin his journey to Whydah. The authorities would not allow him to leave Whydah in the interim, fearing that he might not return. A traveller in Africa—and especially in Dahomey—must have a more than Job-like patience. It is often said that the Africans have no idea of the value of time; but I have observed that *they* do not like to be kept waiting any better than we do. The journey is made by hammock, and, according to the usual rate of hammock-travelling on the Gold Coast, could be done in three days; but the average rate of the Dahoman journey is six miles

a day. It is not a journey, but a progress. At every village there are festivities—drinking, dancing, singing, and firing guns. On arriving at the capital the traveller receives a salute on a large scale—for which he has afterwards to pay on a larger scale—and is escorted with many ceremonies to the house which has been allotted for him. After a day or so he makes his presents. The king provides him with food and strong drinks during his stay, and when he departs usually gives him some children and some wrappers of native cotton cloth. The visitor is also entertained with reviews and processions, and is sometimes compelled to witness those human sacrifices, of which so much has been said.

It is the belief of the Dahomans that the next world is an immediate continuation of this; that, after death, kings are still kings, and slaves still slaves, and that all the men of one nation dwell, as before, in the same country. This belief prevails over a great part of Africa (and not only Africa), and explains the custom of burying cloth, weapons, &c., in the grave of a deceased chieftain. It also explains the custom of human sacrifices after the death of a great man. The slaves and wives who are buried in the grave of the deceased are supposed to rise into the new life with him, and are intended to serve him in the next world. It is some comfort to know that these wretched victims have only the physical pain of death to fear; they have no uneasiness about their future fate; and wives have been known to dispute with one another



AMAZONS OF DAHOMEY IN BATTLE.



TREE OF BATS, WHYDAH.

for the privilege of accompanying their beloved husband to his new home.

In Dahomey, the grand customs are those which succeed the death of a king—not immediately, but as soon as his successor has provided himself with a sufficient number of victims. These are killed in order to be slaves to the late king. At the annual customs a certain number are killed, to replenish the household of the dead. Besides these, special messengers are killed, in order that they may carry private information, or news of importance, to the people of the other world. A Wesleyan missionary writes, that on such an occasion four men, a deer, a monkey, and a vulture were chosen. One man was to go to all the markets of the spirit-world, and announce what he (the king) was going to do in honour of his father; another was to go to the waters, and tell all the fish; the third was to go to the roads, and tell all ghostly travellers; the third was to go to the firmament, and tell all the stars; the deer was to go to the forest, and tell all the beasts; the monkey to climb all the trees, and tell all the animals in trees; the vulture was to fly in the air, and tell all the birds. All the above-mentioned messengers lost their heads; but the vulture was simply let loose; being a sacred bird, they supposed, perhaps, it could visit the other world without a change of feathers.

There can be no doubt that many kings of Dahomey have massacred their prisoners of war in vast numbers to display their power, to strike terror into the hearts of their enemies, and to win the wonder and compliments of their native visitors. But filial love, as may be inferred from the foregoing sketch, lies at the bottom of these murders. The old slavers used to remonstrate with former kings as warmly as the new generation of travellers has done, respecting this lavish waste of human life, and often offered to pay large prices for the victims; but the king would usually make some such reply as this:—"That it would be selfish and wicked of him to leave his father and his ancestors without any one to attend them, and they would afterwards justly reproach him for his love of money, and his want of dutiful affection." It is evident, therefore, that the religion must be changed before the customs can be abandoned.

Many of my readers would doubtless be disappointed, were I to conclude this imperfect account of Dahomey without saying something about the world-famed Amazons.

In Africa matrimony may be said to represent the funds; that is to say, it is the best investment for a king's, or chieftain's, superfluous wealth. The wives represent the deposit, and the children (which in Africa are always articles of value) represent the interest. We hear often enough of kings with several hundred wives, and the great kings have perhaps 3,000 or 4,000. It is evident that these have not all been purchased for the harem. Many are simply field-labourers in the king's plantations. Others trade for him. Sometimes a monarch has employed his wives as diplomats to foreign courts; and it is by no means uncommon to read of an African king surrounded by a body-guard of women. Now the Amazons are simply a development of this normal body-guard into a regiment of 1,200, or, at the most, 2,000 women. In 1728 the King of Dahomey possessed few troops; accordingly he armed a great number of women like soldiers, intending them probably only for show; but they fought so well in battle that the institution was at once commenced, and was organised to its present form by the late king, Gezo. These women are nominally—but seldom in reality—the king's wives, though, like the king's real wives, they are kept in Oriental seclusion. They drill in a place apart from the men, and when they go out a bell is rung before them, and all males are compelled to stand off the road and to turn their faces till they have passed by. They are said to be the bravest of the king's troops, and in the late assault on Abbeokuta (I have no space to describe this war) they did not belie their reputation.

The king finds no difficulty in obtaining recruits. Every girl in Dahomey is brought to him as soon as she has arrived at a certain age. Some he reserves for his harem; others for the woman regiment; the rest he distributes to those who are in want of wives. Thus the king is a high-priest, who marries every couple in the country. He also separates the sons from the fathers; and when a chief dies, his property reverts to the Crown, and some favourite is appointed as the heir. No chief is allowed to enter another chief's house. A royal spy, or reporter, is appointed to the house of every grandee. Thus, this perfect tyranny has destroyed all that can endanger its existence from within. There can be no coalitions of family in Dahomey. There can be no coalitions of nobles. And the Amazons alone could soon annihilate that luckless mob, the Dahoman people.

Notes on Western Turkestan.—IV.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

BOKHARA—ITS EXTENT AND POPULATION—ITS GOVERNMENT—THE EPISODE OF STODDART AND CONOLLY—THE CITY OF BOKHARA—THE PRESENT EMIR—KETTE KURGAN—SAMARCAND—OTHER CITIES OF BOKHARA—THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE IN WESTERN TURKESTAN—CONCLUSION.

BOKHARA is the most important and was, until the Russian conquest of Khokand, the best known of the three khanates. It is certain that it possesses the greatest interest in the eyes of Englishmen, for the name must ever arouse most painful memories connected with the sad fate that overtook our countrymen, the lamented Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, to whom we shall refer again farther on, who fell victims to the cruelty of the remorseless tyrant, the Emir of Bokhara—*sherif* or "noble" Bokhara—as its fanatical inhabitants love to designate their country.

It is almost impossible to state positively the amount of its population, but it may be generally estimated at something under 2,500,000, at which figure it was reckoned by Fraser; but Burnes placed it at 1,000,000; and Balbi, in 1826, at 1,200,000. The other khanates, and even Afghanistan, have never ceased to recognise its spiritual supremacy. They praise and extol the mollahs, as well as the Islamite learning of the "noble

Bokhara;" but they have ever resisted all attempts made by the emirs to make use of their spiritual supremacy to increase their political power.

Bokhara is intersected from south-east to north-west by the Oxus. The inhabitants are mostly of the same races as those particularised in the description of the other khanates, namely, Ozbegs, Tadjiks, Kirghiz, Arabs, Mervi, Persians, Hindoos, and Jews. The Ozbegs are the dominant nationality, and supply the bulk of the army, the emir himself being descended from one of the thirty-two tribes into which they are divided. The Tadjiks, of whom Vambéry speaks as the original inhabitants of all the cities of Central Asia, are represented still in the greatest number in Bokhara, and though proud of their high antiquity, are sunk in a state of the most degraded vice and profligacy. The Kirghiz are not so numerous in this khanate as in the neighbouring states. The Arabs, who number about 60,000 souls, consider themselves the descendants of the warriors who, in the time of the third Caliph of Bagdad, took part in the conquest of Turkestan, where they subsequently settled. They have lost much of their distinctive nationality, and have forgotten their mother tongue. The Mervi are the descendants of the Persian colony—40,000 in number—transplanted from Merv to Bokhara by the Emir Saïd Khan, when, about the year 1810, he took the former city by aid of the Sarik Turkomans. The native Persians in Bokhara are partly slaves, partly such as have emancipated themselves and then settled in the khanate. Here, in consequence of their intelligence and capacity—for the Persian is far superior to the unpolished and brutal races around him—they frequently rise to positions of importance and trust in the state; the present chief military commanders and the superior officers of artillery also belong to the same nation. The Hindoos are a mere handful, and consist entirely of the *banian* or merchant class, who are to be found in so many Eastern states, and who, when other people are starving manage, by a due admixture of thrift and cheating, to make fortunes, and retire to pass their old age in ease at Surat or Bombay. The Jews number some 10,000, and, like their compatriots in semi-civilised communities, suffer persecution and insult as a normal condition of existence. In the city of Bokhara they pay into the emir's treasury an annual tribute of 2,000 tillahs, and this their chief remits in person, receiving in return two slight blows on the cheeks, according to the form prescribed by the Koran as a sign of submission.

The government of Bokhara is a pure despotism, the emir being chief of the army and church, holding, nominally in subjection to the Sultan of Turkey, the title of *reis*, or guardian of religion. The standing army of Bokhara is stated to number 40,000 soldiers, but they probably do not muster more than half this estimate.

In the grand epic of the Afghan expedition—commencing in 1838 with the march of Sir John Keane's army on Candahar and Ghuznee and Cabul, and ending with Sir George Pollock's victorious march through Afghanistan and the hoisting of the British flag on the topmost pinnacles of the Bala Hissar, on the 16th of September, 1842—there is a most sad and tragic episode, which ought never to be forgotten; not only because two gallant soldiers and accomplished gentlemen fell victims to their devotion to their country's service, but because they were sacrificed to an underhanded policy, eminently opposed to what we are accustomed to term "English." Burnes—than whom our Indian annals show few brighter names—was placed in a false position when he was dispatched on an ostensibly commercial mission to Dost Mohammed Khan, while in reality he was a secret political agent; and, in like manner, Conolly and Stoddart were placed in false positions at Bokhara and Khokand. The latter officer had been deputed by Mr. McNeill, our minister at Teheran in 1838, to obtain the liberation of some Russian prisoners, and to conclude a friendly treaty with Nasrullah Khan; but having excited the hatred of a newly appointed vizier, he was thrown into a dark well, swarming with the most nauseous vermin, by the Bokharian tyrant. It is somewhat singular that the ostensible cause of the ill-treatment to which this officer was subjected was of a precisely similar character to that which gave rise to the Abyssinian embroglio. Nasrullah had written to the Queen of England, and, as an independent sovereign, considered himself entitled to an autograph letter from Her Majesty; incensed at not receiving this, and considering himself treated with contumely, he resolved to wreak his vengeance on the only individual of the offending nation in his power. His conduct, and that of Theodore, was dictated by precisely similar considerations, and shows how unfitted the British Foreign Office, with its European traditions of red-tapeism, is to deal with these Eastern potentates, who ought to be placed in direct relations with the Government of India. By his order Stoddart was kept in a loathsome prison, frequently severely beaten—which, writes an informant who was in Cabul at the time, never extorted a single groan from him—and starved into a state of pitiable weakness. Meanwhile, he was repeatedly ordered to become a Mohammedan, which he steadfastly refused to do. To conquer his obstinacy, the emir threw him into the *chah-i seeah*, or "black pit," a place of torment for the vilest criminals. In it, amongst other vermin, were large ticks, which bury themselves in the flesh of the victim, producing noisome sores. Before life was extinct, Stoddart was drawn up from this horrible dungeon, and, on reviving somewhat, was exposed in one of the great gates of the city—all who entered being instructed to spit in his face and buffet him. Still he refused to abjure Christianity. The next day he was again severely beaten, his grave dug before his face, and it was announced to him that, unless he pronounced the Mohammedan confession of faith, in that very grave he would forthwith be buried alive. Hitherto this noble gentleman's resolution had not failed him; but in this fearful moment of temptation, when mere human nature could sustain no more—to use his own expression—"the grating of the spades against the sides of the grave jarred on his shattered nerves beyond endurance." Certain Mohammedans, whose sympathy had been enlisted by his noble constancy, besought him almost with tears to spare them the disgrace of his murder, and to pronounce the confession as a mere matter of form; and thus, almost unconsciously, he with his mouth owned the Arabian impostor as the true Prophet of God.

In the summer of 1841, Captain Conolly, who had been dispatched on a mission to Khiva and Khokand, in 1840, by Sir W. Macnaghten, received an invitation from the emir to proceed to Bokhara; and he was so anxious to induce Colonel Stoddart to abjure his apostasy, that he unhappily fell into the trap set for him by the perfidious ruler of Bokhara, and, after some delay, proceeded by a circuitous route, arriving at the scene of his imprisonment and death in the month of

November. He could not have appeared at a more unfortunate conjunction. The *émeute* at Cabul occurred on the 2nd of November, when Burnes and other British officers were murdered, and soon after, the Cabul force was besieged in its entrenchments. This news reached the emir in the following December, at a time when he was greatly incensed by receiving a letter written by Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, referring him to the Government of India. This was not the way to propitiate a furious and bloodthirsty tyrant. Nasrullah sent for the British officers, questioned them, and, a few days afterwards, directed them to be imprisoned in the house of the *toptshi-bashee*, or chief of artillery. Kaye, in his "Memoir



KIRGHIZ INTERIOR.

of Captain Arthur Conolly," has described in detail the condition to which these two British officers were reduced, and the unflinching firmness with which they bore their sufferings, while, with a noble constancy, they refused to abjure the faith of their fathers, but cheered and comforted each other by prayer to fight manfully to the end. It may be gathered from Conolly's correspondence and journal, that they were thrown into prison about the 17th of December, and, at the end of the month, Allahdad Khan, the Cabul envoy, was brought in to share their captivity. In this prison their condition became every day more deplorable. They were not allowed a change of raiment, and the clothes rotted on their backs; nauseous vermin preyed upon their bodies, and they tore the irritated flesh with their nails. They were not denied either a sufficiency of food or firing, but water leaked through the roof of the miserable room in which they were confined, and ague and fever racked them grievously. In this wretched prison, though strictly guarded, they were not so closely watched that Conolly could not contrive to spend many an hour chronicling, in small characters, upon Russian paper, all the incidents of captive life, and drawing up, for the information of his government, elaborate memoranda on the politics of Central Asia. In spite of all difficulties of transmission, many of these notes and memoranda found their way from Bokhara to Cabul, and, surviving all the chances of destruction to which the convulsed state of Afghanistan necessarily exposed them, were conveyed in safety to the British camp. In no way could the sufferings which the Bokhara captives endured be set forth so truthfully as in extracts from such of Conolly's letters and journals as have fortunately been preserved.

All through the months of January and February, little change took place in the condition of the captives. The symptoms of a favourable change in the state of the emir's feelings proved delusive: day passed after day, and the misery of these unhappy gentlemen increased.

During their confinement the utmost efforts had been made by the Russian envoy, Colonel Butenef, to effect their release, but it was all in vain. Lord Palmerston had addressed himself to the Government of the Czar, and the Sublime Porte, soliciting their intervention; and the Russian Chancellor, Count Nesselrode, who had been likewise pressed to use his influence by the Marquis of Clanricarde, instructed Colonel



INTERIOR OF A MOSQUE IN TURKESTAN.

Butenef to demand Stoddart's release. The Russian mission arrived at Bokhara on the 17th of August, 1841, and was well received by the emir. Stoddart was released from confinement on the 18th of September, and lived with Colonel Butenef; but upon the emir's return from his victories in Khokand, he threw him and Conolly into a dungeon again, though he promised the envoy that they should return to Russia with him. Time passed, and he fulfilled none of his pledges.

Conolly still hoped the emir might relent, and, ever the most unselfish of men, expresses, in an entry in his diary, his joy that Allahdad Khan and the rest of his people had been released. For nearly three weary months they lingered on in their prison, wearing the loathsome apparel that hung about their attenuated and diseased frames. Beyond this, all is doubt and conjecture. "On the 28th of May," says Kaye, "Stoddart dispatched an official letter to the Indian Government, which was forwarded with Conolly's journal; and at this point we lose altogether the track of the footprints which the Bokhara captives have left on the great desert of Time. That they perished miserably is certain. 'No change has taken place in our treatment,' wrote Stoddart (it is the last sentence penned in the Bokhara prison which seems to have reached its destination), 'though hopes, so long proved to be deceitful, are held out to us on the return of the chief.' But the emir, glutted with conquest, returned from the Khokand expedition, and ordered them out to death. They died by the hands of the public executioner, but the precise period of their death is not with certainty to be ascertained."

Bokhara possesses cities such as the capital and Samarcand, which have acquired a certain renown in Oriental history, though architecturally they are mean beyond even a third-rate Persian city. Vambéry, who succeeded in penetrating Bokhara, and to whose boldness the English reading public is indebted for a very able work on the khanate, speaks in the following terms of its bazaars, which he declares, however, to be inferior to those of Persia:—"These establishments in Bokhara are, indeed, far from splendid and magnificent, like those of Teheran, Tabreez, and Ispahan; but still, by the strange and diversified intermixture of races, dresses, and customs, they present a very striking spectacle to the eye of a stranger. In this moving multitude, most bear the type of Iran, and have their heads surmounted by a turban, white or blue—the former colour being distinctive of the gentleman or the mollah, the latter the appropriate ornament of the merchant, handicraftsman, and servant. After the Persian, it is the Tartar physiognomy that predominates. We meet it in all its degrees, from the Ozbegs, amongst whom we find a great intermixture of blood, to the Kirghiz, who have preserved all the wildness of their origin. No need to look the latter in the face—his heavy, firm tread suffices alone to distinguish him from the Turani and the Irani."

Bokhara is considered the chief mart of Central Asia, and is famous for its silken manufactures, which vary in texture from the coarsest cloths to the fine handkerchief of the consistence of the spider's web. The natives also excel in the department of leather-cutting, and still more in that of tent-making. The boots for the male portion of the community are made with high heels, terminating in points about the size of a nail's head, while those used for the fair sex are often ornamented with the finest silk, though they are made thicker, thus reversing the order of things that obtains in the luxurious cities of the west.

The river Zerafshan, literally, the "distributor of gold," which flows past the city in a north-easterly direction, has its channel lower than the streets, and even in summer affords but a scanty supply. The water flows through a canal, deep enough, but not maintained in the state of purity that is enjoined by the Koran, which enforces the principle that "cleanliness is derived from religion." The purifying element is permitted to enter the city at the gate, Dervaze Mezar, once in intervals of from eight to fourteen days, according as the height of the river may permit. The appearance of the water is hailed with joy by the inhabitants, who rush down in an indiscriminate mob to perform their ablutions. The horses and other cattle are then permitted to enjoy its grateful coolness, and then the dogs roll in its now filthy tide. When man and beast have satisfied themselves, all entrance is forbidden and the water is left to settle.

It has been already mentioned that the state of Bokhara is the very hotbed of fanaticism. The outward observance of religion is not only enforced by law, but is carried to extremes unknown in any other purely Mohammedan city, even in Mecca itself, while at the same time the emirs and their courtiers have been noted as the most profligate in Asia. Each city has a guardian of religion, who, carrying a formidable instrument of flagellation, with which in hand he traverses the streets and public places, examines passers-by in the tenets of Islamism, and sends the ignorant, even if they be old men of threescore years, for periods varying from eight to fourteen days, to the boys' school to be instructed, or drives them into the mosque at the hour of prayer. There is also enforced a system of surveillance, which extends its branches like a monster tree of oppression throughout the land, and blights all confidence and domestic happiness. So omnipresent are the emir's spies, that it is said that even with no third person present, husband and wife do not dare pronounce the name of the sovereign without adding the words, "God grant to him one hundred and twenty years!" The reigning emir, Mozuffar-ed-din Khan, is happily a better disposed man than his late father, Nasrullah, and although he enforces the laws respecting religion and morals with great severity, he cannot be charged with crime himself. He is about fifty years of age, and is described as of middle stature, and somewhat corpulent; he has a pleasing countenance, fine black eyes, and a thin beard. In his youth he acted one year as governor in Karshi, and eighteen in Kermineh, and was always distinguished for his gentleness and affability, as well as for a sense of justice which has mostly characterised his public acts. He himself lives in an unostentatious style, and is the most determined enemy of luxury among his chiefs or people. He limits himself to the four wives enjoined by his religion, and all his domestic arrangements are upon a strictly economical footing; the ladies make not only their own clothes, but often even those of the emir himself.

About 150 miles to the eastward of Bokhara is Kette Kurgan (great fortress), famous for the manufacture of shoes, and which formed the seat of a provincial government, until the Russians established there an outpost to overawe the capital. This fortress is defended by a strong wall and deep fosse, but easily fell a prey to the Russian arms. Samarcand—the enchanting Samarcand, as its inhabitants call it—the ancient capital of Central Asia, is, from its site and the luxuriant vegetation in which it stands, the most beautiful in Turkestan.

It is the city of the renowned Timour, whom the present emir erroneously claims as his ancestor; the Tartar warrior was, it is well known, lame, and hence his enemies called him Timur Lenk, or Tamerlane—the lame Timour. Samarcand, like most Eastern cities, when viewed from a distance, presents an imposing appearance, as its domes and minarets are lit up by the sun—an appearance the brilliance of which totally vanishes on a closer inspection. Vambéry, who in his disguise of a *hadji* had unequalled opportunities of visiting its sights and holy places, gives a detailed description of these points of interest. Although it equals Teheran in circumference, its houses do not lie so close together; still, the prominent buildings and ruins offer a far more magnificent prospect.

The mosque of Timour is situated on the south side of the city, and in size and painted brick decorations it has much resemblance to the Mesjidi Shah, in Ispahan, which was built by order of Abbas II. The dome, however, is different, it being in the form of a melon, which is never the case in Persia. The inscriptions from the Koran, in gold lettering, are described as very fine. The ascent to the citadel or Ark, as it is called, is steep; it is divided into two parts, of which the outer is composed of private dwellings, whereas the inner is only used for the reception of the emir. The palace is scarcely a century old, and has nothing remarkable in it. Among the apartments of the emir, is a room composed of fragments of looking-glass, passing for a wonder of the world; but the great object of interest in the citadel is the place designated Talari Timour, or "reception-hall of Timour." This is a long, narrow court, having round it a covered foot-pavement or cloister. The side that fronts you contains the celebrated Köktash (green-stone), upon which Timour caused his throne to be placed; to it flocked vassals from all parts of the world to do homage, and were ranged there according to their rank, whilst in the central space, that resembled an arena, three heralds sat ready mounted to convey on the instant the words of the conqueror of the world to the farthest end of the hall. As the green-stone is four feet and a half high, some prisoner of illustrious birth was always forced to serve as a footstool. It is singular that, according to the tradition, this colossal stone (ten feet long, four broad, and four and a half high) was transported from Broussa. Fixed in the wall to the right of this stone is a prominent oval piece of iron, like half a cocoa-nut; upon it there is an inscription in Arabic, engraved in Kufish letters. It is said to have been brought from the treasury of the Sultan Bayazid Yildirin, and to have served one of the caliphs as an amulet. High above the stone, on the wall, are two firmans, written in golden Divani letters, one from Sultan Mahmoud, the other from Sultan Abdul Medjid. They were sent to Emir Saïd, and Emir Nasrullah, from Constantinople, and contained both the official permission for the Friday prayer, and the investiture in the functions of a *reis* (guardian of religion), which the emirs formerly made it a point of etiquette to receive, though now-a-days they content themselves on their accession with doing homage at the Köktash, which is no longer used but for this purpose and as a place of pilgrimage for pious hadjis.

Timour's sepulchre lies to the south-west, and consists of a neat chapel, crowned with a splendid dome, and encircled by a wall; in the latter there is a high-arched gate, and on both sides are two small domes, miniature representations of the large one first mentioned. The space between the wall and the chapel is filled with trees, intended to represent a garden. The entrance into the chapel is on the west, and its front, according to the law, is towards the south. On entering is a sort of vestibule, which leads directly into the chapel itself. This is octagonal, and ten short paces in diameter. In the middle, under the dome, that is to say, in the place of honour, there are two tombs placed lengthwise, with the head in the direction of Mecca. One is covered with a very fine stone of a dark green colour, two and a half spans broad and ten long, and about the thickness of six fingers. It is laid flat, in two pieces, over the grave of Timour: the other has a black stone, of about the same length, but somewhat broader. This is the tomb of Mir Seid Berke, the teacher and spiritual chief of Timour, at whose side the mighty Tartar emir gratefully desired to be buried. Round about lie other tombstones, great and small—those of his wives and grandsons, and great grandsons—though their bodies were brought thither at a subsequent period from different parts of the city. The inscriptions on the tombs are in Persian and Arabic; no enumeration of titles is there, and even that of the emir is very simple. As for the interior of the chapel, arabesques in alabaster, whose gildings are in rich contrast with azure, bear evidence of a truly artistic taste, and are described as producing a surprisingly beautiful effect. At the head of the graves are two tables with two leaves, upon which, in the East, are laid sacred volumes, where the mollahs day and night read in turn the Koran. They, as well as the *mutevali* (stewards), are taken from the Nogai Tartars, because Timour expressed in his will the desire that the watch over him should be entrusted to this race, which had always been particularly well disposed towards him. Below the chapel is a room closely resembling it, which contains the actual grave of the warrior. Here is a valuable relic, consisting of a Koran, written upon the skin of a gazelle, and said to be the caligraphy of Osman, Mohammed's secretary, and the second caliph, and which Timour is reported to have brought with him out of the treasury of the Sultan Bajazet, from Broussa. On the front of the monument to Timour is an inscription, written in white letters on a blue ground, "This is the work of poor Abdalla, the son of Mahmoud, of Ispahan." About 100 paces from it is another dome of simple architecture, but considerable antiquity, the resting-place of one of Timour's favourite wives.

The modern city of Samarcand, whose walls are at a distance of a league from the ruins of the former city, has six gates and a few bazaars, that still survive as relics of ancient times; in these are sold manufactures in leather that have a high repute, and wooden saddles, the enamel-work of which is admirably executed. The resident population of Samarcand numbers about 15,000 or 20,000, of whom two-thirds are Ozbegs, and one-third Tadjiks.

A few words as to the present position of Russia in Western Turkestan are necessary before closing this necessarily meagre account of a country that is exciting much interest at the present time. The whole history of Russian aggression, from a Russian point of view, is unfolded in Michell's translation of "The Russians in Central Asia," and forms an instructive and interesting commentary on their method of dealing with the semi-civilised nations with whom they are thrown into contact in that thirst for empire which has ever been characteristic of her czars. Extensions of Russian territory, similar to that effected in Central Asia, have always been carried on in the same order, under the same conditions, and have

invariably led to the same results. The pioneers of each movement in advance were the Cossacks, who were followed by fixed settlers and agriculturists, with their families and farming stock. It was in this way that on the banks of the Don and Ural in former years, and on the Amu Daria and Syr Daria in our day, the green uniform of the Russian soldier first appeared, to be followed by the sturdy settlers forming the germ of the future colony. The settlements once formed, a necessity arose for connecting them together; and, with this object, roads were constructed, stations erected, steamers introduced (as on the Oxus and Jaxartes), and even telegraphic lines established, as at present, from the Chinese frontier to St. Petersburg. From Orenburg to the Syr Daria there now exists a road, along which the post travels, and by which goods can be conveyed in carts.

The first Russian ship of war, named the *Nicolai*, appeared in the Aral in 1847, and in 1853 the *Perovski* (so named after the Governor-General of Orenburg) was launched on the Syr Daria, which had been surveyed in the previous year, under the famous Bootakov, of the Imperial Navy. This steamer took part in the operations at the capture of Fort Ak-Mechet, which was stormed and taken, after a desperate conflict. The fort was re-named Perovski, under which designation it is now known. On the march to Ak-Mechet, two forts were erected on the Jaxartes, according to plans drawn up by the Governor-General—one, on the head waters of the Kazala, to which the garrison of Fort Aralsk was removed, was ordered to be named Fort No. 1; the other, at the Karmakchi settlement, called Fort No. 2. Subsequently a third, called Fort No. 3, was also erected, but was abandoned in 1855. Some desperate fighting took place in 1853 and 1854, and at one time Fort Perovski was besieged by 13,000 Khokandians, but they were routed and dispersed with considerable loss.

Matters remained pretty much *in statu quo* during the Crimean war, when all the energies of the giant of the North were engaged in that terrible struggle; but no sooner was peace concluded with the Allied Powers than a policy of aggression was once more set on foot. Governor-General Perovski died early in 1857, and was succeeded by Katenin, who drew up, in 1859, a "Memoir on the Policy of Russia in the Orenburg Region," in which, among other things, he advocated the occupation of the small Khokandian fortress of Djulek, in order to secure the safety of Fort Perovski. This was not effected by him, owing to his death, but was carried into execution by the present Governor-General of the Orenburg (Lieut.-General Bezac), who was also ordered to demolish the Khokandian fortification of Yany-Kurgan, near Djulek. The Russian forts now existing on the Syr Daria are Fort No. 2 and Forts Perovski and Djulek. Communication between these is kept up by Khirgiz postillions, who are sent with government despatches from fort to fort, and so to the Orenburg Line. The road, which is traversed by caravans of goods and provisions, extends from Fort No. 1 to Fort Perovski, along the right bank of the Jaxartes, through an inhospitable and partly barren steppe. Steamers can only proceed up the river at high water, and oftentimes it overflows its banks, when communication by land becomes impossible. Since 1859 the Russians have pushed their conquests more to the southward and eastward, as far as the city of Namengan, on the Nareen river. Overrunning the whole of Khokand, and capturing its chief towns, Chemkend, Tashkend, and others, they entered "sherif Bokhara," and, in 1868, captured Samarcand, and ultimately established themselves at the fortress of Kette Kurgan, within 150 miles of the capital. The proud emirs, descendants of Genghis Khan (as he of Bokhara pretends to be, and as the Khan of Khokand really is), have at length learnt their inferiority, and, in spite of religious fanaticism and *djihads*, or holy wars, have succumbed to European civilisation and rifled firearms, while the son of Nasrullah Khan has sent his heir to St. Petersburg, a humble suppliant at the throne of the Czar of all the Russias. But the conquest is a barren triumph, and the Muscovite Ministers of Finance complain of the continuous drain on the resources of the country, so that it is said to be in contemplation to restore Samarcand and withdraw from the territory of Bokhara. Should the anti-annexation party gain the upper hand in the councils of the Czar, the restoration of Khokand to Khudayar Khan may be the result; though the withdrawal or contraction of their advanced line from the Oxus will prove, throughout Central Asia, as damaging to their *prestige* as it is favourable to that of England, which has been in the ascendant ever since the famous Umballa meeting between Lord Mayo, the present Viceroy of British India, and the Ameer of Afghanistan.

Rome and United Italy.

In A.D. 755 an alliance was formed between Pepin the Younger and the Pope of Rome, which, with certain intervals, has lasted down to our own times. It was renovated and confirmed by all the great sovereigns of France—by Charlemagne, and Henry IV., and Louis XIV., and Napoleon I., and Napoleon III. It was ruptured, possibly for ever, in the month of September of the present year, 1870.

The historians of the future will doubtless point out Sedan as one of the most decisive battles of the decisive age in which we live. They will record how two ancient despotisms fell as they rose—almost at the same hour—in each other's arms; and how, since that memorable day, no individual in Europe (west of the Russian Empire) was again permitted to control the destinies of millions of men.

Amid the din and confusion of a gigantic war, the late event in Rome has passed without attracting that attention which its actual magnitude deserves. Within the theological world, indeed, this revolution so long sighed for, so long dreaded, has caused agitation enough; but the religious aspect of the Roman question cannot be discussed here. We have to do, not with



WOMEN OF THE CAMPAGNA AT ROME.

the chief minister of an ancient and widely-spread religion, but with the ruler of the Papal States.

As we look upon an old castle covered with ivy and moss, and survey its lofty battlements and its prodigious walls, we are filled with a sentiment of mingled tenderness and awe. We forget all those scenes of blood and tyranny and lust which were perpetrated within it while it was alive. We pass among its ruins as among tombs in a churchyard; we venerate it as a monument; we consider it as a desecration to disturb a single stone. And thus, now that all the bitterness of the old religious wars is past, thus cultivated Europe is accustomed to look upon Papal Rome. To Protestants it has been a museum; to Catholics it has been also a shrine: to both classes it was a Holy City—a kind of Jerusalem. With us Englishmen the Pope himself was regarded as a kind of "sight," and there are hundreds of genteel people in this city, whose first feeling, when they heard the news the other day, was to deplore that they had not been to Rome while the Pope and his mediæval court yet flourished. Few persons reflected that though it is very pleasant to take a dip into the Middle Ages with a rope round one's waist, and one's ambassador ready to haul one back out of danger if needs be, at a moment's notice, it is not so agreeable to breathe that "cathedral atmosphere" all one's life; to be educated, ruled, and possibly also punished by a coterie of priests. There were few of the thousand pilgrims of religion and art visiting Rome every year who cared much about the condition of the Romans themselves; but *they* took a view of the Papacy which was somewhat different from that of their pious or merely polite visitors. To the foreigners the Pope was an object of abstract veneration, esteem, or curiosity; to the natives he was an object of concrete hatred or affection. The former could see him only in his spiritual form, the latter could see him only in his temporal form. To the foreign Catholics he appeared as a great high-priest with his eyes fixed on heaven; to the inhabitants of the Papal States he was not a priest, but a prince. He was for them the personification of all that was connected with their daily lives. He was the law, the government, the police, the show-master on feast-days, the lottery, and the taxes. It is possible that Pius IX. himself personally has never excited a personal animosity in a single human breast; but as a king he must be held accountable, and was held accountable, by his subjects for the many vices and even cruelties of his administration. But before we enter into a more intimate description of the Roman people and their ruler, it will be advisable to relate in a few words the history of the Papal States.

The early Christian emperors established the supremacy of the Bishops of Rome. Theodosius the Great ordained that all nations who were subject to his grace should receive the faith which had been delivered by St. Peter to the Romans. Valentinian III. forbade the bishops, both in Gaul and in the other provinces, to depart from ancient usages without the approbation of the venerable man, the Pope of the Holy City. Throughout the wars of the barbarians the diocese of Rome was preserved intact, and it escaped, though narrowly, an Arab occupation. In the eighth century the Pope of Rome appears as a kind of rival to the emperor at Constantinople; they took opposite sides in a controversy respecting the use of images, and the emperor often practised against the Pope's life. The savage Lombards, thirsting for fresh territory, took advantage of these dissensions; they seized some of the provinces belonging to the Eastern Empire and marched against Rome.

Pepin, an usurper, possessed the substance of royal power in France. He desired a higher sanction, which the Pope bestowed; and Pepin in return undertook the defence of the Pope, of the Holy Church, and the Republic of God, against the Lombards. He compelled them to surrender the territory which they had won from the empire. Instead of restoring it to the empire, he bestowed it on the Pope, saying that he had not gone to war for any man, but for the honour of St. Peter alone, and to obtain forgiveness for his sins. He placed the keys of the conquered cities on the altar of St. Peter's, and thus founded the temporal dominion of the Popes.

Charlemagne delivered the Pope entirely from the Lombards, went himself to Rome, kissed the steps of St. Peter's, ratified the gift of Pepin, and was finally crowned, by the Pope, Emperor of the West.

Centuries passed; the Frankish Empire crumbled to pieces, the German Empire took its place, and the same kind of alliance was established between the emperor and the Pope. Yet the latter remained merely archbishop on a grand scale till the days of Gregory VII., who aspired to make himself independent of the emperor. He passed a decree at one of his councils that in future no ecclesiastical office should be granted by a temporal sovereign. The disorders of the empire favoured this project; yet it was not accomplished without a long and bloody struggle. The battle between the spiritual and temporal principles, which had formerly gone hand in hand, divided Christendom. "How often," says Ranke, "have the Popes been forced to retreat from their own capital and to see the apostolic seat ascended by antipopes!"

Then followed that marvellous age in which the Papacy became the soul of Europe—the Pope the shepherd of the Christian world; kings were his vassals; the priests in every country were his slaves; his legates were compared to the pro-consuls of ancient Rome; every mind was prostrated humbly before his name; thousands rushed at his bidding to the Holy Land; a King of England received his kingdom from the Pope as a fief; a King of Arragon transferred his to the Apostle Peter; Naples was given by the Pope to a foreign house. The prophetic words of the Prior Gerolius were almost confirmed:—"It will come to pass that the golden pillars of the monarchy will be utterly shattered, and every great empire will be divided into tetrarchies; not till then will the Church be free and unfettered under the protecting care of the great crowned priest."

But the period of the Crusades and of religious enthusiasm passed away; national languages, struggling against the Latin, rose into life. The French, the Germans, and the English, began to resist the encroachments of the Pope. Long before the Reformation, this movement of resistance had fully succeeded even in Italy itself; in the fifteenth century the secular spirit was everywhere triumphant, and the European kings had regained their independence. Already in that same century the great question of our own days had been actively discussed. "Formerly," said an orator, in the Council of Basle, "I was of opinion that it would be well to separate the temporal entirely from the spiritual power; but I have learned that virtue without force is ludicrous—that the Pope of Rome, without the hereditary possessions of the Church, is only the servant of kings and princes."

At this time the Popes, having lost so many of their foreign privileges and so much of their spiritual power, began to study their worldly concerns, and threw themselves actively into the politics of Italy. On all sides a struggle for territory was being carried on. Sixtus IV. and Alexander VI. conquered principalities for their sons and nephews; but it was Julius II. who had the nobler, though not less worldly, design of enlarging the States of the Church. This soldier-pope took the command of his troops himself; he won back the coast of the Papal States which had been seized by the Venetians; he conquered new lands, and became a potentate in Europe. "Formerly," says Macchiavel, "no baron was so insignificant as not to despise the papal power; now a King of France stands in awe of it."

The historical period which follows is not for us to describe; it belongs to the spiritual rather than to the temporal dominion of the Pope. We must pass over the Protestant Reformation, the Catholic revival, the Jesuit and Jansenist controversy, the epoch of Voltaire, till we arrive at the French Revolution, and find an army of Red Republicans in Rome. "Pius VI.," writes Ranke, "prayed his enemies to let him, an old man of eighty, die there where he had lived. They replied that he could die anywhere. They stripped and plundered his sitting-room before his eyes; they deprived him even of the smallest things needful to his comfort; they pulled the ring from his finger, and at length carried him off to France, where he died in 1799."

But Napoleon determined to revive the policy of Charlemagne. On the battle-field of Marengo, he dispatched a bishop to enter into negotiations with Pius VII. concerning the re-establishment of the Catholic Church. The new Pope consented to make vast concessions, to cross the Alps, and crown the new emperor *à la Charlemagne*. He hoped to gain much from Napoleon, who styled himself the eldest son of the Church; but, crushed by that indomitable mind, he became a subject of France, and was not even permitted to reside in Rome.

When Napoleon fell, the old state of things in Italy was restored. There was a reaction; the Roman Catholic religion was revived, and the papal power gained new strength. The Jesuits, who had been banished from Rome before the French Revolution, soon were invited to return, and the Inquisition was re-established. But this only lasted a certain time—the hand of the clock had been put back, but it returned to the same place, and then moved onwards as before.

A united Italy, with Rome for its capital, had been a favourite dream of great mediæval minds; Arnold da Brescia had even attempted to realise it, and had suffered the fate of those who put prophetic ideas into action before their time. The French Revolution had excited the national aspirations of the Italians; and in the latter part of the eighteenth century the poets continually dwelt upon the theme of nationality. From poetry the idea passed into politics; it took form; it was used by the foreign powers who dealt in Italian affairs. The Archduke John of Austria, in 1809, Lord William Bentinck, in 1814, and General Nugent, in 1815, promised independence to the Italians. Even Murat, in his march to Upper Italy, in 1815, declared that the freedom of Italy was the object of his expedition; but at the Congress of Vienna all these fine words were not remembered, and Italy was subjected to a foreign rule. There was, in fact, no Italy; there were only some Italian provinces under foreign princes. Lombardy with Venetia belonged to the Emperor of Austria; Naples and Parma to Spanish and French Bourbons; Modena and Tuscany (which were always gently ruled) to Austrian archdukes; Piedmont and Sardinia to Savoyards united by marriage with Austria. All these petty princes (and the Pope also) were merely vassals of the Austrian court, which directed not only their foreign relations, but their internal laws. Among them all there was a wonderful family likeness; they resembled one another and their common parent. In all these provinces, exports and imports were checked by enormous duties; a rigid passport system everywhere prevailed; frequently persons were not permitted to leave their native towns even for a few days; education was entirely in the hands of the clergy; there were no political journals; there was a rigid censorship over books; private lecturing and teaching were not allowed without a licence from the police.

In Rome the government set itself to work to blot out all traces of the vigorous and enlightened administration of the French. A code was published based upon bygone institutions, and totally opposed to the requirements of the age. The Spanish military revolution of 1820, which was rewarded with a constitution, infected the Italian peninsula. There were insurrections in Naples and Piedmont, and the Austrians were called in. In the Papal States there was no rising; but it was known that the *Carbonari*—a secret society originally organised to emancipate Italy while under French rule—possessed many members in the States of the Church as in all the other provinces of Italy. Five hundred and eight persons were accused of high treason; of these 121, belonging to the upper classes of society, were exiled to Tuscany; but the government, fearing that they might conspire if left at large, summoned them back. On their return they were seized, imprisoned, and all condemned. Seven were beheaded, forty-five sent to the galleys, and the rest imprisoned in state fortresses.

The Papal government also adopted an ingenious though not highly moral or eminently Christian method of opposing the Carbonari and the disaffected generally. It organised a society of its own—the *Sanfedisti*—who were bound together by the most solemn oath for the defence of the holy Roman apostolic faith and the temporal authority of the Pope. No family tie, no impulse of compassion, neither "the tears of women nor the cries of children" were to stand in the way of its fulfilment. So long as they were faithful to the cause, they enjoyed almost complete immunity for any amount of crime, and were liberally paid. The spy, the informer, and the assassin plied thriving trades. In 1831 the revolutions of France and Belgium set Italy in flames. An insurrection broke out in the Papal States and many other provinces. The revolutionists of 1820 had demanded a constitution: those of 1831 were more advanced; they demanded a republic. The Austrians again marched over Italy, and the insurrections were suppressed. It was at this period that Mazzini made his appearance on the scene, abandoned the Carbonari, and established the party of "Young Italy."

The people of the Romagna, crushed by the Austrian arms, appealed to France. A conference was held at Rome between the representatives of the great powers—France, England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. They very quickly discovered the defects of the Roman administration, and addressed a joint memorandum to the Pope, suggesting the secularisation of many of the chief offices under government,

and in the courts of law; the revision of the code; and other reforms. These suggestions were not carried out. The taxes paid by the people were paid by the Pope to Swiss mercenaries to protect him from the people. Every year or two an insurrection broke out; the highways swarmed with robbers; the prisons with political offenders; bribery and fraud were everywhere rampant; religious exercises were enforced by law.

Two foreign revolutions had at two different epochs inflamed the hopes of the Italians; the third time it was not a revolution, but a Pope. It appears strange to us of the younger generation that this Pius IX.—who is associated in our minds with so many long and impotent allocutions, exile or captivity, and the country awoke from the lethargy of despair." Carlo Alberto also began to grant reforms; soon afterwards the first war of liberation began, and Story relates that he heard 10,000 men sing, as they marched through the streets of Genoa carrying torches in their hands, and following the king, on whom rose-leaves were showered from the windows :—

" O Giovani ardenti d'Italico amore
Serbate il valore pel dì di pugnar :
Evviva Italia ! evviva Pio Nono !
Evviva Italia ! evviva il Re !"

During two years Pius IX. persevered in his reforms. He



ROMANS PLAYING AT MORA.

benedictions, excommunications, and bulls, with the papal aggression, the encyclical letter, and the Œcumenical Council; who has been shrieking to us so often and so loudly, *Non muove! non muove!* (the world does not move, or if it does move, it ought not to, and it will surely come to harm), that this same Pius IX. was a little more than twenty years ago the hope of the Italian patriots, that he was honoured with a complimentary letter from Mazzini himself, and that he did actually set light to that fire which has now consumed himself.

In July, 1846, he ascended the throne, and inaugurated his reign with an amnesty to all political offenders. As Mrs. Gretton writes, in her charming language, which we have frequently adopted, since we find it impossible to improve, "Thousands of families received back their loved ones from adopted the suggestions of the memorandum of 1831; he dismissed his Swiss Guard; he made the clergy pay taxes; he emancipated the laity—at least to a certain extent; he granted a constitution on the 8th of March, 1848; then he stopped short, and fled back into the dark.

The proclamation of the republic at Paris was a misfortune for the Italians; it came a little too soon. They began to sneer at gradual reform, and to abuse their new liberties in every way. But nothing can justify the sudden "change of mind" on the part of the Pope—a change which might have been conscientious, but which is, in any case, contemptible. At this time Italy and Austria were fighting on the plains of Lombardy. This war had been preached in his own dominions, with his full knowledge and consent, as a new crusade; he had even blessed the volunteers when



MOUNT AVENTINO.

they marched from Rome. A month after that event he disavowed the same war, and stigmatised it as "unjust" and "hurtful." There was, as may be imagined, a fearful revulsion of feeling throughout the peninsula, and doubtless many an Italian heart could respond even now to the lines which a great poet (Robert Browning) wrote in allusion to this fall of the Pope—more melancholy far than his temporal fall two months ago—

> "We shall march prospering—not through his presence;
> Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre;
> Deeds will be done while he boasts his quiescence,
> Still bidding crouch when the rest bade aspire!
> Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more—
> One more task declined—one more footpath untrod—
> One more triumph for devils and sorrow to angels—
> One wrong more to man—one more insult to God."

The summer of 1848 was passed in disputes between the Pope and his lay ministers, who desired to carry out the constitution which he had bestowed. The constitutionalists became weaker and weaker; the Mazzinists gained power, and among those wild republicans were a number of Austrian agents, who sought to excite the population to such excesses as would justify Austrian intervention, and deprive the revolutionists of foreign sympathy. "We can all remember," writes Massimo d'Azeglio to the inhabitants of the Legations, "in 1848–49 certain journalists and street orators, who were only too successful in dragging the most ignorant and inflammable of the population into extravagant lengths; and whom afterwards, on the return of the Austrian army, we saw impudently walking about arm-in-arm with the officers, and sneering in the face of those they had led into error." At Milan a certain Urbino, a (supposed) violent partisan of Mazzini, was in reality an Austrian spy, and it is quite evident from the above facts, that all Mazzini's proceedings at this time must have afforded much satisfaction to the Austrian government, since he was doing that for them *gratis* which others required to be paid for.

The prime minister at this time was Count Rossi, a wise and moderate minister, who had lived for a long time in France, and who was an intimate friend of the celebrated Guizot, who is a Protestant. It was this man alone who protected the Pope from a revolution, and he was murdered at noonday on the steps of the Capitol. The Pope, disguised as a livery servant, fled from Rome, and took refuge at Gaeta in the kingdom of Naples. Thence he continued to protest against the acts of the provisional government of Rome; and, as one of his predecessors, exiled by Arnold da Brescia, had placed the city under an interdict, so he threatened to excommunicate all those who took part in the elections, which caused much anger and excitement among the population. A republic was proclaimed; he issued a formal protest; a triumvirate was formed, consisting of Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi. The Pope invoked the armed aid of the Catholic powers; France engaged to reinstate him in Rome; Austria was to deal with the Legations. The republic had not existed a long time, but it had already contracted an indelible stain from the *Infernal Association* at Ancona, where a reign of terror prevailed undisturbed by Mazzini. The Austrians soon did their part, while six thousand French, under General Oudinot, marched on Rome. Not expecting resistance, they were preparing to enter the city, when they were vigorously attacked by the Romans and driven back with loss.

The French were now in a difficult position; they had come not so much to protect the Pope, as to prevent Rome from being occupied by the Austrians. It was certain that if they did not occupy Rome, the Austrians would do so. It was therefore Oudinot's business to get in first. There was an interval of negotiation; but even republicans cannot always agree, and Oudinot laid siege to Rome. The firing began on the 13th of June, and on the night of the 21st, breaches were made in Bastions 6 and 7 and the curtain which connected them. The French carried the position, and as it was too dark to proceed further, they entrenched themselves by means of a line of gabions.

The next morning the triumvirs assured the Roman populace that an officer had sold the post; and that, in any case, the whole proceeding was contrary to the rules of war. The order of the day is a curiosity in military literature: "No one imagined that France would, like a thief in the night, steal into our city; but it did so, and succeeded to a certain point." A proclamation was also issued, which reminds one of the late effusions of Victor Hugo: "Romans! In the darkness of the night, by means of treason, the enemy has set foot on the breach! Arise, Rome! Arise, ye people, in your might! Destroy him! Fill the breach with his carcase! Blast the enemy—the accursed of God, who dare touch the sacred walls of Rome."

The deputies had some time before sworn in the most solemn manner that they would die for the republic; however, the republic died first. The French continued the siege in a very scientific and sacrilegious manner, and, having carried all the fortifications by assault, received a message from the triumvirs, who, in somewhat milder language, announced that they "ceased the defence." The Pope was restored, and it should be remembered that the Emperor Napoleon, in afterwards protecting Rome, merely followed the policy which had been originated under the republic.

Ten years passed without any great event. But the writings of Gioberti, Balbo, and D'Azeglio were silently working towards the end, and the successor of the unhappy Carlo Alberto, ruined on the field of Novara, was a sovereign in whom the Italians could place their hopes. Victor Emmanuel, before he became celebrated in Europe, was beloved in Italy; during long years he contended firmly against the intolerance and encroachments of Rome; he threw open his states to all political refugees, constitutionalists or republicans; he maintained the liberty of the press; he allowed himself to be guided by Cavour, the greatest statesman that Italy has produced in modern times.

We shall not enter into a description of the war of 1859 except so far as it concerns the Papal States. It is well known that the Emperor of the French (who in his youth had belonged to the Carbonari, and who, though not entirely disinterested in his views, had enough Italian blood in his veins to sympathise with the cause of Italian nationality) allied himself with the King of Italy; that the Austrians were defeated; that a peace was made by the emperor before the work was half done; that Garibaldi, by an act of sublime brigandage, annexed Naples to the Italian crown, and Victor Emmanuel (soon afterwards King of Italy) wrote to the Pope and offered to administer his temporalities as Viceroy. The Pope replied that he was bound by oath to preserve intact the hereditary possessions of the Church. Victor Emmanuel then invaded the Papal States,

but the French army of occupation was reinforced, and the king, in order to avoid a war with France, was compelled to withdraw. But although the emperor would not suffer Rome to be occupied by any troops but his own, he would not march those troops against the Papal provinces which had now revolted. When Pius IX., filled with liberal ideas, had mounted the throne, he had written to the Emperor of Austria, advising him to give up his Italian provinces, and now he received a similar letter from the Emperor of the French, who called his attention to the inexorable logic of facts, and advised him to give up the Romagna; he refused to do so, and the Romagna annexed itself to the new kingdom of Italy against his will.

Such, then, was the position of affairs in 1860. The kingdom of Italy was almost completed; Austria still possessed Venetia, and the Pope still possessed Rome. The statesmen of Italy saw that they must wait till the emperor should change his policy, or till some accident should free them from his opposition. This accident has just occurred, and that has happened in 1870 which, had it not been for the emperor, would have happened in 1859. We have not described in detail the efforts of Garibaldi to seize Rome, because these have not been attended with any perceptible result. It was from no feeling of indifference, no tameness of purpose, that Victor Emmanuel held aloof from Rome; it was because he could see (which Garibaldi was not wise enough to see) that success was impossible until the one grand obstacle had been removed.

The kingdom of Italy is now complete. Rome has again become the capital of the peninsula: an extensive province and its inhabitants have passed from a despotic to a constitutional rule. The prison doors are opened for those that are within, and will soon be closed upon many that are without, who have hitherto earned their living on the Pope's highway; and it is to be hoped that commerce and industry will revive.

In the sixteenth century the Papal States were celebrated for their wealth and their fertility. "We travelled," say the Venetian ambassadors in 1522, "from Macerata to Tolentino, through the most beautiful country. Hills and valleys were covered with corn—for thirty miles nothing else was to be seen; we could hardly find a foot of uncultivated land. It appeared to us impossible to gather in such a quantity of grain, much more to find consumers for it." Romagna yearly produced 40,000 stara of corn more than was necessary for its own consumption. In a bull of the year 1566 Pius V. boasts, as a proof of the Divine favour, that whereas Rome in former times could not exist without foreign corn, she had now not only abundance for her own consumption, but had often been able to supply her neighbours and strangers by land and by sea. In the year 1589, as Ranke informs us, the export of corn from the States of the Church was valued at 500,000 scudi a year. The several districts were likewise famed for their peculiar productions. Perugia for its hemp; Faenza for its flax; Viterbo for both; Cesena for its wine, which was exported; Rimini for oil; Bologna for woad; San Lorenzo for manna; the produce of the vineyards of Montefiascono was celebrated all over the world; the Campagna at that time produced a breed of horses little inferior to those of Naples; towards Nettuno and Terracina there was excellent hunting, especially of the wild boar; there were lakes abounding in fish; there were salt and alum works, and quarries of marble —in short, everything which could contribute to the enjoyment of life was there produced in profusion. Ancona did a thriving trade: its port was filled with caravels from the Levant. The wares which were sold in that town were silks, wool, leather, lead from Flanders, and cloth. In those days the Papal States also produced men. Not only were they industrious manufacturers and enterprising merchants; they were celebrated for their courage and their skill in war. Sometimes they are described by the writers of those times according to the various characteristics which they displayed. The Perugians were reckoned sturdy in service; the inhabitants of Romagna brave, but improvident; the inhabitants of the Marches addicted to plunder; the Faentini excelled in steadiness under attack, and in the pursuit of a retreating enemy; the men of Forli in difficult manœuvres; those of Fermo in the management of the lance. "The whole population," writes a Venetian, "is skilled in warfare, and of a fierce nature; as soon as they leave their homes, these men are fit for every deed of war, whether in a siege or a field of battle. They bear with ease the toils and hardships of a campaign."

This description would scarcely apply to the Papal States of the present day; the famous breed of horses is extinct, and so are those breeds of men. Moreover, the provinces which annexed themselves to Italy in 1860 were, as might be supposed, the most enlightened and the most flourishing. There is now little left of the Papal States to describe, but Rome itself. Yet who can describe Rome?

We can certainly inform the reader (at the risk of telling him what he already knows) that Rome is situated on a tract of rocky hills, in the midst of an extensive plain—a position doubtless chosen for defence. That this plain is called the Campagna, and is an undulating tract of land ninety miles long by twenty-seven broad, lying between a range of mountains and the Mediterranean Sea. That the city is twenty feet above the level of the sea, and thirteen geographical miles in a straight line from the nearest point of the coast. That the Tiber divides this city into two very unequal portions, and goes out much dirtier than it went in. That the main street is called the Corso; that it partly follows the line of the old Via Laminia, partly that of the Via Lata, and that it is there that people in Carnival pelt one another with plaster of Paris sugar-plums, and otherwise enjoy themselves, as may be read in "Monte Christo" and various works of travel. That the walls are twelve miles round; that there are twenty gates, of which seven are walled up; that there are five bridges across the Tiber, of which we offer one to illustrate this description, which, perhaps, requires some artificial aid.

But we certainly shall not attempt to describe the treasures of ancient and mediæval Rome. It would be impossible in a few pages to give even the barest outline of the worlds of ruins which this city contains—ruins of the ancient kingly times: ruins of the republic; ruins of the empire; ruins of the early Christian times; ruins of the mediæval splendour, when Buonarotti carved and Raphael painted, and Leo X. restored the learning of ancient days. Baths, aqueducts, forums, and palaces; temples, theatres, amphitheatres, and arches; the Colosseum, the Pantheon, pyramids and obelisks; catacombs and tombs; fountains, villas, basilicas; churches and museums; the Vatican and St. Peter's—all these must be seen; they cannot be imagined. The most skilful artist with pencil or pen can but awake a memory; he cannot transport

an idea. We shall assume the humbler task of sketching the inhabitants of Rome, who may, however, be also regarded as antiquities, since in many respects they resemble the people of the Middle Ages more closely than the people of the nineteenth century.

The Romans may be divided into three classes: the nobles, the middle class, and the plebeians. The middle class, being a growth of modern days, is, or was, but feebly represented in Rome (we are now writing, thank Heaven! in the past tense). The members of the bar had no career; the education of medical students was superintended by the priests, the subjects for dissection were modestly draped in vine-leaves, and midwifery students were permitted to attend only the accouchements of a doll—which arrangements, with others like them, preserved possibly the innate modesty, but also the innate ignorance, of the student. There was a class of farmers, but few manufacturers or merchants, as might be supposed. Three hundred and twenty-seven vessels belonged to the Papal ports, employing nine hundred and twenty-seven men. There was little industrial activity in the Papal States, though travellers went too far when they declared that the sale of relics and indulgences, and the manufacture of images and beads, formed the sole commerce and industry of the country. Yet Mrs. Gretton is doubtless justified in asserting that if all the foreigners, and the shops which they kept alive, were removed from Rome, grass would soon grow in the streets, as was the case a few years ago in the suffering towns of the Legations.

We may therefore dismiss the middle class in a few words; nor will the nobles detain us long. This stratum of the Roman nobility may be subdivided into three layers: primitive, secondary, and tertiary. The first belongs to the ancient feudal, or even (if some are to be believed) to the classical times. Thus the Muti claim to be descended from Mutius Scævola; the Santa Croce from Valerius Publicola; the Massimo from Fabius Maximus, bearing the motto, *Cunctando restituit.*



FAMILY OF BEGGARS.

The second class was formed by the Popes of the Middle Ages, who always conferred titles of nobility on members of their family. The Borghese family belongs to this class.

The last class are those who have in late years purchased great estates, and who obtained the permission of the Pope to assume the titles which accompanied the estates. Among these are the Grazioli, founded by a baker; the Torlonia, by a banker; with some smaller marquises and counts. But altogether there are only sixty families registered in the book of nobles at the Capitol; and a college of heralds was instituted by Pius IX., to examine titles, and to preserve the purity of the caste.

The great nobles have sometimes large incomes, but are usually poor. It is a fashion inherited from the Middle Ages that each should contribute a palace and a gallery of paintings, a villa and a garden, for the benefit of the public; this is their favourite, their indispensable extravagance; and it is certainly a refined form of ostentation; but it is nothing more. It is seldom that they know anything or care anything about art; Edmond About relates a story of a noble who, desiring to possess a decorated ceiling, asked a celebrated painter how much he wanted by the day.



PIUS IX. (*From a Photograph*).

The *jeunesse dorée* have little education, for the only profession in which a man could rise was the Church. A young Roman noble leads a life which certainly our young men at Oxford would disdain; he dresses well, rides a little on horseback, is elegant in his manners, irreproachable in his morals; is humble and obedient to his parents, as his younger brothers are to him, and when his time comes, marries the girl who is chosen for him by his family.

It may easily be supposed that when the young men have so little liberty, the girls do not enjoy much more. A Roman lady thus related her experiences of a convent life to Mrs. Gretton, and thence it will be seen that if the noble son is sure of obtaining a wife who is at all events young, the noble daughter is not so sure of getting a young husband.

"I was sixteen," she says. "I had never left the convent for nine years. I was always dressed in cotton prints of the simplest make and description, and thick leather shoes with great soles that clattered as I walked down the mouldy old corridors, or ran about with the other pupils in the formal alleys of the garden, of which the four frowning walls had so long constituted our horizon. I had never seen the reflection of my own face except by stealth in a little bit of looking-glass about the size of a visiting card, which I had coaxed my old nurse to bring me in one of her visits, and which we smuggled through the grating concealed between two slices of cake.

"I knew this was to go on till a *partito* was arranged for me, for my parents did not like it to be said they had an unmarried daughter at home upon their hands. I had seen my eldest sister discontented and fretting till she was nearly twenty, before the welcome *sposo* could be found, and I had no inclination to be incarcerated so long, though hope and certain furtive glances at my mirror kept encouraging me to look for a speedier deliverance.

"At last, one Easter Sunday—how well I remember it!—I was summoned to the parlour, and there, on the outer side of the grating, stood a group of my relations—my father and mother, my sister and her husband, and one or two of my aunts. I was so flurried at the sight of so many people, and so taken up with looking at the gay new Easter dresses of my visitors—my sister, I recollect, had an immense sort of high-crowned hat with prodigious feathers, as was the fashion then, which excited my intense admiration and envy—that I had not time to bestow much notice upon a little dried-up old man who had come in with them, and who kept taking huge pinches of snuff and talking in a low tone with my father. My mother on her side was engaged in whispering to the Mother Superior, and from her gestures seemed in a very good humour, while the rest of the party drew off my attention by cramming me with sweetmeats they had brought for my Easter present.

"The next day but one I was again sent for, and with downcast eyes but a bounding heart presented myself at the grating. There I found my mother, as before, in deep conversation with the Superior, who, on my bending to kiss her hand according to custom, saluted me on both cheeks with an unusual demonstration of tenderness.

"'Well, Gentilina,' said my mother, 'I suppose you begin to wish to come out in the world a little?'

"I knew my mother so slightly, seldom seeing her more than once a month, that I stood in great awe of her; so I dropped a deep courtesy and faltered, 'Si, signora;' but I warrant you I understood it all, and already saw myself in a hat and feathers even more voluminous than my sister's.

"'Ha—ha, Gentilina!' she said, laughing, 'you guess something at last! Yes, my child, I will keep you no longer in suspense. Your father and I, ever since your sister's marriage, have never ceased endeavouring to find a suitable match for you. The task was difficult. You are young, very young, Gentilina, and we could not entrust our child to inexperienced hands. It was necessary that your husband should be of an age to counterbalance your extreme youth. On no other condition could we consent to remove you from this so much earlier than your sister. But at last a sposo whom your parents, your family, the Madre Superiore herself think most suitable, has been selected for you, and——'

"But I waited to hear no more. The glorious vista of theatres, jewels, carriages, diversions which we all knew lay beyond those dreary convent walls, suddenly disclosing itself before me, was too much for my remaining composure; and, clapping my hands wildly, I exclaimed, 'Mamma mia—mamma mia, is it possible; am I going to be married? oh, what joy—what happiness!' and then, checking my transports, I said, earnestly, 'Tell me, mamma; shall I have as many fine dresses as Camilla?'

"I declare to you, signora, that the name of my destined husband was but a secondary consideration, and when they told me he was rich and noble—the same individual who had come to the grating on the previous Sunday to satisfy his curiosity respecting me—I acquiesced without repugnance, ugly, shrivelled, aged as he was, in the selection of my parents. Knowing nothing of the world, having scarcely seen a man except our confessor, the convent gardener, and my father, I went to the altar eight days afterwards without a tear."

Among the plebs or people of Rome, the women are kept in a similar servile condition. Instead of being imprisoned they are made to toil. The Roman peasant does not trust his wife with a penny; he goes to market himself, while she performs the more masculine part of the daily work.

The Roman peasants are at present grossly superstitious. They believe in unlucky days, the evil eye, the 6,500 miracles of St. Francis de Sales; in fact, it would fill a volume merely to enumerate all the things they believe, and which we no longer believe. But Englishmen are not intrinsically less credulous than Romans; it is simply a question of education, and it is quite possible that the next generation of Roman peasants will believe as little as we do, or even less.

In many respects the Romans resemble grown-up children; their amusements are of a very boyish character. One popular sport is that of *mora*, which is merely guessing how many fingers are held up. But the favourite game in summer is that of *gatta cieca* (blind cat), which is much the same as our blind-man's buff. It is often played at night in the Piazza del Popolo, and crowds will flock there on a moonlight night to look on. A president and an umpire are elected, and a prize, consisting of money obtained from the spectators, is offered to him who will succeed in walking blindfold from the Obelisk into the Corso. Any one who likes may join, and each, after being blindfolded, is whirled round three times, which entirely confuses his ideas of the geography of the Piazza. The self-confidence which the players will sometimes exhibit when they are wrong, and their timidity of purpose when right, is very amusing. One will get close to the Corso;

then, hearing the jeers of the populace, and the long odds being (ironically) laid against him, will turn round and wander hopelessly to and fro; another, confident from the first moment that he is right, will walk rapidly along till he butts his nose against the lion, or tumbles head over heels into one of the fountains.

Although the Papal government has always kept the strictest watch over the morals of its subjects, especially taking care that the works of Voltaire, the Scriptures, and other dangerous books should not be disseminated among them; taking them up when they blaspheme, and putting them into prison if they would not attend mass; yet it promoted an institution, which we in the North do not consider a very moral one, and even derived much of its revenue therefrom. Certainly, the words "Papal Lottery" read rather odd, but there were many odd things in Rome; and perhaps the state of the hospitals and the prisons was not all that could be desired.

When Pius IX. returned from exile, he gave himself up exclusively to spiritual affairs, and his prime minister, the notorious Antonelli, became ruler of Rome. The following anecdote will show how deep the Pope had sunk into this hermit apathy. A well-known philanthropic lady had devoted much of her time to the Roman hospitals, especially to those for the insane. She had afterwards an audience with the Holy Father, who received her in his amiable way, and—between the intervals of taking snuff and dusting his fingers on the breast of his white robes—said, "I hope you have examined the hospitals for the insane in Rome?" with a tone of voice which showed that he supposed them to be a pattern for such institutions in other parts of the world. When she told him all that she had seen, the Pope thanked her, expressed his surprise and sorrow, declared that a commission should at once be appointed to look into the matter and effect a thorough reform; but nothing was done.

Take a graver case:—"Close by the mighty dome of St. Peter's," writes the author of "Roba di Roma," "is a sombre, stern-looking building, with iron-grated windows, called the Palazzo del Santo Uffizio—the Palace of the Inquisition. Almost the first act of the Pope, on his return from Gaeta, was to re-establish this ancient tribunal which the republic had abolished. What was done within these walls no one can tell; the prisoner had neither advocate nor witness; but there *were* prisoners, some of whom disappeared after passing beneath this fatal portal; others came out, being sentenced to the galleys for life."

This prison is intended only for religious offenders—for those, perhaps, who are detected reading books which may be found in every club library; but the political sinners have prisons of their own, and out of these, ugly facts have escaped from time to time. It is well known that the food of the prisoners was frequently of the most filthy description; that they were kept immured in dungeons in which they could scarcely turn; that only prisoners of the highest distinction were allowed to take any exercise at all, and that this exercise was afforded them on a *cavaletto*, a little horse much ridden by prisoners in the Middle Ages, and revived by that zealous antiquarian, the Most Eminent Cardinal Antonelli.

In the year '54 (not 1354 but 1854), a young man, named Francesco Casanova, was travelling in the dominions of the Pope; he was arrested by gendarmes on the grounds that he had no passport. He explained to them how it was that he had not one; but he was carried to Rome and placed in the New Prison, where he was treated in the following old-fashioned manner:—"Not satisfied with the report which I gave of myself, I was tortured for three months as follows:—My hands and arms were bound together, and then, by ropes tied round the upper part of the arms, they were drawn back till my breast protruded and my bones sounded crick! crick! There was another species of torment practised upon me, which was this:—At night, while sleeping, the door was secretly opened and buckets of water were thrown over my body. How I survived it, I cannot tell; the keepers were astonished, and said they had never had such an instance." He was afterwards sent to Naples, and after being five years in prison, was liberated by Garibaldi.

The defenders of the Papal government have often declared that it was the mildest government in existence; doubtless they believed it—doubtless the Pope believed it too. And in one sense they were right; there was certainly not a country in Europe where the government was so indulgent to assassins. In 1853 there were 609 convictions of robbery; and 1,344 of assassination or assault. But murder is looked upon, not only by the government, but among the lower classes, as a very venial sin; just as we used to look upon the duel. The murders were almost always personal affairs. In 248 cases of murder which About examined, he found two only which were committed for theft. Not only are the assassins dealt with gently by the tribunal, but many facilities are afforded them to escape. The old system of the *sanctuary* is still preserved. If a man pursued by the police can reach a convent, an embassy, or a church; if he can seize the robe of a monk, or even reach the banks of the Tiber, he is safe.

The Roman peasant's idea of litigation is the knife—the knife avenges all wrongs, and settles all disputes. However, matters have lately been improving in this respect. After the festivities fewer wounded are annually brought into the hospitals. Between Sunday and Monday it was common within the last quarter of a century to see six, seven, or eight, wounded men brought in; but now this is rare.

Story relates that he heard an old Roman matron, not long ago, leaning out of her window and calling to some young men who were idling below—

"Eh, *giovinotti!* how many wounded did you carry last night to the Consolazione?"

"Not one, eccellenza."

"Eh!" said the old lady with a sigh, as she drew back her head. "The Romans are losing their manhood and growing to be old women; they are no longer the Romans of my time."

"No," wrote the great sculptor, who has passed his life in Rome, "no, alas! they are not. The bull fights, the jousting, the *sassaiole* are over. The stabbing is diminishing; the firing of guns out of the windows on Sabbato Santo grows more and more feeble yearly; the shambles are no longer in every street; the women are beginning to wear the detestable French bonnets, and to lose their beautiful costumes; sedan-chairs are almost never seen; everybody goes in a carriage, and only the sick are borne along in litters; and by-and-by, if things go on thus, we shall lose—Heaven help us!—even the prisons, and the bandits, and at last—who knows?—the very Pope himself!"

Death of Hayward, the Central Asian Traveller.

We gave an account, at page 95 of the present volume of the Illustrated Travels, of the remarkable journey made by Mr. G. W. Hayward across the Kuen Luen Mountains to the cities of Yarkand and Kashgar in *ci-devant* Chinese Tartary. After the return of this daring and accomplished traveller from this first advance into the remote lands of Central Asia, he prepared, at Srinagur, the capital of Cashmere, for a further and still more arduous journey across the mountains towards the Pamir Steppe, intending to emerge from the *terra incognita* near the Russian advanced posts in Khokand. His object was to examine the nature and extent of the mountain barrier, which, curving from the Himalaya at this point, extends northward towards the Thian Shan range, thus dividing Eastern from Western Turkestan. He would cross it at the "knot" or point of union of the great mountain ranges constituting the framework of Central Asia—the Hindoo Koosh on the west, the Himalaya on the east, and the Bolor on the north, and ascertain the character of the unknown inhabitants of the region, and the practicability of the ranges for trade routes between the great marts of Central and Southern Asia.

The work was one which required the greatest fortitude, skill, and knowledge, to carry out effectively, and it was judged from what he had already performed, that Hayward was the man to succeed in it. It is lamentable, therefore, to learn that in the middle of his task he has been treacherously murdered, by the chief of one of the wild tribes in the mountain valleys north-west of Cashmere. The news, which was first telegraphed as a rumour from India, has now been confirmed; at least, further accounts have been received, which, although not communicated by eye-witnesses of the deed, are so circumstantial, that they are believed by the Indian authorities. These accounts were transmitted about the middle of August last, by officials in the service of the Maharajah of Cashmere to their sovereign, and forwarded by him to the British Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub. They state that Meer Wali Khan, chief of a turbulent hill tribe inhabiting the valley of Yassin, after allowing the traveller to pass his territory on the road to Wakhan, had sent men to waylay and murder him. The object of the treacherous deed was believed by the Maharajah's people to have been plunder. But it seems more likely to have arisen from a fanatical suspicion and dread of an English explorer and observer, who entered the country of these frontier tribes after a protracted stay at the capital of Cashmere, and was the object of especial care on the part of the Maharajah up to his own border; these tribes being in a chronic state of hostility with their more civilised neighbour.

In the remote and inhospitable region where our courageous explorer thus met his death, it is not likely that his papers will ever be recovered. But it fortunately happens that he transmitted from Cashmere before he started, the results of a journey he made over part of the same country earlier in the season, when the unmelted snows of the mountain passes prevented him from reaching the Upper Valley of the Oxus, whither he was bound. The chief document that reached England was an admirably executed map of a large tract of rugged country between the Upper Indus and the Oxus. The map embraces an area about 180 miles long from east to west, and sixty miles broad from north to south, between the parallels of 35° and 37° north latitude. It reveals to us a region of mountain, ravine, and glacier, which has not its equal on the earth's surface; in fact, it is the extreme western end of the Himalaya Proper, a little to the west of the Mustagh region, explored by Captain Godwin-Austin, of the Indian Survey. On its eastern side are glaciers upwards of sixty miles in length, and its main ridges are bristled with snowy peaks rising to an elevation varying from 19,000 to 25,570 feet. Between the bare, verdureless ranges and their lateral spurs lie numerous fertile valleys, inhabited by barbarous and fanatical Mohammedan tribes; the principal of these are Nagar, Gilghit, and Yassin; and the chief towns of the valleys lie at an elevation of from 5,000 to about 7,000 feet above the sea-level. All the streams —and a stream flows down every valley, generally fed by a glacier at its head—are tributaries of the Indus; the northern watershed, the discovery of which is one of the great successes of Hayward's expedition, forming a tolerably straight line, running from east to west, and from the north of which all the streams flow into the Oxus; this watershed being the limit to the north of Hayward's explorations. The region included in the map is only a portion of the mountain-belt in this part of the Himalaya; southward it extends for nearly four hundred miles—northward is the unknown land, a continuation of lofty ridges, plateaux, and Alpine valleys, at the threshold of which our adventurous English pioneer was struck down by a murderer's hand, in the prime of his youth and the commencement of his fame.

Latest Rumours of Livingstone.

At the meeting of the Geographical Society held on the 15th of November, Sir Roderick Murchison communicated an item of news regarding Dr. Livingstone, which scarcely attracted the attention that it deserves. It was to the effect that Dr. Kirk, writing from Zanzibar on the 29th of August last, had informed him of certain rumours regarding the great traveller's whereabouts, which native traders had brought from the interior. One of the rumours was that the Doctor "had gone to Karagwe." If there was any foundation for this report, it would show that the unconquerable traveller had made great progress since the last definite intelligence was received from him. He was then (May 30th, 1869), as all the world knows, at Ujiji, on the banks of Lake Tanganyika. Karagwe, the town of Captain Speke's old friend, Rumanika, lies far away to the north-east, towards the western shore of Victoria Nyanza. That Livingstone should have gone to Karagwe is extremely probable, for this place is situated, according to Sir Samuel Baker's views, not far from the eastern shore of Albert Nyanza, and in proceeding thither, he would be carrying out what appears to be the main object of his present expedition, namely, the connection of the southern waters of the African interior with Albert Nyanza and the Nile. Some of Dr. Kirk's informants stated that Livingstone was supposed to be still at Ujiji, but at the date of his letter no traveller had arrived direct from that place. The news communicated by this recent letter from Zanzibar—although conveying, as will be seen by these details, nothing very definite regarding the movements of our great explorer—must be considered satisfactory as regards the main point of his safety, for none of the numerous traders questioned by Dr. Kirk had heard any unfavourable report regarding Livingstone in the interior.

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